





Interview between Captain Ingraham and Koza, a Prisoner on Board an Austrian Man-of-war at Smyrna

"Are you an American citizen?" inquired Ingraham. "I am," was the reply. "Do you want my protection?" "I do," said Koza. "You shall have it," rejoined the fearless officer; he then returned to his own little vessel, and prepared to battle singly with the whole Austrian fleet, if Koza was not released, and by the hour he demanded, which was done. When the tidings reached America, a thrill of pride and joy ran through all the land.



ADVENTURES
AND
ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
AMERICANS.
A SERIES OF NARRATIVES ILLUSTRATING
THE HEROISM SELF-RELIANCE GENIUS
AND ENTERPRISE



OF
OUR COUNTRYMEN.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said—
"This is my own, my NATIVE LAND!"

7.

ADVENTURES
AND
ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
AMERICANS;

A
SERIES OF NARRATIVES
ILLUSTRATING THEIR
HEROISM, SELF-RELIANCE, GENIUS AND ENTERPRISE.

BY HENRY HOWE,
AUTHOR OF HISTORIES OF VIRGINIA, OHIO, AND THE GREAT WEST; TRAVELS OF
CELEBRATED TRAVELERS; LIFE AND DEATH ON THE OCEAN, ETC.

Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley and others.



CINCINNATI:
HENRY HOWE, 111 MAIN STREET.
NEW YORK:
GEO. F. TUTTLE, 102 NASSAU ST.
1858:

Entered
1858

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,
BY HENRY HOWE,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of Ohio.

~~~~~  
E. MORGAN & SONS,  
STEREOTYPERS, PRINTERS, AND BINDERS,  
111 Main Street.  
~~~~~

PREFACE.

SINCE when, by the right of birth and the lapse of years, we were privileged to walk up, take the freeman's oath, and drop a ballot in the little box, so potent in this government of "the people," we have been almost wholly engaged in the preparation and in the publication of books for circulation by traveling agents exclusively.

In the meanwhile, we have attained to a point where it has become "past meridian" with us, and we now pen the preface to our sixth octavo. All of these, derived from varied sources, original or published, in our own or in the language of others, have been constructed with an especial reference to the wants of that class, who, either from habit or their isolation, rarely or never enter a bookstore, and who would, in a measure, be destitute of the information imparted by books, were they not brought for purchase to their very doors. We have the gratifying evidence that among these our publications have been widely popular; and have proved the means, as we believe, of lasting pleasure and instruction to the inmates of many a humble cabin that dots the prairies or skirts the forests of the more remote West.

The title of this book was made before the book itself was begun. We have endeavored to adapt the contents to the name, in a collection of articles exhibiting national character, and mainly by individual examples. Such as are already sufficiently familiar to the public are, in general, not inserted, from a desire to render the work more attractive to our readers by its novelty. We have further aimed to gratify a variety of tastes, and to make this such, that it will be a favorite volume with every American family that may possess it.

This work, in its variety, is adapted to all classes; both male and female, young and old, the Christian, the philanthropist, those who read simply for excitement and those who read solely for information, will all find it a source of pleasure. We believe there is no work of our day that tends so greatly to gratify one's patriotism—to make one glad that he is an American citizen—as this; which shows so well the Heroism, Self-reliance, Genius and Enterprise of our Countrymen, in the Olden Time and in Our Time—in Peace and in War—on Land and on Sea—at Home and Abroad. Those who obtain it will be proud of the facts it contains, for there is much, very much in it to send a thrill of exultant joy to the heart of every American.

We terminate the book in the twenty-third article, by a choice collection of about one hundred specimens of American Poetry, selected with reference to diversified tastes and mental conditions. Contrary to general opinion, we believe that Poetry—giving that word a broad definition—is universally liked; that is, some ideas expressed by versification please all, better than the same given in prose, though we do think that Poetry, usually, relishes and digests easier, if, like sweetmeats, it is taken in small quantities at a single sitting.

Our engravings, in the highest style of art, are by eminent American artists, and were designed expressly for the book. We add, for the information of certain of our readers, a fact which, as a publisher, it becomes us to state, that the expense of these alone, in cash, was to us more than the cost, at government price, of a square mile of our national domain; yet, to many, this will be considered a useless expenditure, in view of the general want of appreciation of the excellent in Art, especially with the very large mass who judge of bulk, and not quality, in their gauge of the cost of books, and who would be content with crude and cheap illustrations. But the “will do” is not our standard. We trust there is a vein of common sense, running through the great public, that in its final judgment duly appreciates those generous in their endeavors to render their offerings every way excellent.

But, not resting satisfied with even these, we have, at an additional expense of some four hundred dollars, had designed, expressly for the subscribers of this work, by that Artist of surpassing skill, Mr. F. O. C. Darley, and engraved in the mezzotint style, one of the most sublime and tragic scenes in American History, entitled, “The Last Words of Captain Nathan Hale, the Hero-Martyr of the American Revolution—

‘My only regret is, that I have but one life to lose for my country.’”

On the left in this beautiful steel engraving, is shown the fatal Tree, with the Ladder, Rope, Coffin, and Negro Executioner. In front stands the majestic figure of the young Patriot, and that of the brutal Provost Marshal, the infamous Major Cunningham; who, true to his character, had denied Hale his dying request for the Bible, and had also destroyed his letters to his friends; giving as reason for so doing, “that the Rebels might not know they had a man who could die with such firmness.”

The Engraving is a “cabinet” picture. It is the first time that this subject has been delineated by Art, and we can but feel grateful that we have been the means of thus having it perpetuated for all coming time, and in a design, too, which so greatly honors American genius. Each subscriber is given a copy, which is separate from the work, that he may frame it, and adorn his walls with a scene so elevating in its tendency, as an example of lofty Patriotism, and heroic Self-sacrifice.

H. H.

CONTENTS.

THE HERO MARTYR.

	PAGE.
CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, the Hero Martyr of the American Revolution. - - - - -	15

EARLY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Achievements of some of the Early American Artists. - - -	25
Benjamin West. - - - - -	27
Charles Gilbert Stuart. - - - - -	37
John Trumbull. - - - - -	43

BAND OF HEROES.

An accurate and interesting account of the hardships and sufferings of that Band of Heroes, who traversed the wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec, in 1775. - - - - -	51
---	----

EMINENT AMERICAN TRAVELER.

The wanderings of that Eminent American Traveler, John Ledyard, in various parts of the world. - - - - -	85
--	----

RESCUE OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

The heroic adventure of Francis Huger, a young man of South Carolina, and of his companion, Dr. Bollman, in their attempted Rescue of General Lafayette from an Austrian Prison, at Olmutz. - - -	109
---	-----

EMINENT AMERICAN INVENTORS.

	PAGE.
The triumphs of some of the most Eminent American Inventors.	- 123
Eli Whitney, inventor of the Cotton-Gin. - - - -	124
Robert Fulton, the Steamboat Inventor. - - - -	- 132
Samuel F. B. Morse, and the Magnetic Telegraph. - - -	137
George Steers, the American Ship Architect. - - - -	- 140
Charles Goodyear, the inventor of Vulcanized India-Rubber. -	146
Samuel Colt, inventor of the Repeating Fire-Arm. - - -	- 149
Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the Reaping Machine. - -	153
Isaac M. Singer, and the Sewing Machine. - - - -	- 157

ADVENTURES OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

Remarkable Adventures of Israel R. Potter, who was a soldier in the American Revolution, and took a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill, in which he received three wounds; after which he was taken prisoner by the British and conveyed to England, where for thirty years he obtained a livelihood, for himself and family, by crying, "Old chairs to mend," through the streets of London. He did not succeed in obtaining a passage to his native country until the year 1822, when he was in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and after an absence of forty-eight years. - - - -	- 163
--	-------

THE TWO ORATORS.

The Two Orators of our Revolutionary Era. - - - -	- 189
James Otis, of Massachusetts. - - - -	189
Patrick Henry, of Virginia. - - - -	- 200

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

The Achievements of the American Temperance Reformers, a historical sketch. - - - -	- 213
---	-------

DESERTION OF JOHN CHAMPE.

The pretended desertion of John Champe to the British, in the War of the American Revolution, for the purpose of Capturing the Traitor, Benedict Arnold. - - - -	- 251
--	-------

LAND AND SEA PERILS.

	PAGE.
Narrative of the Land and Sea Perils of Andrew Sherburne, in the War of the American Revolution, including his sufferings in the Old Mill Prison, England, and afterward in the Old Jersey Prison Ship, at the Wallabout, Brooklyn, New York. - - - - -	261

CRUISE OF THE ESSEX.

Narrative of the Cruise of the Essex, a United States frigate, under the command of Captain David Porter, made to the Pacific Ocean, in the years 1812, '13 and '14, the period of the last war with England. -	299
---	-----

AMERICAN COLONY OF LIBERIA.

The wise and heroic conduct of Jehudi Ashman, as shown in saving from destruction and in establishing on a firm basis the American Colony of Liberia. - - - - -	357
---	-----

MIER EXPEDITION.

Narrative of the Mier Expedition, with the particulars of the decimation of the prisoners, and a history of the survivors, who were imprisoned in the Castle of Perote, in Mexico. - - - - -	383
--	-----

AMOS LAWRENCE, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Incidents in the life of Amos Lawrence, the Model Merchant, and the Christian Philanthropist, who from an humble beginning became one of the wealthiest men in America, and remarkable for his enlarged benevolence—he having given away, in the course of his life, more than seven hundred thousand dollars for the benefit of mankind. -	411
---	-----

FIVE YEARS IN THE U. S. ARMY.

Five Years an American Soldier, comprising adventures at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and in the battles in the Valley of Mexico, interspersed with anecdotes of military life in peace and in war. - - - - -	429
---	-----

AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Narrative of the American Arctic Expedition, in search of Sir John Franklin, under the command of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.	PAGE. - 485
--	----------------

EMINENT AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

The Achievements of that Eminent American Missionary, Adoniram Judson.	- 511
--	-------

DIFFICULTIES WITH AUSTRIA.

The Conduct of our Country and Countrymen in their difficulties with Austria and the Austrians.	- 541
Arrest and Imprisonment of a young American in Hungary.	- 542
The Correspondence of Daniel Webster, the American Secretary of State, with Chevalier Hülseman, the Austrian Minister.	- 564
American Intervention in behalf of, and Hospitality to, the Hungarian Exiles, including an account of Kossuth's visit to the U. S.	565
Heroism of Captain Ingraham in the Kosta affair.	- 568

PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES.

Narrative of some of the Philanthropic Enterprises in the Great Metropolis, New York, for the benefit of miserable, degraded classes.	- 571
---	-------

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

America at the World's Fair, held in the Crystal Palace, London, in 1851; together with a description of the great Yacht Race off the Isle of Wight, in which the New York Yacht America gained a signal triumph.	- 599
---	-------

ACHIEVEMENTS OF AMERICANS ABROAD.

Adventures and Achievements of Americans Abroad; a collection of interesting miscellanies.	- 623
Adventures of the eccentric and patriotic Female Artist, Patience Wright.	- 623
Adventures of Elkanah Watson.	- 628
Americans in Russia.	- 639
American National Courtesy.	- 642
Americans in Australia.	- 646
American Enterprise.	- 649

INDEX TO THE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN POETRY.

In those instances in which the poetry is prefaced with a notice of the author, his or her first name is given in full below.

TITLE OF POEMS.	AUTHOR.	P.
Young America Taking his First Steps.....	Cora M. Eager.....	653
The Death of Captain Nathan Hale.....	F. M. Finch.....	"
The Convict to his Mother.....	Anonymous.....	654
✓Footsteps of Angels.....	Henry W. Longfellow.....	655
A Castle in the Air.....	Levi Frisbie.....	"
Stanzas.....	Richard H. Wilde.....	656
The American Flag.....	Joseph R. Drake.....	"
Family Meeting.....	Charles Sprague.....	"
Sparkling and Bright.....	Chas. F. Hoffman.....	657
Song of the Drunkards.....	Wm. B. Tappan.....	"
A Whaling Song.....	John Osborn.....	658
The Wife.....	Anna P. Dennies.....	"
The Wants of Man.....	John Q. Adams.....	659
Blessed are They that Mourn.....	W. C. Bryant.....	661
The Day is Done.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	"
The Choice.....	Susanna Rowson.....	"
Woodman, Spare that Tree.....	Geo. P. Morris.....	662
The Snow Storm.....	Seba Smith.....	"
The Life Voyage—A Ballad.....	Frances S. Osgood.....	"
On the Death of J. R. Drake.....	Fitz-Greene Halleck.....	664
Old Songs.....	Willis Gaylord Clark.....	"
A Marriage Song.....	Jas. W. Ward.....	"
The Yankee's Return from Camp.....	Anonymous.....	665
Little Mary's Good Morning.....	Anonymous.....	666
Hail Columbia.....	Francis Hopkinson.....	"
The Battle Field.....	W. C. Bryant.....	667
Resignation.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	"
The Last Leaf.....	Oliver W. Holmes.....	668
Old Grimes.....	Albert G. Greene.....	"
Pictures of Memory.....	Alice C. Carey.....	669
When other Friends are round Thee.....	G. P. Morris.....	"
The Lapse of Time.....	W. C. Bryant.....	"
The Coral Grove.....	Jas. G. Percival.....	670
A Psalm of Life.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	"
The Little Orator.....	Thaddens Harris.....	671
You'd scarce expect One of my Age.....	David Everett.....	"
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	Epes Sargeant.....	"
The Settler.....	Alfred B. Street.....	"
✓The Fire of Driftwood.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	672
Marco Bozzaris.....	F. G. Halleck.....	673
Song of Marion's Men.....	W. C. Bryant.....	674
The Song of Steam.....	Geo. W. Cutter.....	"
Rhyme of the Rail.....	John G. Saxe.....	675
Gone.....	John G. Whittier.....	676
Snow.....	Ralph Hoyt.....	"

TITLE OF POEMS.	AUTHOR.	P.
An Incident in a Railroad Car.....	Jas. W. Lowell.....	677
Woman.....	G. P. Morris.....	678
My Bird.....	Emily Judson.....	"
The Country Lovers.....	Thomas G. Fessenden.....	679
The Flight of Time.....	J. G. Percival.....	681
A Song of the Western Pioneers.....	William D. Gallagher.....	"
Unseen Spirits.....	N. P. Willis.....	682
Annabel Lee.....	E. A. Poe.....	"
In Blessing Thou art Blessed.....	William W. Fosdick.....	683
The Heritage.....	J. R. Lowell.....	"
On Listening to a Cricket.....	Andrews Norton.....	"
Ballad.....	Emma C. Embury.....	684
The Parting.....	A. Norton.....	"
✓ The Babe and the Lily.....	J. W. Ward.....	"
The Village Blacksmith.....	H. W. Longfellow.....	685
The Little Girl under the Snow.....	Mary Louisa Chitwood.....	"
The Wayside Spring.....	Thomas Buchanan Read.....	686
Heaven.....	W. B. Tappan.....	"
Extracts from "The Song of Hiawatha.".....	H. W. Longfellow.....	"
The Farmer Sat in his Easy Chair.....	Charles G. Eastman.....	688
Ella.....	J. W. Ward.....	"
My Native Land.....	Anonymous.....	"
Your Purse and Heart.....	W. D. Gallagher.....	689
Poetry.....	J. G. Percival.....	"
The Fall of Niagara.....	John G. C. Brainard.....	"
Home.....	James C. Percival.....	"
Will the New-Year Come To-Night, Mamma?.....	C. M. Eager.....	690
The Old Oaken Bucket.....	Samuel Woodworth.....	691
Look Aloft.....	Jonathan Lawrence.....	692
Thanatopsis.....	William C. Bryant.....	"
It Snows.....	Sarah J. Hale.....	694
Blessings on Children.....	Wm. Gilmore Simms.....	695
The Death of the Flowers.....	W. C. Bryant.....	696
Seasons of Prayer.....	Henry Ware.....	697
The Star-Spangled Banner.....	Thos. Scott Key.....	698
An Evening Revery.....	W. C. Bryant.....	699
The Independent Farmer.....	Susanna Rowson.....	700
The Ballad of the Oysterman.....	O. W. Holmes.....	701
Sweet Home.....	John Howard Payne.....	702
Brother, Come Home.....	Catharine H. Esling.....	"
The Gladness of Nature.....	W. C. Bryant.....	703
Room, Boys, Room.....	Chas. Fenne Hoffman.....	"
Indian Death Song.....	Philip Freneau.....	704
The Raven.....	Edgar Allan Poe.....	705
Paper.....	Benjamin Franklin.....	707
What is that, Mother?.....	Geo. W. Doane.....	708
The Frost.....	Haunah F. Gould.....	709
Consolation of Religion to the Poor.....	J. G. Percival.....	"
Absalom.....	Nathaniel P. Willis.....	710
The West.....	G. P. Morris.....	712
Forest Hymn.....	W. C. Bryant.....	713
✓ The American Hero.....	Nathaniel Niles.....	715
Losing All—The Ruined Merchant.....	C. M. Eager.....	717
Lexington.....	O. W. Holmes.....	718
One Hour with Thee.....	Stephen Griffith Gassaway.....	719
It is great for our Country to Die.....	J. G. Percival.....	720

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY.	ENGRAVED BY.	P.
Vignette Title.....	Robert O'Brien...	A. H. Ritchie.	1
Captain Ingraham promising Kosta the Protection of the American Flag.....	Felix O. C. Darley.	Eli D. Hayes.....	2
Francis Huger aiding Lafayette to escape from the Austrians.....	F. O. C. Darley...	Elias J. Whitney..	109
Signing away his Liberty.....	F. O. C. Darley...	E. J. Whitney....	213
The Essex and her Prizes.....	James Hamilton ..	E. D. Hayes.....	299
The Mier Prisoners drawing the Fatal Beans.....	F. O. C. Darley...	E. D. Hayes.....	383
The Thirsty Soldiers at the Salt Water...	F. O. C. Darley...	E. J. Whitney....	429
Seizure of Judson, the Missionary.....	F. O. C. Darley...	E. J. Whitney....	511
The Heathen of the Five Points.....	E. J. Whitney	— Felter.....	571
Victory of the Yacht America.....	F. O. C. Darley ..	E. J. Whitney....	599
Young America Taking his First Steps...	F. O. C. Darley...	E. D. Hayes.....	653
Last Words of Captain Nathan Hale, the Hero Martyr of the American Revolution.....	F. O. C. Darley.	A. H. Ritchie.	

“Last Words of Captain Nathan Hale” is an engraving on steel, $10\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and accompanies the book for the subscribers to frame.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE,

THE HERO MARTYR

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"Thus, while fond Virtue wished to save,
HALE, bright and generous, found a hopeless grave:
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And Science lured him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising star of War;
In Duty firm, in Danger calm as even—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course! the prize how early won!
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite son."

THE period of the American Revolution was the heroic era in the history of our country. With its great events we are all familiar; but of the stern virtues of our ancestors, their patient self-denial, their enduring fortitude, and their trustful hope in that time of trouble, the half can never be known.

In that charming little book, the "Past Meridian," by Mrs. Sigourney, is a simple narrative to this point, so touching that the memory of it should be impressed upon the heart of every youth in the land, as an elevating picture of patriotic virtue, worth more than the record of a score of battles. It was told to the writer by a good and hoary-headed man, the Rev. Dr. David Smith, of Durham, Connecticut, who, with unimpaired intellect and cheerful piety, had passed many years beyond the allotted age of man.

"My father was in the army during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary war, at first as a common soldier, afterward as an officer. My mother had the sole charge of us, four little ones. Our house was a poor one, and far from neighbors. I have a keen remembrance of the terrible cold of some of those winters. The snow lay so deep and long, that it was difficult to cut or draw fuel from the woods, or to get our corn to the mill, when we had any. My mother was the possessor of a coffee-mill. In that she ground wheat, and made coarse bread which we ate and were thankful. It was not always that we could be allowed as much even of this as our keen appetites craved. Many is the time that we have gone to bed with only a drink of water for our supper, in which a little molasses had been mingled. We patiently received it, for we knew our mother did as well for us as she could, and hoped to have something better in the morning. She was never

heard to repine, and young as we were, we tried to make her lovely spirit and heavenly trust our example. When my father was permitted to come home, his stay was short, and he had not much to leave us, for the pay of those who had achieved our liberties was slight and irregularly rendered. Yet, when he went, my mother ever bade him farewell with a cheerful face, and not to be anxious about his children, for she would watch over them night and day, and God would take care of the families of those who went forth to defend the righteous cause of their country. Sometimes we wondered that she did not mention the cold weather, or our short meals, or her hard work, that we little ones might be clothed, and fed, and taught; but she would not weaken his hands or sadden his heart, for, she said, a soldier's lot is harder than all. We saw that she never complained, but always kept in her heart a sweet hope, like a well of living water. Every night ere we slept, and every morning when we arose, we lifted our little hands for God's blessing on our absent father and our endangered country."

The story we have to relate is alike interesting and ennobling, but yet of a melancholy nature — being the most sad of all the episodes of the American Revolution. It is contained in the history of the young and gifted NATHAN HALE. Of that long roll of patriotic men who died that we might be free, his last moments, beyond those of any other, were characterized by a sentiment so heroic, expressed under such circumstances, as to render it one of the most sublime and touching utterances that ever fell from human lips.

Nathan Hale was born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755. He was the son of Richard Hale, a substantial farmer of that town, and a man of note among his neighbors, being a justice of the peace, a deacon of the church, and a member of the legislature. Young Hale was bred in that strict morality characteristic of the Puritans. Early showing a fondness for books, he was prepared for college under the tuition of the venerable Rev. Dr. Huntington, with the design of entering the ministry. Six years before the Revolutionary war, he became a student in Yale. Little has been preserved of his life there. He was noted, however, among his companions for extraordinary personal activity. He accomplished a feat in leaping on the New Haven Green, which so far surpassed everything of the kind before known, that the distance was long preserved by appropriate marks. On another occasion, he exhibited his activity by springing out from one hogshhead into another, alternately.

He graduated with honor in 1773, and for a short season taught school at East Haddam, where, it is said, "everybody loved him, he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind." Next he took charge of a high school in New London, where "he soon had as many friends as there were individuals in the town." His leisure was partly given to reading and study, and partly to society, for which he had great fondness. The charms of the gentler sex were not lost upon him. He became ardently attached to Miss Hannah Adams of his native town, whom, doubtless, he would have married, had not his tragic fate intervened.

In person Hale was rather tall, being five feet ten inches in height, and though slender was gracefully formed; his frame was elastic and wiry, as was shown by his extraordinary feats of agility; his chest was broad, his

face full, with blue eyes, light complexion, and brown hair. To these physical qualities was added an amiable winning address.

Intense excitement was produced one evening in the latter part of April, 1775, in the usually quiet town of New London, on the arrival of a messenger, with the startling news that the "regulars" had fired upon our people on the green at Lexington. "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we gain our independence!" rang out the clear stern voice of Nathan Hale, to the excited assemblage that had gathered on the occasion.

It was no difficult matter to infuse the sentiment into the minds of all present. It was resolved to send Captain Coit's company into the field, and Hale volunteered to go with it. The next day, he went to his school for the last time, to bid his pupils farewell. He addressed them in an appropriate little speech, and closed with an earnest prayer to the Almighty for his blessings on them and on their country.

A letter which he wrote at this period to the managers of the school, is preserved in Stuart's Life of Hale, from which we extract it :

"*Gentlemen*—Having received information that a place is allotted me in the army, and being inclined, as I hope, for good reasons, to accept it, I am constrained to ask as a favor, that which scarce anything else would have induced me to, which is to be excused from keeping your school any longer. For the purpose of conversing upon this subject, and of procuring another master, some of your number think it best there should be a general meeting of the proprietors. The time talked of for holding it is six o'clock this afternoon, at the school-house. The year for which I engaged will expire within a fortnight, so that my quitting a few days sooner, I hope, will subject you to no great inconvenience. School-keeping is a business of which I was always fond, but since my residence in this town, everything has conspired to make it more agreeable. I have thought much of never quitting it but with life, but at present there seems to be an opportunity for more extended public service. The kindness expressed to me by the people of the place, but especially the proprietors of the school, will always be very gratefully remembered."

This letter shows the patriotism of Hale, his nice sense of honor, and modest, unassuming nature. He also wrote to his father, whose designs for him in the ministry were now frustrated, "A sense of duty urges me to sacrifice everything for my country."

Hale was commissioned as a lieutenant in Webb's Connecticut regiment. This corps was first employed in guarding the seacoast, in the vicinity of New London, the appearance of the British in the Sound having alarmed the country. Early in the ensuing autumn, it marched to join the main army under Washington, in the vicinity of Boston. In December, Hale started "on foot, through snow ankle deep, to visit his friends in Connecticut." About this period he was promoted to the rank of captain.

During the winter spent in the siege of Boston, Hale became known, and he was, among all the younger officers, the one preferred for those duties requiring vigilance, activity, and skill. "I see," said a friend, in a letter written to him at this time, "you are stationed in the mouth of danger. I look upon your position as more perilous than that of any other officer in

the camp." When not engaged in military duties, Hale devoted much of his time to reading, especially works on the science of war. Feeling the importance of discipline, he gave such untiring attention to his men, that his company soon became one of the most thoroughly drilled and orderly in the service. When the American army was nearly annihilated by the defeat of Long Island, and the expiration of the terms for which the soldiers had enlisted, Hale generously relinquished his own pay to induce the men of his company to remain.

Hale's fondness for athletic sports suffered no abatement in consequence of his military pursuits, for we find him, when at leisure, engaging with his brother officers in wrestling, running, jumping, and in other amusements of that nature. He was also scrupulously observant of his religious duties, being a regular attendant at camp worship, when such a privilege was not denied by some professional duty.

In the succeeding spring (1776), the regiment to which Hale was attached proceeded, with others under the command of General Heath, to the vicinity of New York. He there became the principal in a brilliant little affair, from which he gained considerable eclat. In the East River lay a British vessel filled with supplies for the army. Although not armed, it was protected by a sixty-four gunship anchored only a few rods distant. Hale formed the project of capturing and taking her into the harbor of New York.

Under cover of night, he embarked with a small party in a rowboat, and dropped down near their intended prize, and then pulled in their oars to wait until the moon should go down. When it was entirely dark, the little party resuming their oars, silently rowed toward the doomed vessel. As they approached her, the figure of a solitary sentinel was dimly seen pacing the deck of the man-of-war by which the supply vessel was guarded. The sentinel suddenly paused—then gazed out upon the water. The approaching rowboat rested a moment, and its crew with beating hearts waited to see if they were discovered. In a brief time, "All's well," was heard from the lips of the lookout, as he turned and disappeared in the gloom. A few more pulls with the oars and the patriots were alongside. Not a soul was on deck—all were below and asleep. They took possession of the vessel, fastened the sleeping sailors in the hold, and in a short time, without alarming the guard of the neighboring man-of-war, noiselessly sailed away, and succeeded in gaining a wharf with their fine prize, where an expectant crowd greeted them with loud huzzas and the waving of hats. The vessel was laden with stores of provisions and clothing, which were a valuable acquisition to the army.

It was at a most gloomy period of the war of independence when Hale departed from the American camp, on a secret mission that sent a thrill of terror through those who were aware of its nature. The disastrous defeat of Long Island had just passed—Harlem Heights had been deserted, and White Plains had witnessed defeat. Shattered and depressed, the American army, like a crowd of fugitives, hovered around King's Bridge. The victorious Howe, flashed with success, was pursuing an enlarged system of operations, and it became evident that the concentrated forces of the invaders were to be let loose upon the rebellious colonists. But where the

blow was to fall, no human sagacity could foresee. Whether they were to take possession of New York, cut off the communication of the American army, and claim the country by conquest, or proceed southward and make a descent where no preparation would present a barrier, were questions of anxious import to the American commander, and the solution of which was of vital importance. With all his vigilance, he could not unravel the designs of the enemy, whose movements were purposely contradictory. Never during that war, copious as are its records of difficulty, was Washington more perplexed or more filled with anxiety. Finally, he concluded that some one must enter the British lines and gain the requisite information, or he feared that all would be lost.

In this emergency, he applied to the brave Colonel Knowlton, of the Connecticut line, for him to endeavor to obtain an officer for this service possessing the rare union of qualities necessary to success. Knowlton assembled his officers, and made known to them the request of Washington, stating the exigency of the case, and appealing to their patriotism, in the hope that some one would volunteer for the service. No one responded. He then addressed himself individually to each of those present, but with no better success. Indeed, many of them seemed offended that such a request should be made, in view of the danger of the mission and the ignominious death that would result on detection. One of these, an officer remarkable for a spirit of hazardous adventure, replied, "No, no! I am willing at any time, and on any terms, to fight the British; but I won't go among them to be hung like a dog."

Knowlton was about despairing of success, when from the assembled group came the slow, firm words, "*I will undertake it!*" The speaker had just recovered from a severe illness, and was late in joining the council, or "I will undertake it," would have been heard sooner.

All eyes turned toward the speaker, and a thrill of anguish pervaded the throng as they looked upon the pale, determined face of the universal favorite, the young and noble NATHAN HALE! They at once closed around him, and remonstrated by every appeal which consideration and friendship could dictate, to abandon his purpose—the love of home, the ties of kindred, future fame, and a felon's death, were all in vain urged to dissuade him. Among those most importunate was Lieutenant, afterward General, Hull, his old classmate at Yale, who plead with him almost with tears to abandon the project. Hale listened to the appeals, and replied in these memorable words:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by the commander of her armies—and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation, but for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving compensation for which I make no return; yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I WISH TO BE USEFUL, AND EVERY KIND OF SERVICE NECESSARY FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD, BECOMES HONORABLE BY BEING NECESSARY. If the exigencies of my

country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

This was spoken with that air of lofty heroism which showed that he was ready to sacrifice himself if need be, in any way, for the good of his country, even by an ignominious death. Words embodying more truly the soul of patriotism were never expressed.

Hale received instructions from Washington in person, upon the points on which he was to obtain information. The plan was for him to cross over the Sound and land on Long Island, of which the enemy had then full possession. Numerous difficulties were to be overcome at the very outset. The Sound was filled with British cruisers, while the adjacent shores were scoured by their foraging parties, so that he was liable to be apprehended at any moment. If he succeeded, great benefit was to accrue to his country; if he failed, death on the gallows was to be his certain fate. He proceeded to Norwalk, a distance of fifty miles, and made arrangements there with Captain Pond to have him carried in his sloop across the Sound to the Long Island shore, some twenty miles distant. He assumed the disguise of a school-teacher, wearing on the occasion a suit of brown cloth and a broad-brimmed hat. At Norwalk, he dismissed his faithful friend Stephen Hempstead, and embarking on board the sloop was safely landed on the opposite shore, at "The Cedars," near Huntington Bay.

In this vicinity lived the Widow Chichester, called "Mother Chick" by the Tories, who made her house a sort of roost during their predatory incursions. Quite a flock of them might usually have been seen hovering around in the vicinity eager to enjoy the bounty of loyal Mother Chick. Hale passed this tory haunt without difficulty, and proceeded toward the settlements. His first pause was at the house of William Johnson, whose hospitality and confidence he for a few hours enjoyed.

His exact route from thence is not known. The difficulties he encountered—the narrow escapes he ran—the stratagems he practiced, we can only conjecture. We do know that he succeeded in reaching the British camp, and in accomplishing the main object of his mission, from the drawings discovered in his possession when taken by the enemy. Doubtless his peaceful demeanor and unpretending attire as a village school-master, subjected him to the "jibes and jokes" of many a British red-coat, as he made his way into their camps; but it facilitated his means of acquiring information.

In the course of his investigations, it is supposed, he entered the city of New York, then overrun with British soldiers, where he was every instant exposed to arrest, as indeed was every citizen who went abroad without a royal protection in his pocket. In such an event, he was very certain to have been confined in the old "Sugar House," from whose fearful gateway the "dead-cart" daily bore away its victims, who had died by starvation or poison at the hands of the infamous wretches in charge.

After spending a week or more among the enemy, Hale had accomplished the main objects of his enterprise. He then retraced his steps the way he came, encountered the same difficulties in passing through a country in the possession of the enemy, and arrived in safety at "The Cedars," where he had arranged to meet a boat which was to convey him back to the Connecticut shore.

It was early morning, and the bay doubtless presented to him a friendly appearance. He could plainly discern the shores of his native State, rising in beauty beyond the blue waters of the Sound. His perils seemed ended, and his heart must have swelled with emotions of pleasure, as he thought that in a few hours more his feet would again press friendly soil, and he should be enabled to render a great service to his country.

At length he saw, as he supposed, his boat approaching. He hastened to the waters' edge to meet it and get on board. It neared the shore—and, O! how cold must have grown the blood around that gallant young heart, when, springing to their feet, he saw a dozen men with muskets cocked and aimed at his breast, and the summons to surrender fell upon his ears. The boat was a barge belonging to the Halifax, a British man-of-war anchored near by, but concealed by the projection of Lloyd's Neck.

His captors took him on board the Halifax, Captain Quarme. He was searched, and between the soles of his shoes were found drawings of military works, with descriptions in Latin. What had he, a plain school-master, to do with laborious profiles of intrenchments, forts, and batteries; and these the exact counterpart of those occupied by the royal army? It was evident he was a spy! As such Captain Quarme treated him, though with kindness, won by his noble bearing, and regretting, as he afterward said, "that so fine a fellow had fallen into his power."

His subsequent history is soon told. He was conveyed to New York, which he reached on the same day that nearly one half of it had been laid in ruins by a dreadful conflagration.

He was taken into the presence of the relentless Howe. The notes found in his possession, the drawings of the British works, and other information collected for the use of the American commander, were proofs conclusive of his guilt. Before his judge he practiced no duplicity, resorted to no subterfuge; his garb of a school-teacher made no screen behind which he longer aimed to conceal himself from the British general. The case was soon made out and judgment rendered—such a one as might have been expected—signed by Howe, in the name of his royal majesty, George III. He was condemned as a spy, and sentenced to be hung the next morning at daybreak.

He was then conducted to prison, to reflect during the remaining few hours upon his melancholy doom. Young, full of life and hope, he was soon to be executed like a common felon, and sent into the presence of that God whose unsearchable riches he had one day hoped to have proclaimed to his fellow-men. What memories must have crowded upon him during the short interval before his execution! How through the dim past must his thoughts have rolled back along the vista of his brief life, even to the scenes of his boyhood! How the image of his dear mother must have presented itself to him, as he thought of the shock to her when she received the tidings, in her quiet New England home, that her son had been hung! Then too, the image of his beautiful betrothed would appear lovingly before him, to remind him of the pure young heart his fate would make desolate! But the die was cast. To-morrow, at daybreak, he was to be executed. No power could avert it. Yet he was to perish in the service of his country, and he resolved to meet death as became a Christian patriot.

Major Cunningham, a brutal Irishman, whose infamous cruelties upon American prisoners were so notorious, was then provost marshal of the city. He declared, with an oath, that the harshest treatment was too good for such "traitors to undergo." He even murdered the prisoners by poisoning their food, that he might appropriate their rations to his own benefit. Such was the vile wretch into whose custody Hale was given.

Their first interview was characteristic. Hale requested writing materials, that he might write to his parents and friends. This was refused. He then asked for the Bible, that he at least might have the benefit of religious consolation. With an oath, this also was denied. A lieutenant of the royal army, then present, here interposed with entreaty, and his requests were finally complied with. There, on the verge of eternity, Hale for the last time communed with his loved ones. It is thought he wrote three letters; one to his parents, one to his brother, and the other to his betrothed. They were handed over to Cunningham for delivery. His eye ran eagerly over their contents, which so incensed him that he tore them to atoms, swearing, "*that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness!*"

A few hours more, and the fatal morning dawned—a beautiful Sabbath morning, in early autumn, 1776. The gray tint that streaked the eastern sky told Hale his hour had come. On many just such mornings, he had looked out upon the scenery of his New England home, and felt a thrill of delight; on many such had his father gathered the little flock around his hearth for family worship, to prepare them for that eternity upon whose awful threshold he now stood. It was his last morning. The sun would rise again, but its rays would fall upon his grave.

The provost marshal ordered the march to the place of execution to commence. With his hands tied behind him;—a convict's cap on his head;—wrapped in the habiliments of the tomb;—beside the cart with his coffin;—before and behind him, files of soldiers for his guard;—close by, the mulatto hangman of Cunningham, with rope and ladder;—and behind, Cunningham himself;—to the cadence of the "Dead March," Hale proceeded to the fatal spot.

They reached the place just as the sun was rising. A large crowd had assembled to witness the death of the spy. The limb of a tree was used for the gallows. Hale manifested no fear as the rope was adjusted around his neck. Though he was cheered by no friendly voice, the fire of freedom animated his bosom with holy inspiration. He mounted firmly upon the ladder on that still Sabbath morning, and looked calmly over the large assemblage. Nowhere did he meet a glance of recognition, but on all sides he saw sympathizing hearts. The men were sad, and here and there the tear rolled down the cheek, expressive of the keenest compassion; while the women, as they gazed upon the face of one so young and noble, gave vent to their overcharged feelings in sobs and lamentations.

The arrangements being completed, Cunningham, in coarsest tones of fiend-like triumph, demanded of "the rebel" his "dying speech and confession;"—evidently in the hope that the young man would make some remark that he would be able to turn into ridicule for the amusement of the depraved among the by-standers. Bitter, however, was his disappointment.

At the thought of instant death, the face of Hale lit up with an expression of holy patriotism, and, in a clear, manly voice, he spake these heroic words :—

“MY ONLY REGRET IS, THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR
MY COUNTRY!”

Stung by this unexpected speech, the enraged Cunningham exclaimed :
“*Swing the rebel up—Swing the rebel up!*”—and, in a moment more, the spirit of Nathan Hale had passed from earth.

The circumstances of this tragedy were officially conveyed to the American head-quarters by Colonel Mantaznar, of the British army, and as much publicity as possible given to it by the royal officers, so as to intimidate such hardy spirits in the future. The address with which Hale penetrated their garrisons and camps, and the heroic manner in which he met his fate, inspired the enemy with admiration, and made them feel that the subjugation of an army of such men was not an easy task. Even the brutal Cunningham, in his drunken bestiality, when with his boon companions, alluded to his conduct on the gallows in warm terms of commendation.

Among those present at the execution, was Tunis Bogart, an honest farmer of Long Island, who had been impressed as a wagoner in the British service. In 1784, on being asked to witness a public execution, then about to take place, this man replied, “No! I have seen one man hung as a spy,” alluding to Hale, “and that was enough for me. I have never been able to efface the scene of horror from my mind—it rises up to my imagination always. That old devil-catcher, Cunningham, was so brutal, and hung him up as a butcher would a calf! The women sobbed aloud, and Cunningham swore at them for it, and told them they likely enough themselves would come to the same fate.”

Washington knew Hale well, and when he responded to the appeal of Knowlton, he expressed a regret that it had not fallen to the lot of one less gifted. His death deeply pained him, and he felt that an irreparable loss had been sustained. Nor to him alone were these feelings confined. Hale was well known in the army—a brother among the officers, beloved by all. A thrill of anguish went through the lines as his fate was told, and every brow was sad. But what must have been the agony produced in that home circle, where he was an object of so much affection! In the simple words of one who knew them well, “It almost killed his parents.” Though they approved of the spirit which induced their son to enter the army, they looked forward, with hopeful pride, to the time when the banner of liberty would be triumphant, and he would enlist under that of the Cross. But the blow had fallen. Nathan was dead!—and such a death!—*the death of a spy!* The betrothed of Hale, Miss Hannah Adams, remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, lived to old age, and died exclaiming, “Write to Nathan!” Thus his youthful image was blended with her latest recollections.

Nor, in this connection, must be forgotten Hale’s faithful camp attendant, Asher Wright. He mourned his fate with more than a brother’s sorrow. Although he lived seventy years after the sad occurrence, he never lost its vivid recollection, and wept as a very child whenever it was alluded to—

having become partially insane, in consequence of his continual brooding over the melancholy tragedy.

A lofty monument of granite rises to the memory of Nathan Hale in the burial-place of his native town. There, among the graves of a simple-hearted rural people, overlooking a beautiful lake, stands this memorial of a young man, whose short life of twenty-one years ended in so much of sorrow; and who, dying the ignominious death of a spy, was rudely thrust into an unknown and an unhonored grave!

The death of André and that of Hale have often been compared. Each was young, in the morning of life, full of hope, ardent, accomplished, and possessed of those qualities that won all hearts. Each died bravely, and each was executed as a spy; but there terminates all similitude between them. The first was treated by his enemies with the greatest consideration and sympathy compatible with his offense: the latter, with the greatest barbarity, denied even the consolation of the Bible, and then hung "as a butcher would hang a calf." André entered on his mission without the expectation, if arrested, of being treated as a spy: Hale entered on his mission under a full sense of his awful peril. At his place of execution, the thoughts of the Englishman were upon himself, for he wished them "*to bear witness that he died like a brave man.*" At his place of execution, the thoughts of the American were upon his country, for which he "*regretted he had only one life to lose!*" The one showed the heroism of the chivalrous soldier, who shrank only at the disgraceful mode of his death: the other showed the heroism of the Christian patriot, willing to die even an ignominious death for the good of his country. The name of André is known wherever the English language is spoken: but that of Hale, the greater hero, is scarcely known even to his own countrymen!

This sketch is prefaced with lines written by one who knew Hale well, and loved him with ardent affection—the celebrated Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. On the first page of our collection of poetry, at the latter part of this work, are "Lines on the Death of Hale," from the pen of Francis Miles Finch, a graduate of Yale. They form part of a poem delivered by him before the Linonian Society of Yale, at its centennial anniversary, A. D. 1853. Nathan Hale, when a student, was a member of this society; and among the eminent names found on its rolls, there is none, in all coming time, that will probably be more revered than that of the young "Hero Martyr of the American Revolution,"

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF SOME OF THE EARLY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

WEST—STUART—TRUMBULL.

WE outline three incidents as an introduction to this article. The first occurred in a Western State, on an autumnal evening. A gentleman, having finished his office labors for the day, strolled into the garden with his young wife, when her attention was attracted by a huge mass of clouds, lit up by the last rays of the sun, in hues of crimson and gold; save in one spot, where an opening in the parted rifts caught the eye, and led the vision to such an apparently immense distance beyond, that it seemed like a glance into eternity.

"Look! pray do look at that sky!" exclaimed the admiring lady to her companion, who happened that moment to be in a bent attitude, his tall form arrayed in gown and slippers, and his fingers busy poking in the ground. "Pooh! pooh! never mind the sky," he replied, "here, just look at my roota-bagás; I shall get at least twenty bushels out of this patch!"

The scene changes; and to the heart of New England, in the first days of June. "Nature uncorks her champaign only twice a day," says a popular writer, "morning and evening." It was early morning and the cork had "pop't." A young man was sitting in the door of a quaint old farmhouse, looking upon the valley of the smooth gliding Connecticut. The shadows were long upon the landscape, then in the freshness of the newborn spring. The foreground was occupied by a massive group of ancient trees, laughing in their green old age, in robes of luxuriant foliage; while beyond, the grass-covered fields sloped away in picturesque curves down to the margin of the river, which lay bright and sparkling in its winding course. On the opposite side of the valley, arose the fine hills of old Hampshire, here in light and there in shadow, at the caprice of a bank of white, woolly clouds, that, floating grandly in the heavens, seemed soft and inviting to the nap of a summer's afternoon.

As the eye of the young man took in the glories of the panorama, valley, river, mountain, and sky, a sensation of pleasure stole over him; the first of the kind—for so he told us—he had ever experienced; it was the emotion created by the beautiful in Nature.

The opening incident was in the history of a lawyer, and a graduate of Harvard; this, in that of a clergyman, and a graduate of Yale; both impress us as to the esthetical culture of those renowned American universities.

"I care nothing for pictures," said a farmer to a young man who was endeavoring to entice him into the purchase of a book, "illustrated by many pictures," "pointing morals and adorning tales." He spake the truth, for as he said so, his nostrils sniveled in a sneer, and his head jerked in a disdainful toss. He despised them as puerile; yet, as he had never wandered far beyond the sight of his chimney smoke, his brain held many good ideas solely derived from pictures; including the idea of the great wall in China, that in his boyhood he had from his school geography, to the idea of a newly invented plow he had seen in his newspaper, and that was then doing good service for him in his manly occupation as a tiller of the soil.

These incidents are true; and yet, among persons of equal intelligence, unlikely to occur in any country save our own. Americans have less fondness for the beautiful in Nature, and less appreciation of the excellent in Art, than any other civilized people. In the summer, when Young America takes his holiday, he will be found in the finest apparel, his feet pinched in patent leather, lounging under some piazza at a crowded watering-place; or if he does ruralize, it is in the utter forgetfulness of legs; for he is whirling, in a slender cariole, over a straight hard road, amid clouds of dust, and behind a 2:40 nag, out of whom he is straining to get his mile within 2:39.

At the same time, in England, multitudes will be seen, all over the country, from the nobleman to the shop-keeper's clerk on his vacation, dressed in coarse checked suits and stout shoes, with their knapsacks, traveling on foot, and carrying opera-glasses; seeking out fine points of view, from whence to enjoy the ever-varying, never-repeating combinations of scenery, created expressly for our gratification, by a common Father. On the continent, poverty may deny to the humble peasant the many comforts we possess, but it cannot deprive him of the visible glories of Nature, or of the great in Art, that he sees in the cathedral where he worships, and in the galleries around him, free and open to all. He thus becomes familiar with the names of artists; he is taught by their representations, and as he looks at Art, he is educated to look at Nature and then again at Art, until by reciprocation, from one to the other, a new sense is developed, and he grows appreciative alike in the works of God and in those of man.

The life of the American has been hard and dry. He commenced in poverty, and what with the felling of the forest, and the elbowing away of the Indian to give him room, he has thought of little else. He has not tarried to take a lesson of patience from his ox, that calmly chewed the cud under the yoke; nor one of enjoyment from the little robin, that cheerily sang all the day long in the tree near where he labored. Ever hurrying on, restless and nervous, applying to work with a never before known intensity, he brings up at length at the end of his days, without scarcely a single pause by the way, to inquire for what he has lived. He "has eyes, but he sees not;" he "has ears, but hears not;" seeing nothing nor hearing nothing, but bending all his energies, body and soul, to the one great end—"the main chance."

This is wrong. "Man was not made to live by bread alone." Those finer faculties, our tastes, the love of Nature, Art, Poetry, and Music, were given to be cultivated, and the pauses to administer to them, are the resting-places in this not altogether work-day-world.

Art is so little appreciated among us, that scarcely a name of a successful American artist has impressed the American people at large, save perhaps one, a sculptor, and he only because he is said to have excelled all European cotemporaries in the carving of a nude female figure. A change is to ensue, The flush of a new dawn is shooting upward. And we trust the day will soon arrive, when the walls of even the cottages of the land will generally be attractive, from pleasant pictures of landscapes, of instructive scenes in history, and heart-improving delineations of domestic life.

America has produced some artists of note; enough to show that this kind of talent, when required among us, will be forthcoming, and in no stinted measure. Possibly, at this moment, somewhere in the dark pine forests of Minnesota, or by the shores of the rolling Atlantic, or on the sunny slopes of the Alleghanies, is a white-headed, hatless, and bare-footed little urchin, playing in the sand before the door of a rude cabin, who is marked for a great career in Art; to bless the future of our people by a matchless genius in illustrating the heroic in American annals, or by touching pictures of American life, that shall sweetly influence to a more vivid appreciation and love of home.

So little at an early day was Art cultivated in our country, that our men of genius in this line were obliged to seek out a field for their efforts mainly in Europe. We introduce the histories of a few of these.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Something more than a century since, the screams of a cat in sore distress issued from the farm-house of a Quaker, in Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania; and she had cause, for little "Benny" West held her in his grip, and was pulling out her fur by the roots, to make his paint brushes from; genius was working in him, and poor puss had to suffer. When her hair was drawn through a goose quill, it answered his purpose very well. His resources for paints were the wandering Indians, who supplied him with the red and yellow earths with which they daubed their skins, and his mother's indigo pot, from which he got his blue color.

He early showed a fondness for Art. In 1745, when he was but seven years old, he was placed with a fly-brush to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister. As he sat there the child smiled in sleep. Struck by its beauty he attempted to draw its portrait in red and black ink. His sober parents encouraged this new taste, and in a little while, the quiet Quaker home was filled with his pictorial efforts.

A Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, made a visit to Chester county, where he saw some of these sketches of the boy-artist, and when he returned home he sent him a present worth more to him than a kingdom—"a box of paints and brushes, and several pieces of canvas prepared, and six engravings by Greveling." These were the first works or implements of Art the boy had ever seen. "West placed the box on a chair by his bedside, and he was unable to sleep. He rose with the dawn, carried his canvas and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced copying. So completely was he under the control

of this species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly for several days, when the anxious inquiries of the schoolmaster introduced his mother to his *studio* with no pleasure in her looks, but her anger vanished as she looked upon his performance. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect that was in her sight surprising. "She kissed him," says Galt, who had the story from the artist, "with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master and beg that he might not be punished."

When West was nine years of age, Pennington took him to Philadelphia, and introduced him to Williams, a portrait painter, who was so much delighted with a landscape that he had painted, that he warmly encouraged him to prosecute his studies. He gave him a couple of books, and an invitation to call whenever he pleased and see his pictures.

The books and the pictures made the love of Art overcome all other feelings, and he returned home resolved to become a painter. Williams' pictures, which were "the first specimens of true Art the boy had seen, affected West so much that he burst into tears."

A story well authenticated is told by all his biographers, which goes to show that Benjamin was quite an ambitious little fellow for a Quaker. "One of his school-fellows allured him on a half-holiday from trap and ball, by promising him a ride to a neighboring plantation. 'Here is the horse, bridled and saddled,' said his friend, 'so come, get up behind me.' 'Behind you,' said Benjamin; 'I will ride behind nobody.' 'Oh! very well,' replied the other, 'I will ride behind you; so mount.' He mounted accordingly and away they rode. 'This is the last ride I shall have,' said his companion, 'for some time. To-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor.' 'A tailor!' exclaimed West; 'you will surely never be a tailor.' 'Indeed, but I shall,' replied the other; 'it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?' 'A painter.' 'A painter! What sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of it before.' 'A painter,' said this humble son of a Pennsylvania Quaker, 'is the companion of kings and emperors.' 'You are surely mad,' said the embryo tailor, 'there are neither kings nor emperors in America.' 'Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?' 'Indeed I do—nothing surer.' 'Then you may ride alone,' said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; 'I will not ride with one willing to be a tailor!'"

A gentleman by the name of Flower, who lived in a neighboring town, saw some of West's first pictures, and was so well pleased with the boy that he invited him to visit his house. There he met a young English lady, who was governess to his daughter. She was well acquainted with Art, and also intimate with Greek and Latin Poets, and loved to point out to the young artist the most picturesque passages. He had never before heard of Greece or of Rome, or of the heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and historians, whom they had produced, and he listened while the lady spoke of them, with an enthusiasm which, after an experience of nearly seventy years in the world he loved to live over again.

His fame spread to Lancaster, where he was soon employed to paint portraits. A Lancaster gunsmith, Mr. Joseph Henry, commissioned him to paint the Death of Socrates. The artist knew none too much about the personage he was going to paint, and the gunsmith read to him a few passages which spoke about hemlock and the philosopher. Once possessed of the idea, he began to work it out on canvas. The gunsmith gave him one of his men to stand for a model, and in due time this first historical picture of Benjamin West was finished.

When West was fifteen years of age, Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, proposed to his father to send his son to that city where he kindly offered to direct his studies. But before this Quaker father gave up his boy to the "worldly occupation of painting," he felt it to be his duty to lay the matter before the society of which he was a member. The society assembled and waited for the moving of the spirit. It was a serious question with those serious men and women, whether they could give their consent that one of their own members should wander from the fold, to pursue an art which "had hitherto been employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man."

"The spirit of speech first descended on one John Williamson—'To John West and Sarah Persons,' said this Western Luminary, 'a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the Art of Painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for Art—shall we question His wisdom? Can we believe that He gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth.'"

The assembly seems to have felt the force of these words, and the young painter was called in. He entered and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand and his mother on the left, surrounded by a company of simple-hearted worshipers. A female spoke—for in the Society of Friends the pride of man has fastened no badge of servitude upon woman. There seemed to be but one opinion. If painting had been employed hitherto only "to preserve voluptuous images, in wise and pure hands it may rise in the scale of moral excellence, and display a loftiness of sentiment, and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. Genius is given by God for some high purpose—what that purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in His own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for Art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works, that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious and moral effect." "At the conclusion of this address, the women rose and kissed the young artist and the men one by one laid their hands on his head."

West pursued his studies at Philadelphia with an untiring devotion until summoned to the bedside of his dying mother. He arrived just in time

to receive the welcome of her eyes, and her mute blessing. His affection and veneration for his mother was undying. When he was old and gray, he recalled her looks and dwelt on her expressions of fondness and of hope, with a sadness which he neither wished to subdue nor conceal. While the companion of princes and noblemen, he used to go from scenes of splendor and gayety, and around his fireside talk to some kind friend about his mother.

The tie that held him to home was now broken, and he left it to go out into the great world, to win fame and court fortune among strangers. He was eighteen years of age when he returned to Philadelphia to establish himself as a portrait painter. His merit was great and he had abundant employment; first in that city, and then in New York, where he remained nearly a year.

His extreme youth, the peculiar circumstances of his history, and his undoubted merit brought him many sitters. Young as he was, he had the sagacity to see that travel influenced the public opinion, and that study, and long study, was necessary for him if he really wished to excel. He knew that the master-works of art were in other lands, and on Rome especially he had already set his heart.

The Italian harvest having failed, a consignment of wheat and flour was sent from Philadelphia to Italy, and put under the charge of one of the Allens, who offered West a passage to Leghorn. It happened that a New York merchant, of the name of Kelly, was at that time sitting to West for his portrait, and to this gentleman the artist spoke of his intended journey, and represented how much he expected a year or two of study in Rome would improve his skill and taste. Kelly paid him for his portrait, gave him a letter to his agents in Philadelphia, shook him by the hand, and wished him a good voyage. Ere he reached his native place, after an absence of eleven months, all the arrangements for his departure had been completed by Smith; and when he presented the letter of Kelly, he found that it contained an order from that generous merchant to his agent to pay him fifty guineas—"a present to aid in his equipment for Italy." Thus all things seemed to conspire for the furtherance of the youth's advancement in the road to wealth and honor, for he found friends eager to assist him at every step.

West, like most men of any imagination who visit Rome, was always fond of describing his first impressions. He had walked on while his traveling companion was baiting the horses, and had reached a rising ground, which offered him a view far and wide. The sun was newly risen, all was calm and clear, and he saw before him a spacious champaign bounded by green hills, and in the midst a wilderness of noble ruins, over which towered the nobler dome of St. Peters. A broken column at his feet, which served as a mile-stone, informed him that he was within eight thousand paces of the ancient mistress of the world, and a sluggish boor, clad in rough goat-skins, driving his flocks to pasture amid the ruins of a temple, told him how far she had fallen. In the midst of a revery, in which he was comparing the treacherous peasants of the Campagna with the painted barbarians of North America, he entered Rome. This was on the 10th of July, 1760, and in the twenty-second year of his age.

When it was known that a young American had come to Rome to study Raphael and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi.

Many seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage; and, accordingly, were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael would have upon him, and "thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe," says Galt, "conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of Art. It was agreed that the Apollo should first be submitted to his view; the statute was inclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God—a young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statute to a wild savage; and West, perceiving the unfavorable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

Of his claim to mix with men of genius, however, he had as yet submitted no proof; he had indeed shown his drawings to Mengs and to Hamilton, but they were, as he confessed, destitute of original merit; nor, indeed, could they be commended for either neatness or accuracy. He waited on Lord Grantham—"I cannot," said he, "produce a finished sketch, like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing; but I can paint a little, and if you will do me the honor to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great kindness." His lordship consented; the portrait was painted; and, the name of the artist being kept secret, the picture was placed in the gallery of Crespigni, where amateurs and artists were invited to see it. It was known that Lord Grantham was sitting to Mengs, and to him some ascribed the portrait, though they thought the coloring surpassed his other compositions. Dance, an Englishman of sense and acuteness, looked at it closely; "the coloring surpasses that of Mengs," he observed, "but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good." The company engaged eagerly in the discussion; Crespigni seized the proper moment, and said, "It is not painted by Mengs." "By whom then?" they exclaimed, "for there is no other painter in Rome capable of doing anything so good." "By that young gentleman," said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands; the Italians ran and embraced him.

Mengs himself soon arrived; he looked at the picture, and spoke with great kindness. "Young man, you have no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint."

One day West was conversing in the British Coffee-House, when an old man with a guitar suspended from his shoulders, offered his services as an improvisator bard. "Here is an American," said the companion of West,

"come to study the Fine Arts in Rome; take him for your theme, and it is a magnificent one." The old man burst into a song. "I behold," he sung, "in this youth an instrument chosen by Heaven to create in his native country a taste for those Arts which have elevated the nature of man—an assurance that his land will be the refuge of science and knowledge, when in the old age of Europe, they shall have forsaken her shores. All things of heavenly origin move westward, and Truth and Art have their periods of light and darkness. Rejoice, O Rome, for thy spirit immortal and undecayed, now spreads toward a new world, where, like the soul of man in Paradise, it will be perfected more and more."

West visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, carefully studying all the works of the great masters those beautiful cities contain. At Parma he was elected a Member of the Academy—he painted for the Academy a copy of the St. Jerome of Corregio, "of such excellence, that the reigning prince desired to see the artist. He went to court, and, to the utter confusion of the attendants, appeared with his hat on. The prince was a lover of William Penn, and received the young artist with complacency, and dismissed him with many expressions of regard. During his visits to Florence and Bologna he had also received the honors of their Academies.

When he returned to Rome, he painted a picture of "Cimon and Iphigenia," and another of "Angelica and Medora." These works established his reputation in Italy. He had no rival in Italy but Mengs and Pompeo Battoni, and he soon left those painters far behind him. After four years of study and triumph in that unfortunate but beautiful land, he turned his face toward the Alps, with a determination to visit England and then return to his native country—but he little knew how brilliant a career he was to run.

He arrived in London, June 20, 1763, and at a most auspicious period, for there was hardly an historical painter of genius then engaged in his Art in Great Britain. But before he could succeed he had to create a new taste. Such was the prejudice against everything modern, that no Englishman would have dared to have hung up any modern picture in his house, unless it was a portrait.

A successful beginning, and the promise of full employment induced him to resolve on remaining in the Old Country. But he was attached to a young lady in his native land—absence had augmented his regard, and he wished to return to Philadelphia, marry her, and bring her to England. He disclosed the state of his affections to his friends, who took a less romantic view of the matter, advised the artist to stick to his easel, and arranged the whole so prudently, that the lady came to London accompanied by a relation whose time was not so valuable as West's, and they were married.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of Art, and on the honor which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich, and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject.

When the work was being proceeded with, the archbishop sought and obtained an audience of his majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The king was much interested with the story, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please."

A gentleman was sent from the palace to request West's attendance with the picture of Agrippina. "His majesty," said the messenger, "is a young man of great simplicity and candor; sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private friendships, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue. Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The king received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring. "There is another noble Roman subject," observed his majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the king, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the queen, and said, "The archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

West was too prudent not to wish to retain the sovereign's good opinion—and his modesty and his merit deserved it. The palace doors now seemed to open of their own accord, and the domestics attended with an obedient start to the wishes of him whom the king delighted to honor. There are minor matters which sometimes help a man on to fame; and in these too he had his share. West was a skillful skater, and in America had formed an acquaintance on the ice with Colonel, afterward too well known in the colonial war as General, Howe; this friendship had dissolved with the thaw, and was forgotten, till one day the painter, having tied on his skates at the Serpentine, was astonishing the timid practitioners of London by the rapidity of his motions, and the graceful figure which he cut. Some one cried, "West! West!" it was Colonel Howe. "I am glad to see you," said he, "and not the less so that you come in good time to vindicate my praises of American skating." He called to him Lord Spencer Hamilton and some of the Cavendishes, to whom he introduced West as one of the Philadelphia prodigies, and requested him to show them what was called "The Salute." He performed this feat so much to their satisfaction, that they went away spreading the praises of the American skater over London. Nor was the considerate Quaker insensible to the value of such commendations; he continued to frequent the Serpentine, and to gratify large crowds by cutting the Philadelphia Salute. Many to their praise of his skating added panegyrics on his professional skill, and not a few, to vindicate their applause, followed him to his easel, and sat for their portraits.

While West was painting the *Departure of Regulus*, the present Royal Academy was planned, and in its first exhibition appeared the *Regulus*. A change was now to be effected in the character of British Art; hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masking habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of "*The Death of Wolfe*." The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots, and buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams. Lord Grovenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior watching the dying hero, to see if he equaled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry.

West had now obtained the personal confidence of the king, and the favor of the public. His majesty employed him to paint a series of historical pictures for the palace, and when the king grew weary of these subjects, he took new ground and appealed to the religious feelings of the royal patron.

He suggested to the king a series of pictures on the Progress of Revealed Religion. He selected eighteen subjects from the Old, and eighteen from the New Testament. They were all sketched, and twenty-eight executed, for which in all West received upward of twenty-one thousand pounds. A work so varied, and so noble in its nature, was never before undertaken by any painter.

When the war broke out between England and her colonies, the feelings of West were sorely tried. His early friends and present patrons were involved in the bloody controversy. He was too much in the palace and alone with his majesty, to avoid some allusion to the strife. It is to the credit of that monarch that he never allowed the political opinions of West to interfere with his admiration of him as an artist, or his friendship for him as a man.

Professor Morse relates an interesting anecdote about West and George III. The professor found West copying a portrait of the king. "This picture," said the old painter, "is remarkable for one circumstance: the king was sitting to me for it when a messenger brought him the '*Declaration of Independence*.'" It may be supposed that the question, "How did he receive the news?" was asked. "He was agitated at first," said West; "then sat silent and thoughtful. At length, he said, 'Well, if they cannot be happy under my government, I hope they may not change it for a worse. I wish them no ill.'" If such was George III, we find no difficulty in reconciling his attachment to Benjamin West, with the American's honest love of his native land.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died, the choice of the Royal Academy fell on West, and he was elected president with the "ready assent of the king." British writers seem to have had but one opinion on the propriety of this choice—there was no man in Great Britain whose title to the honor was so

clear. The king offered him on this occasion the honor of knighthood. Every American will rejoice that he rejected the nick-name. It had been the custom to confer this honor on the most distinguished painter in England. West was the only man who declined the title. Englishmen still call this American "*Sir Benjamin*." Well, as long as they do not know how such a "nick-name" belittles a man like West, we must overlook it.

The new president delivered many discourses, all more or less distinguished for plain practical sense. He pressed upon the students the value of knowledge and the necessity of study, and the uselessness of both without a corresponding aptitude of mind and buoyancy of imagination—in other words, genius. He advised them to give heart and soul wholly to art, to turn aside neither to the right nor to the left, but consider that hour lost in which a line had not been drawn, nor a masterpiece studied. "Observe," he said, "with the same contemplative eye, the landscape, the appearance of trees, figures dispersed around, and their aerial distance as well as lineal forms. Omit not to observe the light and shade in consequence of the sun's rays being intercepted by clouds or other accidents. Let your mind be familiar with the characteristics of the ocean; mark its calm dignity when undisturbed by the winds, and all its various states between that and its terrible sublimity when agitated by the tempest. Sketch with attention its foaming and winding coasts, and that awful line which separates it from the heavens. Replenished with these stores, your imagination will then come forth, as a river collected from little springs spreads into might and majesty. If you aspire to excellence in your profession, you must, like the industrious bee, survey the whole face of nature and sip the sweet from every flower. When thus enriched, lay up your acquisitions for future use, and examine the great works of art to animate your feelings and to excite your emulation. When you are thus mentally enriched, and your hand practiced to obey the powers of your will, you will then find your pencils or your chisels as magic wands, calling into view creations of your own, to adorn your name and country."

So regular were West's hours of labor, and so carefully did he calculate his time, that to describe one day of his life is to describe years. He rose early—studied before breakfast—began to work on one of his large pictures about ten—painted with little intermission till four—washed, dressed, saw visitors, and having dined, recommenced his studies anew. His works were chiefly historical; he dealt with the dead; and the solitude of his gallery was seldom invaded by the rich or the great clamoring for their portraits. Visitors sometimes found their way to his inner study while he had the pencil in his hand; he had no wish to show off his skill to the idle, and generally sat as silent and motionless on such occasions as one of his own apostles. His words were few, his manner easy; his Quaker-like sobriety seemed little elevated by intercourse with nobles and waiting gentlewomen. On the Windsor pictures he expended much study, and to render them worthy of their place, he "trimmed," as he told the king, "his midnight lamp." So closely was he imprisoned by their composition, that his attendance at the burial of so eminent a brother artist as Gainsborough was mentioned as something extraordinary.

West lived to a great age. Elizabeth Shewell—for more than fifty years

his kind and tender companion—died on the 6th of December, 1817, and West, seventy-nine years old, felt that he was soon to follow. His wife and he had loved each other some sixty years—had seen their children's children—and the world had no compensation to offer. He began to sink, and though still to be found at his easel, his hand had lost its early alacrity. It was evident that all this was to cease soon; that he was suffering a slow, and a general, and easy decay. The venerable old man sat in his study among his favorite pictures, a breathing image of piety and contentment, awaiting calmly the hour of his dissolution. Without any fixed complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired 11th March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians; his two sons and grandson were chief mourners; and sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession.

West was the pioneer and father of American artists. Cunningham in his lives of eminent artists, thus gives the character of West, and his judgment upon his merits as a painter. How true or just this criticism, it is beyond our knowledge or province to decide; but the late Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy of England, certainly a competent judge, said of him, that in his department—historical painting—he was “the most distinguished artist of the age in which he lived.” Sir Thomas Lawrence also gave commendations equally strong. Says Cunningham:

“Benjamin West was in person above the middle size, of a fair complexion, and firmly and compactly built. His serene brow betokened command of temper, while his eyes, sparkling and vivacious, promised lively remarks and pointed sayings, in which he by no means abounded. Intercourse with courts and with the world, which changes so many, made no change in his sedate sobriety of sentiment and happy propriety of manner, the results of a devout domestic education. His kindness to young artists was great—his liberality seriously impaired his income—he never seemed weary of giving advice—intrusion never disturbed his temper—nor could the tediousness of the dull ever render him either impatient or peevish. Whatever he knew in art he readily imparted—he was always happy to think that art was advancing, and no mean jealousy of other men's good fortune ever invaded his repose.”

“As his life was long and laborious, his productions are very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil, upward of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio. His works were supposed by himself, and for a time by others, to be in the true spirit of the great masters, and he composed them with the serious ambition and hope of illustrating Scripture, and rendering Gospel truth more impressive. No subject seemed to him too lofty for his pencil; he considered himself worthy to follow the sublimest flights of the prophets, and dared to limn the effulgence of God's glory, and the terrors of the day of Judgment. The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption—Moses receiving the Law on Sinai—the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Saviour in the Jordan—the Opening of the Seventh Seal in the Revelations—Saint Michael and his

Angels casting out the Great Dragon—the mighty Angel with one foot on Sea and the other on Earth—the Resurrection—and there are many others of the same class! With such magnificence and sublimity who but a Michael Angelo could cope?

In all his works the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill—the coloring was varied and harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the artist seemed, to the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. But below all this splendor, there was little of the true vitality—there was a monotony, too, of human character—the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures seemed distributed over the canvas by line and measure, like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination, to be the restorer of that grand style, which bewildered Barry and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had infused them with life and feeling.

Though such is the general impression which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In his *Death on the Pale Horse*, and more particularly in his sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. It is, indeed, irresistibly fearful to see the triumphant march of the terrific phantom, and the dissolution of all that earth is proud of beneath his tread. War and peace, sorrow and joy, youth and age, all who love and all who hate, seem planet-struck. The *Death of Wolfe*, too, is natural and noble, and the Indian chief, like the Oneida warrior of Campbell,

“A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,”

was a happy thought. The *Battle of La Hogue*, I have heard praised as *the best* historic picture of the British school, by one not likely to be mistaken, and who would not say what he did not feel. Many of his single figures, also, are of a high order. There is a natural grace in the looks of some of his women, which few painters have ever excelled.

West was injured by early success; he obtained his fame too easily—it was not purchased by long study and many trials—and he rashly imagined himself capable of anything. But the coldness of his imagination nipped the blossoms of history. It is the province of art to elevate the subject, in the spirit of its nature, and brooding over the whole, with the feeling of a poet, awaken the scene into vivid life, and heroic beauty; but such mastery rarely waited upon the ambition of this amiable and upright man.”

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

That most eminent of American portrait painters, the eccentric GILBERT CHARLES STUART, was once asked at an English inn, in “what part of England he was born?” “I was not born in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland.” “Where then?” “I was born at Narraganset.” “Where’s that?” “Six miles from Pottawoone, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connonicut, and not far from the spot where

the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought." "In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?" "East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river." This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson in geography.

An anecdote of Stuart is given, in which he pretends to describe the kind of building in which he was born. As it is related in his characteristic style as a story teller, we give it.

A few years before his death, two artists of Philadelphia visited Mr. Stuart, at his residence in Boston. These gentlemen, Messrs. Longacre and Neagle, had made the journey for the sole purpose of seeing and deriving instruction from the veteran. While sitting with him on one occasion, Mr. Neagle asked him for a pinch of snuff from his ample box, out of which he was profusely supplying his own nostrils. "I will give it to you," said Stuart, "but I advise you not to take it. Snuff-taking is a pernicious, vile, dirty habit, and, like all bad habits, to be carefully avoided." "Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart." "Sir, I can't help it. Shall I tell you a story? You were neither of you ever in England—so I must describe an English stage-coach of my time. It was a large vehicle of the coach kind, with a railing around the top to secure outside passengers, and a basket behind for baggage, and such travelers as could not be elsewhere accommodated. In such a carriage, full within, loaded on top, and an additional *unfortunate* stowed with the stuff in the basket, I happened to be traveling in a dark night, when coachee contrived to overturn us all—or, as they say in New York, dump us—in a ditch. We scrambled up, felt our legs and arms to be convinced that they were not broken, and finding, on examination, that inside and outside passengers were tolerably whole (on the whole), some one thought of the poor devil who was shut up with the baggage in the basket. He was found apparently senseless, and his neck twisted awry. One of the passengers, who had heard that any dislocation might be remedied, if promptly attended to, seized the corpse, with a determination to untwist the man's neck, and set his head straight on his shoulders. Accordingly, with an iron grasp, he clutched him by the head, and began pulling and twisting by main force. He appeared to have succeeded miraculously in restoring life; for the dead man no sooner experienced the first wrench, than he roared vociferously, 'Let me alone! let me alone! I'm not hurt—I was born so!' Gentlemen," added Stuart, "I was born so;" and, taking an enormous pinch of snuff, "I was born in a snuff-mill."

This was partly true. His father, Gilbert Stuart, was a Scotchman, and erected a snuff-mill on the Narraganset, which was the first built in New England. He married a very handsome daughter of a Rhode Island farmer, by name Anthony; and the year 1754, their son, Gilbert Charles, was born.

He was a very capable, self-willed, and over-indulged lad. At thirteen years of age, he began to copy pictures, and soon after succeeded in making likenesses in black lead. When he was about eighteen years of age, a wandering Scotch artist, by the name of Alexander, came to Rhode Island, and being pleased with the talents of the lad, instructed him in his art, and finally took him with him to Scotland. Alexander died soon after, leaving

young Stuart in a land of strangers. He went aboard of a collier bound to Nova Scotia, and worked his passage home, having been absent about a year.

He washed off the coal dust, put on a new suit of clothes, and went to painting. Fully conscious of the great importance of drawing with anatomical exactness, he took vast pains to attain it, and hired a strong-muscled blacksmith to sit for him as a model. His mother died when he was in his eleventh year, and yet he, at this time, from recollection produced so striking a likeness that his uncle from Philadelphia recognized it the moment he entered the room. He soon had as much business in the portrait line as he could attend to.

Stuart's love of painting was enthusiastic, and the same with music, for he learned to play on a variety of instruments, and he also composed pieces himself. Lester says of him, in his biography, "He seems to have been gifted with the loftiest and best impulses of genius—whole days he passed in reading to his sister, in walking with her in the fields; whole nights in playing the flute under her window—he never came home from his rambles in the country without bringing her wild flowers. He had a kind of wild wayward life, made up of gleams of light and thick clouds, of shadows and sunshine; and yet he loved music, and it soothed him when he was sad—and when he was half forsaken he used to think and talk of that sister; and when all was bright around him, for he was sometimes as happy as we ever can be in a 'naughty world,' he took up his pencil and dashed away 'like Jehu;' and when such men as Reynolds looked at his pictures painted in this mood, they said the lines were 'gleams of sunshine, all light, in the midst of deep shadows.'"

Stuart was bent on seeking his fortune in London. So one day, in the winter of 1776, he found himself wandering in the streets of that great city, without a friend in the place or a pound in his pocket. Waterhouse, a school companion of his, whom he expected to meet there, was absent at Edinburgh studying medicine.

He went by a church door in Foster Lane, where he heard an organ playing. He stepped upon the threshold, and the "pew-woman" told him, in answer to a question what was going on, that the vestry were together testing the candidates for the post of organist. He went in boldly—asked if he might try. He was told he could—he did—he succeeded—got the place, and a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year! So much for the musical genius he had cultivated in America, when wise people were telling him he had better leave off serenading girls at night, playing the flute, and go to work. It gave him bread now, in the swarming wilderness of London, where he needed nothing else.

Stuart's proficiency in the theory and practice of music, was an additional evidence of the vigorous intellect and varied talents which constitute genius. He had that peculiar aptitude of mind, which would have made him excel in anything to which he chose to direct his strong faculties.

Stuart was thoughtless and improvident. His friends had to hunt for him occasionally in the sponging-house. He had been in London nearly two years before he made the acquaintance of West. Stuart says, "On application to West to receive me as a pupil, I was welcomed with true benev-

olence, encouraged, and taken into the family, and nothing could exceed the attentions of the artist to me—they were paternal.”

There are a hundred fine stories told of this eccentric, witty, improvident, but noble Stuart. He was full of genius, but he would not brook the requisite toil, or he would have made himself one of the first painters of any age. One day the blunt Dr. Johnson came into West's studio and addressed something to Stuart—"Why! you speak very good English, sir," said the lexicographer, "where did you learn it?" "Sir," replied Stuart, "I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary." Dr. Johnson had too much sense to be offended.

He was, at one time, traveling in an English stage-coach, when his companions manifested a great curiosity to ascertain his business, and questioned him rather closely. He answered with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair (at that time the high craped pomatumed hair was all the fashion)—"You are a hair-dresser, then?" "What!" said he, "do you take me for a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat." "O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?" "A valet! indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." "O! you are a tailor!" "Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I'll assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one." By this time they were all in a roar. "What the devil are you, then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, *at your service*." "O ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!" "Guess again, gentlemen; I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true." "We may as well give up guessing." After checking his laughter, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely, "Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces." He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having "all the while suspected the gentleman belonged to the theater," and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession; when, to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, where I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you."

All who have written about Stuart, speak of his wonderful powers of conversation. "In this respect," says Waterhouse, "he was inferior to no man among us. He made it a point to keep those talking who were sitting to him for their portraits, each in their own way, free and easy. This called up all his resources of judgment. To military men he spoke of battles by sea and land; with the statesman on Hume's and Gibbon's History; with the lawyer on jurisprudence or remarkable criminal trials; with the merchant, in his way; with the man of leisure, in his way, and with the ladies in all ways. When putting the rich farmer on the canvas, he would go along from seed-time to harvest-time—he would descant on the nice points of the horse, ox, cow, sheep, or pig, and surprise him with his just remarks in the process of making cheese and butter, or astonish him with his profound knowledge of manures, or the food of plants. As to national and individual character, few men could say more to the purpose, as far as history and acute personal observation would carry him. He had wit at will—always ample, sometimes redundant."

Stuart read men's characters as easily as he read newspapers. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the picture was done, and the general had sailed, the earl came for the piece. "This picture looks strange, sir," said the disturbed nobleman, "How is it? I see—I think I see *insanity* in that face." "It may be so," replied Stuart, "but I painted your brother as I saw him." The first account Lord Mulgrave had from his brother, was that his insanity, unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends, *had driven him into suicide!*

Stuart generally produced a likeness on the pannel or canvas, before *painting in the eyes*, his theory being, that on the nose, more than any other feature, likeness depended. On one occasion when a pert coxcomb had been sitting to him, the painter gave notice that the sitting was ended, the dandy exclaimed on looking at the canvas, "Why—it has no eyes!" Stuart replied, "It is not nine days old yet." We presume our readers need not be reminded that nine days must elapse from the birth of a puppy, before he opens his eyes.

Stuart had now become a fashionable and leading artist in London. But he lived in splendor and was the gayest of the gay; his indulgencies and his improvidences wearied his friends. He was poor on money that would have enriched any other man. One day he was drinking with earls, dukes, and princes; the next, cracking jokes with companions in a debtor's prison. But rich people would be painted, and they had to go to jail to get it done; and so he painted his way out.

In 1794, he turned his back on his good fortune and came home to America. His principal inducement was his great desire to paint the portrait of Washington, for whom he had the greatest admiration.

Stuart had been familiar with the highest society of England, but he was embarrassed when he entered the room where Washington was, and he said it was the first time he had ever felt awe in the presence of a fellow man.

Stuart was now gratified in the accomplishment of the hope of years. Washington was standing on the highest eminence of glory any man had

yet stood on; the gaze of the world was fixed steadily upon him. To leave for posterity a faithful portrait of him, and thus link his name *forever* with that great man's, had now become the most earnest wish of Stuart's life. Washington sat for his portrait—Stuart was not pleased with his first attempt. It may easily be imagined with what feelings the painter was stirred, when he gazed with the full, clear, earnest eye of the artist, upon that face which Guizot has declared more than half divine. It is a matter of little surprise that he failed on the first trial. He destroyed the picture. Washington sat again, and then he painted as good a portrait as ever was or can be painted.

This picture is now in the Boston Athenæum. A couple of anecdotes are told in relation to Stuart and Washington, which are among the few authentic instances of Washington's losing his self-control. One morning, as the painter approached the house, the street door and inner door were open, so that his eye was led directly into the parlor; and just as he was about to ascend the steps, he saw Washington seize a man by the collar and thrust him violently across the room. This being an awkward moment to enter the house, he passed on a short distance; but immediately returned, and found the president sitting very composedly in his chair. After the usual salutation, his first words were, "Mr. Stuart, when you went away, you turned the face of your picture to the wall, and gave directions that it should remain so, to prevent its receiving any injury, but when I came into the room this morning the face was turned outward as you now see it, the doors were open, and here was a fellow raising a dust with a broom, and I know not but the picture is ruined." It so happened, however, that no essential harm was done.

Stuart, while engaged on this work, after several ineffectual attempts to bring that noble but restrained soul to the surface, to make the calm eye of the great man flash, and his patient features light up with excitement, practiced a stratagem to effect his object. He got everything in readiness and then left the room just before the time of appointment, knowing Washington's scrupulous punctuality, and his exaction of it in all with whom he had to do; he waited in an adjoining room until he heard a loud exclamation of impatience, and the rapid steps that told of an angry mood. Then he entered, respectfully greeted Washington—who sternly resumed his seat—seized his palette, and, after a few touches, apologized by confessing that he had practiced the *ruse* to call up a look of moral indignation, which would give spirit to his delineation.

Stuart lived after this thirty-four years, preserving his great powers to the very last. The portrait of John Quincy Adams was his last work. He died in 1828, and was buried in the cemetery of the Episcopal Church, in Boston.

When an English ambassador was leaving England for America, he called on West, and asked him to recommend a portrait painter. "Where are you going?" "To the United States." "There, sir," said West, "you will find the best portrait painter in the *world*, and his name is Gilbert Stuart."

When Sully was in Boston, he requested Allston to accompany him to see a portrait of Mr. Gibbs, by Stuart. "Well," says Allston, "what is

your opinion?" The reply was, "I may commit myself and expose my ignorance: but in my opinion, I never saw a Rembrandt, Reubens, Vandyke, or Titian equal to it. What say you?" "I say," replied Allston, "that all combined could not have equaled it."

JOHN TRUMBULL.

Our countrymen are much indebted to JOHN TRUMBULL, whose genius and industry have preserved to them, for all time, the great scenes of our war for independence, with accurate portraits of those eminent men who risked their all in the struggle.

He was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1756, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, governor of that State through the entire war of the Revolution, and governor of the colony before the war; being the only one of all the chief magistrates, who had served both the Crown and the Republic.

At six years of age, the future artist would read Greek "in a certain way." He says, in his autobiography: "My taste for drawing began to dawn early. It is common to talk of natural genius; but I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a principle in the human mind; at least in my own case, I can clearly trace it to mere imitation. My two sisters, Faith and Mary, had completed their education at an excellent school in Boston, where they both had been taught embroidery; and the eldest, Faith, had acquired some knowledge of drawing, and had even painted in oil two heads and a landscape. These wonders were hung in my mother's parlor, and were among the first objects that caught my infant eye. I endeavored to imitate them, and for several years the nicely sanded floors (for carpets were then unknown in Lebanon) were constantly scrawled with my rude attempts at drawing.

About the same time music first caught my attention. I heard a jews-harp—delicious sound! which no time can drive from my enchanted memory! I have since been present at a commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, and have often listened with rapture to the celestial warblings of Catalani—I have heard the finest music of the age in London and in Paris, but nothing can obliterate the magic charm of that jews-harp, and even at this late moment, its sweet vibrations seem to tingle on my ear."

Trumbull painted and studied till his sixteenth year, when he was entered at Harvard (1772), in the Junior class, "the best educated boy of his age in New England"—said the Greek professor.

"My fondness for painting had grown with my growth, and in reading of the arts of antiquity, I had become familiar with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Zeuxis and Appelles. These names had come down through a series of more than two thousand years, with a celebrity and applause which accompanied few of those who had been devoted to the more noisy and turbulent scenes of politics or war. The tranquillity of the art seemed better suited to me than the bustling scenes of life."

He searched the library for all the books on art he could find, copied some fine paintings, and, on graduating the next year, returned to Lebanon, where he continued his artistic labors, by designing the death of Paulus Emilius, at the battle of Cannæ.

In the summer and autumn of 1774, the angry discussions between Great Britain and her Colonies began to assume a very serious tone. "I caught the growing enthusiasm," he says; "the characters of Brutus, of Paulus Emilius, of the Scipios, were fresh in my remembrance, and their devoted patriotism always before my eyes; besides, my father was now governor of the colony, and a patriot, of course surrounded by patriots, to whose ardent conversation I listened daily; it would have been strange if all this had failed to produce its natural effect. I sought for military information; acquired what knowledge I could, soon formed a small company from among the young men of the school and the village, taught them, or more properly we taught each other, to use the musket and to march, and military exercises and studies became the favorite occupation of the day.

"When my mother was preparing and packing up my linen and clothes for this campaign, she said to me, 'My son, when I recollect the sufferings of your infancy, with your present feebleness of constitution, and anticipate the hardships and dangers to which you are about to be exposed, I hardly dare to hope that we shall ever meet again; however, in all events, my dear son, I charge you so to conduct yourself, that if ever I do see you again, it may be with the pride and delight of a mother.'"

On the 19th of April, 1775, the blood of our fathers began to flow on the plains of Lexington. Before the first of May a regiment of troops "started into view as by magic," and were on their march for Bunker Hill. Young Trumbull was adjutant of the regiment. He was the best draughtsman in the army, and his drawings of battle-fields, forts, and fortifications, brought him to the notice of the commander-in-chief, who appointed the young painter his second aid-de-camp. He was afterward detached from Washington's staff, and made a major of brigade at Roxbury. When General Gates took command of the "Northern Department," he offered Trumbull the appointment of adjutant, and he attended him on his northern expedition, where he distinguished himself in the service of the Colonies.

On the 22d of February, 1777, terminated Trumbull's "regular military career." The cause of his resignation he explained in a letter to the President of Congress. His commission as deputy adjutant-general, was dated the 12th of December, 1776—he had served in that office since the 28th of June, by the appointment of Major-General Gates, who was authorized to make the appointment by particular instructions from Congress. Trumbull was right in principle, but the manner of his resignation offended the congress. He would not yield a point of honor, and his course has been justified by some of the most distinguished officers of the Revolution.

"Thus ended my regular military service, to my deep regret, for my mind was at this time full of lofty military aspirations."

Some time after this, he went to Boston and hired a room, in which to study painting. He occupied himself in his art by studies from some excellent paintings; copies, by Symbert, from Vandyck, Poussin, and Raphael.

"The war," said he, "was a period little favorable to regular study and deliberate pursuits; mine were often desultory. A deep and settled regret of the military career from which I had been driven, and to which there appeared to be no possibility of an honorable return, preyed upon my spirits;

and the sound of a drum frequently called an involuntary tear to my eye."

In the summer of 1780, Trumbull went to Europe, with the intention of studying painting under Mr. West. He had received the assurance, through the intervention of a friend, from the British Secretary of State, that, notwithstanding his past military life, he could pursue the study of art unmolested, provided he avoided all meddling with politics. He was received kindly by Mr. West, then in the noon of his glory, who, when he saw his copy of the Madonna, said, "Mr. Trumbull, I have no hesitation to say that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities; nothing more is necessary but careful and assiduous cultivation."

A movement was set on foot against Trumbull by some American loyalist, and he was arrested for "high treason," and taken off at eleven o'clock at night to a *lock-up house* in Drury Lane. Examined the next morning by three police magistrates, who seemed to desire to know something about the traitor, he thus addressed them: "You appear to have been much more habituated to the society of highwaymen and pickpockets, than to that of gentlemen. I will put an end to all this insolent folly, by telling you frankly who and what I am. I am an American—my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel Governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aid-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel General Washington. These two have always in their power a greater number of your friends, prisoners, than you have of theirs. Lord George Germaine knows under what circumstances I came to London, and what has been my conduct here. I am entirely in your power; and after the hint which I have given you, treat me as you please, always remembering, that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine."

The painter's commitment was made out for a loathsome prison—the only one the Gordon riots had left standing in London—and the first night the son of the Governor of Connecticut slept with a *highwayman*.

The moment West heard what had befallen his pupil, he "hurried to Buckingham House, asked an audience of the king, and was admitted." "I am sorry for the young man," said the king, "but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result; I cannot interpose. Do you know whether his parents are living?" "I think I have heard him say that he has very lately received news of the death of his mother; I believe his father is living."

"I pity him, from my soul!" He mused a few moments, and then added: "But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe." With this kind answer, West hurried away to the prison. "I had now," says Trumbull, "nothing more to apprehend than a tedious confinement, and that might be softened by books and my pencil. I therefore begged Mr. West to permit me to have his beautiful little Corregio and my tools; I proceeded with the copy, which was finished in prison during the winter of 1780–81, and is now deposited in the gallery at New Haven."

After an imprisonment of seven months, Trumbull was liberated on the condition of leaving the kingdom within thirty days, not to return during

the war. On the restoration of peace, he again returned to England, and studied under West. He soon began to meditate seriously of events of the Revolution, which afterward became the great objects of his professional life. The death of General Warren at the battle of Bunker Hill, and of General Montgomery at Quebec, were first painted. "Mr. West witnessed the progress of these pictures with great interest, and strongly encouraged me to persevere in the work of the history of the American Revolution, which I had thus commenced, and recommended to have the series engraved."

This suggestion Trumbull followed up all through life, at a great sacrifice of time, money, and tranquillity. With a view to accomplish his object he visited Paris in 1785, at the invitation of Mr. Jefferson, who was a liberal and enlightened friend of art. The great statesman received Trumbull "most kindly at his house," where he made it his home.

"My two paintings, the first fruits of my national enterprise, met his warm approbation, and during my visit, I began the composition of the Declaration of Independence, with the assistance of his information and advice."

He also made various studies for the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the Battle of Trenton, and Princeton. He also painted, at this period, his celebrated picture of the Sortie from Gibraltar, which Horace Walpole said was "the finest picture he had seen painted north of the Alps."

Trumbull returned the second time to the United States in November, 1789. Congress met in New York early in December. "All the world was assembled there, and I obtained many portraits for the Declaration of Independence, Surrender of Cornwallis, and also that of General Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton." He now spent a considerable time in journeying to distant parts of the country, painting portraits of the illustrious men he introduced into his historical pieces—a work which no other man of his time seemed inclined to do.

In 1792, he painted the best portrait extant of Washington as a general, in his *heroic* military character. It is a full length of Washington at Trenton; and is now in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven. He was at this time in the prime of life, about forty-five years of age. The portrait most familiar to his countrymen is that of Stuart, which represents Washington as the president, when he was an old man, and the expression of his mouth injured by a set of false teeth. "I told the president my object," says Trumbull; "he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation. He *looked* the scene again, and I happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the high resolve to conquer or to perish."

In the year 1815, Congress authorized the president to employ Trumbull to compose and execute four paintings, commemorative of the most important events of the American Revolution, to be placed in the Capitol of the United States.

The choice of the subjects and the size of each picture, was left to the president, Mr. Madison. In the interview between the artist and the president, it was concluded to make the pictures of dimensions to admit the figures to be the size of life. The four subjects decided upon, were the Surrender of Burgoyne—the Surrender of Cornwallis—the Declaration of

Independence—Resignation of General Washington of his Commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, to Congress. He was employed upon these about eight years, the last being finished in 1824, about which time he had the misfortune to lose his wife. He received thirty-two thousand dollars for these works, from government; but some of his mercantile speculations had turned out badly, obliging him to sacrifice everything to meet his obligations. He says:

"My contract with the government was honorably fulfilled. My debts were paid, but I had the world before me to begin anew. I had passed the term of three-score years and ten, the allotted period of human life. My best friend was removed from me and I had no child. A sense of loneliness began to creep over my mind, yet my hand was steady and my sight good, and I felt the *vis vitæ* strong within me. Why then sink down into premature imbecility?

I resolved, therefore, to begin a new series of my paintings of revolutionary subjects, of a smaller size than those in the Capitol, and to solace my heavy hours by working on them. I chose the size of six feet by nine, and began. Funds, however, began to diminish, and I sold scraps of furniture, fragments of plate, etc. My pictures remained on my hands unsold, and to all appearances unsaleable. At length the thought occurred to me, that although the hope of a sale to a nation or to a State became more and more desperate from day to day, yet in an age of speculation, it might be possible that some society might be willing to possess these paintings, on condition of paying me a life annuity. I first thought of Harvard College, my alma mater, but she was rich, and amply endowed. I then thought of Yale—although not my alma, yet she was within my native State and poor. I hinted this idea to a friend (Mr. Alfred Smith, of Hartford)—it took—was followed up, and resulted in a contract."

A gallery, fire-proof, was erected by the college—his pictures arranged under the direction of the artist, and an annuity of one thousand dollars settled upon him for the remainder of his life. Trumbull also made one noble condition in this final disposition of his works, which should alone give immortality to his name. After his death, the entire proceeds of the exhibition of the Gallery, were to be "perpetually appropriated toward defraying the expense of educating poor scholars in Yale College." He says in the close of his autobiography:

"Thus I derive present subsistence principally from this source, and have besides the happy reflection, that when I shall have gone to my rest, these works will remain a source of good to many a poor, perhaps meritorious and excellent man."

The Trumbull Gallery at New Haven, contains about forty large paintings by the artist, beside nearly two hundred and fifty portraits of persons distinguished during the Revolutionary period, painted by him *from life*. Among them is that noble, full length of Washington at Trenton. There too are those inimitable battle-pieces—the Death of Warren, at Bunker Hill, and of Montgomery, at Quebec. In these two compositions, "the accuracy of drawing, the admirable coloring, the variety of figures introduced, the force of expression displayed in their attitudes and countenances, with their striking effect as a whole, stamp these productions as

master-pieces of the art." As battle-pieces, they are probably unequaled by those of any artist, living or dead.

These pictures are familiar to most readers, from the engraved copies in the early histories of the United States.

The painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill, "represents the moment (the Americans having expended their ammunition) the British troops became completely successful and masters of the field. At this last moment of the action, General Warren was killed by a musket ball through the head. The principal group represents him expiring; a soldier on his knees supports him, and with one hand wards off the bayonet of a British grenadier, who, in the heat and fury natural at such a moment, aims to revenge the death of a favorite officer, Colonel Abercombie, who had just fallen at his feet. Colonel Small (whose conduct in America was always equally distinguished by acts of humanity and kindness to his enemies, as by bravery and fidelity to the cause he served), had been intimately connected with General Warren—saw him fall, and flew to save him. He is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier, to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend; it was too late; the general had barely life remaining to recognize the voice of friendship; he had lost the power of speech, and expired with a smile of mingled gratitude and triumph. Near him, several Americans, whose ammunition is expended, although destitute of bayonets, are seen to persist in a resistance obstinate and desperate, but fruitless. Near this side of the painting is seen General Putnam, reluctantly ordering the retreat of these brave men; while beyond him a party of American troops oppose their last fire to the victorious column of the enemy.

Behind Colonel Small is seen Colonel Pitcairn, of the British marines, mortally wounded, and falling in the arms of his son, to whom he was speaking at the fatal moment. Under the feet of Colonel Small lies the dead body of Colonel Abercombie.

General Howe, who commanded the British troops, and General Clinton, who, toward the close of the action, offered his services as a volunteer, are seen behind the principal group.

On the right of the painting a young American, wounded in the sword hand, and in the breast, has begun to retire, attended by a faithful negro; but seeing his general fall, hesitates whether to save himself, or, wounded as he is, to return and assist in saving a life more precious to his country than his own.

Behind this group are seen the British column ascending the hill—grenadiers, headed by an officer bearing the British colors, mounting the feeble intrenchments; and more distant, the Somerset ship-of-war (which lay during the action between Boston and Charlestown), the north end of Boston, with the battery on Copp's Hill; and the harbor, shipping, etc.

No part of the town of Charlestown is seen; but the dark smoke indicates the conflagration."

In the painting of the attack on Quebec, "that part of the scene is chosen where General Montgomery commanded in person; and that moment, when by his unfortunate death, the plan of attack was entirely disconcerted, and the consequent retreat of his column decided at once the fate of the place, and of such of the assailants as had already entered at another point.

The principal group represents the death of General Montgomery, who, together with his two aids-de-camp, Major M'Pherson and Captain Cheesman, fell by a discharge of grapeshot from the cannon of the place. The general is represented as expiring, supported by two of his officers, and surrounded by others, among whom is Colonel Campbell, on whom the command devolved, and by whose order a retreat was immediately begun.

Grief and surprise mark the countenances of the various characters. The earth covered with snow—trees stripped of their foliage—the desolation of winter, and the gloom of night heightened the melancholy character of the scene."

Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence" is the best known of any American work of art. "To preserve the resemblance of the men who were the authors of this memorable act, was an essential object of this painting. Important difficulties presented themselves to the artist at the outset; for although only ten years had then elapsed since the date of the event, it was already difficult to ascertain who were the individuals to be represented. Should he regard the fact of having been actually present in the room on the fourth of July, indispensable? Should he admit those only who were in favor of, and reject those who were opposed to the act? Where a person was dead, and no authentic portrait could be obtained, should he admit ideal heads? These were questions on which Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were consulted, and they concurred in the advice, that with regard to the characters to be introduced, the signatures of the original act (which is still preserved in the office of state), ought to be the general guide. That portraits ought, however, to be admitted, of those who were opposed to, and of course did not sign, as well as of those who voted in favor of the declaration, and did sign it, particularly John Dickinson, of Delaware, author of the Farmer's Letters, who was the most eloquent and powerful opposer of the measure; not indeed of its principle, but of the fitness of the time, which he considered premature. And they particularly recommended, that wherever it was possible, the artist should obtain his portrait from the living person; that where any one was dead, he should be careful to copy the finest portrait that could be obtained; but that in case of death, where no portrait could be obtained (and there were many such instances, for, anterior to the Revolution, the arts had been very little attended to, except in one or two cities), he should by no means admit any ideal representation, lest it being known that some such were to be found in the painting, a doubt of the truth of others should be excited in the minds of posterity; and that, in short, absolute authenticity should be attempted, as far as it could be attained.

The artist was governed by this advice, and spared neither pains nor expense in obtaining his portraits from the living. Mr. Adams was painted in London; Mr. Jefferson in Paris; Mr. Hancock and Samuel Adams in Boston; Mr. Edward Rutledge in Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. Wythe at Williamsburg, in Virginia; Mr. Bartlett at Exeter, in New Hampshire, etc.

In order to give some variety to his composition, he found it necessary to depart from the usual practice of reporting an act, and has made the whole committee of five advance to the table of the president to make their report, instead of having the chairman rise in his place for the purpose; the

silence and solemnity of the scene, offered such real difficulties to a picturesque and agreeable composition, as to justify, in his opinion, this departure from custom, and perhaps fact. Silence and solemnity he thought essential to the dignity of the subject; levity or inattention would have been unworthy on such an occasion and in such an assembly. The dresses are faithfully copied from the costume of the time, the present fashion of pantaloons and trowsers being then unknown among gentlemen.

The room is copied from that in which Congress held their sessions at the time, such as it was before the spirit of innovation laid unhallowed hands upon it, and violated its venerable walls by modern improvement, as it is called. The artist also took the liberty of embellishing the background, by suspending upon the wall, military flags and trophies; such as had been taken from the enemy at St. Johns, Chambly, etc., and probably were actually placed in the hall. In fact nothing has been neglected by the artist, that was in his power, to render this a faithful memorial of the great event."

The remains of Trumbull, with those of his wife, are deposited in a vault under the Trumbull Gallery. The following is a part of the inscription on his monumental tablet: "Colonel John Trumbull, Painter and Artist, Friend and Aid of Washington, died, in New York, November 10, 1843, aged eighty-eight. To his Country he gave his Sword and his Pencil."

Lester states, in his "Artists of America," that to no one artist "does the country owe so much as to Trumbull. Congress paid grudgingly eight thousand dollars a piece for his four great paintings in the Rotunda—but what representative of the American people would dare now to rise in his place, and propose to *sell* the Declaration of Independence, I care not what sum were offered for it? It is the only picture in the world which has preserved the forms and expressions of the great fathers of American liberty, and it would be sacrilege to ruin it, because it is above all price. As ages roll by, the wonderful events those pictures commemorate, will be graven more deeply in the minds of men, and to each successive generation they will become more invaluable. The early historical painters of nations have always ranked among their early historians—they stand side by side at the fountains of history, to rescue those sacred forms and relics, which, but for their holy vigilance, would have passed away forever."

AN ACCURATE AND INTERESTING ACCOUNT
OF THE
HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS
OF THAT
BAND OF HEROES,
WHO TRAVERSED THE WILDERNESS IN
THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC, IN 1775.

THE above is the title of a little volume of about two hundred pages. It was written by the Hon. John Joseph Henry, for the instruction and amusement of his children, and was not published until after his death, in 1812.* The author, the son of William Henry, Esq., the inventor of the screw-angur, was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1758. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to an uncle who was a gunsmith, and accompanied him to Detroit, where, however, his stay was short, on account of the scarcity of business. He returned on foot, with a single guide, who died in the wilderness which lay between Detroit and his home, and it was there that hardships and misfortune were first encountered. Soon after his return, the troubles of his country aroused attention, and his ardent mind panted for military glory. In the fall of 1775, he clandestinely joined a corps of Lancaster men raised to reinforce Arnold at Boston. He was then a mere strippling, the youngest of that band of heroes who accompanied Arnold to Quebec: the day he entered Canada being but his seventeenth birthday.

While in prison in Quebec, where he lay for nine months, he contracted the scurvy which, on his return, assumed a most malignant form, and frustrated all his plans of future military life, for which purpose a captaincy had been procured for him in Morgan's famous Virginia rifle regiment. After the war, he studied law and eventually was appointed by Gov. Mifflin, President Judge of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania. He died in 1809, some of the leisure of his last years having been devoted to the writing of the instructive narrative to his "dear children," here given in an abridged form.

* It may interest persons not familiar with the demand for old scarce works illustrating American History to state, that this small volume, the original price of which was probably not over one dollar, brought at an auction in New York City, of rare American works, ten dollars, which is more than its weight in silver—it weighing but seven ounces. Another scarce American work, weighing but seventeen ounces was sold to the writer for thirty dollars; yet these prices are low compared to what books comprising the same amount of matter were in manuscript before the invention of printing.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—

There is a point, in the history of the American revolution, hitherto little attended to ; as yet imperfectly related, and now at this late day almost forgotten ; which would deserve and require the talents and genius of a Xenophon, to do it real justice. As your father in early life had a concern in that adventure, permit him to relate to you in the words of truth, a compendious detail of the sufferings of a small band of heroes ; unused, to be sure, to military tactics and due subordination, but whose souls were fired by an enthusiastic love of country, and a spirit such as has often inspired our ancestors, when determined to be free.

In the autumn of 1775, our adorable Washington, thought it prudent to make a descent upon Canada. A detachment from the American grand army, then in the vicinity of Boston, was organized, to fulfill this intention, by the route of the Kennebec and Chaudiere Rivers. It was intended as a co-operation with the army of General Montgomery, who had entered the same province, by the way of Champlain and Montreal. Colonel Benedict Arnold was appointed the commander-in-chief of the whole detachment, which consisted of eleven hundred men. Colonel Enos was second in command. Riflemen composed a part of the armament. These companies, from sixty-five to seventy-five strong, were from the southward : that is, Captain Daniel Morgan's company from Virginia ; that of Captain William Hendricks' from Cumberland county in Pennsylvania, and Captain Matthew Smith's company from the county of Lancaster, in the latter province. The residue, and bulk of this corps, consisted of troops mainly from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. All these men were of as rude and hardy a race as ourselves, and as unused to the discipline of a camp, and as fearless as we were. They were an excellent body of men, formed by nature as the stamina of an army, fitted for a tough and tight defense of the liberties of their country. The principal distinction between us, was in our dialects, our arms, and our dress. Each man of the three companies, bore a rifle-barreled gun, a tomahawk, or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a "scalping-knife," which served for all purposes, in the woods. His under-dress, by no means in a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins, if the latter could be procured. It was the silly fashion of those times, for riflemen to ape the manners of savages.

Our commander, Arnold, was of a remarkable character. He was brave, even to temerity, was beloved by the soldiery, perhaps for that quality only :—he possessed great powers of persuasion, was complaisant : but withal sordidly avaricious. Arnold was a short handsome man, of a florid complexion, stoutly made, and forty years old at least. On the other hand Morgan was a large strong-bodied personage, whose appearance gave the idea history has left us of Belisarius. His manners were of the severer cast ; but where he became attached he was kind and truly affectionate. This is said, from experience of the most sensitive and pleasing nature ; activity, spirit and courage in a soldier, procured his good will and esteem. Hendricks was tall, of a mild and beautiful countenance. His soul was animated by a genuine spark of heroism. Smith was a good looking man, had the air of a soldier, was illiterate and outrageously talkative. The officers of the eastern troops, were many of them men of sterling worth.

Our little army, in high spirits, marched from Prospect Hill, near Cambridge, on the 11th of September, 1775, to Newburyport; from thence we embarked in transports to the mouth of the Kennebec, run up that river one hundred and fifty miles to Colonel Cobourn's ship-yard, there obtained batteaux, and proceeded to Fort Western. Here it was concluded to dispatch an officer and seven men in advance, for the purposes of ascertaining and marking the paths, which were used by the Indians at the numerous carrying-places in the wilderness, toward the heads of the river; and also, to ascertain the course of the River Chaudiere, which runs from the height of land, toward Quebec.

To give some degree of certainty of success to so hazardous an enterprise, Arnold found it necessary to select an officer of activity and courage; the choice fell upon Archibald Steele of Smith's company, a man of an active, courageous, sprightly and hardy disposition, who was complimented with the privilege of naming his companions. These consisted of Jesse Wheeler, George Merchant, and James Clifton, of Morgan's; and Robert Cunningham, Thomas Boyd, John Tidd, and John M'Konkey, of Smith's company. Though a very youth, yet in a small degree accustomed to hardships, derived from long marches in the American woods, Steele's course of selection next fell upon your father, who was his messmate and friend. Two birch-bark canoes were provided; and two guides, celebrated for the management of such water-craft, and who knew the river as high up as the great carrying-place, were also found. These were Jeremiah Getchel, a very respectable man, and John Horne, an Irishman, who had grown gray in this cold climate.

This small party, unconscious of danger, and animated by a hope of applause from their country, set forward from Fort Western in their light barks, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty, and in good water twenty-five miles per day. These canoes are so light, that a person of common strength, may carry one of the smaller kind, such as ours were, many hundred yards without halting.

On the evening of the 23d of September, our party arrived at Fort Halifax, situated on the point, formed by a junction of the Sabasticoog and Kennebec Rivers. Here our commander, Steele, was accosted by a Captain Harrison, or Huddleston, inviting him and the company to his house. The invitation was gladly accepted, as the accommodation at the fort, which consisted of old block-houses and a stockade in a ruinous state, did not admit of much comfort; besides it was inhabited, as our friend the captain said, by a rank tory. Here, for the first time, the application of the American term "tory," was defined to me by the captain. Its European definition was well known before. In a very few days, we arrived safely at Norridgewoc Falls, and passed the portage. We ascended the river rapidly, blazing every carrying-place. Having now seceded many miles from the last white inhabitants at Norridgewoc, it became us therefore to proceed cautiously. The party proceeded without molestation, but from natural rock, and a strict current (by the 27th of September), to the twelve-mile carrying-place. We searched for the carrying-place, and found a path tolerably distinct, which we made more so by blazing the trees and snagging the bushes with our tomahawks. Proceeding until evening, the party encamped at the margin

of a small lake, perhaps about half a mile wide, where there was plenty of trout, which old Clifton, who was good at angling, caught in abundance. Here, in a conference on the subject, it was resolved that two persons of the party, Clifton and M'Konkey, should remain (with about one half of the provisions), until the return of our main body, calculating the return would be in eight or ten days.

By the next evening we encamped on the north bank of the Dead River, an extension of the Kennebec. The company, not apprehending the reverses which fortune had in store for them, proceeded on next day full of courage and hope, through a strong drift of snow, which whitening all the surrounding hills, had fallen during the night.

As we could not obtain food, in this miserable portion of the globe, we prudently began to hoard our provision; half a biscuit and half an inch square of raw pork became this evening's meal. The day's journey had brought us to the foot of a rapid, which convinced us that the term "Dead River," was much misapplied. The night was spent, not upon feathers, but on the branches of the fir or the spruce. It would astonish you, my dear children, if there was leisure to explain the many comforts and advantages those trees afford to the way-worn traveler.

In a few days, October 7th, we came to a succession of ponds at the head of Dead River, and in some cases the communication being shallow we were obliged to carry our canoes from one to the other. My wardrobe was light and scanty, and as winter was approaching I suffered from the piercing cold. About three P. M. the next day, we reached the extreme end of the fifth and last lake, where we obtained a full view of those hills which were then, and are now, called the "Height of Land." It made an impression upon us, that was really more chilling than the air which surrounded us. We hurried ashore—drew out our canoes, and covered them with leaves and brush-wood. This done, with our arms in our hands, and our provision in our pockets, we made a race across the mountain, by an Indian path, easily ascertainable, until we arrived on the bank of the Chaudiere River. The distance is about five miles, counting the rising and descent of the hill as two. This was the acme of our desires. To discover and know the course of this river, was the extent of our orders: beyond it, we had nothing to do. Our chief, wishing to do everything a good officer could to forward the service, asked if any one could climb a tree, around the foot of which we then stood? It was a pine of considerable height, without branches for forty feet; Robert Cunningham, a strong athletic man, about twenty-five years old, presented himself. In almost the twinkling of an eye he climbed the tree. He fully discerned the meandering course of the river, as upon a map, and even descried the lake Chaudiere, at the distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. The country around and between us and the lake was flat. Looking westward, he observed a smoke; intimating this to us from the tree where he sat we plainly perceived it. Cunningham came down; the sun was setting seemingly in a clear sky.

Now our return commenced and rapidly we ran in a single file, and it so happened that your father brought up the rear. Soon the rain began to pour in torrents, the night became dark as pitch, and in crossing a ridge my foot caught in a root or a twig, and I fell I know not how far, perhaps twenty or

thirty feet. Stunned by the fall, the others had got far ahead ere I recovered myself. My arrival at the canoe place was delayed thereby until ten o'clock, an hour and a half after my companions, who had erected a wigwam of poles covered by branches of fir. Sleep came to my eyes, notwithstanding the drippings of the pelting storm through the humble roof.

We arose before day. The canoes were urged suddenly into the water; it still rained hard, and at daylight we thought of breakfasting. Gracious God! what was our fare? What could we produce for such a feast? Rum-maging my breeches pockets, I found a solitary biscuit and an inch of pork. Half of the biscuit was devoted to the breakfast, and so also by each person, and that was consumed in the canoes as we paddled over the lake. The rain had raised the lake, and consequently the outlets about four feet. We slid glibly along, over passages where a few days previously, we had toted our canoes. At the outlet of the fourth lake, counting as we came up, a small duck appeared within shooting distance. It was a diver, well known in our country—a thing which we here contemn. Knowing the value of animal food, in our predicament, several of us fired at the diver. Jesse Wheeler, however (who all acknowledged as an excellent shot), struck it with his ball. A shout of joy arose—the little diver was safely deposited in our canoe. We went on quickly, without accident, till the evening, probably traversing a space of more than forty miles. At night-fall we halted, weary and without tasting food since morning. Boyd and Cunningham, who were right-hand-men on most occasions, soon kindled a fire against a fallen tree. The cooks, according to routine, picked the duck, and when picked and gutted, it was brought to the fireside. Here it became a question, how to make the most of our stock of provisions. Finally, it was concluded to boil the duck in our camp-kettle, together with each man's bit of pork, distinctively marked by running a small skewer of wood through it, with his particular and private designation; that the broth thus formed, should be the supper, and the duck on the ensuing morning should be the breakfast, and which should be distributed by "whose shall be this?" Strange as this tale may appear to you, in these times, the agreement was religiously performed. Being young, my appetite was ravenous as that of a wolf, but honor bound the stomach tightly. We rose early, and each person selected his bit of pork, which made but a single mouthful;—there was no controversy. The diver was parted most fairly, into ten shares, each one eyeing the integrity of the division. Setting out early, by the evening we made nearly fifty miles. The bit of pork and the rest of the biscuit became my supper. My colleagues were similarly situated. The morning sun saw us without any food. We did not despond. The consolatory idea, that on that, or the next day, we should certainly join the army, infused energy into our minds and bodies. The succeeding morning (11th), starting early, we ran at a monstrous rate. The waters, by additional rains above, had risen greatly. After some time, the light canoe, several hundred yards before us, (with Steele and Getchel in it), passed between the forks of a tree, which lay rooted in the middle of the stream, where most likely it had lain for many years. Seeing our friends pass through safely, and being unconscious that we were worse or less adventurous watermen than they were, we risked it. We ran with great velocity. My good Irishman steered. By an un-

lucky stroke, one of the prongs of the tree took the right hand side of the canoe, within six inches of the bow, immediately below the gunwale. Quick as lightning that side of the canoe was laid open from stem to stern, and water was gushing in upon us, which would inevitably have sunk us in a second of time, but for that interference of Providence, which is atheistically called presence of mind, otherwise a host of men could not have saved us from a watery grave. Instinctively leaning to the left, we sunk the gunwale of that side down to the water's edge, by which we raised the broken side an inch or more out of it. Calling loudly to our companions ahead, they soon saw our distress and put in. Carefully and steadily sitting, and gently paddling many hundred yards, we landed safely. Our situation was truly horrible. When we had examined the broken canoe, and had rummaged both for the means of mending it, every heart seemed dismayed. Our birch-bark and pitch, had been exhausted in former repairs,—we were without food,—perhaps one hundred miles from the army, or perhaps that army had returned to New England. That sensation of the mind called “the horrors,” seemed to prevail. Getchel alone was really sedate and reflective. He ordered the other guide to search for birch-bark, whilst he would look among the pines for turpentine. We followed the one or the other of these worthies, according to our inclinations, and soon returned with those desirable materials. The cedar root was in plenty under our feet. Now a difficulty occurred, which had been unforeseen, and which was seemingly destructive of all hope. This was the want of fat or oil of every kind, with which to make the turpentine into pitch. A lucky thought occurred to the youngest of the company, that the pork bag, lay empty and neglected, in one of the canoes. The thought and the act of bringing it were instantaneous. The bag was ripped, and as if it had been so much gold dust, we scraped from it about a pint of dirty fat. Getchel now prepared an abundance of pitch. The cedar root gave us twine. The canoe was brought up to the fire. We found every rib except a few at the extreme points, actually torn from the gunwale. All hands set to work—two hours afterward, the canoe was borne to the water.

We embarked, and proceeding cautiously, as we thought, along the shore, a snag, standing up stream, struck through the bottom of the canoe. It took an hour to patch the gap. The cup of sorrow was not yet full. As the men were bearing the wounded canoe to the water, sergeant Boyd who paddled in the small canoe, which was drawn up as usual, taking hold of the bow raised it waist high (as was right) intending to slide it gently into the water—the bank was steep and slippery : Mr. Boyd's feet slipped—the canoe fell from his hands—its own weight falling upon the cavity, formed by the declivity of the bank and the water—broke it in the center, into two pieces, and which were held together by nothing but the gunwales. Now absolute despair for the first time seized me. A thought came across my mind, that the Almighty had destined us to die of hunger, in this inhospitable wilderness. The recollection of my parents, my brothers and sister, and the clandestine and cruel manner of my deserting them, drew from me some hidden, yet burning tears, and much mental contrition. Getchel thoughtful and active, instantly went to work. The canoe was brought to the fire, and placed in a proper posture for the operation. The lacerated parts were neatly

brought together, and sewed with cedar root. A large ridge of pitch, as is customary in the construction of this kind of water-craft, was laid over the seam to make it water-tight. Over the seam a patch of strong bark a foot in width, and of a length sufficient to encircle the bottom, even to the gun-wales, was sewed down at the edges and pitched. Again, over the whole of the work, it was thought prudent to place our pork bag, which was well saturated with liquid fat. It was a full yard wide, and was laid down in the same manner. This work, which was laborious, nearly consumed the rest of the day.

We set out notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. Hunger drove us along at a cautious but rapid rate. About dusk the lieutenant's canoe, four hundred yards before us, had within view turned a sharp point of land, when we heard the crack of a rifle, and presently another, and a huzza. Apprehending an attack from an enemy, we pulled hard to be enabled to sustain our friends. In a moment or two, observing them pulling for the north shore, which was steep, we looked up it for the enemy. Good Heavens! what a sight! We saw a moose-deer, falling on the top of the bank. A cry of exultation seemed to burst the narrow valley of the river. Steele had struck the deer in the flank, as it was leaving the water, but it sprung up the bank with agility. Wheeler, with better fortune for us all, pierced its heart as it arrived at the top. Seeing this you can scarcely imagine the celerity of our movements. We were ashore in a moment. A fire was kindled, the secondary guide cut off the nose and upper lip of the animal, instantly, and had it on the fire. What a feast! But we were prudent. We sat up all night, selecting the fat and tit-bits—frying, boiling, roasting and broiling, but carefully eating little at a time. Toward morning, we slept a few hours, absolutely careless of consequences. We knew that we had arrived in a land where game was plentiful, and where there were no foes superior to our number, to oppose us. The next day we shot a moose and a large gray wolf; and on the morning of the 13th arrived at our first camping ground on the "Dead River," in good health and spirits; though pallid and weak, for the want of substantial food in due quantity.

By this time the fat and marrow of the animals we had killed were exhausted, and our stock of salt had been long since expended. One who has never been deprived of bread and salt, nor known the absence of oleaginous substances in his food, cannot make a true estimate of the invaluable benefits of such ingredients in the sustentation of the bodily frame; nor of the extremity of our corporeal debility.

It was immediately concluded to preserve our provisions by jerking or smoking. This operation is done by slicing the meat into thin strips; then driving four forks into the earth, in a square position, at the required distance perpendicularly, and laying poles from fork to fork, and poles athwart from pole to pole. A rack is thus made, about four feet high, on which the sliced meat is laid, and smoke-fires are made underneath; this duty was soon performed. We now began to look about us, and discuss the subject of our return to the army, which we had, before this time, persuaded ourselves we should meet at this place. The non-appearance of the army and our distress, induced a conclusion that we were deserted, and abandoned to a disastrous fate, the inevitable result of which would be, a sinking into

eternity for the want of food, for though we might have killed more deer, the vigor of our bodies was so reduced, that we were convinced that that kind of food could not restore us to our wonted energy, and enable us to perform so rugged and long a march, as that to the frontiers of Maine. The notion of navigating the river was scouted as a fallacy, because we did not possess a sufficient degree of bodily force to bear the canoes across the twelve-mile carrying-place. As, in the case of the retreat of the army, we had determined to follow, it became requisite to finish the jerking, which would take six days, to make it the more portable, for our feebleness, and preservable if we should have wet weather on the march. It was further concluded, "that Lieutenant Steele, Getchel and Wheeler, should immediately proceed on foot across the twelve-mile carrying-place, to meet the army : if they did meet it, that they should return to us with supplies by the end of three days, but in all events to return."

Now we experienced the full extent of a new species of starving. Having neither bread, nor salt, nor fat of any kind, every day we remained here we became more and more weak and emaciated. We had plenty of meat, both fresh and dried, of which we ate four, five and six times a day, in every shape we had the means of dressing it. Though we gorged the stomach, the appetite was unsatiated. Something like a diarrhea ensued, which contributed to the imbecility of our bodies. Bears-oil would have made our venison savory, but such an animal as a bear we had as yet not seen in all our wanderings. On the evening of the fourth day, we looked out for our absent companions with much heartfelt anxiety. They came not. In the morning of the next day, we consulted upon the question whether we should follow the army. A majority voted for staying a few days longer to complete the jerking. To show you the great bodily weakness we were brought to, it may be proper to relate the following anecdote as more evincive of the fact, than any other method which might be adopted, to bring it fully to your minds. Sergeant Boyd (the strongest and stoutest man of the party, and perhaps of the army) and myself, taking our arms, started on in hopes of meeting the advance of the army. We staggered along through the plain, falling every now and then, if our toes but touched a twig or tuft of grass. Thus going forward, we arrived at the edge of a moss-bog. Here my worthy friend Boyd, unable to proceed, sunk down upon a log. My seat, in tears of excruciating grief, was taken beside him, endeavoring to infuse comfort and courage into his manly mind—it was in vain. The debility of his body had disarmed his courageous soul. Every art in my power was exercised to induce him to pass the bog—he would not listen to me on that subject. Melancholy of the desperate kind oppressed me. Convinced that the army had retreated, a prognostication resulted in my mind, that we should all die of mere debility in these wilds. We sat here an hour. At length we agreed to return to our camp, though it was yet early in the afternoon. Our companions were pleased to see us, thinking our coming so soon indicated good news, but a gloom of desperation followed. As a last effort to save our lives, we all agreed to pass the river the next morning and follow the army, which we were now assured had returned to Fort Western. Each one put into his knapsack, as much of our mawkish food, as he could conveniently carry.

We started early, the next day passed the river, and moved forward, as fast as our feeble limbs would carry us. When we came to the log where Boyd had seated himself, we were filled with ecstatic joy to observe, on the far side of the bog, a party of pioneers forming a causeway for the passage of the army. Our strength redoubled—we passed the bog with considerable speed. Our wan and haggard faces, and meager bodies, and the monstrous beards of my companions, who had neglected to carry a razor with them, seemed to strike a deep sorrow into the hearts of the pioneers. They gave us a little of their food; but what exhilarated us more, was the information, that Major Febiger with the advanced-guard, lay at the next pond. We urged forward as fast as we could. Arriving at his fire a little before my company, an incapacity to stand compelled me to sit. Febiger, in a hurried manner, asked who we were? and from whence we came? A few words explained the mystery and cause of our distress. A glistening tear stood in this brave soldier's eye. As it were with a sudden and involuntary motion and much tenderness, he handed me his wooden canteen (which contained the last spirits in the army); from me it passed to Cunningham, who had just come up, the most ghastly and wayworn figure in nature; from him it went round to the rest, who arrived gradually, but slowly. The heart of Febiger seemed overjoyed at the relief he had, and could afford us. The liquor had restored our fainting spirits, but this was not enough for his generosity to exhibit. He requested us to take seats around the fire, and wait the boiling of his kettle, which was well replenished with pork and dumplings. This was all devoted to our use, accompanied by an open heartedness and the kindest expressions of interest for our sufferings, and regard for our perseverance in our duty as military men. This meal to all of us seemed a renewal of life. It was accustomed food. Our more immediate and intimate friends were still beyond the pond, but coming forward. By and by, Morgan came, large, a commanding aspect, and stentorian voice. He wore leggins, and a cloth in the Indian style. His thighs, which were exposed to view, appeared to have been lacerated by the thorns and bushes. He knew our story from Steele and Wheeler, and greeted us kindly. We now found ourselves at home, in the bosom of a society of brave men, with whom we were not only willing, but anxious to meet the brunts of war. This was the twenty-sixth day we had been absent from the army. In the evening we resumed our stations in our respective messes.

We now turned our faces toward the north, and accompanied the army as a sort of guides in minute matters, for the paths and carrying-places we had sufficiently developed for the pioneers to open a way. The next day we reached our old camping ground on Dead River, where the three companies of riflemen, under Daniel Morgan, remained encamped for several days waiting for the arrival of the remainder of the troops. During our stay it pleased me to observe that Morgan adopted certain rules of discipline absolutely necessary to the state we were in, but discordant with the wild and extravagant notions of our private men.

At this place, Morgan had given it out in orders, that no one should fire. One Chamberlaine, a worthless fellow, who did not think it worth while to draw his bullet, had gone some hundreds of yards into the woods, and discharged his gun. Lient. Steele happened to be in that quarter at the time;

Steele had but arrived at the fire, where we sat, when Morgan, who had seen him coming, approached our camp, and seated himself within our circle. Presently Chamberlaine came, gun in hand, and was passing our fire, toward that of his mess. Morgan called to the soldier—accused him as the defaulter—this the man (an arrant liar) denied. Morgan appealed to Steele. Steele admitted he heard the report, but knew not the party who discharged the gun. Morgan suddenly springing to a pile of billets, took one, and swore he would knock the accused down unless he confessed the fact. Instantly, Smith seized another billet, and swore he would strike Morgan if he struck the man. Morgan knowing the tenure of his rank, receded. Such were the rough-hewn characters, which in a few subsequent years, by energy of mind and activity of body, bore us safely through the dreadful storms of the revolution. Morgan was of an impetuous temper, yet withal, prudent in war, as he was fearless of personal danger. His passions were quick and easily excited, but they were soon cooled. This observation is applicable to many men of great talents, and to none more than Morgan. His severity, at times, has made me shudder, though it was necessary, yet it would have been a pleasing trait in his character, if it had been less rigid.

During our resting here, Arnold, accompanied by Steele and some excellent boatmen, proceeded to the head of the river. The rifle corps preceded the main body of the army, both by land and water. The boats, which were heavily laden with baggage and provisions, took in no more men than were necessary to navigate them, that is, three to a boat. The remainder of the army marched by land, the river being generally the guide.

After a week of intense labor and fatigue we reached the Chaudiere, October 29th, and encamped on a plain on the river bank. Here we learned for the first time that Colonel Enos had basely deserted us. He turned back toward the New England settlements from the twelve-mile carrying-place, with five hundred men, a large stock of provisions, and the medicine chest. It damped our spirits much, but our commander conceived it was better to proceed than return. We were about a hundred miles from the frontier of Canada, but treble that distance from that of New England. Our provisions were exhausted. We had no meat of any kind. The flour which remained, so far as I know, was divided fairly and equally, among the whole of the troops, the riflemen shared five pints of flour per man. During the night and the ensuing morning, the flour was baked into five cakes per man, under the ashes, in the way of Indian bread.

On the 30th of October, we set forward. The men were told by the officers "that order would not be required in the march, each one must put the best foot foremost." The first day's march was closed by a charming sleep on fir-branches. The gentlemen of our mess lay together, covering themselves with the blankets of each one. My memory does not serve to say that any stir was made by any one during the night. Happening to be the first who awaked in the morning, the blanket was suddenly thrown from my head, but what was my surprise to find, that we had lain under a cover of at least four inches of snow.

This morning, the first of November, we took up the line of march through a flat and boggy ground. About ten o'clock A. M. we arrived, by a narrow neck of land at a marsh which was appalling. It was three fourths of a

mile over, and covered by a coat of ice, half an inch thick. Here Simpson concluded to halt a short time for the stragglers or maimed of Hendrick's and Smith's companies to come up. There were two women attached to those companies, who arrived before we commenced the march. One was the wife of Sergeant Grier, a large, virtuous and respectable woman. The other was the wife of a private of our company, a man who lagged upon every occasion. These women being arrived, it was presumed that all our party were up. We were on the point of entering the marsh, when some one cried out "Warner is not here." Another said he had "sat down sick under a tree, a few miles back." His wife begging us to wait a short time, with tears of affection in her eyes, ran back to her husband. We tarried an hour. They came not. Entering the pond, and breaking the ice here and there with the butts of our guns and feet, as occasion required, we were soon waist deep in the mud and water. As is generally the case with youths, it came to my mind, that a better path might be found than that of the more elderly guide. Attempting this, in a trice the water cooling my armpits, made me gladly return into the file. Now Mrs. Grier had got before me. My mind was humbled, yet astonished, at the exertions of this good woman. Her clothes more than waist high, she waded before me to the firm ground. No one so long as she was known to us, dared to intimate a disrespectful idea of her. Her husband, who was an excellent soldier, was on duty in Hendricks' boat, which had proceeded to the discharge of the lake with Lieutenant McClelland. Arriving at firm ground, and waiting again for our companions, we then set off, and in a march of several miles, over a scrubby and flat plain, arrived at a river flowing from the east into the Chaudiere Lake, which we reached, and encamped at its outlet with a heterogeneous mass of the army. It was soon perceived, that the French term Chaudiere, was most aptly applied to the river below us. Indeed every part of it, which came under our view, until we arrived at the "first house," in Canada, might well be termed a caldron or boiler, which is the import of its French name. It is remarkable of this river, and which, to me, distinguishes it from all others I had seen, that for sixty or seventy miles, it is a continued rapid, without any apparent gap or passage, even for a canoe. Every boat we put into the river, was stove in one part or other of it.

On the morning of the 2d of November, we set off from the Chaudiere Lake, and hungered, as to my own particular, almost to death. What with the supplies to Shaeffer, and my own appetite, food of any kind, with me, had become a nonentity. My own sufferings, in the two succeeding marches, from particular causes, were more than ordinarily severe. My moccasins had, many days since, been worn to shreds and cast aside: My shoes, though they had been well sewed and hitherto stuck together, now began to give way, and that in the very worst part (the upright seam in the heel). For one to save his life, must keep his station in the rank—the moment that was lost, as nature and reason dictate, the following soldier assumed his place. Thus, once thrown out of the file, the unfortunate wretch must await the passage of many men, until a chasm, toward the rear, happened to open for his admission. This explanation will answer some questions which you might naturally put. Why did you not sew it? Why did you not tie the shoe to your foot? If there had been awl, and thread, and

strings at command, which there were not, for the causes above stated, one dared not have done either, as the probable consequences would ensue, "death by hunger in a dreary wilderness." For man when thrown out of society is the most helpless of God's creatures. Hence you may form a conception of the intolerable labor of the march. Every step taken the heel of the foot slipped out of the shoe: to recover the position of the foot in the shoe, and at the same time to stride, was hard labor, and exhausted my strength to an unbearable degree. You must remember that this march was not performed on the level surface of the parade, but over precipitous hills, deep gulleys, and even without the path of the vagrant savage to guide us. Thus we proceeded till toward mid-day, the pale and meager looks of my companions, tottering on their feeble limbs, corresponding with my own. My friend Simpson, who saw my enfeebled condition and the cause, prevailed with the men to rest themselves a few minutes. Bark, the only succedaneum for twine, or leather, in this miserable country, was immediately procured and the shoe bound tightly to the foot. Then marching hastily, in the course of an hour or more, we came within view of a tremendous cataract in the river, from twelve to twenty feet high. The horror this sight gave us, fearing for the safety of our friends in the boats, was aggravated, when turning the point of a steep cragg, we met those very friends, having lost all but their lives, sitting around a fire on the shore. O God! what were our sensations! Poor M'Cleland, first lieutenant of Hendricks' was lying at the fire; he beckoned to us—his voice was not audible, placing my ear close to his lips, the word he uttered, scarcely articulate, was, "Farewell." Simpson, who loved him, gave him half of the pittance of food which he still possessed; all I could was—a tear. Coming to a long sandy beach of the Chaudiere, for we sometimes had such, some men of our company were observed to dart from the file, and with their nails, tear out of the sand, roots which they esteemed eatable, and ate them raw, even without washing. Languid and woe-begone, as your father was, it could not but create a smile, to observe the whole line watching with "Argus eyes," the motions of a few men, who knew the indications in the sand of those roots. The knowing one sprung, half a dozen followed, he who grabbed it, eat the root instantly. Though hunger urged, it was far from me to contend in that way with powerful men, such as those were. Strokes often occurred.

During this day's march (about ten or eleven, A. M.), my shoe having given away again, we came to a fire, where were some of Captain Thayer, or Topham's men. Simpson was in front, trudging after, slipshod and tired, I sat down on the end of a long log, against which the fire was built, absolutely fainting with hunger and fatigue, my gun standing between my knees. Seating myself, that very act gave a cast to the kettle, which was placed partly against the log, in such a way, as to spill two-thirds of its contents. At the moment a large man sprung to his gun, and pointing it toward me, he threatened to shoot. It created no fear; his life was with much more certainty in my power. Death would have been a welcome visitor. Simpson soon made us friends. Coming to their fire, they gave me a cup of their broth. A table-spoonful was all that was tasted. It had a greenish hue, and was said to be that of a bear. This was instantly known to be untrue, from the taste and smell. It was that of a dog. He was a large black Newfoundland

dog, belonging to Thayer, and very fat. We left these merry fellows, for they were actually such, mangle all their wants, and marching quickly, toward evening encamped. We had a good fire, but no food. To me the world had lost its charms. Gladly would death have been received as an auspicious herald from the Divinity. My privations in every way, were such as to produce a willingness to die. Without food, without clothing, to keep me warm, without money, and in a deep and devious wilderness, the idea occurred, and the means were in my hands, of ending existence. The God of all goodness inspired other thoughts. One principal cause of change (under the fostering hand of Providence) in my sentiments, was the jovial hilarity of my friend Simpson. At night, warming our bodies at an immense fire, our compatriots joined promiscuously around—to animate the company, he would sing “Plato;” his sonorous voice gave spirit to my heart, and the morality of the song, consolation to my mind. In truth, the music, though not so correct as that of Handel, added strength and vigor to our nerves. This evening it was, that some of our companions, whose stomachs had not received food, for the last forty-eight hours, adopted the notion, that leather, though it had been manufactured, might be made palatable food, and would gratify the appetite. Observing their discourse, to me the experiment became a matter of curiosity. They washed their moccasins of mooseskin, in the first place, in the river, scraping away the dirt and sand, with great care. These were brought to the kettle and boiled a considerable time, under the vague, but consolatory hope, that a mucilage would take place. The boiling over, the poor fellows chewed the leather, but it was leather still: not to be macerated. My teeth, though young and good, succeeded no better. Disconsolate and weary, we passed the night.

November 3d. We arose early, hunger impelling, and marched rapidly. After noon, on a point on the bank of the river, some one pretended he descried the “first house,” ten miles off. Not long after another discerned a boat coming toward us, and turning a point of land—presently, all perceived cattle driving up the shore. These circumstances, gave occasion to a feeble huzza of joy, from those who saw these cheerful and enlivening sights. We were now treading a wide and stony beach of the river. Smith, our captain, who at this moment happened to be in company, elated with the prospect of a supply of food, in the joy of his heart, perhaps thoughtlessly, said to me, “take this Henry.” It was gladly received. Opening the paper, which had been neatly folded, there appeared a hand’s breadth and length of bacon-fat, of an inch thick; thoughtlessly, it was eaten greedily, inattentive to all former rule, and thanks to God, did me no harm.

Here it was that for the first time, AARON BURR, a most amiable youth of twenty, came to my view. He then was a cadet. It will require a most cogent evidence, to convince my mind, that he ever intended any ill to his country of late years, by his various speculations. Though differing in political opinion from him, no reason has yet been laid before me, to induce a belief, that he was traitorous to his country.

We marched as hastily as our wearied and feeble limbs could admit, hoping soon to share in something like an Abyssinian feast. The curvatures of the river, had deceived us in the calculation of distance. It was many hours ere we came to the place of slaughter. We found a fire, but no pro-

vision, except a small quantity of oaten meal, resembling in grit our chopped rye. Simpson warmed some of this in water, and ate with gusto. To me it was nauseous: this may have been owing to the luncheon from Smith's hoard. The French men told us, that those who preceded, had devoured the very entrails of the cattle. One of the eastern men, as we came to the fire, was gorging the last bit of the colon, half rinsed—half broiled. It may be said, he ate with pleasure, as he tore it as a hungry dog would tear a haunch of meat. We soon encamped for the night, cheered by the hope of succor.

November 4th. About two o'clock, P. M., we arrived at a large stream coming from the east, which we ran through, though more than mid-deep. This was the most chilling bath we had hitherto received: the weather was raw and cold. It was the seventeenth and the harshest of my birthdays. Within a few hundred yards of the river stood the "first house" in Canada: we approached it in ecstasy, sure of being relieved from death by the means of famine.

Many of our compatriots were unaware of that death which arises from sudden repletion. The active spirit of Arnold, with such able assistants as John M. Taylor and Steele, had laid in a great stock of provisions. The men were furious, voracious, and insatiable. Three starvations had taught me wisdom. My friends took my advice. But, notwithstanding the irrefragable arguments the officers used to insure moderation, the men were outrageous upon the subject; they had no comprehension of such reasoning.

Among these was one of our company, a good and orderly soldier, who, from my affection toward him, I watched like another doctor Pedro Positive; yet all representation and reasoning on my part, had no influence. Boiled beef, hot bread, potatoes, boiled and roasted, were gormandized without stint. He seemed to defy death, for the mere enjoyment of present gratification, and died two days after. Many of the men sickened. If not much mistaken, we lost three of our company, by their imprudence on this occasion. The immediate extension of the stomach by food, after a lengthy fast, operates a more sudden extinction of life, than the total absence of aliment.

At this place, we for the first time had the pleasure of seeing the worthy and respectable Indian, Natanis, and his brother Sabatis, with some others of their tribe (the Abenakis): he, his brother Sabatis, and seventeen other Indians, the nephews and friends of Natanis, marched with us to Quebec, and were in the attack of that place, on the morning of the first of January following. This is the first instance in the course of our revolutionary war, of the employment of Indians in actual warfare against our enemies. To be sure, it was the act of a junior commander, unwarranted, so far as has come to my knowledge, by the orders of his superiors; yet it seemed to authorize, in a small degree, upon the part of our opponents, that horrible system of aggression, which in a short time ensued, and astonished and disgusted the civilized world.

Our severest personal sufferings for want of food were over. The march through the wilderness to this point had been dreadful; one day when near the head of the Chaudiere, a mountain putting into that stream compelled us to pass the margin upon a log, which had been brought there by a freshet.

The bark and limbs of the tree had been worn away by the rubbings of the ice, and the trunk lay lengthwise along the narrow passage, smooth and slippery, and gorged the pass. This difficulty had collected here a heterogeneous mass of the troops, who claimed the right of passage according to the order of coming to it. The log was to be footed, or the water, of the depth of three or four feet, must be waded. There was no alternative. An eastern man, bare-footed, bare-headed, and thinly clad, lean and wretched from abstinence, with his musket in hand, passed the log immediately before me. His foot slipped, and he fell several feet into the water. We passed on regardless of his fate. Even his immediate friends and comrades, many of whom were on the log at the same moment, did not deign to lend him an assisting hand. Death stared us in the face. I gave him a sincere sigh at parting, for to lose my place in the file, might have been fatal. This pitiable being died in the wilderness. The hard fate of many others might be recapitulated, but the dreadful tale of incidents, if truly told, would merely serve to lacerate the heart of pity, and harrow up the feelings of the soul of benevolence. Tears many years since, have often wetted my cheeks, when recollecting the disasters of that unfortunate campaign, the memorable exit of my dearest friends, and of many worthy fellow-citizens, whose worth at this time is embalmed solely in the breasts of their surviving associates. Seven died sheerly from famine; and many others by disorders arising from hard service in the wilderness.

The morning of the 6th of November, we marched in straggling parties through a flat and rich country, sprinkled, it might be said, decorated, by many low houses, all white-washed, which appeared to be the warm abodes of a contented people. Every now and then, a chapel came in sight; but more frequently the rude, but pious imitations of the sufferings of our Saviour, and the image of the Virgin. These things created surprise, at least in my mind, for where I thought there could be little other than barbarity, we found civilized men, in a comfortable state, enjoying all the benefits arising from the institutions of civil society.

About noon of the next day, we arrived at the quarters of Arnold, a station he had taken for the purpose of halting and embodying the whole of our emaciated and straggling troops. We were now perhaps thirty miles from point Levi; which is on the St. Lawrence, and nearly opposite to Quebec. Here we found our friend Taylor, at a slaughter house worried almost to death, in dealing out the sustenance of life to others. Without hyperbole or circumlocution, he gave us as many pounds of beef-steak as we chose to carry. Proceeding to the next house, a mile below, some one of the party became cook. Good bread and potatoes, with the accompaniment of beef-steak, produced a savory meal. Believing myself out of danger from any extraordinary indulgence of appetite, the due quantity was exceeded, and yet, believe me, it was not more than an anchorite might religiously take. We soon became sensible of this act of imprudence. The march of the afternoon was a dull and heavy one. A fever attacked me. I became according to my feelings, the most miserable of human beings. The evening brought me no comfort, though we slept warmly in a farm house.

November 7th. The army now formed into more regular and compact order, in the morning pretty early we proceeded. About noon my disorder

had increased so intolerably, that I could not put a foot forward. Seating myself upon a log at the way-side, the troops passed on. In the rear came Arnold on horseback. He knew my name and character, and good naturedly inquired after my health. Being informed, he dismounted, ran down to the river side, and hailed the owner of the house, which stood opposite across the water. The good Canadian, in his canoe, quickly arrived. Depositing my gun and accoutrements in the hands of one of our men, who attended upon me, and had been disarmed by losing his rifle in some one of the wreckings above, and Arnold putting two silver dollars into my hands, the Frenchman carried me to his house. Going to bed with a high fever upon me, I lay all this and the following day without tasting food. That had been the cause of the disease, its absence became the cure.

The morning of the third day (10th November), brought me health. The mistress of the house, who had been very attentive and kind, asked me to breakfast. This humble, but generous meal, consisted of a bowl of milk, for the guest, with excellent bread. The fare of the family was this same bread, garlic, and salt—I had observed, that this was the usual morning's diet, for I lay in the stove-room, where the family ate and slept. This worthy family was composed of seven persons; the parents in the prime of life, and five charming ruddy children, all neatly and warmly clothed in woolen, apparently of their own manufactory. You might suppose, from the manner of their living, that these persons were poor. No such thing. They were in good circumstances. Their house, barn, stabling, etc., were warm and comfortable, and their diet such as is universal among the French peasantry of Canada. Proffering my two dollars to this honest man, he rejected them with something like disdain in his countenance, intimating to me that he had merely obeyed the dictates of religion and humanity. Tears filled my eyes when I took my leave of these amiable people. But they had not even yet done enough for me. The father insisted on attending me to the ferry some miles off, where the river takes a turn almost due north, to meet the St. Lawrence. Here my worthy host procured me a passage scot free, observing to me my money might be required before the army could be overtaken. Landing on the north bank of the river, the way could not be mistaken, the track of the army had strongly marked the rout. To me it was a most gloomy and solitary march. Not a soul was to be seen in the course of ten miles. Here and there was a farm-house, but the inhabitants were either closely housed or absent from their homes. Afternoon, arriving at the quarters of our company, my gun and accoutrements were reclaimed with ardor.

Having arrived at Point Livi we crossed the St. Lawrence in boats on the night of the 13th of November and landed at Wolf's Cove.

November 14th. The troops easily ascended the hill, by a good road cut in it slantingly. This was not the case in 1759, when the immortal Wolf mounted here—it was then a steep declivity, enfladed by a host of savages.

November 15th. Arriving on the brow of the precipice, we found ourselves on the Plains of Abraham, so deservedly famous in story. The morning was cold, and we were thinly clad. While an adventurous party dispatched by Arnold, under the command of one of Morgan's lieutenants, were examining the walls of the city, we were pacing the plains to and fro,

in silence, to keep ourselves warm. The winter had set in—a cold north-wester blew with uncommon keenness. By the time the reconnoitering party returned, daylight was not very distant. The party found everything toward the city in a state of perfect quietness. This report was delivered, in my presence, to Morgan, however the contrary may have been represented since. Not even the cry of "All's well" was uttered, was a part of their report, yet we heard that cry from the walls, even where we were; but this in a direct line, was nearer to us than the voices opposite to the party. This was the happy moment, but with our small and disjointed force, what could be done? There was scarcely more than three hundred and fifty men, willing and determined to be sure, but too few to assail a fortress such as Quebec is. If that had been known this night, which was evidenced in a few days by the fugitives from the city, Arnold would most assuredly have hazarded an attack. St. John's Gate, which opens on Abraham's Plains, and is a most important station, was unbarred, nay, unclosed: nothing but a single cannon under the care of a drowsy watch, was there as a defense; we were not a mile distant, and might have entered unknown, and even unseen. These are uncertain opinions, resting on the vague reports of the moment, which might have been true, or untrue. My memory is, however, fresh in the recollection of the heart-burnings this failure caused among us. Providence, for wise purposes, would have it otherwise. Near daylight, requiring rest and refreshment, the troops moved a mile, to a farm-house of Lieutenant Governor Caldwell's. This was a great pile of wooden buildings, with numerous outhouses, which testified the agricultural spirit and taste of the owner. He, good soul, was then snug in Quebec.

The next day, Arnold had the boldness, you might say the audacity, or still more correctly, the folly, to draw us up in a line, in front and opposite to the wall of the city. The parapet was lined by hundreds of gaping citizens and soldiers, whom our guns could not harm, because of the distance. They gave us a huzza! We returned it, and remained a considerable time huzzaing, and spending our powder against the walls, for we harmed no one. In some minutes a thirty-six pounder was let loose upon us; but so ill was the gun pointed, that the ball fell short, or passed high over our heads. Another, and another succeeded—to these salutes, we gave them all we could, another and another huzza. It must be confessed, that this ridiculous affair gave me a contemptible opinion of Arnold. This notion was by no means singular. Morgan, Febiger and other officers, who had seen service, did not hesitate to speak of it in that point of view. However, Arnold had a vain desire to gratify, of which we were then ignorant. He was well known at Quebec. Formerly, he had traded from this port to the West Indies, most particularly in the article of horses. Hence, he was despised by the principal people. The epithet "horse jockey," was freely and universally bestowed upon him, by the British. Having now obtained power, he became anxious to display it in the faces of those who had formerly despised and contemned him. The venerable Sir Guy Carleton, an Irishman of a most amiable and mild character, Colonel Maclean, a Scotchman, old in warfare, would not, in any shape, communicate with him. If Montgomery had originally been our commander, matters might have been more civilly conducted.

Many of our wisest men, within the colonies, wrote and spoke of this braving, as a matter of moment, and with much applause. Even some of our historians (Gordon) have given it celebrity. But a more silly and boastful British historian (Amwell) says there was a dreadful cannonade, by which many of the rebels were destroyed. The truth is, that this day not a drop of blood was shed, but that of Governor Caldwell's horned cattle, hogs and poultry, which run plentifully. After this victory in huzzaing, which was boys' play, and suited me to a hair, we returned to quarters to partake of the good things of this world.

The next day (November 15th), a scene of a different kind opened, which let us into the true character of Arnold. In the wilderness, the men had been stinted to a pint of flour by the day. This scanty allowance of flour had been continued since we had come into this plentiful country. Morgan, Hendricks and Smith, waited upon the commander-in-chief, to represent the grievance and obtain redress. Altercation and warm language took place. Smith, with his usual loquacity, told us, that Morgan seemed, at one time, upon the point of striking Arnold. We fared the better for this interview.

On the following day (November 16th), the rifle-companies removed further from the city. About half a mile from Caldwell's house, our company obtained excellent quarters, in the house of a French gentleman, who seemed wealthy. He was pleasing in his manners, but the rudeness our ungovernable men exhibited, created in him an apparent disgust toward us. Here we remained near a week.

November 18th. Not being fully in the secret, it does not become me to recount the causes of our retreat, to Point Aux Tremble, which is at the distance of twenty or more miles from Quebec. The route thither, though in a severe winter, was interesting. The woods were leafless, except as to those trees of the fir-kind; but numerous neat and handsomely situated farm-houses, and many beautiful landscapes were presented, and enlivened our march along this majestic stream.

Ascending the river at a distance of ten or fifteen miles, we observed the rapid passage, down stream, of a boat, and soon afterward of a ship, one or other of which contained the person of Sir Guy Carleton. That it was the governor of the province, flying from Montgomery, who had by this time captured Montreal, we were informed by a special kind of messenger, which was no other than the report of the cannon, by way of feu-de-joie, upon his arrival at the capital. Point Aux Tremble, at this time, had assumed the appearance of a straggling village. There was a spacious chapel, where the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion were performed, with a pomp not seen in our churches, but by a fervency and zeal apparently very pious, which became a severe and additional stroke at early prejudices. Quarters were obtained in the village and farm-houses, dispersed over a space of some miles, up and down the river. We enjoyed as much comfort as tight houses, warm fires, and our scantiness of clothing would admit. Provisions were in plenty, and particularly beef, which, though small in bulk, was of an excellent flavor. Being in a few days, as it were, domesticated in a respectable farmer's house, we now had leisure to observe the economy of the family. Every crevice through which cold air could penetrate, was carefully pasted with strips of paper of every color. To permit the cold air to intrude is not

the only evil which results; but the smallest interstice with the air, also admits an almost impalpable snow, which is very inconvenient, particularly at night, when the winds blow most sharply. A stove of iron stood a small space from the wall of the kitchen chimney, but in such a way that it might be encompassed by the family or the guests. This stove was kept continually hot, both by day and by night. Over the stove there is a rack so constructed as to serve for the drying of wet clothes, moccasins, etc. When these people slaughter their beasts for winter use, they cut up the meat into small pieces, such as a half pound, two pounds, etc., according to the number of the family. In the evening before bedtime, the females of the house, prepare the dinner of the following day. It may be particularly described, as it was done in our view for a number of days together, and during the time was never varied. This was the manner: A piece of pork or beef, or a portion of each kind, together with a sufficiency of cabbage, potatoes and turnips, seasoned with salt, and an adequate quantity of water, were put into a neat tin kettle with a close lid. The kettle, thus replenished, was placed on the stove in the room where we all slept, and there it simmered till the time of rising, when it was taken to a small fire in the kitchen, where a stewing continued till near noon, when they dined. The contents were teemed into a large bason. Each person had a plate—no knife was used, except one to cut the bread, but a five or six pronged fork answered the purposes of a spoon. The meat required no cutting, as it was reduced to a mucilage, or at least to shreds. This, you may say, is trifling information, and unworthy of your notice; according to my mind, it is important to all of us, to know the habits, manners, and means of existence of that class of society, which, in all nations, composes the bulk and strength of the body politic. Our dinner followed in a few hours. The manner of our cookery excited astonishment in our hosts. As much beef was consumed at a single meal, as would have served this family for a week. Remember, however, that the mess consisted of persons who were entitled to double and treble rations. Two rosy-cheeked daughters of the house, soon contrived the means and obtained the surplus. This circumstance, most probably, made us agreeable to the family, for we had nothing else to bestow. The snow had now fallen in abundance, and enlivened the country. Sleighs and sleds were passing in every direction. In December, January, and February, the snow lays in the country from three to five feet deep over the surface.

On the first of December, General Montgomery, who was anxiously expected, arrived with the main body of the army who had come on by the way of Champlaine. Arnold's corps, was paraded in front of the chapel. It was lowering and cold, but the appearance of the general here, gave us warmth and animation. He was well limbed, tall and handsome, though his face was much pock-marked. His air and manner, designated the real soldier. He made us a short, but energetic and elegant speech, the burden of which was an applause of our spirit in passing the wilderness; a hope, our perseverance in that spirit would continue, and a promise of warm clothing; the latter was a most comfortable assurance. A few huzzas from our freezing bodies were returned to the address of the gallant hero. Now new life was infused into the whole of the corps.

The next day (December 2d), we retraced the route from Quebec. A snow

had fallen during the night, and continued falling. To march on this snow was a most fatiguing business. The evening brought up the riflemen at an extensive house, in the parish of St. Foix, about three miles from Quebec.

The next day (December 3d), Morgan not finding himself comfortable, moved a short space nearer to the city. Here, in low and pretty country houses, he and his men, were neatly accommodated. It seemed to me, that the Canadians, in the vicinage of Quebec, lived as comfortable, in general, as the generality of the Pennsylvanians did, at that time, in the county of Lancaster.

December 12th. We remained about ten days at these quarters. The tours of duty, to Arnold's party, were peculiarly severe. The officers and men, still wore nothing else, than the remains of the summer clothing, which being on their back, had escaped destruction in the disasters of the wilderness. The snow lay three feet deep over the face of the whole country, and there was an addition to it almost daily. Many impediments occurred, to delay the transportation of the clothing which General Montgomery had procured for us at Montreal. Our miserable state, contrary to our principles, excited an illicit desire, to be appareled more comfortably. This desire would probably have lain dormant, but for a scoundrel Canadian, who in all likelihood, was an enemy of Lieutenant Governor Cromie's. One morning having returned from a cold night's duty, near palace gate, the fellow addressed Simpson, who was the only officer in quarters, and communicated the information: "That about two miles up the St. Lawrence, lay a country seat of Governor Cromie's, stocked with many things we wanted, and he would be our guide." Cariole's were immediately procured. The house, a neat box, was romantically situated on the steep bank of the river, not very distant from a chapel. Though in the midst of winter, the spot displayed the elegant taste and abundant wealth of the owner. It must be a most delightful summer residence, in the months of July and August, when the heat of this northern climate, seems greater to sensation, than that of our country, in the same season. The house was closed; knocking, the hall-door was opened to us by an Irishwoman, who, of the fair sex, was the largest and most brawny, that ever came under my notice. She was the stewardess of the house. Our questions were answered with an apparent affability and frankness. She introduced us into the kitchen, a large apartment, well filled with those articles which good-livers think necessary, to the happy enjoyment of life. Here we observed, five or six Canadian servants, huddled into a corner of the kitchen, trembling with fear. Our prying eyes, soon discovered a trap-door leading into the cellar. In the country houses of Canada, because of the frigidity of the climate, the cellars are usually under a warm room, and are principally intended, for the preservation of vegetables. The cavity in this instance, abounded with a great variety of eatables, of which we were not in the immediate want. The men entered it—firkin after firkin of butter; lard, tallow, beef, pork, fresh and salt—all became a prey. While the men were rummaging below, the lieutenant descended to cause more dispatch. My duty was to remain at the end of the trap-door, with my back to the wall, and rifle cocked as a sentry, keeping a strict eye on the servants. My good Irishwoman frequently beckoned to me to descend: her drift was to catch us all in the trap.

Luckily she was comprehended. The cellar and kitchen being thoroughly gutted, and the spoil borne to the carriages, the party dispersed into the other apartments. Here was elegance. The walls and partitions, were beautifully papered and decorated, with large engravings, maps, etc., of the most celebrated artists.

Our attention was much more attracted by the costly feather beds, counterpanes, and charming rose-blankets, which the house afforded. Of these there was good store, and we left not a joint behind us. The nooks and crevices in the carioles, were filled with smaller articles; several dozens of admirably finished case-knives and forks—even a set of dessert knives obtained the notice of our cupidity. Articles of lesser moment, not a thousandth part so useful, did not escape the all-grasping hands of the soldiery. In a back apartment, there stood a mahogany couch, or settee in a highly finished style. The woodwork of the couch was raised on all sides by cushioning, and lastly, covered by a rich figured silk. This to us, was lumber: besides our carioles were full. However, we grabbed the mattress and pallets, all equally elegant as the couch: Having, as we thought, divested his excellency of all the articles of prime necessity, we departed, ostensibly and even audibly accompanied by the pious blessings of the stewardess for our moderation. No doubt she had her mental reservations; on such business as this, we regarded neither. Near the chapel, we met a party of Morgan's men coming to do that, which we had already done. The officer appeared chagrined when he saw the extent of our plunder. He went on, and finally ransacked the house, and yet a little more, the stables. The joy of our men, among whom the plunder was distributed in nearly equal portions, was extravagant. Now an operation of the human mind, which often takes place in society, and is every day discernible by persons of observation, became clearly obvious. "Let a man once with impunity, desert the strict rule of right, every subsequent aggression not only increases in atrocity, but is done without qualm of conscience." Though our company was composed principally of freeholders, or the sons of such, bred at home under the strictures of religion and morality, yet when the reins of decorum were loosed, and the honorable feeling weakened, it became impossible to administer restraint. The person of a tory, or his property, became fair game, and this at the denunciation of some base domestic villain.

With one more disreputable exploit, marauding ceased. A returning sense of decency and order, emanating from ourselves, produced a species of contrition. It is a solemn truth, that we plundered none, but those who were notoriously tories, and then within the walls of Quebec. The clergy, the nobles, and the peasantry, were respected and protected, especially the latter, with whom, to use a trite expression, we fraternized.

December 15th. In a short time, the rifle companies moved and occupied good quarters on the low grounds, near St. Charles' River, and about two miles from Quebec. Our clothing was still of the flimsy kind, before noted, but our hearts were light, even to merriment.

During all this time, our daily duty was laborious in various ways, and every other night, we mounted guard at St. Roque. A guard-house, ere this had been established at this place, in a very large stone-house, which, though strong, being exposed to the enemy's fire, was soon battered about our ears,

the distance scarcely more than three hundred yards. That position was changed for one more secure. A house, which had been a tavern, was adopted in its stead. This house was peculiarly situated. It was comparatively small with the former in its dimensions, but the walls were strong, and the ceilings bomb-proof. It stood under the hill, so as to be out of the range of the shot, from the ramparts contiguous to Palace Gate, which was elevated far above us. Simpson would say, Jack, let us have a shot at those fellows. Even at noon-day, we would creep along close to the houses, which ranged under the hill, but close in with it, till we came within forty yards of Palace Gate. Here was a smith-shop, formed of logs, through the crevices, of which, we would fire, at an angle of 70° , at the sentries above us. Many of them were killed, and it was said, several officers. This was dishonorable war, though authorized by the practices of those times.

It is but fair and honest to relate to you an anecdote concerning myself, which will convey to your minds some notion of that affection of the head or heart which the military call a panic-terror. Being one of the guard and having been relieved as a sentry about twelve or one o'clock at night, upon returning to the guard-house, in a dozing state I cast myself on a bench, next the back wall—young, my sleeps were deep and heavy; my youth obtained this grace from Simpson, the officer who commanded; about three o'clock, I was roused by a horrible noise. The enemy, in casting their shells, usually began in the evening, and threw but a few; toward morning, they became more alert. Our station being out of sight, it was so managed, as to throw the shells on the side of the hill, directly back of us, so that they would trundle down against the wall of the guard-house. This had frequently occurred before, but was not minded. A thirteen inch shell, thus thrown, came immediately opposite the place where my head lay; to be sure, the three feet wall was between us. The bursting report was tremendous, but it was heard in a profound sleep. Starting instantly, though unconscious of the cause, I run probably fifty yards, through untrod snow, three feet deep, to a coal-house, a place quite unknown to me before: It was ten or fifteen minutes before the extreme cold, restored that kind of sensibility, which enabled me to know my real situation. Knowing nothing of the cause, the probable effect, nor anything of the consequences, which might follow from this involuntary exertion, it seemed to me to be a species of the panic, which has been known to affect whole armies. The circumstance here related, caused a laugh against me; but it was soon discovered, that those of the soldiery, though wide awake, were as much panic stricken as myself. The laugh rebounded upon them. During this period, we had many bitter cold nights.

On the night of the 20th, or 21st of December, a snow-storm, driving fiercely from the north-east, induced the noble Montgomery, to order an attack on the fortress. Our force altogether, did not amount to more than eleven hundred men, and many of these, by contrivances of their own, were in the hospital, which, by this time, was transferred to the nunnery. The storm abated—the moon shone, and we retired to repose, truly unwillingly. We had caught our commander's spirit, who was anxious, after the capture of Chamblee, St. Johns, and Montreal, to add Quebec, as a prime trophy to the laurels already won. Captain Smith, the head of our mess, as captain,

had been invited to General Montgomery's council of officers (none under that grade being called), like most of uninstructed men, he was talkative, and what is much worse in military affairs, very communicative. I believe blushing followed the intelligence he gave me : the idea of impropriety of conduct in him, deeply impressed my mind. The whole plan of the attack on the two following days, was known to the meanest man in the army. How it was disclosed, is uncertain, unless by the fatuity of the captains. One Singleton, a sergeant in the troops which accompanied Montgomery, deserted from the guard at the suburbs of St. John's, and disclosed to our foes the purport of our schemes ; his desertion caused much anxiety. The general prudently gave out that it was by command, he would return soon with intelligence. This was believed generally. The latter information came to my knowledge some months afterward, when a prisoner. The relation of Smith to me, is perfect on my memory. Youth seldom forget their juvenile impressions. It was this : "That we, of Arnold's corps, accompanied by Captain Lang's York artillerists, should assail the lower town, on the side of St. Roque : General Montgomery was to attack the lower town by the way of Cape Diamond, which is on the margin of the St. Lawrence. A false attack was to be made eastwardly of St. Johns Gate. When Montgomery and Arnold conjoined in the lower town, then the priests, the women and the children, were to be gathered and intermingled with the troops, and an assault be made on the upper town." Visionary as this mode of attack was, from what ensued, it is sincerely my belief that Smith was correct in his information, as to the plan suggested by the general. In those turbulent times, men of gallantry, such as Montgomery, were imperiously necessitated, to keep up their own fame and the spirits of the people, to propose and to hazard measures, even to the confines of imprudence. There was another circumstance which induced our brave and worthy general to adopt active and dangerous means of conquest. Many of the New England troops had been engaged on very short enlistments, some of which were to expire on the first of January, 1776. The patriotism of the summer of seventy-five, seemed almost extinguished in the winter of seventy-six. The patriotic officers made every exertion to induce enlistments, but to no purpose. We, of the "rifle corps," readily assented to remain with the general, though he should be deserted by the eastern men, yet this example had no manner of influence on the generality. The majority were either farmers or sailors, and some had wives and children at home. These, and other reasons, perhaps the austerity of the winter, and the harshness of the service, caused an obstinacy of mind, which would not submit to patriotic representation. Besides the smallpox, which had been introduced into our cantonments by the indecorous yet fascinating arts of the enemy, had already begun its ravages. This temper of the men was well known to the general.

It was not until the night of the thirty-first of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, that such kind of weather ensued as was considered favorable for the assault. The forepart of the night was admirably enlightened by a luminous moon. Many of us, officers as well as privates, had dispersed in various directions among the farm and tippling houses of the vicinity. We well knew the signal for rallying. This was no other than a "snowstorm." About twelve o'clock P. M., the heaven was

overcast. We repaired to quarters. By two o'clock we were accoutred and began our march. The storm was outrageous, and the cold wind extremely biting. In this northern country the snow is blown horizontally into the faces of travelers on most occasions—this was our case.

January 1st. (1776). When we came to Craig's house, near Palace Gate, a horrible roar of cannon took place, and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, heading the forlorn hope, advanced, perhaps, one hundred yards, before the main body. After these, followed Lamb's artillerists. Morgan's company, led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele, the captain, from particular causes, being absent. Hendrick's company succeeded, and the eastern men, so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper than in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb, and Morgan, was almost imperceptible, because of the falling snow : covering the locks of our guns, with the lappets of our coats, holding down our heads (for it was impossible to bear up our faces, against the imperious storm of wind and snow), we ran along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run, from Palace Gate, for several hundred paces, there stood a range of insulated buildings, which seemed to be store-houses ; we passed these quickly in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals, we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defenses. They were even sightless to us, we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets.

We proceeded rapidly, exposed to a long line of fire from the garrison, for now we were unprotected by any buildings. The fire had slackened in a small degree. The enemy had been partly called off to resist Montgomery and strengthen the party opposed to Arnold in our front. Now we saw Colonel Arnold returning, wounded in the leg, and supported by two gentlemen, a parson Spring was one, and in my belief, a Mr. Ogden, the other. Arnold called to the troops, in a cheering voice, as we passed, urging us forward, yet it was observable among the soldiery, with whom it was my misfortune to be now placed, that the colonel's retiring damped their spirits. A cant term "we are sold," was repeatedly heard in many parts throughout the line. Thus proceeding enfiladed by an animated but lessened fire, we came to the first barrier, where Arnold had been wounded in the onset. This contest had lasted but a few minutes, and was somewhat severe, but the energy of our men prevailed. The embrasures were entered when the enemy were discharging their guns. The guard, consisting of thirty persons, were either taken or fled, leaving their arms behind them. At this time, it was discovered that our guns were useless, because of the dampness. The snow, which lodged in our fleecy coats, was melted by the warmth of our bodies. Thence came that disaster. Many of the party, knowing the circumstance, threw aside their own, and seized the British arms. These were not only elegant, but were such, as befitted the hand of a real soldier. It was said, that ten thousand stand of such arms, had been received from England, in the previous summer for arming the Canadian militia. Those

people were loath to bear them in opposition to our rights. From the first barrier to the second, there was a circular course along the sides of houses, and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards or more. This second barrier was erected across and near the mouth of a narrow street, adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger street, leading into the main body of the lower town. Here it was, that the most serious contention took place: this became the bone of strife. The admirable Montgomery, by this time (though it was unknown to us), was no more; yet, we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased, his division fell under the command of a Colonel Campbell, of the New York line, a worthless chief, who retreated, without making an effort, in pursuance of the general's original plans. The inevitable consequence was, that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those who were opposed to the dastardly persons employed to make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp-shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier, for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball, well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect upon us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphreys, and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, which was about twelve or more feet high, and so strongly constructed that nothing but artillery could effectuate its destruction. There was a construction, fifteen or twenty yards within the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much overtopped the height of the barrier, hence we were assailed by grape shot in abundance. This erection we called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close to it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this, that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses, in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy, having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power, in so narrow space. Humphreys' upon a mound, which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat, by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire, from the platform and the buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged; Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view, was evacuated by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons dared venture there again. Now it was, that the necessity of the occupancy of the houses, on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan, to that effect. We entered—this was near daylight. The houses were a shelter from which we could fire with much accuracy. Yet, even here, some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a straggling ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards, and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament of our little society. The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street, before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place,

among these were Lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty non-commissioned officers, and privates. The wounded, were numerous, and many of them dangerously so. Captain Lamb, of the York artillery, had nearly one half of his face carried away, by a grape or cannister shot. My friend Steele, lost three of his fingers, as he was presenting his gun to fire; Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Fisdle, were also among the wounded.

When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers at this barricade, and the formidable force that came to "annoy us, it is a matter of surprise, that so many should escape death and wounding, as did. All hope of success having vanished, a retreat was contemplated, but hesitation, uncertainty, and a lassitude of mind, which generally takes place, in the affairs of men, when we fail in a project upon which we have attached much expectation, now followed. That moment was foolishly lost, when such a movement might have been made with tolerable success. Captain Laws, at the head of two hundred men, issuing from Palace Gate, most fairly and handsomely cooped us up.

Of the enemy, many were killed and many more wounded, comparatively, than on our side, taking into view the disadvantages we labored under; and that but two occasions happened when we could return their fire, that is, at the first and second barriers. Perhaps there never was a body of men associated, who better understood the use and manner of employing a rifle, than our corps: which by this time of the attack, had their guns in good order. When we took possession of the houses, we had a greater range. Our opportunities to kill, were enlarged. Within one hundred yards, every man must die.

To the great honor of General Carleton, all the wounded, whether friends or enemies, were treated with like attention and humanity. The reason why the wounded of our side bore so small a proportion to the dead, seems to be this: In the long course we ran from Palace Gate to the first barrier, we lost many men who were killed outright, but many more died, who were merely wounded, yet in such a manner, as in a milder region, to make the case a curable one. A blow from a ball so large as that of a musket, staggers a man, whether the wound be in the arm, leg, or elsewhere; if in staggering, he falls, he comes down into a deep bed of snow, from which a hale man finds it very difficult to extricate himself. Five or ten minutes struggling in such a bed, benumbs the strongest man, as frequent experience has taught me; if the party be wounded, though but slightly, twenty or thirty minutes will kill him, not because of the severity of the wound, but by the intensity of the frost.

About nine o'clock A. M., it was apparent to all of us, that we must surrender. It was done. The commissioned officers, and some of the cadets, were conducted to the seminary, a respectable building. It became my lot, in one way or other, to be lost in the crowd, and to be associated with the non-commissioned officers, in the company of some of whom, ardent and perilous duties had been undergone. These men are by no means to be lessened in character, by contrasting them with the levies made in Europe, or those made since that time in our own country. Many of our sergeants, and even of our privates, were, with good educations, substantial freeholders

in our own country. Many of these men, in the progress of the bloody scenes which ensued, became props of our glorious cause, in defense of our sacred liberties. Among those was Thomas Boyd, so often spoken of in the wilderness for his good humor, his activity and the intensity of his sufferings; struggled gloriously for his life as a captain, and died a dreadful death by the hands of the savages in 1779, in the expedition conducted by General Sullivan against the Six Nation Indians.

When under guard, in the morning of the first of January, Colonel M'Dougal, a Scotch gentleman, near noon, came to review us: his person was known to me at Detroit, as an intimate of my uncle, three years before this time. The colonel was naturally polite and kind-hearted. When it came to my turn to be examined, as to name, place of birth, etc., besides making the proper answers to his inquiries, I was emboldened to declare, that he was known to me. He seemed surprised, but not displeased: a request was immediately added, "that he would order me to be transferred to the quarters of the officers." "No, my dear boy," said he, "you had better remain where you are; the officers, as you are in rebellion, may be sent to England, and there be tried for treason." It became my determination to take this fatherly advice for it was really delivered in the parental style, and to adhere to it. He brought one of his sons, whom I had formerly known, to see me on the following day. About mid-day we were escorted to a ruinous monastery of the order of St. Francis, called the Reguliers.

It was now that we fully learnt the destinies of our dear and revered general, and his companions in death. But allow me before the detail of that sad story, to give you an anecdote: The merchants of Quebec, like those of England and our country, are a spirited and generous sect in society; they applied to Governor Carleton, and obtained leave, to make us a "new-year's-gift." This turned out to be no other than a large butt of porter, attended by a proportionate quantity of bread and cheese. It was a present which exhilarated our hearts, and drew from us much thankfulness. We shared more than a pint per man.

General Montgomery had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined place of attack, nearly about the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter. Colonel Campbell, of the New York troops, a large, good-looking man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault; his station was rearward: General Montgomery, with his aids, were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to present in words an accurate idea of the geographical situation of Quebec. I can only give you a few facts explanatory of General Montgomery's death and the reasons of our failure.

From Wolf's Cove there is a good beach, down to, and around "Cape Diamond." The bulwarks of the city, came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of the precipice, slantingly to the brink of the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defense, and was at the distance of one hundred yards from the point of the rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill.

Again, within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block-house, which seemed to take up the space, between the foot of the hill and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cart-way, or passage on each side of it. A block-house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defense, which in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. The upper story, of this building had four or more port holes, for cannon of a large calibre. These guns were charged with grape or canister shot, and were pointed with exactness toward the avenue, at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard, did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly fortitude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, with his own hands, sawed down two of the pickets, in such a manner, as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy, from the block-house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue, but by stones thrown from above. Even now, there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled, the general advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not forsake it while undischarged. This fact is related from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examining the spot, the officer who escorted us, professing to be one of those, who first came to the place, after the death of the general, showed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back, the arms extended—Cheeseman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain, without renewing the inclosure, but the very sticks, sawed by the hand of our commander, still lay, strewed about the spot.

Colonel Campbell, appalled by the death of the general, retreated a little way from Cape Diamond, out of the reach of the cannon of the block-house, and pretendedly called a council of officers, who, it was said, justified his receding from the attack. If rushing on, as military duty required, and a brave man would have done, the block-house might have been occupied by a small number, and was unassailable from without, but by cannon. From the block-house to the center of the lower town, where we were, there was no obstacle to impede a force so powerful, as that under Colonel Campbell. Cowardice, or a want of good will toward our cause, left us to our miserable fate. A junction, though we might not conquer the fortress, would enable us to make an honorable retreat, though with the loss of many valuable lives. Campbell, who was ever after considered as a poltroon in grain, retreated, leaving the bodies of the general, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, to be devoured by the dogs.

On the third day of our capture, the generous Carleton dispatched a flag

to Arnold, to obtain what trifling baggage we had left at our quarters; mine was either forgotten, or miserable as it was, had been plundered; but as good luck would have it, the knapsack of one Alexander Nelson of our company, who was killed when running to the first barrier, was disclaimed by all of our men. Your father in consequence, laid violent hands upon the spoil. It furnished Boyd and myself with a large, but coarse blue blanket, called a "stroud," and a drummer's regimental coat. The blanket became a real comfort, the coat an article of barter. It was on this day, that my heart was ready to burst with grief, at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Carleton had, in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinions, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honor the remains of his quondam friend. About noon, the procession passed our quarters. It was most solemn. The coffin covered with a pall, surmounted by tranverse swords—was borne by men. The regular troops, particularly that fine body of men, the seventh regiment, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left elbow, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funerals of the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed this day. From many of us, it drew tears of affection for the defunct, and speaking for myself, tears of greeting and thankfulness, toward General Carleton. The soldiery and inhabitants, appeared affected by the loss of this invaluable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carleton and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention, in the event, might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation. M'Pherson, Cheeseman, Hendricks, Humphreys, were all dignified by the manner of burial.

On the same, or the following day, we were compelled (if we would look), to a more disgusting and torturing sight. Many carioles, repeatedly one after the other, passed our dwelling loaded with the dead, whether of the assailants or of the garrison, to a place, emphatically, called the "dead-house." Here the bodies were heaped in monstrous piles. The horror of the sight, to us southern men, principally consisted in seeing our companions borne to interment, uncoffined, and in the very clothes they had worn in battle; their limbs distorted in various directions, such as would ensue in the moment of death. Many of our friends and acquaintances were apparent. Poor Nelson lay on the top of half a dozen other bodies—his arms extended beyond his head, as if in the act of prayer, and one knee crooked and raised seemingly, when he last gasped in the agonies of death. Curse on these civil wars which extinguish the sociabilities of mankind, and annihilate the strength of nations! A flood of tears was consequent. Though Montgomery was beloved, because of his manliness of soul, heroic bravery and suavity of manners; Hendricks and Humphreys, for the same admirable qualities, and especially for the endurances we underwent in conjunction, which enforced many a tear: still my unhappy and lost brethren, though in humble station, with whom that dreadful wild was penetrated, and from whom came many attentions toward me, forced melancholy sensations. From what is said relative to the "dead-house," you might conclude that General Carleton was inhumane or hard-hearted. No such thing. In this

northern latitude, at this season of the year, according to my feelings (we had no thermometer), the weather was so cold, as usually to be many degrees below zero. A wound, if mortal, or even otherwise, casts the party wounded into the snow; if death should follow, it throws the sufferer into various attitudes, which are assumed in the extreme pain accompanying death. The moment death takes place, the frost fixes the limbs in whatever situation they may then happen to be, and which cannot be reduced to decent order, until they are thawed. In this state, the bodies of the slain are deposited in the "dead-house," hard as ice. At this season of the year, the earth is frozen from two to five feet deep, impenetrable to the best pick-axe in the hands of the stoutest man. Hence you may perceive a justification of the "dead-house." It is no new observation, "that climates form the manners and habitudes of the people."

About the first of January we were removed from the Reguliers to the Dauphin jail, where we were well accommodated. It was an old French building in the Bastille style. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters before we had a plan laid to effect our escape, and join the forces of our countrymen outside. Our scheme was for one party of us to overpower the sentinels and seize their depot of arms, set fire to the jail and surrounding buildings to amuse or employ the enemy while we were running to St. John's gate. In the meanwhile another party were to proceed at once to attack and carry St. John's gate, and instantly to turn the cannon upon the city. We expected in this event to maintain our position on the walls until the American army should arrive from without. In that case St. John's gate was to be opened. But if unfortunately beaten, we were to spring from the walls into the snow and each man to trust to his own legs. It was supposed, in the worst result, that the hurry and bustle created by so sudden, unforeseen, and daring an attack would throw the garrison into consternation and disorder to such a degree as to admit of the escape of many; sluggards might expect to be massacred. In an old room of the prison into which we broke was a pile of iron and iron hoops and lumber from which we secretly constructed swords and spears, rough but serviceable weapons, sufficient in the hands of our daring fellows to bring down the stoutest of the enemy. When everything was ready our well-laid plan was foiled by the indiscretion of two youths; my heart was nearly broken by the excess of surprise and burning anger to be thus accidentally deprived of the gladdening hope of a speedy return to our friends and country.

Our leaders were carried before the governor's council. They boldly admitted and justified the attempt. We did not fare the worse in our provisions nor in the estimation of the enemy; but we were, as a precaution against future attempts, put in irons. Several cart loads of bilboes, foot-hobbles and handcuffs were required, although there were not quite enough for us all.

A new species of interesting occurrences, mingled with much fun and sportive humor now occurred, which was succeeded by a series of horrible anguish. The doors were scarcely closed, before we began to assay the unshackling. Those who had small hands, by compressing the palms, could easily divest the irons from their wrist. Of these there were many, who became the assistants of their friends, whose hands were larger. Here there

was a necessity for ingenuity. Knives notched as saws, were the principal means. The head of the rivet, at the end of the bar, was sawed off, it was lengthened and a screw formed upon it, to cap which, a false head was made, either of iron or of lead, resembling as much as possible the true head. Again new rivets were formed from the iron we had preserved in our secret hoards, from the vigilance of the searchers. These new rivets being made to bear a strong likeness to the old, were then cut into two parts—one part driven into the bolt tightly, became stationary, the other part was moveable. It behooved the wearer of the manacle to look to it, that he did not lose the loose part, and when the searchers came to examine, that it should stand firm in the orifice. Some poor fellows, perhaps from a defect of ingenuity, the hardness of the iron, or the want of the requisite tools, could not discharge the bilboes. This was particularly the melancholy predicament of three of Morgan's men, whose heels were too long to slip through the iron which encompassed the small of the leg. It was truly painful to see three persons attached to a monstrous bar, the weight of which was above their strength to carry. It added to the poignancy of their sufferings, in such frigid weather, that their colleagues at the bar, having shorter heels, could withdraw the foot and perambulate the jail: where their companions left them, there they must remain seated on the floor, unless some kind hands assisted them to remove.

Sentries, on our part, were regularly stationed at certain windows of the jail, to descry the approach of any one in the garb of an officer. Notwithstanding every caution to avoid detection, yet the clang of the lock of the great door was upon some occasions the only warning given us of the impending danger. The scamperings at those times were truly diverting, and having always escaped discovery, gave us much amusement. The clanking of the fetters followed, and was terrible; such as the imagination forms in childhood, of the condition of the souls in Tartarus; even this was sport. Happily our real situation was never known to any of the government officers; unless the good blacksmith (a worthy Irishman, of a feeling heart), might be called such, and he was silent.

We remained in irons for several months, until one day in May, Colonel M'Lean visited the prison in company with Major Carleton and other officers. Being near the major I overheard that admirable man say to M'Lean "Colonel, ambition is laudable. Cannot the irons of these men be struck off?" This the colonel ordered to be done immediately, and we were soon freed from the incumbrance.

Toward the middle of April, the scurvy, which we had been imbibing during the winter, made its appearance in its most virulent and deadly forms, preceded and accompanied by a violent diarrhea. Many of those who were first affected were taken to the hospital. But the disease soon became general among us. We were attended several times by Doctor Maybin, the physician-general, who, by his tender attentions, and amiable manners, won our affections: he recommended a cleansing of the stomach, by ipecacuanha and mild cathartics, such as rhubarb, together with due exercise. Those who were young, active, and sensible of the doctor's salutary advice, kept afoot, and practiced every kind of athletic sport we could devise. On the contrary those who were supinely indolent, and adhered to

their blankets, became objects of real commiseration—their limbs contracted, as one of mine is now : large blue and even black blotches appeared on their bodies and limbs—the gums became black—the morbid flesh fell away—the teeth loosened, and in several instances fell out. Our minds were now really depressed. That hilarity and fun which supported our spirits in the greatest misfortunes, gave way to wailings, groanings and death. I know, from dire experience, that when the body suffers pain, the mind, for the time, is deprived of all its exhilarations—in short, almost of the power of thinking. The elbow joints, the hips, the knees and ankles were most severely pained. It was soon observed (though the doctor's mate attended us almost daily, and very carefully), there was little or no mitigation of our disease except that the diarrhea, which was derived from another cause than that which produced the scurvy, was somewhat abated ; and that our remedy lay elsewhere in the *materia medica*, which was beyond the grasp of the physician. The diarrhea came from the nature of the water we used daily. In the month of April, the snows begin to melt, not by the heat of the sun, but most probably by the warmth of the earth beneath the snows. The ground, saturated with the snow-water, naturally increased the fountain-head in the cellar. Literally, we drank the melted snow. The scurvy had another origin. The diet—salt pork, infamous biscuit—damp, and close confinement, in a narrow space, together with the severity of the climate, were the true causes of the scurvy.

There was no doubt in any reflective mind among us, but that the virtuous and beneficent Carleton, taking into view his perilous predicament, did everything for us, which an honest man and a good Christian could.

The seventh of May arrived. Two ships came to the aid of the garrison, beating through a body of ice, which perhaps was impervious to any other than the intrepid sailor. This relief of men and stores, created great joy in the town. Our army outside began their disorderly retreat. My friend Simpson, with his party, were much misused, from a neglect of giving him information of the intended flight of our army. Some few of the men under his authority, straggled and were taken in the retreat. They came to inhabit our house. Now, for the first time, we heard an account of the occurrences during the winter's blockade, which to us, though of trivial import, were immensely interesting. The sally of this day, produced to the prisoners additional comfort—though the troops took a severe revenge upon our friends without, by burning and destroying their properties. The next day, more ships and troops arrived : a pursuit took place, the effect of which was of no consequence, except so far as it tended to expel the colonial troops from Canada. To the prisoners, this retreat had pleasing consequences ; fresh bread, beef newly slaughtered, and a superabundance of vegetables, was a salutary diet to our reduced and scorbutic bodies.

After we were relieved of our irons and had full bodily liberty a singular phenomenon which attends the scurvy, discovered itself. The venerable and respectable Maybin, had recommended to us exercise, not only as a mean of cure, but as a preventive of the scorbutic humors operating. Four of the most active would engage at a game of "fives." Having played some games in continuation, if a party incautiously sat down, he was seized by the most violent pains in the hips and knees, which incapacitated him from play for

many hours, and from rising from the earth, where the patient had seated himself. These pains taught us to keep afoot all day, and even to eat our food in an erect posture. Going to bed in the evening, after a hard day's play, those sensations of pain upon laying down immediately attacked us. The pain would continue half an hour, and often longer. My own experience will authorize me to say two hours. In the morning, we rose free from pain, and the routine of play and fatigue ensued, but always attended by the same effects, particularly to the stubborn and incautious, who would not adhere to the wholesome advice of Doctor Maybin. Those who were inactive, retained those excruciating pains to the last, together with their distorted, bloated, and blackened limbs. Upon our return from Canada, in the autumn of 1776, I saw five or six of my crippled compatriots, hobbling through the streets of Lancaster on their way home. It cost a tear—all that could be given. By the month of August, the active were relieved from those pains.

In the beginning of August, we were told by Captain Prentis, that the Governor had concluded, to send us by sea to New York upon parole, for the purpose of being exchanged; that the transports, which had brought the late reinforcements from Europe, were cleansing and preparing for the voyage. Now there was exultation. On the seventh of August, we subscribed our written paroles. We embarked a day or two after in five transports conveyed by the Pearl frigate and arrived in the harbor of New York on the 11th of September.

Now it was for the first time that we heard of the dilemma in which our country stood. The battle of Long Island, on the twenty-seventh of August, had been unsuccessfully fought by our troops, many of whom were prisoners. In such hurrying times, intercourse between hostile armies in the way of negotiation upon any point, are effected with difficulty. We had waited patiently several weeks, to be disembarked on our own friendly shore; yet tantalized every day with reports, that to-morrow we should be put on shore: some, and in a little while all, began to fear it was the intention of General Howe, to detain us as prisoners in opposition to the good will of Sir Guy Carleton.

Near the end of the month our gloomy fears were set at rest by the intelligence that we were to embark in shallops and landed at Elizabethtown Point on the Jersey shore. Every eye sparkled at the news. On the next day, about noon, we were in the boats:—adverse winds retarded us. It was Morgan stood in the bow of the boat; making a spring, not easily surpassed, ten or eleven at night, before we landed;—the moon shone beautifully. and falling on the earth, as it were to grasp it—cried “O my country.” We that were near him, pursued his example. Now a race commenced, which in quickness, could scarcely be exceeded, and soon brought us to Elizabethtown. Here, those of us who were drowsy, spent an uneasy night. Being unexpected guests, and the town full of troops, no quarters were provided for us. Joy rendered beds useless; we did not close our eyes till daylight. Singing, dancing, the Indian halloo, in short, every species of vociferousness was adopted by the men, and many of the most respectable sergeants, to express their extreme pleasure. A stranger coming among them, would have pronounced them mad, or at least intoxicated; though since noon,

neither food nor liquor had passed our lips ; thus the passions may at times have an influence on the human frame, as inebriating as wine, or any other liquor. The morning brought us plenty, in the form of rations of beef and bread. Hunger allayed, my only desire was, to proceed homeward. Money was wanting. How to obtain it in a place, where all my friends and acquaintances were alike poor and destitute, gave me great anxiety and pain. Walking up the street very melancholy, unknowing what to do, I observed a waggon, built in the Lancaster county fashion (which at that time, was peculiar in Jersey), unloading stores for the troops, come or coming. The owner was Stephen Lutz of Lancaster ; on seeing me, he grasped my hand with fervor, told me every one believed me to be dead. Telling him our story in a compendious manner, the good old man, without solicitation, presented me two silver dollars, to be repaid at Lancaster. They were gladly received. My heart became easy. The next day, in company with the late Colonel Febiger, and the present General Nichols, and some other gentlemen, we procured a light return-waggon, which gave us a cast as far as Princeton. Here we had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. Witherspoon, who was the first that informed us of a resolution of Congress to augment the army. It gave us pleasure, as we had devoted ourselves individually to the service of our country. The next day, we proceeded on foot, no carriage of any kind being procurable. Night brought us up at a farm-house, somewhere near Bristol. The owner was one of us, that is, a genuine whig. He requested us to tarry all night, which we declined. He presented us a supper, that was gratefully received. Hearing our story, he was much affected. We then tried to prevail on him, to take us to Philadelphia, in his light wagon. It was objected that it stood loaded with hay in the barn floor ; his sons were asleep or abroad. We removed these objections, by unloading the hay, while this good citizen prepared the horses. Mounting, we arrived at the "Harp and Crown," about two o'clock in the morning. To us, it was most agreeable, that we passed through the streets of Philadelphia in the night time, as our clothing was not only threadbare but shabby. Here we had friends and funds. A gentleman advanced me a sum sufficient to enable me to exchange my leggins and moccasins, for a pair of stockings and shoes, and to bear my expenses home. A day and a half, brought me to the arms of my beloved parents.

In the course of eight weeks, after my return from captivity, a slight cold, caught when skating on the ice of Susquehanna, or in pursuing the wild-turkey, among the Kittatinny hills, renewed that abominable disorder, the scurvy and lameness, as you now observe it, was the consequence. Would to God ! my extreme sufferings, had then ended a life, which since has been a tissue of labor, pain, and misery.

THE WANDERINGS
OF THAT
EMINENT AMERICAN TRAVELER,
JOHN LEDYARD,
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

JOHN LEDYARD was one of those intrepid men, who, "taking their lives in their hands," have, under the stimulus of a spirit of adventure, wandered into unknown and barbarous lands; by their discoveries extended the boundaries of geographical science, bringing to light new races of men, and revealing to human knowledge the physical and natural resources of other climes.

Whether we contemplate Ledyard in his youth, descending the Connecticut in a frail canoe, when swollen to an impetuous torrent by the melting of the winter snows, or voyaging around the world—among the savages of New Zealand, or the gay revels of Paris; in Bhering's Straits, or treading Siberian snows; on the shores of Bothnia, clambering Uralian crags, or in the presence of the Irkutsh Tartar; surrounded with the mementoes of Egypt's glory, amid the sands of Africa; he presents that prompt decision and manly self-reliance that will attract all to whom his story is made known.

This, the most eminent of American travelers, was born at Groton, Connecticut, near Fort Griswold, of revolutionary memory, in the year 1751. He was the son of William Ledyard, who was master of a vessel in the West India trade. His father dying while John was a lad, threw the management of a large family of little ones upon his mother. She was left penniless by the loss of the will; but being an energetic woman, she struggled successfully against misfortune. William, her second son, was the brave Colonel Ledyard, who was barbarously slain after the capitulation of Fort Griswold, which he had so gallantly defended. John, the subject of this sketch, was her eldest son. He was eventually sent to Hartford, where he first attended the grammar school, and then became a student in the law office of his uncle and guardian, Thomas Seymour, and an inmate in his family.

When Ledyard was in his twentieth year, Dr. Wheelock, the founder of Dartmouth College, prompted by an intimacy which had existed between Ledyard's grandfather and himself, prevailed upon him to enter that institution, with a view to his becoming a missionary among the Indians. The position of an Indian missionary, as the experience of Wheelock, Eliot, and

others, proved, was one of hardship; which to the adventurous disposition of Ledyard, was at first alluring, and he began his studies with zeal. He soon, however, became restless and discontented. Steady, persevering application to books, was irksome to his nature.

He had been at Dartmouth a few months, only, when he suddenly disappeared, and no one knew whither. It was his first expedition. He plunged into the wilderness, and traveled among the Six Nations on the borders of the Canadas, where he spent nearly three months in wandering among the Indian tribes, to gain a knowledge of their mode of life, in view of his anticipated duties as a missionary among them. He reappeared at Dartmouth as unexpectedly as he had left, effectually cured of all missionary inclinations.

On his return he was continually devising some plan for the gratification of his romantic fancy. His disposition was cheerful, and his conversation and manners so winning, that he was a great favorite among his fellow students. One winter's afternoon he persuaded a number of his companions to go with him and spend the night in the snow on the summit of a neighboring mountain, so that those who designed becoming missionaries among the Indians, might have a foretaste of the hardships in store for them. Over a pathless route, through forest and through swamp, he led his little band to the appointed spot. They had barely time to kindle their fire and make their beds on the snow when night closed in upon them. The hours passed wearily, and rarely has daylight been more heartily greeted than it was by all of that little party, save Ledyard, whose appetite only grew by indulgence.

Robinson Crusoe was evidently Ledyard's *beau idéal* of a hero. To the young mind which makes companions of its own dream, solitude is sweet, as it favors their growth, and throws a gorgeous mantle over their deformities. Our young traveler seems to have early conceived the design of achieving a reputation, and in the meanwhile, until he should have made the first step, and acquired the right to exact some degree of consideration among mankind, the dim forest, or the lonely river, was a more agreeable associate in his mind, than any of those two-legged animals with which a residence at college daily brought him into contact. He therefore at once resolved to put an end to so mawkish a mode of life. Selecting from the majestic forest, which clothed the margin of the Connecticut River, a tree large enough to form a canoe, he contrived, with the aid of some of his fellow-students, to fell and convey it to the stream which runs near the college. Here it was hollowed out, and fashioned in the requisite shape; and when completed, measured fifty feet in length by three in breadth. His young college companions enabled him to lay in the necessary store of provisions. He had a bear-skin for a covering; a Greek Testament and Ovid to amuse him on the way; and thus equipped, he pushed off into the current, bade adieu to his youthful friends, turned his back upon Dartmouth, and floated leisurely down the stream. Hartford, the place of his destination, was one hundred and forty miles distant. The country, during much of the way, was a wilderness; and the river, of the navigation of which he was totally ignorant, exhibited in many places dangerous falls and rapids. However, youth and ignorance are generally bold. He was, besides, too well pleased at escaping from the irksomeness of regular study; and, indeed,

too much enamored of danger itself to have been terrified, even had he fully understood the character of the river.

The canoe being carried along with sufficient rapidity by the force of the current, he had but little occasion for using his paddles, and filled up the intervals of reflection with reading. He was thus employed when the canoe approached Bellows' Falls. The noise of the waters rushing with impetuous velocity through their narrow channel between the rocks, roused him to a sense of his danger, fortunately, in time to enable him by the strenuous use of his paddles to reach the shore. His canoe was dragged round the fall by the kindness of the good people of the neighborhood, who were amazed at the boldness and novelty of his enterprise, and again safely launched upon the waters below.

As the sun was rising on one of those clear, bracing spring mornings so common in New England, Mr. Seymour, with his family, was standing on a little mound near their house looking out upon the river, when they discovered in the distance, an unknown object floating down the stream. As it came nearer, they saw it was a canoe with a man wrapped closely in some garment, sitting in the stern. When nearly opposite them, it made for the shore, and stopped in front of their dwelling. The man then leaped on land, threw aside his bear-skin, and they recognized John Ledyard, whom they supposed was then at Dartmouth studying with a view to missionary life.

Whether or not any efforts were made on this occasion to induce Ledyard to resume his missionary studies is not known; but if there were, it was without success. His inclinations, as already observed, had now taken another direction. He was desirous of becoming a regular clergyman, and exerted himself, unfit as he was, to obtain a preacher's license. Inferior claims have sometimes been urged with effect; but Ledyard's were rejected; and in that reckless state of mind produced by disappointment and disgust, which none but those who have been buffeted by adverse fortune can properly conceive, he threw himself into the first gap which he saw open, and determined to combat with the ills of life in the humble condition of a common sailor. In this capacity he sailed for Gibraltar, in the ship of a Captain Deshon, who had been a friend of his father. Though this gentleman, we are told, regarded him more in the light of a companion than as one of his crew, Ledyard seems to have conceived no very favorable idea of a seafaring life from his voyage across the Atlantic, and on his landing at Gibraltar, determined to avoid a repetition of the experiment by enlisting in the army. By the solicitations of Captain Deshon, however, who at the same time strongly remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct, he was released, and returned with his liberator to New London. This voyage put to flight his romantic ideas respecting the life of a mariner; and he once more saw himself dependent on his friends, without profession or prospect.

From the conversation of some of the older members of his family, he had learned that in England he possessed many wealthy relations; and the idea now occurred to him, that could he but make himself known to these, he should be received with open arms, and lifted up at once to a respectable position in society. With him to resolve and to act were the same thing.

He immediately proceeded to New York, where, finding a vessel bound for England, he obtained a berth, probably on condition of his working as a sailor. On landing at Plymouth, he found himself penniless, and without a friend, in a strange country; but his courage, sustained by the golden hopes with which he amused his imagination, was proof against misfortune. His calamities, he flattered himself, were soon to have an end. He was now within a few days' journey of his wealthy relations; and provided he kept, as the vulgar say, body and soul together, what did it signify how he passed the brief interval which separated him from his island of Barataria? Accordingly, relying upon that principle in our nature by which compassion is kindled, and the hand stretched forth to relieve, as often as real honest distress presents itself, he set out for London. On the way his good genius brought him acquainted with an Irishman, whose pockets were as guiltless of coin as his own; and as it is a comfort not to be "alone unhappy" in this "wide and universal theater," these two moneyless friends were a great consolation to each other. In fact, it is often among the poor and unfortunate that fellowship is most sweet. The sight of another's sufferings excites our magnanimity. We scorn to sink under what we see, by another man's experience, can be borne, perhaps, without repining. And thus two poor adventurers, without a penny, may be of use to each other, by reciprocally affording an example of fortitude and patience. Ledyard and his Hibernian companion begged by turns, and in this way reached London, where they separated, each to cherish his poverty in a different nook.

Hunger, which has a kind of predilection for great cities, seems to sharpen the sight as well as the wits of men; for, amid the vast throng of equipages which jostle and almost hide each other in the streets of London, Ledyard's eye caught the family name upon a carriage; and he learned from the coachman the profession and address of the owner, who was a rich merchant. El Dorado was before him. He hastened to the house, and although the master himself was absent, he found the son, who, at all events, listened to his story. When he had heard him out, however, he very coolly informed our sanguine traveler, that he wholly disbelieved his representations, never having heard of any relations in America; but that from the East Indies, he added, they expected a member of the family, whom Ledyard greatly resembled; and that if in reality he was the person, he would be received with open arms.

This reception, so different from that which he had anticipated, yet so extremely natural under the circumstances of the case, was more than Ledyard's philosophy, which had not yet been sufficiently disciplined by poverty, could digest; and he quitted the house of his cautious relative with avowed disgust. How he now continued to subsist is not known. It appears, however, that in spite of his distress he succeeded in making the acquaintance of several respectable individuals, to whom he related his story, and who, taking an interest in his fate, exerted themselves to effect a reconciliation between him and his wealthy friends, but without success; for distrust on the one part, and haughtiness on the other, intervened, and shipwrecked their good intentions.

Years after, when his name became famous, and all London was filled with the story of his adventures, his relatives made overtures to him, and

even sent him money, begging his acceptance of it, as a testimonial of esteem. Though really in need, he rejected their offers with disdain. "Tell your master," said he to the bearer, "that he does not belong to the race of Ledyards."

While our traveler's affairs were in this precarious or rather desperate state, an account of the preparations which were making for Captain Cook's third voyage round the world, reached him in his obscurity. Ambition, which for some time seems to have been almost stifled in his mind, by his distresses, now again awoke. He longed to form a part of the glorious enterprise, and to behold, at least, if he could not share in the achievements of the illustrious navigator. As a preliminary step he enlisted in the marine service; and having procured an interview with Captain Cook, his energy and enthusiasm so strongly recommended him, that the great discoverer immediately took him into his service, and promoted him to be a corporal of marines.

The expedition sailed from England on the 12th of July, 1776. It consisted of two ships, the *Resolution*, commanded by Captain Cook, and the *Discovery*, by Captain Clerke. After touching at Teneriffe, and the Cape of Good Hope, where they laid in a large stock of provisions, and live animals, designed to be left at the various islands on which they did not exist, they sailed toward the southern extremity of New Holland. In twenty-five days they arrived at Kerguelen's Island, then recently discovered. It was barren, and totally without inhabitants. There was, however, a scanty supply of grass, and a species of wild cabbage, which they cut for their cattle. Fresh water was found in abundance; for it rained profusely, so that torrents came tumbling down from the hills, and enabled them to replenish their empty casks. Seals and sea-dogs covered the shore; and vast flocks of birds hovered around. Never having experienced in their lonely island the danger of approaching man, they did not fly from their visitors, but suffered themselves, and more particularly the penguin, to be knocked down with clubs. Here they celebrated Christmas, and then proceeded to Van Dieman's Land.

Within less than two months after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, they cast anchor in Adventure Bay, in this island, which was then supposed to form a part of New Holland. At first no inhabitants appeared, though, in sailing along the coast, they had observed columns of smoke ascending between the trees; but in a few days the natives, men, women, and children, came down to the beach, exhibiting in their persons the extreme of human wretchedness. They were black, with negro features, and woolly hair, besmeared with red ochre and grease, and went completely naked. Bread and fish, which were given them, they threw away; but of the flesh of birds they appeared fond. Their only weapon was a rude stick about three feet long, and sharpened at one end. They had no canoes, no houses, and appeared to be, to a great degree, destitute of curiosity.

Having laid in a sufficient stock of wood and water, the expedition proceeded to New Zealand, where they remained a whole month, employed in laying in provisions, and in making observations on the character of the country and its inhabitants. They found the New Zealanders a race differing, in many respects, from the natives of all the surrounding islands.

Cannibalism of the most revolting kind flourished here in all its glory. The first thought of man on beholding the face of a fellow-creature, like Fontenelle's on seeing a flock of sheep in a meadow, was what nice eating he would make ; and if they abstained from devouring their neighbors as well as their enemies, it was merely from fear of reprisals. Yet, united with propensities which, if found to be ineradicable, would justify their extermination, these people are said to possess a vehement affection for their friends, constancy in their attachments, and a strong disposition to love. It is very possible that both their good and bad qualities may have been misrepresented. The views and feelings of savages are not easily comprehended, and it is seldom that those who enjoy opportunities of observing them, possess the genius to divine, from a few flitting and often constrained manifestations of them, the secret temper of the soul.

During their stay at this island, one of the mariners formed an attachment for a young female cannibal ; and, in order to wind himself the more effectually into her affections, he secretly caused himself to be tattooed, resolving, when the ship should sail, to make his escape, and relapse into the savage state with his mistress. I say relapse, because from that state we rose, and, whenever we can slip through the artificial scaffolding upon which we have been placed by philosophy and civil government, to that state we inevitably return. These two lovers, though deprived of the aids which language affords in the communication of thought and sentiments, contrived thoroughly to understand each other. When the time for the departure of the ships arrived, the sailor, tattooed, and dressed like a savage, was suffered to escape among the crowds of natives who were hurrying on shore ; but when the roll was called, to ascertain whether all hands were on board, his absence was discovered. A guard of marines, dispatched in search of him by the command of Cook, dragged him from the arms of his savage mistress, who exhibited every token of anguish and inconsolable grief, and leaving her in loneliness and bitter disappointment on the beach, hurried the culprit on board to take his trial for desertion. In consideration of the motive, however, the commander humanely remitted the punishment of the offense ; but it is extremely probable that his vigilance defrauded a party of New Zealanders of a feast, for as soon as the ships should have been out of sight, these honest people would, no doubt, have consigned the sailor to their subterranean ovens.

Though desirous of making direct for *Tahiti*, or *Otaheite*, contrary winds and boisterous weather forced them out of their course, and as they now began to be in want of grass and water for the cattle, as well as fresh provisions for the men, it was judged advisable to sail away for the Friendly Islands. Many new islands were discovered during this voyage, upon one of which, named *Watteeoo*, they landed. Here, to his great astonishment, *Omai*, the native of *Tahiti* whom Cook had taken with him to England, found three of his countrymen, who, having been overtaken by a storm at sea, had been driven in their canoe to this island, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. During the thirteen days that they had been hurried before the gale, without water or provisions, most of their companions had perished of hunger, or, stung to phrensy by their sufferings, had jumped into the sea. The survivors were now settled at *Watteeoo*, and refused his

invitation to revisit their native country, the sight of which could only renew their grief for the loss of their dearest friends. This fact suffices to explain how islands extremely distant from the great hives of mankind have been peopled, and exhibit, in their population, resemblances to races from which they would appear to be separated by insurmountable barriers.

From hence they sailed to Tongataboo, an island exceedingly fertile, and covered with forests, where they remained twenty-six days collecting provisions. The natives, who, having ingrafted the vices of civilized nations upon their own, have since exhibited themselves under a different aspect, now appeared to be a simple and inoffensive race. Much of their leisure, of which they appeared to have but too great plenty, was occupied in curious religious ceremonies, which, as among many civilized nations, were regarded something in the light of amusements. Their king, Poulaho, conducted himself with marked suavity and respect toward his strange guests. Few civilized individuals, indeed, coming suddenly into contact with a new race of men, could have shown more ease and self-possession than this savage chief. However, he declined Cook's invitation to go on board the day after their arrival; but entertained Ledyard, whose duty it was to remain on shore that night, in a kind and hospitable manner.

It was just dusk, says our traveler, when they parted, and as I had been present during a part of this first interview, and was detained on shore, I was glad he did not go off, and asked him to my tent; but Poulaho chose rather to have me go with him to his house, where we went and sat down together without the entrance. We had been here but a few minutes before one of the natives advanced through the grove to the skirts of the green, and there halted. Poulaho observed him, and told me he wanted him; upon which I beckoned to the Indian, and he came to us. When he approached Poulaho, he squatted down upon his hams, and put his forehead to the sole of Poulaho's foot, and then received some directions from him, and went away; and returned again very soon with some baked yams and fish rolled up in fresh plantain-leaves, and a large cocoanut-shell full of clean fresh water, and a smaller one of salt water. These he set down, and went and fetched a mess of the same kind, and set it down by me. Poulaho then desired I would eat; but preferring salt, which I had in the tent, to the seawater which they used, I called one of the guard, and had some of that brought me to eat with my fish, which was really most delightfully dressed, and of which I ate very heartily.

Their animal and vegetable food is dressed in the same manner here, as at the southern and northern tropical islands throughout these seas, being all baked among hot stones, laid in a hole, and covered over, first with leaves, and then with mould. Poulaho was fed by the chief who waited upon him, both with victuals and drink. After he had finished, the remains were carried away by the chief in waiting, who returned soon after with two large, separate rolls of cloth, and two little, low wooden stools. The cloth was for a covering while asleep, and the stools to raise and rest the head on, as we do on a pillow. These were left within the house, or rather under the roof, one side being open. The floor within was composed of dry grass, leaves, and flowers, over which were spread large, well-wrought mats. On this Poulaho and I removed and sat down, while the chief unrolled and

spread out the cloth, after which he retired; and in a few minutes there appeared a fine young girl, about seventeen years of age, who, approaching Poulaho, stooped and kissed his great toe, and then retired, and sat down in an opposite part of the house. It was now about nine o'clock, and a bright moonshine; the sky was serene, and the wind hushed. Suddenly I heard a number of their flutes, beginning nearly at the same time, burst from every quarter of the surrounding grove; and whether this was meant as an exhilarating serenade, or a soothing soporific to the great Poulaho, I cannot tell. Immediately on hearing the music he took me by the hand, intimating that he was going to sleep, and, showing me the other cloth, which was spread nearly beside him, and the pillow, invited me to use it."

The manners of the people whom Ledyard had now an opportunity of contemplating, indicated a character nearly the reverse of that of the New Zealanders. In what circumstances those extraordinary differences originated, it is foreign to the present purpose to inquire. To account for them, as some writers have done, by the influence of climate, is willfully to sport with facts and experience. Within the same degrees of latitude, pursuing our researches round the globe, we have black men and white; cannibals, and races remarkable for humanity; men so gross in their intellects, that they retain nothing of man but the shape, and others with a character and genius so admirably adapted to receive the impressions of laws and civilization, that they turn every natural or accidental advantage of their position to the greatest account, and run on in the career of improvement with gigantic strides. This was not Ledyard's theory. He seemed everywhere to discover proofs of the vast influence of climate in rendering men what they are, morally as well as physically; though he could not be ignorant that while the climate of Greece and Italy remains what it was in old times, the physiognomy of the inhabitants has undergone an entire change, while their moral condition is, if possible, deteriorated still more than their features. The mind of man seems, in fact, after having borne an extraordinary crop of virtues, knowledge, and heroic deeds, to require, like the earth, to lie fallow for a season. It cannot be made to yield fruit beyond a certain point, upon which, when it has once touched, no power under heaven can prevent its relapsing into barrenness.

The population scattered over the innumerable islands of the Pacific, have been in a remarkably peculiar position from the time in which they were discovered up to the present moment. Civilization has, in a manner, been forced upon them. Their idols have been thrown down; the bloody or absurd rites of their religion have, in many instances, been exchanged for the blessings and the light of Christianity; and although silly or affected persons may lament for the disappearance of what they term a "picturesque superstition," every real friend of humanity will rejoice at seeing a church occupying the site of a morai; and men, who once delighted to feed upon the limbs of an enemy, employing themselves in deriving subsistence from their own industry and ingenuity.

The people of Tongataboo, at the period of Ledyard's visit, though neither cruel nor ferocious, were partial to athletic exercises, and not averse to war. It seems to have yielded them great satisfaction to be allowed to display, in the presence of their visitors, their vigor and dexterity, which

were by no means despicable. Their performances, which chiefly consisted of wrestling and boxing, always took place upon the greensward, in the open air; and in order to prevent what was only meant for amusement from degenerating into angry contests, a certain number of elderly men presided over and regulated the exercises; and when either of the combatants appeared to be fairly worsted, they mildly signified the fact, and this was considered a sufficient compliment to the victor. Like the boxers of antiquity, they wore upon the hand a kind of glove, composed of cords or thongs, designed to prevent their grappling each other, and at the same time to preserve them from dislocations of the joints, particularly of that of the thumb. Sometimes, however, they engaged each other with clubs, in which cases the performances were highly dangerous. Our traveler witnessed one of these contests, which, as the persons engaged were renowned for their superior skill, was protracted considerably, though they are in general of brief duration. At length, however, the affair was decided by a fortuitous blow on the head. The vanquished champion was carried off the ground by his friends, while the conqueror was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of praise from the spectators; and "when these shouts ended, the young women around the circle rose, and sang, and danced a short kind of interlude, in celebration of the hero."

With the brilliant exhibition of fireworks, which, in return for their hospitality and politeness, Cook got up for their amusement, both Poulaho and his people were greatly astonished and delighted. The animals, likewise, which were new to them, excited their wonder. Goats and sheep they regarded as a species of birds; but in the horse, the cow, the cat, and the rabbit, they could perceive no analogy with the dog or the hog, the only animals with which they had till then been conversant.

The ideas of these people respecting property, were either very vague, or very different from those of their visitors. Whatever they saw pleasing to the eye in the possession of the white men, without considering whether or not it was intended for them, they immediately appropriated to themselves; probably from the belief that these munificent strangers, who bestowed upon them so many wonderful things, were a kind of good genii, who, in their own case, stood in no need of such articles. Cook did not understand this simplicity. He attached the idea of a thief to every person who touched what did not belong to him, and punished these ignorant savages with the same rigid justice, if we may so apply the term, which he would have shown toward a hardened offender at the Old Baily. In one instance, even the justice of his conduct may be questioned. One of the chiefs stole some peacocks from the ships, and Cook arrested, not the offender, but the king, whom he kept in custody until the culprit came forward engaging to restore the birds. This was an absurd exercise of power, which could not fail considerably to abate the respect of the natives for the civilized portion of mankind.

From Tongataboo the expedition sailed to Tahiti, where they arrived on the 14th of August. Here Ledyard employed his leisure, which appears to have been considerable, in studying the character and manners of the inhabitants; and upon these points his opinions generally agree with the received notions respecting those people. In sailing northward from this

group they discovered the Sandwich Islands, where they remained ten days ; and then, steering still toward the north, arrived without accident in Nootka Sound, where they cast anchor in nearly five hundred fathoms of water. Ledyard was now on his native continent, and, though more than three thousand miles from the place of his birth, experienced on landing something like a feeling of home. The inhabitants he found to be of the same race with those on the shores of the Atlantic. In stature they are above the middle size, athletic in their make, and of a copper color. Their long black hair they wear tied up in a roll on the top of the head, and, by way of ornament, smear it over with oil and paint, in which they stick a quantity of the down of birds. They paint their faces red, blue, and white, but refused to reveal the nature of their cosmetics, or the country whence they obtained them. Their clothing principally consists of skins, besides which, however, they have two kinds of garments, of which one is manufactured from the inner bark of trees, and resembles our coarser cloths ; the other made chiefly from the hair of white dogs, and wrought over with designs, representing their mode of catching the whale, which our traveler considered the most ingenious piece of workmanship he anywhere saw executed by a savage. All their garments, like those of the Hindoos, are worn like mantles, and are invariably fringed, or ornamented in some fashion or other, at the edges. This species of border ornament, denominated *wampum* on the opposite side of the continent, was found, not only all along this coast, but also on the eastern shores of Asia. On the feet they wear no covering ; and if they occasionally cover their heads, it is with a species of basket resembling that which is sometimes worn by the Chinese and Tartars. In character they were cunning, bold, ferocious, and, like the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, addicted to cannibalism.

From thence they sailed along the coast of America to Behring's Straits, in passing through which, they observed that both continents were visible at the same time. The expedition having in vain transversed the polar seas in search of the northwest passage, returned toward the south. Before issuing through the belt of the Alecootskian Islands into the Pacific, Captain Cook remained some days at Onalaska, where Ledyard was engaged in an adventure highly characteristic of his intrepid and chivalrous disposition. Even on their first landing, many peculiarities in the appearance and costume, no less than in the movable possessions of the people, strongly excited their curiosity ; for it was at once perceived that there existed two races of men upon the island, of which one might be supposed to be aboriginal, while the other might be presumed to be adscititious ; an offshoot, in all probability, from the great Asiatic stock. They were in possession of tobacco, and, in many instances, wore blue linen shirts and drawers. The circumstance, however, which excited most surprise, was the appearance of a young chief, bearing with him a cake of rye-meal newly baked, and containing a piece of salmon seasoned with pepper and salt, as a present to Captain Cook. He informed them, by signs, that there were white strangers in the country, who had come, like them, over the great waters in a large ship.

This information excited in Cook a desire to explore the island. It was difficult, however, to determine in what manner the object was to be

effected. An armed body would proceed slowly, and might, perhaps, be cut off—an irreparable loss to the expedition. The risk of a single individual would be imminent, but his movements would be more rapid; and if he should fall, the loss to the public would not be great. Yet, as the commander did not think himself justified in ordering any person to undertake so perilous an enterprise, a volunteer was sought for; and Ledyard presented himself. The great navigator was highly pleased with this example of intrepidity, for the brave always sympathize with the brave; and after giving the traveler instructions how to proceed, “he wished me well,” says Ledyard, “and desired I would not be longer absent than a week, if possible; at the expiration of which he should expect me to return. If I did not return by that time, he should wait another week for me, and no longer.”

The young chief who brought Cook the rye-cake and the salmon, with two persons who attended him, were to serve as guides on the occasion. Being furnished with a small quantity of bread and some brandy in bottles, intended for presents to the Indians, our traveler departed with his Indian guides, and, during the first day, advanced about fifteen miles into the interior. About nightfall they arrived at a small village, consisting of about thirty huts, some of which were large and spacious, though not very lofty. These huts were composed of a slight frame erected over a square hole sunk about four feet into the ground. Below the frame was covered with turf, which served as a wall, and above it was thatched with grass. Though the whole village, men, women, and children, crowded to see him, it was not with the intense curiosity which their behavior would have exhibited, had they never before beheld a white man. Here they passed the night.

Their course had hitherto lain toward the north, but they, next morning, turned round toward the southwest. About three hours before night they reached the edge of a large bay, where the chief entered into a canoe, with all their baggage, and intimating to Ledyard that he was to follow his other companions, left him abruptly, and paddled across the bay. Although rendered somewhat uneasy at this movement, he proceeded along the shore with his guides, and in about two hours, observed a canoe making toward them across the bay. Upon this they ran down to the water's edge, and, by shouting and waving bushes to and fro in the air, attracted the attention of the savages in the canoe. It was beginning to be dark, says he, when the canoe came to us. It was a skin canoe, after the Esquimaux plan, with two holes to accommodate two sitters. The Indians that came in the canoe talked a little with my two guides, and then came to me, and desired I would get into the canoe. This I did not very readily agree to, however, as there was no place for me but to be thrust into the space between the holes, extended at length upon my back, and wholly excluded from seeing the way I went, or the power of extricating myself upon an emergency. But as there was no alternative, I submitted thus to be stowed away in bulk, and went head foremost very swift through the water about an hour, when I felt the canoe strike a beach, and afterward lifted up and carried some distance, and then set down again; after which I was drawn out by the shoulders by three or four men; for it was now so dark that I could not tell who they were, though I was conscious I heard a language that was new. I was conducted by two of these persons, who appeared to be strangers,

about forty rods, when I saw lights and a number of huts like those I left in the morning. As we approached one of them, a door opened and discovered a lamp, by which, to my great joy, I discovered that the two men who held me by each arm were Europeans, fair and comely, and concluded from their appearance they were Russians, which I soon after found to be true.

By these Russians, who had established themselves in Onalaska for the purpose of collecting furs for the markets of Moscow and Petersburg, Ledyard was received and entertained in a most hospitable manner; and when he returned to the ships, was accompanied by three of the principal persons among them, and several inferior attendants. "The satisfaction this discovery gave Cook," says he, "and the honor that redounded to me, may be easily imagined; and the several conjectures respecting the appearance of a foreign intercourse were rectified and confirmed."

From Onalaska the expedition sailed southward for the Sandwich Islands, and in two months arrived at Hawaii. On entering a commodious bay, discovered on the southern coast of the island, they observed, on each hand, a town of considerable size, from which crowds of people, to whom the appearance offered by the ships was totally new, crowded down to the beach to receive the strangers. Their number was prodigious. No less than three thousand canoes, containing at least fifteen thousand men, women, and children, were crowded in the bay; and, besides these, numbers sustained themselves on floats, or swam about in the water. "The beach, the surrounding rocks, the tops of the houses, the branches of trees, and the adjacent hills, were all covered; and the shouts of joy and admiration proceeding from the sonorous voices of the men, confused with the shriller exclamations of the women, dancing and clapping their hands, the oversetting of canoes, cries of the children, goods afloat, and hogs, that were brought to market, squeaking, formed one of the most curious prospects that can be imagined." Yet, amid all this vast multitude, no signs of hostility, no disposition to insult or annoy the strangers appeared. Both parties were very far, at that moment, from anticipating that tragical event which shortly afterward dyed their shores with blood, and rendered the name of Hawaii memorable in the history of discovery.

However, for the first few days extraordinary harmony prevailed. Visits were made and returned; fireworks were exhibited by the English; wrestling, boxing, and various other kinds of athletic exercises, by the savages. During this continuance of good humor, Ledyard obtained permission to make a tour in the interior of the island, for the purpose of examining the nature of the country, and of ascending, if possible, the peak of *Mouna Roa*, which, though situated in an island not exceeding ninety miles in diameter, is regarded as one of the loftiest in the world. He was accompanied by the botanist and gunner of the *Resolution*, and by a number of natives, some as guides, others to carry the baggage. Admonished by the snows which glittered in dazzling pinnacles on the summit of *Mouna Roa*, they provided themselves with additional clothing to guard against the effects of a sudden transition from the heat of a tropical sun to intense cold. Their road during the first part of the journey lay through inclosed plantations of sweet potatoes, with a soil of lava, tilled in some places with difficulty. Here and there, in moist situations, were small patches of sugar-cane; and these,

as they proceeded, were followed by open plantations of bread-fruit trees. The land now began to ascend abruptly, and was thickly covered with wild fern. About sunset they arrived on the skirts of the woods, which stretched round the mountain like a belt, at the uniform distance of four or five miles from the shore. Here they found an uninhabited hut, in which they passed the night.

Next morning, on entering the forest, they found there had been heavy rain during the night, though none of it had reached them at the distance of about two hundred yards. They traversed the woods by a compass, keeping in a direct line for the peak; and, finding a beaten track nearly in their course, were enabled on the second day to advance about fifteen miles. At night they rested under the shelter of a fallen tree, and early next morning recommenced their journey. It was soon discovered, however, that the difficulties they had hitherto encountered were ease itself compared with those against which they were now to contend. To persons unaccustomed as they were to walk, a journey of so great a length would, under any circumstances, have been a grievous task. But they were impeded in their movements by heavy burdens; their path was steep, broken, and rugged; and the farther they proceeded, the more dense and impenetrable did the thickets become. At length, it became evident that the enterprise must be abandoned; and with those unpleasant feelings which accompany baffled ambition, they returned by the way they had gone to the ships.

In less than a fortnight after their arrival at Hawaii, the discoverers, by their impolitic, or rather insolent behavior, had contrived to irritate the savage natives almost to desperation. They saw themselves, and, what perhaps was more galling, their gods treated with silent contempt or open scorn; while their wives and daughters were contaminated by the brutal lusts of the sailors. How far these circumstances were within the control of Captain Cook, or, in other words, to what degree of blame he is liable for what took place, it is not our present business to inquire. But assuredly, according to the testimony of Ledyard, this great navigator seems, during the last few days of his life, to have been urged by a kind of fatality into the commission of actions highly despotic and unjustifiable in themselves, and, under the circumstances in which they were performed, little short of insane. The mere idea of converting the fence and idols of the morai—objects sacred to them, however contemptible in our eyes—into firewood, argues a reprehensible disregard of the feelings of the natives. His offer of two hatchets to the priest in payment, reminds one of Captain Clapperton's promise of a couple of guns, a few flasks of powder, and some rockets to Sultan Bello, as the price of his *putting down* the slave-trade. But when the priest refused the proffered payment, not so much on account of its preposterous inadequacy—of which, however, savage as he was, he must have been fully sensible—because, in his eyes, no price was an equivalent for articles, to destroy which would be sacrilege, to proceed with a strong hand in the work of destruction, profaning the spot which contained the ashes of their ancestors, and throwing down and bearing away the images of their gods. This was an outrage which the tamest and most enslaved race would have found it difficult to endure.

However, force was triumphant; but from that moment the souls of the natives were on fire, and revenge was determined on. A relation of the various incidents and small events by which the tragic action moved onward to its completion, would be incompatible with my present design. Captain Cook, accompanied by an armed force, in which Ledyard was included, went on shore for the purpose of making the king a prisoner, and of keeping him in confinement on board, until certain articles stolen by his subjects should be restored. The savages, with a boldness worthy of admiration, opposed his designs, and compelled him to retreat toward his boats. Here, as the marines were endeavoring to embark, a contest took place; stones were thrown by the natives; the English flew to their firearms; and a chief, rushing on with an iron dagger in his hand, stabbed Cook through the body. His guards, likewise, were all cut off excepting two, who escaped by swimming. The cannon of the *Resolution* were now fired at the crowd, and this produced an almost instantaneous retreat; though the savages, mindful even in the midst of danger of the gratification of their appetite, took care to carry along with them the bodies of their fallen enemies; in order, by feasting upon them at their leisure, to derive some trifling comfort from their disaster.

The business now was to retire as quickly as possible from the island, which they did; and having again entered Behring's Strait, and sailed about for some time among the ices of the Polar Sea, they returned by way of China and the Cape of Good Hope to England, after an absence of four years and three months.

In 1782 Ledyard sailed on board an English man-of-war for America, not with a design to serve against his country, but determined on seizing the first occasion of escape which should offer itself. An opportunity soon occurred. On arriving at Long Island, then in the possession of the English, he obtained permission of seven days' absence from the ship, for the purpose of seeing his mother, who then kept a boarding-house at Southold, occupied chiefly by British officers. "He rode up to the door, alighted, went in, and asked if he could be accommodated in her house as a lodger. She replied that he could, and showed him a room into which his baggage was conveyed. After having adjusted his dress, he came out and took a seat by the fire, in company with several other officers, without making himself known to his mother, or entering into conversation with any person. She frequently passed and repassed through the room, and her eye was observed to be attracted toward him with more than usual attention. He still remained silent. At last, after looking at him steadily for some minutes, she deliberately put on her spectacles, approached nearer to him, begging his pardon for her rudeness, and telling him that he so much resembled a son of hers, who had been absent for eight years, that she could not resist her inclination to view him more closely. The scene that followed may be imagined, but not described; for Ledyard had a tender heart, and affection for his mother was among its deepest and most constant emotions."

He now visited his old friends and many of the places which youthful recollections rendered dear to him. He was everywhere well received, and employed the leisure which he now enjoyed for several months, in writing

an account of his voyage round the world with Captain Cook. But when this was done, many motives, among which want of money was not the least, urged him to enter upon some new plan of life. His favorite project at this time, and indeed throughout the remainder of his life, was a voyage of commerce and discovery to the northwestern coast of America; and during the remainder of his stay in his native country he made numerous efforts to obtain wealthy co-operators in his design. Being constantly disappointed, however, he once more turned his thoughts toward Europe, where the spirit of speculation was bolder and more liberal, and proceeded to France. Here his projects were eagerly patronized, and as easily abandoned; and during a long stay, both at L'Orient and Paris, he subsisted by shifts and expedients, associating by turns with every variety of character, from Jefferson down to Paul Jones.

How he existed at all, unless upon the bounty of his friends, is altogether inexplicable. He was now reduced to the character of a mere adventurer, and his life, during this period, affords no incidents worthy of being described. An Englishman, who had given him fifteen guineas at St. Germain, shortly afterward invited him to London, and procured him a passage in a ship bound for the Pacific Ocean, with a promise from the captain that he would set him on shore upon any point of the northwest coast which he might choose. He now once more appeared to be verging toward the accomplishment of his dearest wishes. He embarked; the vessel sailed down the Thames, and put out to sea; but before they were out of sight of land, the ship was brought back by an order from the government, and the voyage was finally abandoned.

Ledyard's enthusiasm, however, in the prosecution of his designs, though it is probable that few could perceive the advantages to be derived from their accomplishment, procured him many friends in London; and it is said that a subscription was set on foot by Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Hunter, Sir James Hall, and Colonel Smith. From the result of this measure, we must inevitably infer one or two things—either that the liberality of those gentlemen was exceedingly scanty, or that their opinion of Ledyard's prudence was very low. From several circumstances which afterward took place, the latter is the more probable inference. Be this as it may, we find him, on his arrival at Hamburgh, with no more than ten guineas in his pocket; and these, with reckless and unpardonable absurdity, he bestowed upon a Major Langhorn, an eccentric vagabond, who, after accepting his money and reducing him to beggary, coolly refused to bear him company on his journey to Petersburg; alleging, as his excuse, that he could travel *in the way he did* with no man upon earth. What his mode of traveling was, we have no means of ascertaining; but from his conduct in this transaction, it may be inferred, without any great stretch of uncharitableness, that Ledyard was fortunate in getting rid of such a companion at the expense of all he was worth in the world. The man who is insensible of a generous action, could be no desirable companion in any circumstances of life; but to be linked with such an individual in traversing a foreign land, would have been a curse which few who have not experienced a similar calamity can conceive.

Having at the same time bade adieu to his money and the graceless major, he began to experience the effects of his folly ; for had he not, by singular good fortune, found a merchant who consented to accept a bill on a friend in London, and pay him the amount, his travels must have terminated where he was. This supply, however, enabled him to pursue his route.

On arriving at Stockholm, Ledyard found that the Gulf of Bothnia was neither sufficiently frozen to enable him to cross it upon the ice, nor yet free enough from ice to be navigable. Under these circumstances he formed the daring resolution of traveling round the gulf, a distance of twelve hundred miles, "over trackless snows, in regions thinly peopled, where the nights are long, and the cold intense—and all this to gain no more than fifty miles." Accordingly, he set out for Tornea, in the depth of winter, on foot, with little money in his pocket, and no friends to whom he could apply when his small stock should be exhausted. Of this part of his travels no account remains. Other travelers who have visited Tornea in winter, under the most favorable circumstances, describe in tremendous colors the horrors of the place. "The place," says Maupertuis, "on our arrival, on the 30th of December, had really a most frightful aspect. Its little houses were buried to the tops in snow, which, if there had been any daylight, must have effectually shut it out. But the snow continually falling, or ready to fall, for the most part, hid the sun the few moments that he might have showed himself at midday. In the month of January the cold was increased to the extremity, that Reaumur's mercurial thermometers, which, in Paris, in the great frost of 1709, it was thought strange to see fall to fourteen degrees below the freezing point, were now down to thirty-seven. The spirit of wine in the others was frozen. If we opened the door of a warm room, the external air instantly converted all the air in it into snow, whirling it round in white vortices. If we went abroad, we felt as if the air were tearing our breasts to pieces."

Such was the country through which Ledyard made his way to Petersburg, which he reached on the 20th of March, that is, within seven weeks from his leaving Stockholm, making the distance traveled over, about two hundred miles per week, upon an average. Here he was well received by Professor Pallas and other scientific men ; and through the interest of Count Segur, the French ambassador, obtained the empress' permission to traverse her vast dominions. As he was compelled to wait several months, however, for this indispensable document, and was destitute, on his arrival at Petersburg, of money, and almost of clothes, he drew a bill of twenty guineas on Sir Joseph Banks, which he was fortunate enough to get some one to discount. This enabled him to await the leisure of Catharine, who was too deeply plunged in her schemes of debauchery and ambition, to afford a thought on a poor houseless wanderer like Ledyard. But at length the passport was granted ; and a Dr. Brown happening at that moment to be proceeding with a quantity of stores to Yakutsk, for the use of Mr. Billings, who was then employed by the empress in exploring the remoter parts of Siberia and Kamtschatka, our traveler obtained permission to accompany him.

They left Petersburg on the 1st of June, and in six days after arrived at

Moscow. Here they hired a kibitka, and proceeded at the same rapid rate toward Kezan, on the Volga, where they remained a week; and then set off on the full gallop for Tobolsk. It should be remarked, that Ledyard's object in this journey was not to see the country, but to reach the north-west coast of America, where he hoped to make some useful discoveries, as quickly as possible; otherwise it would have been far wiser to have "made his legs his compasses," at the risk of consuming years in the journey. In the vast plain which stretches from Moscow to the Ural Mountains, there was, it is true, very little of the picturesque, and not much of the moral, to captivate the eye or interest the mind of a traveler; but there is no country, the careful examination of which may not be made to yield both amusement and instruction. Ledyard, however, was not answerable for the rapidity of his movements; he accounted himself but too happy in being allowed to share Dr. Brown's kibitka; and had it been in the empress' power to have darted him across Siberia upon an iceberg, or astride upon a cloud, he would not have objected to the conveyance.

From Tobolsk they proceeded to Bernaoul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan, where Dr. Brown's journey terminated. At this place Ledyard remained a whole week, and was entertained in a very hospitable manner by the treasurer of the mines. He observes, that the immense plain he had traversed in reaching this city, was in many places dotted with large mounds of earth, which very much resembled those supposed monumental piles found among various tribes of North America, and the barrows or heroic tombs of ancient Europe. In the people the Tartar features began to appear before they reached Kazan. But there existed great variety in the population; the same village containing every variety of mankind, from those with fair skin, light hair, and white eyes, to those of olive complexion, and jet-black eyes and hair. Poverty, as may be supposed, was no stranger in these villages; for they had not, like the Chremylus of Aristophanes, discovered the secret of restoring sight to Plutus; but this did not discourage the fair moieties of the peasants from painting their faces, like a discontented English beauty, both with red and white. As these damsels are not niggardly of their kisses, it would be useless for them to adopt the custom which prevailed among the ancient Greek ladies, of painting the lips; but this, it would seem, is the sole consideration which opposes the introduction of the custom. "The Tartar, however situated," says Ledyard, "is a voluptuary; and it is an original and striking trait in their character, from the grand seignior to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China, that they are more addicted to real sensual pleasure than any other people." This is a judicious remark, and corroborates the testimony of the ancient historian, who tells us that the Scythian ladies were accustomed to put out the eyes of their male slaves, that they might be ignorant of the name and quality of the mistresses to whose wantonness they were made subservient.

From Bernaoul he proceeded with an imperial courier to Tomsk, discovering, as he rode along, marks of the tremendous winds which sometimes devastate Siberia. The trees of the forest were uprooted, and whole fields of grain were beaten into the earth. Hurrying onward in the same rapid

manner, he crossed the Yeïusei at Krasnojarsk, and entered a rough, mountainous country, covered with thick forests, which continued all the way to Irkutsk, where he arrived in ten days after leaving Tomsk.

During his stay in this town, he made an excursion, in company with a German colonel, to the Lake Baikal, which, in the Kalmuck language, signifies the "North Sea." Arriving on the shores of the lake, they found a galliot, which, in summer, plies a packet across the "North Sea." In this galliot they went out with line and lead to take soundings; but having only fifty fathoms of line, which at one hundred feet from the shore was wholly taken up, they quickly abandoned their soundings, and returned through the rain in the galliot's boat to Irkutsk.

On the 26th of August, he quitted Irkutsk, and proceeded toward the point where he was to embark on the River Lena for Yakutsk. The country in this part was well cultivated, and therefore cheerful; but the forest trees had already begun to drop their foliage, and put on the garb of autumn. Having proceeded one hundred and fifty miles in his kibitka, he embarked with Lieutenant Laxman, a Swede, in a boat on the Lena, and commenced a voyage of fourteen hundred miles. Their boat was carried along at the rate of eighty or a hundred miles per day, "the river gradually increasing in size, and the mountain scenery putting on an infinite variety of forms, alternately sublime and picturesque, bold and fantastic, with craggy rocks and jutting headlands, bearing on their brows the verdure of pines, larches, and other evergreens and alpine shrubs." All the way to Yakutsk the river was studded with islands, which recurring at short intervals, added to the romantic effect of the scenery; but the weather was growing cold, and heavy fogs hung over the river until a late hour in the morning. The mountains flanking the river were said to abound with wolves and bears; and there was an abundance of wild fowl, of which our travelers shot as many as they pleased. Salmon-trout were plentiful in the river; and the inhabitants fished with seines, and also with spears, like the natives of Tahiti, by torchlight.

On the 18th of September he arrived at Yakutsk, where he immediately waited on the commandant with his letters of recommendation, and explained his desire of proceeding with all possible celerity to Okotsk, before winter should shut in and cut off his progress. The commandant, however, had received secret orders to detain him; and under pretense that the season was already too far advanced, informed him that he must pass the winter at Yakutsk. Though nothing could exceed the rage and vexation of Ledyard at this unexpected disappointment, he was sensible that it was necessary to submit; the determination of the despots around him being as irresistible as destiny. He therefore bent his attention to the consideration of the objects within his reach; and in these compulsory studies awaited the return of spring.

In the journal of his Siberian travels, he discourses upon a variety of interesting topics. Among these was his celebrated eulogy on woman. This is regarded as the most beautiful and touching tribute to the moral superiority of the female character in the whole range of literature. It shows one

of the sources of consolation to the lone traveler in his wanderings over the world; and exhibits, also, the warm affections of a grateful heart toward the sex, to whom alone can be applied, the loving, tender words—"sister," "wife," "mother."

LEDYARD'S EULOGY ON WOMAN.

"I have observed among all nations that the **WOMEN** ornament themselves more than the men: that wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable, generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a **WOMAN**, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, **WOMAN** has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

During Ledyard's weary sojourn at Yakutsk, Captain Billings, who had been on an expedition by order of the Empress Catherine, arrived in the place. He was formerly intimate with Ledyard, having been an assistant to the astronomer Bayless, during the last voyage of Cook. He was astonished and gratified at meeting with Ledyard in the heart of Siberia. Remaining there during five weeks, they set out together for Irkutsk in sledges over the ice of the river Lena, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, which they reached in seventeen days; there, by order of the empress, Ledyard was arrested on the 24th of the ensuing February, upon a false allegation that he was a French spy. He was closely guarded, whirled in sledges over the snow, through the intense cold of a Siberian winter to Moscow, to answer the charge. In this condition he wrote the following: "My ardent hopes are once more blasted, when almost half accomplished. What secret machinations have been at work? What motive? But so it suits her royal majesty of all the Russias, and she has nothing but her pleasure to consult; she has no nation's resentment to apprehend, for I am the minister of no State no monarch; I travel under the common flag of humanity, commissioned by myself to serve the world at large; and so the poor, the unprotected wanderer, must go where the sovereign will ordains; if to death, why then my journeying will be over sooner, and rather differently from what I con-

templated ; if otherwise, why then the royal dame has taken me much out of my way. But I pursue another route. The rest of the world lies uninterdicted. Though born in the freest of the civilized countries, yet in the present state of privation, I have a more exquisite sense of the amiable, the immortal nature of liberty, than I ever had before." He continues these remarks at some length, deploring his arrest, as an interference with his plans, but bowing with submissive stoicism to the strokes of fate.

The result of his arrest, was his banishment to the frontiers of Poland, and being forbidden on pain of death to re-enter the Russian dominions. Speaking of this, he says : "Cruelties and hardships are tales I leave untold. I was disappointed in the pursuit of an object on which my future fortune entirely depended. I know not how I passed through the kingdoms of Poland and Prussia, or from thence to London, where I arrived in the beginning of May, disappointed, ragged, penniless ; and yet, so accustomed am I to such things, that I declare my heart was whole. My health, for the first time, had suffered from my confinement, and the amazing rapidity, with which I had been carried through the illimitable wilds of Tartary and Russia. But my liberty regained, and a few days' rest among the beautiful daughters of Isreal, in Poland, re-established it, and I am now in as full bloom and vigor as thirty-seven years will afford any man. Jarvis says I look much older than when he saw me three summers ago at Paris, which I can readily believe. An American face does not wear well, like an American heart.

It would be now idle to inquire into the motives which urged that old profligate despot, the Empress Catherine, into such an act of flagrant injustice, as the seizure of Ledyard. She had, no doubt, been told that his success might be in some way or another detrimental to her commerce ; and without consideration or inquiry, perhaps in one of her furious fits of rage or drunkenness, she issued the order for his recall, which was executed with no less barbarity than it was given.

On his arrival at London, Ledyard, unsubdued by the bitterness of past disappointments, determined to enter upon some new theater of adventure ; for, in his case, as with wanderers generally, the passion for travel but increased by indulgence.

At this time he wrote an affectionate letter to his mother, from which the following is an extract : "I wrote you last from this place nearly two years ago, but I suppose you heard of me at Petersburg, by Mr. Franklin, of New York. I promised to write you from the remote parts of Siberia. I promise everything to those I love, and so does fortune to me sometimes ; but we reciprocally prevent each other from fulfilling our engagements. *She left me so poor in Siberia that I could not write you, because I could not frank the letter !*" He goes on to explain the nature of his anticipated trip to Africa, speaks of his engagement with the association, and amplifies upon its expected results, giving assurances in the meantime of his most intense filial love. He also sent her specimens of the wearing apparel he had used in Siberia : "Such as I have worn," he says, "through many a scene, and was glad to get them."

"The surtout coat is made of reindeer skin, and edged with the dewlap of the moose. It was made for a riding coat, and I have rode both horses and

deer with it. The first cap is of the Siberian red fox skin ; it is a traveling cap, and the form is entirely Tartar. The second cap is Russian, consisting of white ermine, and bordered with blue fox skin ; it cost me at Yakutsk twenty-five roubles, which is four guineas and one rouble. The surtout coat cost seventy roubles ; and the fox skin cap, six. The gloves are made of the feet of the fox, and lined with Tartar hare, and cost five roubles. The frock is in form and style truly Tartar. It was presented to me, and came from the borders of the Frozen Ocean, at the mouth of the river Kolyma. It is made of a spotted reindeer calf ; the edging is the same as that on the surtout.

The boots are of reindeer skin, ornamented with European cloth ; the form is Tartar : they cost eight roubles. The socks are made of the skin of an old reindeer. The cloak in which they are wrapped up, was made in London. I traveled on foot with it in Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland—the Lord knows where. I have slept in it, eat in it, drank in it, fought in it, negotiated in it. Through every scene, it has been my constant and hardy servant, from my departure till my return to London. And now to give it an asylum—for I have none—I send it to you. Lay it up ; as soon as I can I will call and lay myself up with it.” It seems that he sent his mother nearly a complete suit of his traveling clothes, sufficient, at any rate, to give a correct idea of her erratic son’s appearance, among the frozen wilds of Siberia. ’T was well he did—he never “called and laid himself up with them.”

Another field was now opened to the enterprise of Ledyard. He was taken into the service of the African Association, which was composed of some of the first characters in England, the object of which was to promote discoveries in the interior of that continent.

“For many ages the continent of Africa had been a neglected portion of the globe, of which the rest of the world had taken little account. The learning, and splendor, and prowess of Egypt were departed ; Carthage, with all its glory, had sunk into the dust ; the proud monuments of Numidian greatness had been blotted from the face of the earth, and almost from the memory of man. The gloom of this scene was heightened, not more by the ravages of time in destroying what had been, than by the contrasts which succeeding changes had produced. A semibarbarous population, gathered from the wrecks of fallen nations, enemies to the arts, and to the best social interests of man, had gradually spread themselves over the whole northern borders of Africa, and presented a barrier to the hazards of enterprise, no less than to the inroads of civilization. Whatever might be the ardor for discovery, and the disregard of danger, nobody cared to penetrate into these regions, where all was uncertainty, and where the chance of success bore no proportion to the perils that must be encountered.

There is no question, that the northern half of Africa was better known to the Romans at the time of Julius Cæsar, than to the Europeans in the middle of the eighteenth century. A few scattered names of rivers, towns, and nations, occupied the map of the interior, traced there by a hesitating hand, on the dubious authority of the Nubian geographer Edrissi, and the Spanish traveler Leo Africanus. The rhymes of Swift on this subject, were not more witty than true.

“Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o’er unhabitable downs,
Place elephants, for want of towns.”

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leo penetrated as far as Timbuctoo and the Niger; but so imperfect were his descriptions, even of what he saw, that very little geographical knowledge was communicated by them. He was on the banks of the Niger; but it could not be ascertained from his account, whether this river ran to the east or west, nor, indeed, whether it existed as a separate stream.

In short, down to the time when the African Association was formed, almost the whole of this vast continent, its geography and physical resources, its inhabitants, governments, languages, were a desideratum in the history of nature and of man. It could not be doubted, that many millions of human beings inhabited these hidden regions. Nor were the character and condition of these people, their institutions and social advancement, mere matters of curiosity; they had a relation to the people of other parts of the globe, and, when discovered and understood, might be turned to the common advantage of the great human family. There are no nations that may not profit by an intercourse between each other, either by an exchange of products peculiar to each, or by a reciprocal moral influence, or by both. On these broad and benevolent principles the society for promoting discoveries in Africa was instituted, and the scheme was worthy of the enlightened philanthropists by whom it was devised.”

On the committee of the African Association, at the time the arrangement with Ledyard was made, was Sir Joseph Banks, through whose agency he became connected with the enterprise. The preliminary interview which Ledyard had with Sir Joseph on this subject, is thus described by Mr. Beaujoy, then secretary of the African Association: “Sir Joseph Banks, who knew his temper, told him that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wishes of the association, for discovering the inland countries of Africa. Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the continent of Africa, as soon as he had explored the interior of North America; and as Sir Joseph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of these memoirs. Before I had learned from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and passed thence in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said he should think himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out. ‘TO-MORROW MORNING!’ was his answer. I told him I was afraid that we should not be able, in so short a time, to prepare his instructions, and to procure for him the letters that were requisite; but that if the committee approved of his proposals, all expedition should be used.”

This interview is one of the most wonderful instances of decision of character on record. Notwithstanding his recent bitter experience, enough to have crushed the most romantic enthusiasm, Ledyard was ready to face death, by encountering new and unheard-of perils in the heart of Africa. Any other man would long have hesitated ere they would have decided to embark on such a mission, and none, except the bravest, but what would then have quailed in view of its dangers: yet Ledyard, superior to all fear in the prompt decision of an elevated spirit, gave the unexpected and surprising answer: "*To-morrow morning, sir!*"

Ledyard was in a situation now better suited to his wishes and nature, than ever before. From the position of *seeker*, he had attained, by the exhibition of his superior qualities, that of the *sought*, and with entire independence he could press his restless foot on the plains of Africa. Buoyed up with expectation, he thus wrote to his mother: "Truly it is written, 'that the ways of God are past finding out, and his decrees unsearchable.' Is the Lord thus great? So also he is good. I am an instance of it. I have trampled the world under my feet, laughed at fear, and derided danger. Through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing north, the everlasting ice, and stormy seas, have I passed without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects have I for praise, love, and adoration. I have just returned to England, from my travels of two years, and am going away into Africa to examine that continent. I expect to be absent three years. I shall be in Egypt as soon as I can get there, and after that, go into unknown parts. I have full and perfect health. Remember me to my brothers and sisters. Desire them to remember me, for if heaven permits, I shall see them again. I pray God to bless and comfort you all. Farewell."

The character he intended to assume in Africa, was that of a trader in a caravan, which was very appropriate; such persons crossing and recrossing the country continually, in that position without molestation.

On the 30th of June, 1788, Ledyard, for the last time, left London, en route for Africa. On the morning of his departure, in conversation with a friend, he spoke as follows, concerning his checkered life: "I am accustomed to hardships. I have known both hunger and nakedness, to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it was to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

Ledyard proceeded direct to Paris, where he had encouraging interviews with Jefferson and Lafayette. From thence he went to Marseilles, and crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria, in Egypt, and passed up the Nile to Cairo. From Cairo he wrote the association a letter, which showed his zeal in their cause, and his great aims in life. "Money!" exclaims he, "is a vile slave! I have at present an economy of a more exalted kind to observe. I have the eyes of some of the first men, of the first kingdom on

earth turned upon me. I am engaged by those very men, in the most important object that any private individual can be engaged in. I have their approbation to acquire or to lose; and their esteem, also, which I prize beyond everything, except the independent idea of serving mankind. Should rashness or desperation carry me through, whatever fame the vain and injudicious might bestow, I should not accept of it; it is the good and great I look to—Fame bestowed by them is altogether different, and is closely allied to a ‘Well done,’ from God.”

But little remains to be said of John Ledyard; what toil, suffering, and hardship could not do, was accomplished by disease. Expecting soon to start with the caravan for Sinnaar, and ardently anxious to accomplish his mission to the satisfaction of the association, he wrote a long letter to Jefferson, in the course of which he said: “From Cairo, I am to travel southwest about three hundred miles, to a black king. Then my present conductors will leave me to my fate. Beyond, I suppose, I shall go alone. I expect to cut the continent across, between the parallels of twelve and twenty degrees of north latitude. If possible, I shall write you from the kingdom of this black gentleman.”

This was the last letter ever known to have been written by Ledyard to any one; the next arrivals from Cairo, conveyed the mournful intelligence of his death. Exposed, as he was, to the heat of the tropics and uncongenial atmospheric influences, in the midst of the sickly season, he became the victim of a severe bilious attack. To relieve it, he took a large dose of vitriolic acid, which produced an intense burning in the brain, that threatened the most serious consequences. Resort was had to a tartar emetic, with hopes that the acid would be evacuated. It was of no avail. He continued to sink rapidly, though the best medical skill that could be had was called into requisition. He died in November, 1788, in the 38th year of his age.

Ledyard was amiable, and kind, grateful for benefits, humane, and remarkable for his disinterestedness. His primary object in his travels, was to benefit mankind by his discoveries. Mr. Beaujoy, the secretary of the African Association, thus describes him: “To those who have never seen Mr. Ledyard, it may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to know that his person, though scarcely exceeding the middle size, was remarkably expressive of activity and strength, and that his manners, though unpolished, were neither unpleasing nor uncivil. Little attentive to difference of rank, he seemed to consider all men as his equals, and as such he respected them. His genius, though uncultivated and irregular, was original and comprehensive. Ardent in his wishes, yet calm in his deliberations; daring in his purposes, but guarded in his measures; impatient of control, yet capable of strong endurance; adventurous beyond the conception of ordinary men, yet wary and considerate, and attentive to all precautions, he appeared to be formed by nature for achievements of hardihood and peril.”



The Young American, Francis Huger, assisting La Fayette to escape from the Austrian Police.

THE HEROIC ADVENTURE
OF
FRANCIS HUGER,

A YOUNG MAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND OF HIS COMPANION, DR. BOLLMAN, IN THEIR
ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF GENERAL LA FAYETTE, FROM AN

AUSTRIAN PRISON AT OLMUTZ.

DURING the frenzy of the French Revolution, nearly every citizen, eminent for worth or public services, became, in turn, the object of suspicion and denunciation to the violent men, who for a time controlled the destinies of France. La Fayette, whose devotion to the cause of liberty had been proved by his services and sacrifices in aid of the revolted American Colonies, did not escape the common fate of the patriotic and the good in that dark day of distrust and terror.

He was denounced in the National Assembly, and Danton and Brissot had the extreme satisfaction of procuring a decree of accusation to be passed against him in that body. New commissioners were appointed and dispatched to apprehend him, his property was confiscated, a price was set on his head, and all citizens were charged to assist in apprehending him, and were authorized to kill him wherever he should be found. Finding that no reliance could be placed on his army for protection, but that defection and desertion, through the influence of the Jacobin terror, were increasing; and seeing, under such circumstances, no prospect of benefiting his country, La Fayette decided on flight as the only means of saving his life.

With this intention, he invited three of his friends, Generals Latour Maubourg, Alexander Lameth, and Bureau de Puzy, the commandant of engineers, to come to his tent at midnight on the 19th of August. It was decided that they would leave an ungrateful country, governed by a faction, which sought for their blood, and that they would cross Brabant and reach Holland, from whence they could embark for the United States of America.

Early the next day, La Fayette, accompanied by his three friends, who had been members of the National Assembly with him, and who alone were in the secret, together with their aids-de-camp, and a part of their staff, set off on horseback as if to reconnoiter. Having arrived at an inn, two or three leagues from the camp, they dismounted and entered the house, placing sentinels at the door to prevent a surprise from the enemy's patrols. General La Fayette then confided to these officers, twenty-three in number, the state of the country; the feelings of the army; the before unknown facts, that the Jacobin society, and the municipality of Paris, had devoted him to proscription, that the corporation of the same city had caused the dies of the medal, which was to have been struck to his honor, to be broken

by the hands of the common executioner, and that he was declared to be an enemy to his country, and a price was set upon his head. He finished, by informing them of his determination to quit the country for a time, and that he should consider as his enemy any man who should propose to march against her.

Notwithstanding this injunction, these young soldiers unanimously declared, that there was but one way left, to save their country and their general, which was to march directly to Paris, and disperse the Jacobin faction at once. But the general soon convinced them that such a step ought not to be thought of, and as none of them had been proscribed except himself, he thought that all had better return peaceably and immediately to the camp, lest their absence should excite suspicion.

Notwithstanding all his remonstrances to the contrary, several of them determined to leave France, and share the fate of their general, whatever it might be. These young men were the two Maubourgs, Bureau de Puzy, Lameth, Masson, Rene, Pillet, and Cardingan. His faithful valet, Pontenier, and Augustus one of his servants, who afterward voluntarily shared all his imprisonments from Luxembourg to Olmutz, asked the liberty to follow their master. The rest were persuaded to return, and take with them La Fayette's escort, consisting of one hundred and fifty cavalry.

La Fayette then set out with his seven companions, harassed with the most trying reflections upon his own situation, that of his family and country, and upon the danger which threatened him. After a rapid and uninterrupted journey, they arrived, toward night, in the neighborhood of an advanced guard of the Austrian army. Here they halted, and deliberated upon the steps to be taken. It was near eleven o'clock at night, none of them knew the road, and the darkness was such as to make it impossible to find it. In this state of embarrassment, rendered more so from the fear that the French were in pursuit of them, they determined at all hazards to proceed, and, without discovering their names or rank, to demand permission of the Austrian commander to pass him, with the intention of taking refuge in Holland, at that time a neutral territory. This resolution being taken, Colonel de Puzy, the only individual of the party who spoke German, advanced toward the Austrian officer, who received him very politely. He informed him that he and his companions had deserted from the French army, finding themselves compelled to leave the country, in consequence of intrigue and faction, and that they desired a safe passage into Holland. The officer expressed his regret, that he was unable to give a decided answer, without first consulting his superior; but that, in the meantime, he and his friends were welcome to rest and take refreshments in his tent, as the night was stormy. De Puzy having returned and made his report, they set out for the Austrian headquarters, and finally were conducted to Luxembourg.

Immediately on their arrival at this fortress, they were recognized by a crowd of refugees, who, looking on La Fayette as one of the first promoters of the revolution, treated them with the utmost insolence and contempt. Among the most virulent of these enraged emigrants, was Prince de Lambes, who rendered himself notorious by his abuse of La Fayette.

As soon as the Governor of Luxembourg recognized La Fayette, he con-

fined each of the party in separate rooms, at the inn where they had stopped, and placed sentinels at their doors. They protested in vain against these proceedings and wrote to the Duke of Saxe Tschén, for the purpose of gaining their release, and obtaining passports. His refusal was accompanied with a savage and useless threat of a public execution; and they remained in a state of close confinement, until the Governor of Luxembourg received orders from the Court of Vienna, to deliver them into the hands of the King of Prussia. They were transported in a common cart, like criminals, under a strong escort of cavalry, during the night, from Luxembourg to Wesel, being confined in the common-jails of the country, whenever it was found necessary to stop. La Fayette's valet, only, was permitted to ride in the cart with his master. The Austrians sold their horses and arms, and retained the money.

At Wesel, the populace were permitted to insult them in the most savage manner. Here they were put in irons, placed in separate cells in the castle, deprived of all intercourse with each other, and told that the king intended to have them hanged, as wretches who deserved no favor. From Wesel, they were again transported in a cart to Magdeburg, where they were confined a year, in a dark subterranean dungeon, and during this time, all information from their families was denied them.

The King of Prussia now ordered La Fayette to be transported to Silesia; General Maubourg solicited and obtained permission to accompany him. Here they were confined until about the period when a peace was settled between France and Prussia, when they were delivered up to the Austrian government, and were conveyed to Olmutz.

Here they were informed, as they were incarcerated in separate cells, that they would never again see anything but the four walls of their prison house, that they would never again hear a human voice; their very names were proscribed, and that in future they would be designated in dispatches to government by the numbers of their respective cells; and lest they should destroy themselves, knives, forks, and everything that could be used for that purpose, would be interdicted.

The three prisoners they abandoned to their miserable reflections, were immured in the dungeons of the ancient castle of the Jesuits, the walls of which were twelve feet thick, and into which air is admitted through an opening two feet square, which is secured at each end by transverse massive iron bars. Immediately before these loopholes was a broad ditch, which was covered with water only when it rained, and at other times was a stagnant marsh, from which a poisonous effluvium was constantly exhaling; and beyond this, were the outer walls of the castle, which prevented the slightest breeze from passing to the captives. On these outer walls were, in the daytime, four, and at night eight, sentinels, with loaded muskets, constantly watching the prisoners, and forbidden, on pain of one hundred lashes, to speak a word with them, and with orders to shoot them dead, if they attempted to escape. The cellar of this castle had a large saloon, two hundred feet long and twelve wide, in which was a guard, consisting of an officer and twenty-five men, and a corporal and four soldiers, who alternately kept guard before the door of the prisoners. These soldiers, while on duty, were forbidden either to speak, sing, or whistle.

As this castle had served as a prison for four years previously to La Fayette's confinement, there had been constructed for each cell two doors, one of iron and the other of wood, near two feet thick. Both were covered with bolts, and bars, and double padlocks. Every time the inspector of the prison entered, the whole guard stood to their arms. Four men were posted on each side of the door; the sergeant, with his sword drawn, remained without, while the officer of the guard entered the inner door, with his sword also drawn. The men crossed their bayonets, while the inspector examined every corner of their cells with the greatest minuteness. When the jailer entered with their wretched pittance, twice a day, it was scrupulously examined, particularly the bread, which was crumbled to pieces by the officer of the guard, to discover if there was any note or communication contained in it. A wretched bed of rotten straw filled with vermin, together with a broken chair and an old table, formed the whole furniture of each apartment.

The cells were eight or ten paces deep, and six or eight wide; and when it rained, the water ran through the loopholes, off the walls, in such quantities, that the prisoners would sometimes find themselves in the morning wet to the skin.

Such is the shocking account given by General Ducondray Holstein, and as he states, on the verbal authority of the prisoners themselves.

The sufferings of La Fayette in this dreary abode, brought him to the borders of the grave. "His frame was wasted by disease, of which, for a long period, not the slightest notice was taken; and, on one occasion, he was reduced so low, that his hair fell from him entirely, by the excess of his sufferings. At the same time his estates in France were confiscated, his wife cast into prison, and *Fayetteism*, as adherence to the constitution was called, was punished with death."

But a man so distinguished in the world, and so endeared to the friends of civil liberty, though shut up in a dungeon, and deprived of communication with human beings, was not forgotten. The American ministers to foreign courts, were instructed to intercede for his liberation. The envoy from the United States to the Court at St. James, exerted himself for the same purpose. The Count Lally Tolendal, who sat with La Fayette in the National Assembly, and who admired his principles and his virtues, also made unwearied exertions to effect his enlargement. Washington, when President of the United States, wrote to the Emperor of Austria a private letter, laying La Fayette's case before him, and requesting his permission that he might be liberated, and come to America. The following is a part of that letter:

"It will readily occur to your majesty, that occasions may sometimes exist, on which official considerations would constrain the chief of a nation to be silent and passive in relation even to objects which affect his sensibility, and claim his interposition as a man. Finding myself precisely in this situation at present, I have taken the liberty of writing this private letter to your majesty, being persuaded that my motives will also be my apology for it.

In common with the people of this country, I retain a strong and cordial sense of the services rendered to them by the Marquis de La Fayette; and

my friendship for him has been constant and sincere. It is natural, therefore, that I should sympathize with him and his family in their misfortunes; and endeavor to mitigate the calamities they experience, among which his present confinement is not the least distressing.

I forbear to enlarge on this delicate subject. Permit me only to submit to your majesty's consideration, whether the long imprisonment, and the confiscation of his estate, and the indigence and dispersion of his family, and the painful anxieties incident to all these circumstances, do not form an assemblage of sufferings which recommend him to the mediation of humanity? Allow me, Sir, on this occasion, to be its organ; and to entreat that he may be permitted to come to this country, on such conditions as your majesty may think it expedient to prescribe.

As it is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant, your majesty will do me the justice to believe, that this request appears to me to correspond with those great principles of magnanimity and wisdom, which form the basis of sound policy and durable glory."

To this humane and magnanimous request, his majesty the emperor either returned no answer at all, or such a one as made Washington understand that he declined setting the prisoner at liberty, or negotiating further on the subject.

In 1793, Count Lally Tolendal, then in London, engaged Dr. Bollman, a Hanoverian of great sagacity, courage, and perseverance, to attempt the liberation of La Fayette. Dr. Bollman had before been employed by Madame de Stael, to effect the escape of Count Norbonne from France, who, in the reign of terror, had been proscribed. This he had performed, having, with uncommon address, conveyed the count to England. But Dr. Bollman's first attempt was so unsuccessful, that after all his exertions, he did little more than to ascertain that the government of Prussia had delivered La Fayette over to that of Austria. But where he was or whether he was still alive, were circumstances which Dr. Bollman found it impossible to ascertain. He therefore returned again to London, and reported to the friends of the prisoner the little information he had obtained.

But the friends of La Fayette were not discouraged. In June, 1794, they again sent Dr. Bollman to Germany, to ascertain what had been his fate, and if he were still alive, to endeavor to procure his escape. With great difficulty he traced the French prisoners to the Prussian frontier, and then ascertained that an Austrian escort had received them, and taken the road to Olmutz. At Olmutz, Dr. Bollman ascertained that several state prisoners were kept in the citadel, with a degree of caution and mystery, which must have been not unlike that used by the half-fabulous personage in the Iron Mask.

The following interesting account of Dr. Bollman's second visit to the continent, and the attempt to deliver La Fayette, is extracted from the "Edinburgh Annual Register," for 1809. "The narrative," says the editor, "was drawn up by the writer from personal communications with Mr. Huger."

La Fayette had dragged on two miserable years in his solitary prison, when a stranger and a foreigner stepped forward from pure motives of com-

passion, and an anxious wish to be of service to a man who had signalized himself in the cause of liberty. Bollman was a Hanoverian by birth, young, active, intrepid, and intelligent. He repaired alone and on foot to Olmutz, to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means to execute the purpose he had in view, to assist La Fayette in making his escape from the power of Austria. He soon found that, without an able coadjutor the difficulties which presented themselves were insurmountable. He was forced, therefore, for the present to abandon his design, until he should be so fortunate as to find a man equally zealous with himself, and with ability sufficient to execute the hazardous plan he had formed. Accident threw in his way the person in the world best suited to the enterprise by nature and education. At Vienna he entered into the society of young Americans, whom he thought most likely, from their veneration for the character of La Fayette, to dare such an undertaking. He soon singled out one, to whom, after proper precautions, he imparted his secret. Huger entered into and adopted his schemes with all the keenness of youth, and that enthusiastic enterprise peculiar to the inhabitants of the new world.

Francis Huger was the son of Colonel Huger, of Charleston, South Carolina, who lost his life in the service of his country, against the British troops, on the walls of the town, when besieged by General Prevost. The year before his death, he had retired to a small island off the Charleston Bar, with his family, for the purpose of sea-bathing. There happened one evening a violent storm; the report of cannon was heard at a distance: concluding the firing came from British ships, then cruising in those seas, it was necessary to avoid giving suspicion that the island was inhabited. About midnight a knocking at the door of the cottage obliged Colonel Huger to open it. Two persons appeared, who, in a foreign accent, informed him that their ship had been driven on shore by the violence of the wind, and the crew had dispersed themselves over the island in search of assistance. They were hospitably received, and provided with such necessaries as they most stood in need of. When the strangers were made acquainted with the quality of their host, and his political principles, they made themselves and the object of their voyage known to him. The one was the Marquis de La Fayette, then about eighteen, and the other an elderly gentleman, a Chevalier de St. Louis, who, like another Mentor, had followed the fortunes of the Young Telemachus. "They beheld," they said, "with indignation, the tyranny the inhabitants of North America labored under from the mother country; and, animated with the true spirit of liberty, they were resolved to espouse the cause of the congress, and either partake with them the happiness of emancipation, or perish with them in the glorious effort." Colonel Huger quitted the island with his guests, and, repairing to headquarters, introduced them to General Washington, who gave each of them a command in the continental army. Francis Huger was only four years old when this happened, but the adventure remained deeply impressed on his memory; and though he had never seen La Fayette since, yet he felt the greatest attachment to his person, and the highest admiration of his actions; with ardor, therefore, he participated in Bollman's scheme for the release of his favorite hero.

Thus agreed, they began their operations. It was necessary to conduct

themselves with caution, for the Austrian police was vigilant, and particularly jealous of strangers. Huger pretended ill health, and Bollman gave himself out for a physician, who on that account traveled with him. They bought three of the best horses they could find, and with one servant set forward on a tour. After traveling many weeks, staying some time at different places, the better to conceal their purpose, and to confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they at length reached Olmutz. After viewing everything in the town, they walked into the castle to see the fortifications, made themselves acquainted with the jailer, and having desired permission to walk within the castle the next day, they returned to their lodging. They repeated their visits frequently, each time conversing familiarly with the jailer, and sometimes making him little presents. By degrees they gained his confidence, and one day, as if by accident, asked him what prisoners he had under his care. He mentioned the name of La Fayette; without discovering any surprise, they expressed a curiosity to know how he passed his time, and what indulgencies he enjoyed; they were informed that he was strictly confined, but was permitted to take exercise without the walls with proper attendants, and, besides, was allowed the use of books and pen, ink, and paper. They said, that as they had some new publications with them, it might add to his amusement if they were to lend them to him, and desired to know if they might make the offer. The jailer said he thought there could be no objection, provided the books were delivered open to him (the jailer), so that he might see there was nothing improper in their contents. With this caution they complied, and the same evening sent a book and a note to the jailer, addressed to La Fayette, written in French; who, though he did not understand that language (as it afterward appeared), yet did not suspect any treachery where everything was conducted so openly. The note contained apologies for the liberty they had taken; but as they wished in any way to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion. He received the note, and finding it was not expressed in the usual mode of complimentary letters, conceived that more was meant than met the eye. He therefore carefully perused the book, and found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed any further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them, and adding, that he highly approved of and was much charmed with its contents.

Having thus begun a correspondence, seldom a day passed but open notes passed between them, some of which the jailer showed to persons who could read them; but, as nothing appeared that could create any suspicion, the correspondence was permitted.

Their plan being at length arranged, the particulars were written with lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper a letter of inquiry after La Fayette's health, concluding with these words: *Quand vous aurez lu ce billet, mettez le au feu* (instead of *dans le feu*). By holding the paper to the fire the letters appeared, and he was made acquainted with every ar-

rangement they had made. The day following was fixed upon to put the plan into execution. The city of Olmutz is situated about thirty miles from the frontiers of Silesia, in the midst of a plain, which, taking the town as its center, extends three miles each way. The plain is bounded by rising ground, covered with bushes and broken rocks; so that a man standing on the walls might distinctly see everything that passed on the plain. Sentinels were placed for the purpose of giving an alarm when any prisoner was attempting to escape, and all people were ordered to assist in retaking him; great rewards were likewise due to the person who arrested a prisoner. It seemed therefore scarcely possible to succeed in such an attempt. Aware of these difficulties, Bollman and Huger were not intimidated, but took their measures with the greater caution.

Under pretense that his health required air and exercise, La Fayette had obtained permission to ride out upon the plain every day in an open cabriolet, accompanied by an officer, and attended by an armed soldier, who mounted behind by way of guard. During these excursions he had gained the confidence of the officer so far, that when the carriage was at a distance from the walls they used to quit it, and walk together.

The plan determined upon was this: Bollman and Huger were to ride out of town on horseback, the latter leading a third horse; as neither of them knew La Fayette, a signal was agreed upon at their meeting. La Fayette was to endeavor to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and, as usual, to quit the carriage with the officer, and draw him imperceptibly as far from it as he could, without exciting his suspicions. The two friends were then to approach, and, if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount La Fayette upon the horse Huger led, and ride away to Beautropp, fifteen miles distant, where a chaise and horses awaited to convey them to Trappaw, the nearest town within the Prussian dominions, about thirty miles from Olmutz, where they would be safe from pursuit. In the morning Huger sent his trusty servant to endeavor to learn the precise time that La Fayette left the castle. After a tedious delay, he returned, and told them that the carriage had just passed the gates.

With agitated hearts they set out; having gained the plain, they could perceive no carriage; they rode slowly on, till they had nearly reached the woody country, but still no carriage appeared. Alarmed lest some unforeseen accident should have led to a discovery, they hesitated; but, recollecting that their motions might be distinctly seen from the walls, they retraced their steps, and had arrived at a short distance from the town, when they beheld the long wished for cabriolet pass through the gates, with two persons in it, one in the Austrian uniform, and a musqueteer mounted behind. On passing, they gave the preconcerted signal, which was returned, and the carriage moved on. They continued their ride toward the town, then turned, and slowly followed the carriage. They loitered, in order to give La Fayette time to execute his part of the agreement. They observed the two gentlemen descend from the carriage, and walk from it arm-in-arm. They approached gradually, and perceiving that La Fayette and the officer appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation about the officer's sword, which La Fayette had at the time in his hand, they thought this the favorable moment, and put spurs to their horses. The noise of their approach

alarmed the officer, who, turning round, and seeing two horsemen coming up full gallop, he hastened to join the cabriolet, pulling La Fayette with him; finding resistance, he endeavored to get possession of his sword, and a struggle ensued. Huger arrived at this, moment; "You are free," said he "seize this horse, and fortune be our guide."

He had scarce spoken, when the gleam of the sun upon the blade of the sword startled the horse. He broke his bridle, and fled precipitately over the plain. Bollman rode after to endeavor to take him. Meantime Huger, with a gallantry and generosity seldom equaled, but never excelled, insisted on La Fayette's mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous: "Lose no time, the alarm is given, the peasants are assembling, save yourself." La Fayette mounted his horse, left Huger on foot, and was soon out of sight. Bollman had in vain pursued the frightened horse, and perceiving he had taken the road to the town, gave up the chase, and returned to Huger, who got up behind him, and they galloped away together. They had not gone far when the horse, unequal to such a burden, stumbled and fell, and Bollman was so bruised with the fall, that with difficulty he could rise from the ground. The gallant Huger assisted his friend upon the horse, and again forgetting all selfish considerations, desired him to follow and assist La Fayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot, which he said he could easily do, as he was a good runner, and the woody country was close at hand. Bollman with reluctance consented.

Upon the approach of the horsemen, the soldier, who had remained with the cabriolet, instead of coming to the assistance of the officer, ran back to the town; but long before he arrived the alarm was given; for the whole of the transaction had been observed from the walls—the cannon fired, and the country was raised. Bollman easily evaded his pursuers, by telling them he was himself in pursuit. Huger was not so fortunate; he had been marked by a party, who never lost sight of him; yet his hunters being on foot like himself, he might have reached his covert, had they not been joined by others who were fresh in the chase; they gained ground upon him, and at the moment he had reached a place where he hoped he might rest awhile, quite exhausted with fatigue and breathless, he sunk to the earth, and a peasant came up; he offered him his purse to assist his escape; the Austrian snatched the money with one hand, and seized him with the other, calling to his companions to come to his help. Resistance was vain, and the intrepid Huger was conveyed back to Olmutz in triumph, inwardly consoling himself with the glorious idea, that he had been the cause of rescuing from tyranny and misery a man he esteemed one of the first characters upon earth. He was shut up in a dungeon of the castle as a state prisoner.

Meanwhile La Fayette took the road he was directed, and arrived without any obstacle at a small town about ten miles from Olmutz; here the road divided; that leading to Trappaw lay to the right—unfortunately he took the left. He had scarce left the town, when perceiving the road turning too much to the left, he suspected he had mistaken his way, and inquired of a person he met the way to Beutropp. The man, eyeing him with a look of curiosity, at length told him he had missed his way, but directed him to take another, which he said would soon lead him right. This man,

from La Fayette's appearance, his horse in a foam, his foreign accent, and the inquiries he made, suspected him to be a prisoner making his escape; he therefore directed him a road, which by a circuit led him back to the town, ran himself to the magistrate, and told him his suspicions; so that when La Fayette thought himself upon the point of regaining the road which would soon secure his retreat, he found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who, regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. He was however so collected, that he gave the most plausible answers to the interrogations that were put to him; he said that he was an officer of excise belonging to Trappaw, and that having friends at Olmutz, he had been there upon a visit; had been detained there by indisposition longer than he intended, and, as his time of leave of absence was expired, he was hastening back, and begged he might not be detained, for if he did not reach Trappaw that day, he was afraid his absence might be noticed, and he should lose his office. The magistrate was so much prepossessed in his favor by this account, and by the readiness of his answers to every question, that he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and was going to dismiss him, when the door of an inner room opened, and a young man entered with papers for the magistrate to sign. While this was doing the young man fixed his eyes upon La Fayette, and immediately whispered to the magistrate; "Who do you say he is?" "The General La Fayette." "How do you know him?" "I was present when the general was delivered up by the Prussians to the Austrians; this is the man, I cannot be mistaken."

La Fayette entreated to be heard. The magistrate told him it was useless for him to speak; he must consent immediately to be conveyed to Olmutz, and his identity would then be ascertained. Dismayed and confounded, he submitted to his hard fate, was carried back to Olmutz, and the same day, which rose to him with the fairest prospects of happiness and liberty, beheld him, at the close of it, plunged in still deeper misery and imprisonment. Bollman, having eluded the search of his pursuers, arrived at the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming. Finding it still there, and yet no appearance of La Fayette, he foreboded mischief. With as much patience as he could command, he remained till evening, not yet giving up all hope of a fortunate issue to their adventure. He dismissed the chaise, however, and made a circuitous journey, in hopes his friends might have escaped by a different route; he could gain no information whatever, till, on the third day, a rumor of La Fayette having been retaken in attempting his escape, dissipated his hopes; and, anxious to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmutz. He soon was told the melancholy tale, with the addition, that his friend Huger had shared a similar fate. In despair at having been the primary cause of his misfortune, and determining to share it with him, he voluntarily surrendered himself, and was committed a prisoner to the castle.

Thus, by a train of most untoward accidents, which no prudence could foresee or guard against, failed a plan so long meditated, and so skillfully projected. The reader's attention must now be confined chiefly to Huger. The day after his entrance into the castle, Huger received notice from the jailer to prepare for an examination before the chief magistrate of the city.

As he was not conscious of having committed any very heinous crime, he was under no apprehensions for his life ; but expected that, after he had told his story, and declared the motive of his actions, his judge might subject him to some slight punishment, perhaps a short imprisonment ; what then was his amazement, when he heard himself accused of having entered into a conspiracy against the Austrian government.

The examination was carried on by means of an interpreter, a young man of a benign aspect, who seemed to compassionate his situation, and who, when he gave such answers as he thought might tend to hurt his cause, made him repeat his answers, softening their import, assuring him he did not exactly express himself in proper terms, and desiring him to recollect whether he did not mean to answer in such and such a manner. Huger saw his good intentions, and determined to rely on his judgment, especially after he had heard him say in a low voice, "I am your friend." After this, and many subsequent examinations, the magistrates informed him he must not expect pardon, but advised him to prepare for the worst. This exhortation, so often repeated, began to have some effect upon him, and considering he was in the power of an absolute monarch, whose will was superior to law, he could not shake off some melancholy presages. His place of confinement was a loathsome dungeon, without light ; he was fed with the coarsest food—chained to the floor during the night—his own clothes taken from him, and others sent him that had already been worn by many an unfortunate prisoner. Thus he dragged on the first three months of his confinement. After that time, he was removed to a better room, into which glimmered a borrowed light ; better clothes, and more wholesome food were given him, and his circumstances, in every respect, were improved. But still he was uncertain as to his fate, and the jailer was the only human being that visited him. One day he was surprised with the appearance of his young friend the interpreter, Mr. W——. Nothing could exceed his joy at once more beholding a kindly human face. He informed Huger, that the court of Austria had believed that all the garrison of Olmutz had been engaged in the conspiracy ; that many people had been arrested on suspicion ; for it could not be believed, that two such young men as he and Bollman could have formed and executed so daring a plan, without the aid of others ; but as no proofs had hitherto appeared, it was determined to bring them shortly to trial, and for that purpose, lawyers were to be sent from Vienna, to assist the magistrates of the city. Huger now, for the first time, learned the complete failure of their scheme, and that Bollman was under the same roof with him. However sad the reflection was, that his friend's sufferings equaled his own, yet he could not express the joy he felt at being so near him. Soon after, he discovered that he inhabited the room above him. Thenceforward his treatment was much less rigorous ; even the jailer, who till lately had observed a profound silence, relaxed his caution, and came frequently to visit him ; and though a man of few words, yet as his presence broke the dreary solitude, he felt happy whenever he made his appearance. Many were the experiments he tried, to hold communication with Bollman, and at length he succeeded.

He discovered that the window which threw a borrowed light into his cell, served likewise to throw light into that of Bollman. He picked a

piece of lime from the wall, and with it scratched a few words upon a black silk handkerchief he wore about his neck; then fixing it upon a stick, he climbed up the side of the room, and raised the stick as near the common window as he could, till it had attracted the attention of Bollman, who, after many efforts, made himself master of it, and returned an answer by the same method. Delighted with having overcome this difficulty, they never suffered a day to pass without some communication. To W——, they were indebted for the means of rendering their situation still more comfortable, by engaging the jailer's wife in their interest; a few presents, and now and then a small piece of money, induced her secretly to bring them books, food, wine, and warmer clothes; and at length to procure a meeting between the two friends, at first short, but by degrees become more hardy, they were permitted to pass some part of every day together. The following is an extract of a letter, written by Huger to a near friend and relation, which, as it describes his situation and feelings in a forcible manner, ought not to be omitted.

"I am equally ignorant how this affair may have been represented, or what may be thought, in these times, of an attempt to deliver M. de la Fayette. The motives which, however, induced me to engage in it, cannot be judged by those who examine all similar enterprises according to their success or failure. Believe me, it was neither unreasonably undertaken, nor rashly executed, but failed from accidents which prudence could not foresee. To the mortification of a failure, were added the miseries of a prison, which, in Austria, exceed anything known in England. In a small room, just long enough for my bed of straw, with eight-pence a day for my support; at night chained to the ground, and without books or light, I passed the first three months of my captivity. After this time my situation became gradually better, but I was not allowed to write to my friends to be delivered from my chains, or permitted the smallest intercourse with the world, till a fortnight before my release.

"In such a situation, the consciousness alone of having done nothing dishonest or dishonorable, could afford that internal satisfaction, and inspire that stern patience, necessary to support calmly so sudden and severe a reverse of fortune; but it has convinced me, that a mind at peace with itself, can in no situation be unhappy. Daily habit also soon removed the unpleasant sensations excited by disagreeable and unaccustomed objects, and the mind, which no power can restrain, will always derive consolation from hope, and rarely want some object to be actively employed upon. My friend and companion, Mr. Bollman, was in the same house, and our efforts to establish some communication, or to procure a momentary interview, afforded exercise for invention; and, in proportion to the difficulty of effecting our wishes, the smallest success rewarded days of projects and expectation. I once, also, found means to disengage myself from my chains, and felt an emotion beyond the power of words to describe. My long captivity has not then been wholly miserable, nor without some pleasure."

At length, at the end of seven months, they were informed that the crown lawyers had arrived. The government by this time was satisfied, that the attempt to liberate La Fayette was planned independently by two adventurers, and that it was not a plot laid by the secret agents of France,

in which the garrison at Olmutz at least was concerned, if it were not more widely extended; and upon their trial, the sole fact of having attempted to rescue a state prisoner was alleged against them.

This fact being proved, they were remanded to their prison, to await the sentence which was to be pronounced against them by the supreme magistrate. They were now, however, permitted every indulgence but liberty. It was some days before they heard from W——, and when he came, they were astonished and confounded to hear from him, that their punishment was intended to be imprisonment for life. He however consoled them by hinting, that if they could by any means procure money, this sentence might be changed to one much less severe, as it remained with the magistrate to pass what sentence he thought proper, or even to release them entirely. Bollman had no fortune, and as Huger had no credit in Austria, it would be a long time before he could receive a remittance from London. W——, their guardian angel, promised to do all he could for them.

In the vicinity of Olmutz resided a Russian nobleman, of most polished manners, joined to the greatest benevolence of heart. With him W—— enjoyed a perfect intimacy and friendship; they were congenial souls. W—— had made him acquainted with the whole of their story; through him he had been able to administer so frequently to their comfort; and he now nobly offered to advance them whatever money they might want, to accomplish their release, and to defray their expenses to Hamburg. Having thus removed the greatest difficulty, his next care was to sound the sentiments of the magistrate. This he could easily effect, as, in the capacity of interpreter, he had constant communication with him. He soon discerned that the magistrate was not averse to his speaking in their favor: and when he artfully insinuated that a large reward would certainly attend his declaring himself inclined to pardon, he found himself listened to with more attention. Having gained this point, he very soon came to an *eclaircissement*. The magistrate made an exorbitant demand; W—— said it was useless for him to go to the prisoners with such terms, and as he knew exactly the state of their finances, he could at once mention what they had to give, and therefore the utmost he could expect. This sum was fifty pieces. He refused to comply for less than a hundred. In answer to this, W—— desired him to consider, that if he delayed his determination, he might lose his prize altogether, for that great interest was making at Vienna for the release of the prisoners, which he had no doubt would succeed, as among others, the English and American ambassadors had exerted themselves in their favor. This *upright* magistrate at last yielded to the impulse of avarice, and agreed that, if the prisoners would send him the money before they left the prison, they should be released the next day. To this he answered that they were so distrustful of all about them, that he was certain they would rather await the result of the petition at Vienna, than part with their little stock of money at an uncertainty, but added, that he himself would become their security, and be answerable to him for the money in case they did not pay it. To this he agreed, and W—— was authorized to negotiate with the prisoners. All matters being soon settled, the term of their imprisonment was first fixed at fourteen years, then shortened to seven, soon after to one, then to a month, and lastly to a week; at the expiration

of which they were released from prison. They immediately repaired to the house of the magistrate, to return him thanks for the many indulgencies he had allowed them, and upon shaking hands with him, the stipulated sum was put into his hands. It is not to be supposed they made a long stay at Olmutz; no longer than was necessary to pour out their grateful acknowledgments to the Russian nobleman, and above all, to the noble-minded, generous W——, to whose kindness they owed all the comforts they had experienced in prison, and to whose friendly and humane exertions they were ultimately indebted for their liberation.

“La Fayette, in the meantime, was thrown back into his obscure and ignominious sufferings, with hardly a hope that they could be terminated except with his life. During the winter of 1794–5, he was reduced to almost the last extremity by a violent fever; and yet was deprived of proper attendance, of air, of suitable food, and of decent clothes. To increase his misery, he was made to believe that he was reserved for public execution, and that his chivalrous deliverers had already perished on a scaffold; while, at the same time, he was not permitted to know whether his family were still alive, or had fallen under the revolutionary ax, of which, during the time he was out of his dungeon, he had heard such appalling accounts.

Madame La Fayette, however was nearer to him than he could imagine to have been possible. She (with her two daughters) had been released from prison, where she too had nearly perished; and having gained strength sufficient for the undertaking, and sent her eldest son for safety to the care of General Washington, she set out accompanied by her two young daughters, all in disguise, with American passports. They were landed at Altona, and proceeding immediately to Vienna, obtained an audience with the emperor, who refused to liberate La Fayette, but, as it now seems probable, against the intentions of his ministers, gave them permission to join him in his prison. They went instantly to Olmutz; but before they could enter, they were deprived of whatever they had brought with them, to alleviate the miseries of a dungeon, and required, if they should pass its threshold, never again to leave it.

Madame La Fayette's health soon sunk under the complicated sufferings and privations of her loathsome imprisonment, and she wrote to Vienna for permission to pass a week in the capital, to breathe purer air, and obtain medical assistance. Two months elapsed before any answer was returned; and then she was told that no objection would be made to her leaving her husband, but that if she should do so, she must never return to him. She immediately and formally signed her consent and determination to share his captivity in all its details.”

Notwithstanding the efforts which had been made for their release, La Fayette and his fellow prisoners remained immured in their dark and loathsome dungeons, until August, 1797, when Bonaparte settled the treaty of Campo Formio with the Austrian government. La Fayette had been confined five years, and Madame La Fayette and her daughters shared his imprisonment for twenty-two months.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF SOME OF THE MOST

EMINENT AMERICAN INVENTORS:

WHITNEY—FULTON—MORSE—STEERS—GOODYEAR—COLT—
M'CORMICK—SINGER, Etc.

THIS world probably is not yet out of its babyhood. The united ages of one hundred individuals who have reached the allotted period of three score years and ten, sum up an amount of time greater than that which has elapsed since our common parents first walked in the groves of Paradise.

Geologists demonstrate, and theologians assent to their evidence, that this round globe, whereon we all unexpectedly find ourselves, was probably millions of years in the process of forming for our habitation. Is it not fair, then, to infer that it will be occupied by our race for at least as long a period as it was preparing for them? And this, it would seem, could be well afforded; for let us assign its duration to any vast number of ages, nothing would be taken from eternity—nothing from the measureless glory and beneficence of HIM, with whom “one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.”

Beside, to our apprehension the world thus far would appear a failure. Very little has been accomplished by those for whom it was made. They have not even now completely explored its surface, and the great mass are yet in a savage state, which, although the natural condition, can be so only in the beginning—the nature of man being to progress, to reach forward and improve his condition, through the aid of Art, Science, and Religion. Art, mechanical and æsthetical, which ministers to labor, comfort, and the sense of the beautiful—Science, the sister and partner of Art, that opens the riches and workings of nature; and Religion, which cements everything, by lifting up the soul in harmony with the righteous law of the Great Author.

That this world is not yet out of swaddling clothes, seems further evident from the fact, that the vital truth, that “all men are born free and equal,” has just been discovered—the great *American idea*, that all have the same natural right to enjoy the benefits of everything which a common Father has provided—that no distinction in these respects exists between men, and no especial consideration is due to any one, other than that which arises from a mental or a moral superiority.

It is the effect of this idea of freedom and equality, united to the consequent more general diffusion of knowledge, that does so fill the breast of the American with hope and cheerfulness, for with it bursts upon his view

such a boundless field for enterprise, as never before gladdened the human heart. The great mass of mind that in other ages, and in other countries, was kept compressed has here burst its bonds, and is illustrating its power. The general freedom results in such an intensity of application in the individual, and such an amount in the aggregate, that the progress made seems miraculous; a few years giving results, that once centuries did not equal. In science, discovery after discovery, and in the mechanic arts, invention after invention crowd so thick upon us, that astonishment at the profusion of the riches of nature open to the genius of our race, is only equaled by our wonder in view of the eventual result of all these, present and to be, upon our condition.

Some, in noting these great achievements of our time, think that the greatest must have been attained, as though there could be a limit to the wonders that, in the profusion of an Almighty Creator, will always remain for the discovery and the application of the mind of man. Were such a final point reached, the human intellect would at once sink and become dwarfed in the absence of the proper aliment for its highest powers. No! neither in Time nor Eternity, can there be any want of the *material* for the development of the intellect and the affections, upward and onward forever and ever.

We here give sketches of some of our countrymen, whose inventions have had so much to do in changing the whole current of our national industry. These, great as they are, may have been equaled, and perhaps in some instances surpassed in mental force by others not generally known, because of their limited utility. Furthermore the truth doubtless is, that in a majority of instances the wisest exertions of intellect have failed in this life by the intervention of obstacles, as impossible to be foreseen as the passage of the meteoric stone, which falling from the skies on to the track at a critical moment, caused the whole train, with its precious freight of humanity, to go dashing over the precipice. But failure in the plans of this life are, perhaps, but temporary. Hope buoys us up with the thought that the strength gained by exertion here, may be continued to the spirit-world, where the ineffable glory of the Creator will be illustrated by the continuous progress of those who were originally made but "a little lower than the angels."

ELI WHITNEY, THE INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN.

Eli Whitney, the son of a substantial New England farmer, was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, in 1765. He early showed a genius for mechanics, and employed his leisure in such pursuits. When a mere boy, in the absence of his parents at church, prompted by curiosity, he took his father's watch to pieces to examine its mechanism. He put it together so skillfully that the machine ran as well as before. His father never discovered his audacity, until he himself, years after, revealed it to him.

At the close of the revolution, a fashion prevailed among the ladies of fastening on their bonnets with long pins. These he contrived to make with so much skill and dexterity, that he nearly monopolized the business. Partly by the avails of his mechanical industry, and partly by teaching school, he provided the means to prepare himself for college, and in 1789 became a student of Yale. His propensity for mechanical operations there

was occasionally shown. The skill with which he used the tools he borrowed of a carpenter, led to the exclamation, on the part of the man, "There was one good mechanic spoiled when you came to college!"

In 1792, having graduated, Whitney went to Georgia, with a view of becoming a private teacher; but being disappointed in an engagement, temporarily accepted the hospitalities of Gen. Greene, who resided near Savannah. He there invented a tambour frame for Mrs. Greene, to be used in embroidery, the ingenuity of which delighted the whole household. Not long after the family were visited by a party of gentlemen, consisting principally of officers who had served under the general, in the revolutionary army. The conversation turning upon the state of agriculture, it was regretted that there was no means of cleaning the seed from the green seed cotton, which might otherwise be profitably raised on lands unsuitable for rice. But, until ingenuity could devise some machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleaning, it was vain to think of raising cotton for market. Separating one pound of the clean staple from the seed was a day's work for a woman. While the company were engaged in this conversation, "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney, he can make anything," at the same time showing them the tambour frame and several other articles which he had made. She introduced the gentlemen to Whitney himself, extolling his genius, and commending him to their notice and friendship. He modestly disclaimed all pretensions to mechanical genius, and on their naming the object, replied that he had never seen cotton seed in his life. Mrs. Greene said to one of the gentlemen: "I have accomplished my aim, Mr. Whitney is a very deserving young man, and to bring him into notice was my object. The interest which our friends now feel for him, will, I hope, lead to his getting some employment to enable him to prosecute the study of the law."

Encouraged by Mr. Miller, a teacher in the family, and a brother graduate of Yale, he shut himself up in his room, and set himself at work inventing and constructing that machine on which his future fame depended. He labored under great disadvantages, being obliged to manufacture his tools, and draw his own wire. In the course of a few months, the machine was so far perfected as to leave no doubt of its success. Mr. Miller, who had funds at his command, united with Mr. Whitney, as a partner in the enterprise of making and vending the machine. An invention so important to the agricultural interests, and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry, could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the State, and so great was the excitement on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of the State to see the machine; but it was not deemed safe to gratify their curiosity until the patent-right should be secured. But so determined were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor justice could restrain them; they broke open the building by night, and carried off the machine. In this way the public became possessed of the invention; and before Mr. Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent-right.

As soon as the co-partnership of Miller and Whitney was formed, Mr. Whitney repaired to Connecticut, where, as far as possible, he was to perfect the machine, obtain a patent, and manufacture and ship for Georgia, such a number of machines as would supply the demand.

At the close of this year, 1793, Mr. Whitney was to return to Georgia with his cotton-gins, where his partner had made arrangements for commencing business immediately after his arrival. The importunity of Mr. Miller's letters, written during the preceding period, urging him to come on, evinces how eager the Georgia planters were to enter the new field of enterprise which the genius of Whitney had laid open to them. Nor did they at first *in general* contemplate availing themselves of the invention unlawfully. But the minds of the more honorable class of planters were afterward deluded by various artifices, set on foot by designing men, with the view of robbing Mr. Whitney of his just rights.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by men of enterprise, at this period, was the extreme scarcity of money, which embarrassed them to such a degree, as to render it almost impossible to construct machines fast enough. In April he returned to Georgia. Large crops of cotton were planted, the profits of which were to depend, of course, entirely on the success and employment of the gin.

The most formidable rival to Whitney's machine, was the *saw-gin*. It was Whitney's gin, excepting that the teeth were cut in circular rims of iron, and it was principally in reference to this that the law-suits were afterward held.

In this year, 1795, misfortunes began to multiply upon them. Mr. Whitney's shop at New Haven was burnt, and all his machines and papers destroyed, so that the company began to be much straitened for want of funds. Miller wrote Whitney to endeavor to raise a loan of money in New Haven, and concluded his letter with some very sensible remarks. "In doing this," says he, "use great care to avoid giving an idea that we are in a *desperate situation*, to induce us to borrow money. To people who are deficient in understanding, this precaution will be extremely necessary : men of sense can easily distinguish between the prospect of large gains, and the approaches to bankruptcy." "Such is the disposition of man," he observes on another occasion, "that while we keep afloat, there will not be wanting those who will appear willing to assist us ; but let us once be given over, and they will immediately desert us."

The cotton from Whitney's gins was sought in preference to all others ; but the value of the patent was almost annihilated by the extent of the encroachments. The first patent suit, which was tried at Augusta, Ga., in the spring of 1797, went against them. The Judge gave a charge to the Jury directly in their favor. The imperfections of the patent law of that time, and the folly of trying an intricate case of this kind by a common jury, were thus made manifest. Thus, after four years of incessant labor, their hopes of success were blasted. Surreptitious gins were erected in all parts of the State, and few would buy a patent which they could use with impunity without purchasing.

In 1801 and 1802, however, the patentees succeeded in selling their patent-right on advantageous terms to the States of South Carolina, North

Carolina, and Tennessee, and the prospects were becoming favorable, when the legislature of South Carolina suddenly annulled their contract, and sued for the money which had been paid.

In a letter written to Mr. Miller at this time, Mr. Whitney remarks : "I am, for my own part, more vexed than alarmed by their extraordinary proceedings. I think it behooves us to be very cautious and circumspect in our measures, and even in our remarks with regard to it. Be cautious what you say or publish till we meet our enemies in a court of justice, when, if they have any sensibility left, we will make them very much ashamed of their childish conduct."

But, that Mr. Whitney felt very keenly in regard to the severities afterward practiced toward him, is evident from the tenor of the remonstrance which he presented to the legislature. "The subscriber," says he, "respectfully solicits permission to represent to the legislature of South Carolina, that he conceives himself to have been treated with unreasonable severity in the measures recently taken against him, by, and under their immediate direction. He holds that, to be seized and dragged to prison without being allowed to be heard in answer to the charge alleged against him, and, indeed, without the exhibition of any specific charge, is a direct violation of the common right of every citizen of a free government ; that the power, in this case, is all on one side ; that whatever may be the issue of the process now instituted against him, he must, in any case, be subjected to great expense and extreme hardships ; and that he considers the tribunal before which he is holden to appear, to be wholly incompetent to decide, definitively, existing disputes between the State and Miller and Whitney.

"The subscriber avers, that he has manifested no other than a disposition to fulfill all the stipulations entered into with the State of South Carolina, with punctuality and good faith ; and begs leave to observe, farther, that to have industriously, laboriously, and exclusively devoted many years of the prime of his life to the invention and the improvement of a machine, from which the citizens of South Carolina have already realized immense profits—which is worth to them millions, and from which their posterity, to the latest generations, must continue to derive the most important benefits, and in return to be treated as a felon, a swindler, and a villain, has stung him to the very soul. And when he considers that this cruel persecution is inflicted by the very persons who are enjoying these great benefits, and expressly for the purpose of preventing his ever deriving the least advantage from his own labors, the acuteness of his feelings is altogether inexpressible."

Doubts, it seems, had arisen in the public mind as to the validity of the patent, and the patentees were supposed to have failed in the fulfillment of a part of the contract. Great exertions had been made in Georgia, where, it will be remembered, hostilities were first declared against him, to show that his title to the invention was unsound, and that *somebody* in Switzerland had conceived of it before him, and that the improved form of the machine, with saws instead of wire teeth, did not come within the patent, having been introduced by one, Hodgin Holmes.

The popular voice, stimulated by the most sordid motives, was now raised against him throughout all the cotton-growing States. The State of

Tennessee followed the example of South Carolina, in annulling the contract made with him ; and the attempt was made in North Carolina, but a committee of the legislature, to whom it was referred, reported in his favor, declaring "that the contract ought to be fulfilled with punctuality and good faith," which resolution was adopted by both houses. There were also high-minded men in South Carolina, who were indignant at the dishonorable measures adopted by their legislature of 1803 ; and their sentiments had impressed the community so favorably with regard to Mr. Whitney, that at the session of 1804, the legislature not only rescinded what the previous one had done, but signified their respect for Mr. Whitney by marked commendations. Nor ought it to be forgotten that there were in Georgia, too, those who viewed with scorn and indignation the base attempts of demagogues to defraud him. The proceedings against Mr. Whitney were predicated upon impositions practiced upon the public.

At this time, a new and unexpected responsibility devolved on Mr. Whitney, in consequence of the death of his partner, Mr. Miller, who died on the 7th of December, 1803. Mr. Whitney was now left alone, to contend singly against those difficulties which had for a series of years almost broken down the spirits of both the partners. But the favorable issue of the affairs of Mr. Whitney, in South Carolina, during the subsequent year, and the generous receipts that he obtained from the avails of his contracts with North Carolina, relieved him from the embarrassments under which he had so long groaned, and made him in some degree independent. Still no small portion of the funds thus collected in North and South Carolina, was expended in carrying on the fruitless, endless lawsuits in Georgia.

In the United States Court, held in Georgia, in December, 1807, Mr. Whitney obtained a most important decision, in a suit brought against a trespasser of the name of Fort.

It was on this trial that Judge Johnson gave his celebrated decision in favor of Mr. Whitney. In the course of his remarks upon the case, he said: "There are circumstances in the knowledge of all mankind which prove the originality of this invention more satisfactorily to the mind than the direct testimony of a host of witnesses. The cotton plant furnished clothing to mankind before the age of Herodotus. The *green seed* is a species much more productive than the *black*, and by nature adapted to a much greater variety of climate ; but by reason of the strong adherence of the fiber to the seed, without the aid of some more powerful machine for separating it than any formerly known among us, *the cultivation of it would never have been made an object*. The machine of which Mr. Whitney claims the invention, so facilitates the preparation of this species for use, that the cultivation of it has suddenly become an object of infinitely greater national importance than that of the other species ever can be. Is it, then, to be imagined, that if this machine had been before discovered, the use of it would ever have been lost, or could have been confined to any tract or country left unexplored by commercial enterprise ? But it is unnecessary to remark further upon this subject. A number of years have elapsed since Mr. Whitney took out his patent, and no one has produced or pretended to prove the existence of a machine of similar construction or use.

With regard to the utility of this discovery, the court would deem it a

waste of time to dwell long upon this topic. Is there a man who hears us who has not experienced its utility? the whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off; our capitals have increased, and our lands trebled themselves in value. We cannot express the weight of the obligation which the country owes to this invention. The extent of it cannot now be seen. Some faint presentiment may be formed from the reflection that cotton is rapidly supplanting wool, flax, silk, and even furs, in manufactures, and may one day profitably supply the use of specie in our East India trade. Our sister States, also, participate in the benefits of this invention; for, besides affording the raw material for their manufacturers, the bulkiness and quantity of the article afford a valuable employment for their shipping."

Even Judge Johnson, in the above remarks, but feebly sets forth the advantages to our country which have accrued from this invention. Prior to that period cotton cloth was comparatively unknown. In 1784 an American vessel arrived at Liverpool, having on board, for part of her cargo, *eight bags* of cotton, which were seized by the officers of customs under the conviction that they could not be the growth of America, although the plant is natural to the soil. Now cotton is our great article of export, amounting annually in value to over one hundred millions of dollars. The demand is increasing in a greater ratio than we can supply; such are our advantages of soil and climate, that none can compete with us. Instead of measuring the value of this invention by hundreds of millions of dollars, thousands of millions could scarce compass it. But for it, it is probable that the cotton-growing States would have remained in a wilderness condition, and our country, as a whole, immeasurably behind her present state, in wealth, power, and population.

The earliest seat of the cotton manufacture known to us was Hindostan, where it continues to be carried on by hand labor. America and Europe are now pouring back upon Asia her original manufacture, and underselling her in her own markets. In the manufacture of no one article has the genius of invention been more called into exercise. It has not only built up our own Lowell and other thriving towns, but large cities in other lands, as Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Paisley, etc. It is estimated to give employment to over a million of persons, and an amount of capital of millions upon millions of dollars.

"Cotton goods, to a great extent, may be seen freighting every vessel, from Christian nations, that traverses the globe; and filling the warehouses and shelves of the merchants, over two-thirds of the world. By the industry, skill, and enterprise employed in the manufacture of cotton, mankind are better clothed; their comfort better promoted; general industry more highly stimulated; commerce more widely extended; and civilization more rapidly advanced than in any preceding age. When the

statistics on the subject are examined, it appears that nearly all the cotton consumed in the Christian world, is the product of the slave-labor of the United States." The London Economist, says: "The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America; their destiny may be said, without any kind of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befall the land of cotton, a thousand of our merchant ships would rot idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stop their busy looms; two hundred thousand mouths would starve, for lack of food."

In the year 1812, Mr. Whitney applied to congress for a renewal of his patent. In his memorial, he presented a history of the struggles he had been forced to encounter in defense of his right, observing that he had been unable to obtain any decision on the merits of his claim until he had been *eleven years* in the law, and *thirteen years* of his patent term had expired. He sets forth, that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States; that, as a labor-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of *a thousand men*; and that it furnishes to the whole family of mankind, at a very cheap rate, the most essential article of their clothing. Hence, he humbly conceived himself entitled to a further remuneration from his country. The very men whose wealth had been acquired by the use of this machine, and who had grown rich beyond all former example, had combined their exertions to prevent the patentee from deriving any emolument from his invention. Estimating the value of the labor of one man at twenty cents per day, the whole amount which had been received by him for his invention, was not equal to the value of the labor saved *in one hour*, by his machines then in use in the United States. Cotton is a more cleanly and healthful article of cultivation than tobacco and indigo, which it has superseded, and does not so much impoverish the soil. This invention has already trebled the value of the land through a great extent of territory; and the degree to which the cultivation of cotton may be still augmented, is altogether incalculable. This species of cotton has been known in all countries where cotton has been raised, from time immemorial, but was never known as an article of commerce, until since this method of cleaning it was discovered. It is objected that if the patentee succeeds in procuring the renewal of his patent, he will be too rich. There is no probability that the patentee, if the term of his patent was extended for twenty years, would ever obtain from his invention one-half as much as many an individual will gain by the use of it. Up to the present time, the whole amount of what he has acquired from this source (after deducting his expenses), does not exceed one-half the sum which a single individual has gained by the use of the machine in one year. It is true that considerable sums have been obtained from some of the States where the machine is used; but no small portion of these sums has been expended in prosecuting his claim in a State where nothing has been obtained, and where his machine has been used to the greatest advantage.

"Your memorialist has not been able to discover any reason why he, as well as others, is not entitled to share the benefits of his own labors. He who speculates upon the markets, and takes advantage of the necessities of others, and by these means accumulates property, is called 'a man of enter-

prise'—'a man of business'—he is complimented for his talents, and is protected by the laws. He, however, only gets into his possession that which was before in the possession of another; he adds nothing to the public stock; and can he who has given thousands to others, be thought unreasonable, if he asks one in return?

It is to be remembered, that the pursuit of wealth by means of new inventions, is a very precarious and uncertain one—a lottery where there are many thousand blanks to one prize. If you would hold out inducements for men of *real talents* to engage in these pursuits, your rewards must be sure and substantial. Men of this description can calculate, and will know how to appreciate, the recompense which they are to receive for their labors. The number of those who succeed in bringing into operation really useful and important improvements, always has been, and always must be, very small. It is not probable that this number can ever be as great as one in a hundred thousand. It is therefore impossible that they can ever exert upon the community an undue influence. There is, on the contrary, much probability and danger that their rights will be trampled on by the many."

Notwithstanding these cogent arguments, the application was rejected by congress. Some liberal-minded and enlightened men from the cotton districts, favored the petition: but a majority of the members from that section of the Union, were warmly opposed to granting it.

In a correspondence with the late Mr. Robert Fulton, on the same subject, Mr. Whitney observes as follows: "The difficulties with which I have had to contend, have originated, principally, in the want of a disposition in mankind to do justice. My invention was new and distinct from every other—it stood alone. It was not interwoven with anything before known; and it can seldom happen that an invention or improvement is so strongly marked, and can be so clearly and specifically identified; and I have always believed, that I should have had no difficulty in causing my rights to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and been used only by a small portion of the community. But the use of this machine being immensely profitable to almost every planter in the cotton districts, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent-right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation, and unfounded clamors, both against the right and the law made for its protection. Hence there arose associations and combinations to oppose both. At one time, but few men in Georgia dared to come into court, and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge, relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, I had great difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia, although, at the same moment, there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court-house."

In 1798, Mr. Whitney being deeply impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes, founded upon the cotton gin, directed his attention to the manufacture of arms for government. He selected a site near New Haven, and there erected a manufactory, around which grew up a beautiful little settlement of artisans. Owing to the low state of arts in our country, his constant oversight and attention were required. "Mankind," said he,

"generally are not to be depended upon, and the best workmen I can find are incapable of directing. Indeed there is no branch of the work that can proceed well, scarcely for a single hour, unless I am present." His genius, indeed, impressed itself on every part of the manufactory, extending even to the most common tools, all of which received some peculiar modification which improved them in accuracy, or efficacy, or beauty. His machinery for making the several parts of a musket was made to operate with the greatest possible degree of uniformity and precision. The object at which he aimed, and which he fully accomplished, was to make the same parts of different guns, as the locks, for example, as much like each other as the successive impressions of a copper-plate engraving. It has generally been conceded that Mr. Whitney greatly improved the art of manufacturing arms, and laid his country under permanent obligations, by augmenting her facilities for national defense.

Mr. Whitney died in 1825. In person, he was commanding, and of an open, manly countenance. His manners were modest, unassuming, and he invariably won the respect of all with whom he was thrown in contact. No American, by the single exercise of his powers, has added so much to the wealth and prosperity of his country as Eli Whitney, the inventor of the Cotton Gin.

ROBERT FULTON, THE STEAMBOAT INVENTOR.

LITTLE BRITAIN, now called Fulton, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was the birthplace of the indefatigable ROBERT FULTON. He was born of Irish parentage in 1765, the same year which gave birth to Eli Whitney. When a mere lad, he passed his leisure hours in the shops of mechanics, or in the use of his pencil. The four years previous to his majority, he supported himself, in Philadelphia, by portrait and landscape painting. He then went to London to study painting under Benjamin West, with whom he remained for several years. He resided for a time in Devonshire, where he derived much benefit from the acquaintance of those eminent patrons of the mechanic arts, the Duke of Bridgewater, and the Earl of Stanhope.

Internal navigation, by canals and improvements in machinery, now engrossed his attention, and he abandoned his profession as an artist and became a civil engineer. In his profession he at once gained eminence, and was the author of several valuable inventions. In 1796 he published his *Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation*, and soon after went to Paris, where he resided with Joel Barlow for seven years. At this time, his thoughts were turned toward the subject of political economy, and he wrote a work, addressed to "the Friends of Mankind," in which he labors to show, that *education* and *internal improvements* would have a good effect on the happiness of a nation. He judged it would take ages to establish the freedom of the seas by the common consent of nations; he therefore turned his whole attention to find out some means of destroying ships of war, those engines of oppression, and to put it out of the power of any nation to maintain such a system; and thus to compel every government to adopt the simple principles of education, industry, and a free circulation of its produce. Out of such enlarged and philanthropic views and reflections grew Mr. Fulton's inventions for submarine navigation and explosions.

Having gained the patronage of the French government, in the summer of 1801 he went to Brest, to make experiments in submarine navigation. He embarked with three companions on board his plunging-boat in the harbor, and descended to the depth of five, ten, fifteen, and so on to twenty-five feet; but he did not attempt to go lower, because he found that his imperfect machine would not bear the pressure of the water at a greater depth. He found that she would tack and steer, and sail on a wind or before it, as well as any common sailing boat. He then struck her masts and sails; to do which, and prepare for plunging, required about two minutes. Having plunged to a certain depth, he placed two men at the engine, which was intended to give her progressive motion, and one at the helm, while he, with a barometer before him, kept her balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found that with one hand he could keep her at any depth he pleased; and that in seven minutes he had gone about the third of a mile. He could turn her round while under water, and return to the place he started from. These experiments were repeated for several days, till he became familiar with the operation of the machinery and the motion of the boat. He found that she was as obedient to her helm under water, as any boat could be on the surface; and that the magnetic needle traversed as well in one situation as in the other. Satisfied with his boat, he next made some experiments with the torpedoes, or submarine bombs.

A small vessel was anchored in the roads, and with a bomb, containing about twenty pounds of powder, he approached within about two hundred yards, struck the vessel and blew her into atoms. A column of water and fragments was blown near one hundred feet into the air. This experiment was made in the presence of the prefect of the department and a multitude of spectators.

Through the summer he watched for English ships, to try the success of his invention in blowing up the enemy of France. No opportunity being afforded, the government refused him any farther encouragement, and, having received overtures from that of England, he proceeded to London. Several experiments were made, and some of them were failures; but on the 15th of October, 1805, he blew up a strong built Danish brig of two hundred tons burden, which had been provided for the experiment, and which was anchored in Walmar Roads, near the residence of Mr. Pitt. The torpedo used on this occasion contained one hundred and seventy pounds of powder; and in fifteen minutes from the time of starting the machinery and throwing the torpedo into the water, the explosion took place. It lifted the brig almost entire, and broke her completely in two. The ends sunk immediately, and in one minute nothing was to be seen of her but floating fragments. In fact, her annihilation was complete.

Notwithstanding the complete success of this experiment, the British ministry seem to have been but little disposed to have anything further to do with Mr. Fulton, or his projects. Their object, evidently, had been to prevent his engines being placed in the hands of an enemy; and if this was accomplished, it was the interest of England, as long as she was ambitious of the proud title of the mistress of the seas, to make the world believe that Mr. Fulton's projects were chimerical.

In December, 1806, Mr. Fulton returned to his native country, and im-

mediately engaged in the projects, both of submarine war and steam-navigation. In the succeeding July, he blew up, with a torpedo, in the harbor of New York, a large hulk-brig, which had been prepared for the purpose. In 1810, congress granted him five thousand dollars to make further experiments in submarine explosions.

We must now, however, revert to an early period of his life, to trace from the beginning the progress of that great improvement in the arts, for which we, and all the world, are so much indebted to him: we mean the practical establishment of navigation by steam. At what time his attention was first directed to this subject, we do not know; but it is ascertained that, in the year 1793, he had matured a plan, in which, even at that early day, he had great confidence. Mr. Fulton, when he conceived a mechanical invention, not only perceived the effect it would produce, but he could ascertain, by calculation, the power his combination would afford, how far it would be adequate to his purpose, and what would be the requisite strength of every part of the machine: and though his numerical calculations did not always prove exact, and required to be corrected by experiments, yet they assured him of general results.

It would be great injustice not to notice with due respect and commendation the enterprises of the late Chancellor Livingston, who had so intimate a connection with Fulton in the progress and establishment of steam-navigation. As early as 1798, Mr. Livingston represented to the legislature of New York, that he was possessed of a mode of applying the steam engine to propel a boat on new and advantageous principles; upon which, they passed an act, vesting him with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats, which might be propelled by the force of fire or steam, on all the waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the State of New York, for the term of twenty years from the passing of the act; upon condition that he should, within a twelve-month, build such a boat, the mean of whose progress should not be less than four miles an hour. Mr. Livingston, immediately after the passing of this act, built a boat of about thirty tons burden, which was propelled by steam; but, as she was incompetent to fulfill the condition of the law, she was abandoned. Soon after he entered into a contract with Fulton, by which it was, among other things, agreed, that a patent should be taken out in the United States in Fulton's name, which, Mr. Livingston well knew, could not be done without Mr. Fulton's taking an oath that the improvement was solely his.

Fulton met Chancellor Livingston in Paris in 1802, and was induced by him to again turn his attention to the subject. In the summer of 1803, an experimental boat was built on the Seine, sixty-six feet long, and eight feet wide. The experiment was satisfactory to the spectators—not entirely so to Mr. Fulton, she being deficient in speed, owing to defective machinery. He, however, was so well satisfied of ultimate success, that he ordered of Watt and Bolton, of Birmingham, England, certain parts of a steam-engine to be made for him, and sent to America. He did not disclose to them for what purpose the engine was intended; but his directions were such as would produce the parts of an engine, that might be put together within a compass suited for a boat. Mr. Livingston had written to his friends in this country, and, through their interference, an act was passed by the legislature of the

State of New York, on the 5th of April, 1803, by which the rights and exclusive privileges of navigating all the waters of that State, by vessels propelled by fire or steam, granted to Mr. Livingston by the act of 1798, which, we have before mentioned, were extended to Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton, for the term of twenty years from the date of the new act.

Very soon after Mr. Fulton's arrival in New York, he commenced building his first American boat. While she was constructing, he found that her expenses would greatly exceed his calculations. He endeavored to lessen the pressure on his own finances, by offering one third of the right, for a proportionate contribution to the expenses.

In the spring of 1807, Fulton's first American boat was launched from the ship-yard of Charles Brown on the East River. The engine from England was put on board of her, and in August she was completed, and was moved by her machinery from her birthplace to the Jersey shore. Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton had invited many of their friends to witness the first trial, among whom were those learned men, Dr. Mitchill and Dr. M'Neven, to whom we are indebted for some account of what passed on this occasion. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed, and his complacent expression gradually stiffened into one of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause.

This boat, which was called the *Clermont*, soon after made a trip to Albany. Mr. Fulton gives the following account of this voyage in a letter to his friend, Mr. Barlow. "My steamboat voyage to Albany and back, has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles; I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam-engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city, who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Having employed much time, money, and zeal, in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to

the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen ; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention," etc.

Soon after this successful voyage, the Hudson boat was advertised and established as a regular passage-boat between New York and Albany. She, however, in the course of the season, met with several accidents, from the hostility of those engaged in the ordinary navigation of the river, and from defects in her machinery.

On the 11th of February, 1809, Mr. Fulton took out a patent for his inventions in navigation by steam, and on the 9th of February, 1811, he obtained a second patent for some improvements in his boats and machinery.

It having been found that the laws, granting to Livingston and Fulton exclusive privileges, were insufficient to secure their enjoyment, the legislature of New York, in 1811, passed a supplementary act, giving certain summary remedies against those who should contravene the protecting laws. The act, however, excepts two boats which were then navigating the Hudson, and one which ran on Lake Champlain in opposition to Livingston and Fulton : without these exceptions, the law, as to these boats, would have been *ex post facto*. In respect to these, therefore, the parties were left to the same remedies as before passing the last act. The opposition boats on the Hudson, were at first to have been propelled by a pendulum, which some thought would give a greater power than steam ; but on launching their vessel, they found the machinery was not so easily moved as when she was on the stocks. Having found, by experiment, that a pendulum would not supply the place of steam, and knowing no other way of applying steam than that they saw practiced in the Fulton boats, they adopted all their machinery, with some small alterations, with no other view than to give a pretense for claiming to be the inventors of improvements on steamboats.

On a trial for an injunction which ensued, the merits of the members of this Pendulum Company were contrasted with those of Fulton, by Mr. Emmet, the counsel for the appellants. He described them as "men who never wasted health and life in midnight vigils, and painful study, who never dreamt of science in the broken slumbers of an exhausted mind, and who bestowed on the construction of a steamboat just as much mathematical calculation and philosophical research, as in the purchase of a sack of wheat, or a barrel of ashes."

From the time the first boat was put in motion till the death of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigating by steam was fast advancing to that perfection of which he believed it capable : for some time the boat performed each successive trip with increased speed, and every year improvements were made. The last boat built by him was invariably the best, the most convenient, and the swiftest.

In the war of 1812, Mr. Fulton's ingenuity was called upon to furnish plans of his submarine warfare, as a defense to the harbor of New York. Congress also authorized him to build a steam-frigate for its defense, which

was named Fulton the First; but before she was launched this ingenious man was no more.

During the whole time that Mr. Fulton had thus been devoting his talents to the service of his country, he had been harassed by lawsuits and controversies with those who were violating his patent-rights, or intruding upon his exclusive grants. The State of New Jersey had passed a law which operated against Mr. Fulton. He visited Trenton, the capital, and succeeded in obtaining its repeal. On his return he was exposed on the Hudson, which was very full of ice, for several hours. He had not a constitution to encounter such exposure, and upon his return, found himself much indisposed from the effects of it. He had at that time great anxiety about the steam-frigate, and, after confining himself for a few days, he went to give his superintendence to the artificers employed about her. Forgetting his debilitated state of health in the interest he took in what was doing on the frigate, he remained too long exposed, in a bad day, to the weather on her decks. He soon felt the effects of this imprudence. His indisposition returned upon him with such violence as to confine him to his bed. His disorder increased, and on the 24th day of February, 1815, terminated his valuable life.

Mr. Fulton was not the *original inventor* of the steamboat, nor never claimed to be. Many steamboats had been made before the Clermont, both in Europe and in America; the most successful of which, was that constructed by John Fitch, a Connecticut clock-maker. He built a steamboat on the Delaware propelled by paddles; which, for about a month, in 1790, regularly plied as a passage-boat between Philadelphia and Bordentown; traversing in that period over two thousand miles. Her speed was, at times, eight miles an hour; and this with an engine manufactured in this country by common blacksmiths, under the supervision of Fitch. All that can be rightfully claimed for Fulton in this matter, is, that his experiment convinced the world of the practicability of steam-navigation; so that steamboats have never ceased running from that day to this.

S. F. B. MORSE, AND THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Samuel F. B. Morse, widely known as the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, is the eldest son of the Rev. Jedediah Morse, the first American geographer, and was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1791. He graduated at Yale College in 1810, and the year after went to London, to learn the art of painting. He made very rapid progress, and gave great promise of surpassing excellence in the profession. "On his return to America, he settled in Boston, but he met with so little encouragement that he removed to New Hampshire, where he found employment in painting portraits at fifteen dollars per head. He was induced by his friends to remove to Charleston, South Carolina, and there his art proved more profitable. About 1822, he took up his residence in New York, where he found his works and talents more justly appreciated, and his skill as an artist put in requisition. Under a commission from the corporation, he painted a full-length portrait of Lafayette, then on a visit to the United States. It was shortly after this, that Mr. Morse formed that association of artists, which resulted in the establishment of the National Academy of

Design, of which he was elected president; and it is worthy of note, that the first course of lectures on the subject of art read in America, was delivered by him before the New York Athenæum, and afterward repeated to the students of the academy. In 1829, he paid a second visit to Europe, and remained abroad three years.

On his return from Europe, in the packet-ship *Sully*, in 1832, a gentleman, in describing the experiments that had just been made in Paris with the electro-magnet, the question arose as to the time occupied by the electric fluid in passing through the wire, stated to be about one hundred feet in length. On the reply that it was instantaneous (recollecting the experiments of Franklin), he suggested that it might be carried to any distance, and that the electric spark could be made a means of conveying and recording intelligence. This suggestion, which drew some casual observation of assent from the party, took deep hold of Professor Morse, who undertook to develop the idea which he had originated; and, before the end of the voyage, he had drawn out and written the general plan of the invention with which his name will be inseparably connected. His main object was to effect a communication by means of the electro-magnet that would leave a permanent record by signs answering for an alphabet, and which, though carried to any distance, would communicate with any place that might be on the line. His first idea was to pass a strip of paper, saturated with some chemical preparation, that would be decomposed when brought in connection with the wire, along which the electric current was passing, and thus form an alphabet by marks, varying in width and number, that could be made upon the paper at the will of the operator, and by this means avoid separating the wire at the different points of communication.

On his return to New York, he resumed his profession, still devoting all his spare time, under great disadvantages, to the perfection of his invention. Finding his original plan impracticable, he availed himself of the action of the electro-magnet upon the lever as a mode of using pens and ink, as in the ruling machine. Of these he had five, with the idea of securing the required characters from one of the pens. These he abandoned for pencils, and after a trial of various means for obtaining the end desired, and finding by experiment he could obtain any requisite force from the lever, he adopted the stylus or steel point for indenting the paper, and it is this he has since used.

After great difficulty and much discouragement, Professor Morse, in 1835, demonstrated the practicability of his invention, by completing and putting in operation in the New York University a model of his 'Recording Electric Telegraph'—the whole apparatus, with the exception of a wooden clock, which formed part of it, having been made by himself. In 1837, he abandoned his profession, with great regret, hoping to make his invention a means of resuming it, under easier and more agreeable circumstances. In the same year, he filed his caveat at the patent-office in Washington; and it is somewhat singular that, during this year (1837), Wheatstone, in England, and Steinheil, in Bavaria, both invented a magnetic telegraph, differing from the American, and from each other. Wheatstone's is a very inferior, not being a recording telegraph, but requiring to be watched by one of the attendants—the alphabet being made by the deflection of the needle.

Steinheil's, on the contrary, is a recording telegraph, but from its complicated and delicate machinery, has been found impracticable for extended lines. At a convention held in 1851 by Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, for the purpose of adopting a uniform system of telegraphing for all Germany, by the advice of Steinheil, Professor Morse's was the one selected. From the sultan of Turkey he received the first foreign acknowledgment of his invention in the bestowal of a *nishan*, or order—the 'order of glory : ' a diploma to that effect was transmitted to him with the magnificent decoration of that order in diamonds. The second acknowledgment was from the king of Prussia, being a splendid gold snuff-box, containing in its lid the Prussian gold medal of scientific merit. The latest acknowledgment is from the king of Wurtemberg, who transmitted to him (after the adoption of the Telegraph treaty by the convention above mentioned) the 'Wurtemberg Gold Medal of Arts and Sciences.' In 1838, he went to England, for the purpose of securing a patent there, but was refused, through the influence of Wheatstone and his friends, under the pretense that his invention had already been published there. All that could be adduced in proof of this was the publication in an English scientific periodical of an extract copied from the New York 'Journal of Commerce,' stating the results of his invention, without giving the means by which they were produced. In the following spring, he returned to this country, and in 1840 perfected his patent at Washington, and set about getting his telegraph into practical operation.

In 1844, the first electric telegraph was completed in the United States, between Baltimore and Washington ; and the first intelligence of a public character which passed over the wires was the announcement of the nomination of James K. Polk, as the democratic candidate for the presidency, by the Baltimore convention. Since then, he has seen its wires extended all over the country, to the length of thousands of miles—an extent unknown elsewhere in the civilized world. His success has led to the invasion of his patent-rights by others, whom he has finally succeeded in defeating, after an expensive and protracted litigation."

The greatest triumph of Professor Morse, we hope, will be found in the success of the submarine telegraph between America and Europe, efforts being now prosecuted to lay the cable across the Atlantic. "The honor of having laid the first permanent telegraph under water, belongs to the English, in laying that from Dover to Calais. But the first conception of, and the first attempt at submarine telegraphic communication, were the fruit of the genius of our countryman, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse.

In the New York Herald of 17th October, 1842, the following paragraph occurs : 'Professor Morse will perform a highly interesting experiment with his electro-magnetic telegraph, by which a correspondence will be carried on between Castle Garden and Governor's Island.' On the following day the same journal refers again to the subject, and predicts that 'it is destined to work a complete revolution in the mode of transmitting intelligence throughout the civilized world.'

On the night of 18th October, Professor Morse set out from Castle Garden in a small boat, with one man to row. In the stern sheets he had a coil of wire, insulated by being wrapped in cotton thread covered with a coating of

asphaltum and India rubber; this he 'paid out' as the boatman rowed across to Governor's Island, and had the satisfaction of making fast the end to a battery on the island some time before daybreak. Thus far all had been propitious. But when the sun rose, Professor Morse discovered, with dismay, that after he had laid his wire, two or three vessels had anchored directly over it. He foresaw the consequence. When the people assembled, and the hour of trial came, the battery was set to work, and the professor, with a trembling hand, essayed to send a message to the island. He succeeded in transmitting a few marks, but they were illegible; the anchors had fouled the wire and destroyed its insulation; the crowd went home convinced that telegraphic communication under water was 'all humbug;' and the professor was hardly consoled by a letter of thanks and a gold medal from the institute, and a fair appreciation by the press.

Somewhat discouraged, in truth, but, of course, firm in confidence, Professor Morse applied his mind to the transmission of the electric current across rivers without the aid of wires. This experiment was successfully performed, and the current sent across the canal at Washington, without intervening wire, in presence of many members of congress and distinguished persons, in December, 1842. Nothing came of it. But Professor Morse was so well satisfied that his failure at Castle Garden was only a step to the success of submarine telegraphs, that he wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, on 10th August, 1843: 'The practical inference to be drawn from the law (which he had developed), is, that a telegraphic communication may be established across the Atlantic. Startling as this may now seem, the time will come when this project will be realized.'

Nor does the professor stand alone. In the winter of 1842-3, Colonel Colt laid a submarine telegraphic wire across from New York to Brooklyn, and from Long Island to Coney Island. This wire, which was laid for the purpose of obtaining early marine news, worked for some time to the public satisfaction.

It was not till five years afterward that the Dover and Calais line was laid. Public opinion was against it; and when the wire was actually laid, and messages passing to and fro, the wise men still said that it could not be. Some declared that the messages were a fraudulent imposture; others simply shrugged their shoulders. One of our leading periodicals, in alluding to the event, said, with a sneer, 'The thing actually seems to work, for the present.'

Other lines rapidly followed—the Dover and Ostend line, the Liverpool and Dublin, the line to the Hagne, the line from Piedmont to Sardinia and Corsica, and the Newfoundland line, on this side of the ocean," etc.

GEORGE STEERS, THE AMERICAN SHIP-ARCHITECT.

One of the most melancholy chapters in the history of almost every man of genius, whose beneficent labors have made the earth better by his residence upon it, is that which tells of the misdirection of his earliest efforts in the great battle of life, and the time lost, and the discouragements encountered in the vain attempt to do what nature never intended he should do. The right man has to fight his way into the right place, through a thousand discouraging obstacles, but he finds it at last.

Fulton spent the best years of his life in painting bad historical pictures, which are only remembered now because they were painted by him. The great engineer and inventor, whose beneficent genius has done so much for mankind, frittered away his early manhood in designing allegorical compositions as illustrations of Jorl Banlewis epic poem. But Fulton found the place at last, and the glory of his name will never fade from the memory of men.

It was the good fortune of George Steers to be born into the very sphere where his natural genius could be employed to the best advantage for himself and the world. His father was a ship-carpenter, an Englishman by birth, and a resident of the City of Washington, where George was born, in the year 1819; but fortunately for him, the elder Steers removed to the City of New York, to work at his trade; and among the operations in which he engaged, was the building of the famous Marine Railway, commonly known as the Dry Dock. The father of George Steers was remarkable for his integrity of character and perfect uprightness; and it is a circumstance worth mentioning, that when the distinguished son of this honest man had taken the contract to build the great steam-ship *Adriatic*, a gentleman, who was an entire stranger to him, volunteered to be one of his bondsmen, because he had been acquainted with his father, and knew him to be "as honest a man as ever breathed."

The region of the Dry Dock was, and still is, devoted to the business of ship-building in all its branches; it was here the young lad Steers passed his early years, and, in fact, his whole life. While his father was employed upon the Marine Railway, George made himself useful in the humble occupation of tending the "pitch-kettle;" but he did not confine himself to that humble employment: his mind was occupied in inventing models of boats and ships, which he put successfully into shape as opportunities occurred. His first practical effort at ship-building, was in the construction of a flat-boat, when he was but ten years old, which was eight feet long. His mind was of so practical a character, and his instincts so sure, that he never manifested any desire to obtain information from books, or cared to listen to the suggestions of others. Though one of the most modest natures in the world, he never had the slightest misgivings as to the correctness of his own theories, nor would he yield his own opinions to the dictations of another. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for him that he had not enjoyed greater advantages of schooling: not that schooling could have done anything for him toward making him a better builder of ships, but a better acquaintance with literature, and the scientific formula of his art, would have enabled him to appear to much better advantage, and have gained him a readier acknowledgment of his inventive genius. Those who knew him best, had unbounded confidence in his ability; but to strangers, it seemed very naturally questionable that a man whose general education was so limited should so much excel all others in his noble profession. But it did not take long for him to gain the utmost confidence of those with whom he came in contact.

He continued to make models for boats, until he became a master in his art, at an age when other boys were but beginning to learn. At the age of sixteen, he tried and built a sail-boat sixteen feet long, named the *Martin*

Van Buren : for George was always a decided democrat in his political principles. This boat beat the *Gladiator*, a famous sailer, three miles, in a race of twenty-four. Two years afterward, he built the *John C. Stevens*, a row-boat, twenty-one feet long, three feet ten inches broad, and thirteen inches deep ; it weighed but one hundred and forty pounds, and, with a full crew on board, drew but four inches of water. The *John C. Stevens* was believed to be the lightest and fleetest boat in the world ; but, however that might be, it is very certain that she beat the fastest boats that New York could produce, in several match races.

George was never put to a regular apprenticeship, but, at the age of sixteen, he went to work in the ship-yard of Jabez Williams, with whom he continued a year and a half. While he was in the yard of Mr. Williams, he asked the foreman to be allowed to do a certain piece of work, to "square the wales," which the foreman refused to do, on account of his youth. But George appealed to the "Boss," who granted him the privilege asked for, and he finished the job to the satisfaction even of the foreman.

After leaving the ship-yard of Mr. Williams, he entered the employ of a ship-builder, named Hathorne, whose partner he became subsequently. But he did not remain long with him as an employee : his object being to gain all the practical knowledge that could be acquired in a particular position, and when that was done, he transferred himself to the next best place. After leaving Mr. Hathorne, he was now employed by W. H. Brown, a celebrated ship-builder, in laying off the model of the frigate *Kamschatka*, built for the emperor of Russia. Though not yet nineteen years old, he took the job of putting on the deck of this frigate. He also, in connection with two other young men, "lumped" a ship to build for the great ship-builder W. H. Webb ; and found time to build a sail-boat, the *Mauhaltes*, of nearly thirty tons.

In 1843, when he was twenty-four years old, he entered into partnership with his old "boss," Mr. Hathorne, who was one of the first yacht builders in the country, and a favorite with the celebrated Stevens, of Hoboken, for whom he had built several steamboats and yachts. The first vessel built by the new firm was the steamboat *Columbia*, on which Mr. Steers performed the greatest day's work that any ship-carpenter was ever known to accomplish. He fitted and erected forty-five stanchions on the guard, cutting the holes in the oak plank sheer, tenanting them into the facing underneath the beams. He was not, like many inventors, an idle dreamer, but a hard-fisted, thorough-going, conscientious mechanic. Though always extremely temperate in his habits, he was the very reverse of niggardly, and never made money a primary consideration in any of his undertakings. His great pride was to excel in his profession. While in partnership with Mr. Hathorne, he built a great number of vessels of various kinds ; but one of his great successes was the pilot, *W. G. Hackstaff*, which beats all the boats of that class sailing out of the port of New York. On dissolving with Mr. Hathorne, Steers built a small steamer on Seneca Lake, and two propellers, at Rochester, for Lake Ontario ; one of which, the *Ontario*, was one of the finest boats of her class. Returning to New York, he engaged again in his favorite business of yacht-building ; and among the vessels of that

kind, which he modeled and constructed, was the beautiful schooner the *Una*, which soon made a name for herself among the Yacht Squadron. In the year 1848, Mr. Steers engaged as foreman for W. H. Brown, the largest ship-builder in New York, and laid down the molds for two of the Collins' steamships, the *Atlantic*, and the ill-fated *Arctic*.

The next step of Mr. Steers, was in the direction which has given him his great renown as an inventor in the modeling of sailing-vessels. In building a pilot-boat, called the *Mary Taylor*, he brought to perfection his theory of hollow water lines; and all his subsequent models were but little more than the expansion of the lines and proportions of this famous vessel.* The

* "This system was conceived when a mere boy, and is based upon the assumption that for a vessel to sail easily, steadily, and rapidly, the *displacement of water must be nearly uniform along the lines*. When he laid the keel of the pilot-boat *Mary Taylor*, he engaged in advance, to make a faster, a dryer, and a steadier craft than had ever left the port of New York, so confident was he of his power, and he succeeded exactly according to his expectations. Previous to this achievement, a vessel had never been built where the center of displacement had not been forward of the beam. Fears were generally entertained that this 'new form' would prove a failure. Some predicted that this vessel would plunge under water, others thought that in rough weather no one could live on deck, all of which prophecies are certainly contradicted by fact. For, encountering less resistance from the narrow bows, the vessel went faster, and experienced no corresponding strain, and suffered no more in rough weather than in the summer breeze. The advantages of Mr. Steers' system of ship-building may be thus summed up: greater speed with the same tonnage and canvas; greater stability in the vessel—that is, an increased hold upon the water: greater evenness and equality of motion, resulting from an equalized leverage—since the masts, as levers, work more uniformly upon the fulcrum of the ship; greater endurance, because there is less strain in rapid sailing, or in rough weather; steadiness of motion, which enables her, in sailing, to keep close to the wind, and lose but little leeway."

"As most of our readers are not conversant with the technicalities of ship-building terms, we have endeavored, in the accompanying diagram, to give the relative position of the beam—or extreme breadth—as it occurred in the old style of vessels and in those of Steers.

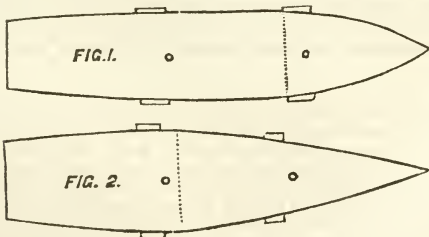


FIG. 1, represents the shape of vessels on the old plan—the dotted line being the position of the beam.

FIG. 2. Plan of Steers, as shown in the yacht *America*.

Mary Taylor was a wonder for her sailing qualities, and excited unbounded admiration among amateur yacht-men and ship-builders. In 1850, the keel of the world renowned *America* was laid, and also that of the hardly less celebrated yacht *Sylvia*. The *America* has become one of the most famous vessels that ever floated. She was built expressly to compete with England in her own waters, for the championship of the seas, so far as speed was concerned, and she came off victorious. It was regarded as a national victory; and the young ship-builder, who had been hitherto unknown, became at once one of the most famous men of the day, and the pet of his admiring countrymen. Mr. Steers went over in the yacht expressly to manage her in the great race. He had an instinctive knowledge in sailing a vessel, and would carry a sail to the last moment; when all but himself were blanched with fear at his boldness, he kept his post at the helm perfectly serene and self-possessed: for he knew the exact strain which his boat could bear, and the right moment to give her relief.

The yacht *America* was built for the New York Yacht Club. The terms were that the builder should be paid forty thousand dollars, if she beat, in a race, the sloop *Maria*, and but half of that sum if she failed. There was never a fair trial of speed between the two vessels, and only the smaller sum was paid.

On his return to New York, after his great victory at Cowes with the *America*, (See page 615), Mr. Steers was received with every mark of distinction and respect; he was honored by a public dinner, given him by the mechanics of the city, and was also a guest at the dinner given by the Yacht Club, in commemoration of their victory. He bore all these honors modestly, and resumed his business again, with as much earnestness as ever, as though he had not achieved so great a success. He built a great number of yachts, and, at every regatta of the Yacht Club, some of his boats carried off the prizes. He also built several ships and steamboats. But his fame had not yet culminated. A larger and more honorable field was open before him. In the year 1854, congress having made an appropriation for six steam-frigates of the largest class, it was decided to allow one of them to be built by a private architect, or, at least, one not in the service of the government; and though there was great competition for the honor of building this ship, which was to be the largest of all, the secretary of the navy, to the great satisfaction of the country, decided to bestow the favor upon Mr.

"Among mechanical triumphs, nothing can be more beautiful than the models of George Steers' ships—they are like the handiwork of Cellini for delicacy of execution, and yet, like the torso of Angelo, suggest mighty results. It was in the closet—in the retiracy of his modest work-shop, that Steers solved the mighty problems which enter into naval architecture, and speculating, like another Franklin or Laplace, upon the laws of nature, studied to overcome friction in propelling the weighty argosies through the great deep; and so perfectly did he enter into the arcana of nature's inmost temples, that every step of progress he made was through means sublimely simple, and accomplished amid a halo of the most perfect beauty. His ships, like all master works of art, seem to be born of inspiration—the intense labor which produced them is entirely lost sight of in the suggestion that they are the result alone of a creative power."

Steers. It was a proud distinction for the young mechanic, and most nobly did he justify the choice of the secretary. The superb Niagara, the largest and fastest man-of-war afloat, was the result. No opportunity has yet been offered for thoroughly testing the capacity of this magnificent ship; but enough has been done to establish her superiority over every other vessel in our own navy. She, as is well known, was the vessel selected to assist in laying down the telegraphic wire across the Atlantic.

The launching of this huge vessel was a triumph of mechanical skill, and as she slid gracefully and swiftly from her ways into the water, her excited architect leaped from the ground in exultation at his success. "And then, the next moment," says a friend, who was with him, "as the united cheers of ten thousand rent the air, the modesty of the simple-hearted man received such a shock, that he at once shrank from observation, and became personally lost in the crowd of heaving, exultant human beings that surrounded him. Relieved from the presence of observers, and standing on the deck of the newly-born ship, he walked over the vast area, pointed out the advantages he calculated would be gained by her construction, imagined the stars and stripes floating aloft, and then coming to the immense embrasures, in his glowing imaginings, he ran out the tremendous guns intended for the Niagara's armament, and asked, with a proper glow of pride, 'what vessel could successfully dispute her supremacy on her ocean home?' It was a sublime spectacle thus to witness the great commander triumphant upon his own deck—it was a new thing to behold a victory so complete, so mighty in its results, unaccompanied by the shedding of blood, unstained by a single aggressive act. We admired, nay, venerated, the man, and inwardly thanked Heaven that among all our national blessings we could reckon the wealth of the constructive mind of George Steers, who was so eminently adding luster to our acknowledged supremacy of the seas, and thus collecting under our glorious flag not only the largest marine in the world, but also adding the additional graces of specimens unsurpassed in excellence of shape, and unapproached in speed."

But this monster ship did not engross all his thoughts, nor all his time; while she was in process of construction he modeled and built another beautiful yacht the Widgeon, and took the contract for the steam ship Adriatic, for the Collins' line of steam-packets. The model of this ship has been pronounced nearer perfection than that of any other vessel afloat, while she is the largest wooden ship that has ever been built; the iron ship, Great Eastern, alone excelling her in dimensions.

The Adriatic was his last work. She was launched in the presence of the greatest crowd that was ever assembled on a similar occasion. It was a splendid triumph for the self-reliant, self-taught mechanic. After the launch, the proprietors of the line gave a banquet, at a hotel in Broadway, in honor of the occasion, to which, of course, the builder of the ship was invited, and was expected to be the principal guest. But, when all the company were assembled there was the vacant chair at the head of the table; all eyes were watching for the entrance of the man in whose honor the feast was given; but he did not come. He was sent for, and found in his ship yard directing his workmen, not having deemed it worth his while to attend the festival. This was a characteristic trait of his modest nature.

All that he aimed at was to do his work perfectly. The glorification which followed he never thought about.

The completion of the Niagara and the Adriatic was the culmination of his aspirations; he had abundantly proved to the world that he was not a mere builder of yachts and pilot boats, and, in spite of all opposition had demonstrated on the largest scale that the principles he had adopted were as true in their application to the largest class of ships, as they were to the smallest boats. The huge Adriatic of six thousand tons burden was but a big yacht; and she was finished in every part with the accuracy and elegance that he bestowed upon his smaller craft.

He had now reached the point at which he had been aiming; his talents were recognized, and he had made grand calculations for the future. Preparatory to putting his new schemes in practice, he had dissolved partnership with his elder brother James, and there were large capitalists who stood ready to invest any amount of capital he might require in the prosecution of his plans. But it was not ordained that he should achieve any more triumphs.

On the 26th of September, in the year 1856, he drove out on Long Island with a pair of gay horses, to bring home his wife and children, who had been spending the summer at a farm house. The horses took fright and he was either thrown or leaped from the carriage, and he was found a few minutes afterward lying upon the ground insensible. His fall was fatal and he never spoke again.

His funeral was attended more largely than that of any private citizen who had died in New York, and every mark of affection and respect was paid to his memory. He died, like Byron and Raphael, in his thirty-seventh year, just as his genius was at its full vigor, and when he seemed about to commence his career. But he had done enough to insure him renown, and his death was lamented as a national loss, as it undoubtedly was.

In person George Steers was tall and vigorous, his complexion was florid, and his eyes were a dark blue. His countenance had a remarkable expression of honesty and simplicity. He was extremely liberal, yet careful in money matters; and, though he had never thought of saving for his family, he left them in comfortable circumstances. He is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, and a very elegant marble monument, erected by his widow, marks the place of his interment. Among the testimonials he had received, was a very costly ring, set with precious stones which was sent to him by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and, if he and his imperial admirer had lived, it is probable that he would have been employed to rebuild the Russian Navy.

CHARLES GOODYEAR, THE INVENTOR OF VULCANIZED INDIA-RUBBER.

Middle aged men recollect when they were boys that the only use of India-rubber was for the purpose of obliterating marks made by the lead pencil. But the manufacturing spirit of our days having formed an alliance with chemistry, the result has been that this among other materials has risen into great importance and of varied uses for the welfare of society.

"With regard to the material itself, we shall just state that it was first seen in Europe about the middle of the last century; that it was soon afterward discovered to be the gum, or, more properly, the coagulated juice of certain tropical trees, the chief of which is the celebrated *Siphonia elastica* of the

Brazilian forests ; that by the natives it was called caoutchouc ; by the chemists, from its singular elasticity, gum-elastic ; and by the common people, from its valuable property of cleaning paper, India-rubber. Its physical properties, indeed, as a whole, are perfectly unique. By far the most elastic substance in nature, it is insoluble in water, in alcohol, or in any of the mineral acids ; but it dissolves readily in ether or naphtha ; and, above all, it possesses the power of agglomerating, or, in plain language, of adhering again when cut, if the separate pieces are brought together. No other substance, we may add, is so valuable to the analytical chemist. We have the high authority of the Baron Justus von Liebig for stating, that to the increased facilities which the flexible tubes and sheets of India-rubber have given in the laboratory, we owe many of the brightest discoveries in organic chemistry.

Now, it happened about twenty-five years ago, that the method of producing thin sheets of India-rubber was applied to the invention of waterproof cloth garments ; and large manufactories for this purpose were established both in Europe and in America. The celebrated Macintosh fabrics, so popular in the days of stage-coach traveling, belong to this era of the trade. But, unfortunately, one or two awkward circumstances connected with the material, which had hitherto almost escaped notice, began to appear in the most unmistakable manner. India-rubber, it was found, like all other vegetable substances, had a tendency to unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and decompose ; and while perfectly elastic at all ordinary temperatures, it had the fatal peculiarity of becoming soft with heat and hard with cold. It was related in South Carolina, that a stout gentleman, traveling one day under a hot sun with a waterproof coat on, became glued up into an outer integument, from which no skill could extricate him. Another unfortunate man in Michigan, who wore a full suit of the treacherous fabric, was seen to leave a hot room on a cold winter evening, his clothes to all appearance quite soft and pliable. Next morning, he was found among the snow on the high road frozen to death, with the fatal garments around him as stiff as buckram, and as hard as iron."

From these causes, among others we need not stay to mention, the original India-rubber manufacture gradually sunk in importance, and indeed soon became extinct. But in a few years it was destined to rise from its ashes, and through the persevering experiments of Mr. Charles Goodyear. This gentleman, the son of a manufacturer, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in the year 1800. He appears to have inherited a genius for invention, for his father was the inventor of several useful articles, particularly of the spring steel hay and manure forks, which he manufactured, together with metal and pearl buttons, spoons, sythes, etc. In the year 1826, he went to Philadelphia with his family, and engaged in the domestic hardware business, in connection with the manufacturing establishment in Connecticut. This was the first establishment for the sale of domestic hardware in the United States, and was considered by many, a visionary enterprize, for to that period the whole trade in hardware had been in imported articles. It was however for a time eminently successful, and a handsome fortune was accumulated by the firm ; yet, in consequence of too extended operations in different

states, too liberal credits and heavy losses, in 1830 the firm was obliged to suspend payments.

About two years after this the manufacture of gum-elastic was begun in the United States, but not in the immediate vicinity of where he then was. He observed all he heard or could ascertain respecting it with critical interest, and commenced experimenting with it, mixing the gum by hand and spreading it on a marble slab with a rolling pin. By the disinterested and timely aid of a friend, he was enabled to continue his experiments in this manner, and with the aid of a few hands he succeeded in making a few hundred pairs of shoes. This manufacture was carried on during the winter of 1835-6, in a small cottage in New Haven, which served also as a family residence.

The failure of these experiments was a signal one, as on the return of warm weather they all decomposed and became one mass of melted gum. "This circumstance was very discouraging, and might have induced any one of a less enthusiastic turn of mind to abandon the project altogether. But Goodyear, it should seem, was no common-place inventor. With astonishing perseverance, he set about acquiring the *chemistry* of the subject; and it is pleasing to relate that in this direction his efforts were at length crowned with success. He discovered that if India-rubber were combined at a high temperature with certain proportions of sulphur and the oxide of lead, its whole physical nature was changed, that it was now proof against the process of vegetable decay, and that it remained uniformly elastic under the most considerable variations of temperature. This singular compound he ushered into the world in due time under the title of *Vulcanized India-rubber*."

During the first years of his experiments, until after he had discovered the heating or vulcanizing process, and had become certain that he had obtained his object, he made it an invariable practice to test the various experiments by wearing some article of apparel made from the material, that he might as soon as possible arrive at correct conclusions, the wearing of gum-elastic about the person being one of the severest tests to which it can be applied. An anecdote is related which exhibits in its true light, the opinion of the public as to his enthusiasm and also as to his poverty. A gentleman, asking how he might recognize him, received for an answer, "If you meet a man who has on an India-rubber cap, stock, coat, vest, and shoes, with an India-rubber purse without a cent of money in it, *that is he!*"

Late in the summer of 1836, Mr. Goodyear removed to Roxbury, Massachusetts, where he carried on his experiments with indefatigable perseverance, notwithstanding frequent imprisonments for debt, and the strong opposition of his friends. It was during the winter of 1839-40, a year after the discovery of the vulcanization process, and that he became convinced of the real value of his discovery, that the greatest discouragements were met with. During this period his family were sometimes destitute of food and fuel. The great difficulty now remained to bring the minds of others to appreciate the subject as he did himself, and it was not until some years later that the manufacture was established on a profitable basis.

The importance of this invention was very great. Vulcanized India-rubber at once became the rage; all sorts of things were made from it—railway springs and buffers, machinery belts, elastic bands and air-cushions, waterproof garments of every description, all kinds of bandages, and a num-

ber of surgical instruments. These things all created a large demand for the material; but it was soon found that the article which consumed most and sold best was the waterproof shoes; and in a few years after the invention was made public, there sprang up several large establishments in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in New Jersey, and in Massachusetts, which manufacture about five million pair every year, and give employment to upward of five thousand people.

Similar manufactories have also been established in England, Scotland, France, and Germany. It is estimated a capital of fifty millions of dollars, is now employed in the business of Vulcanized India-rubber.

Mr. Goodyear, owing to the almost interminable lawsuits which follow upon the heels of every great invention, and the continuation of his expensive experiments in developing the applications and uses, and in improving the manufacture, has not to this day realized a competency sufficient to free him from business embarrassments. Large fortunes, however, have been made and are now making by manufacturers in the different kinds of India-rubber goods.

SAMUEL COLT, THE INVENTOR OF THE REPEATING FIRE-ARM.

War, appears to have been one of the principal occupations of our race. But as mind in this, as in all other callings, is certain to triumph, it so results that the less cultivated nations and races are conquered by the more intellectual, who introduce the knowledge of their own arts to the vanquished, and thus in the end bless them, through an introductory suffering and defeat. War is therefore called an instrument of civilization, and, so it is, if we read rightly the lessons taught by history.

In the earlier ages of the world, wars were of long duration, for so imperfect was the knowledge of the military art and so rude the weapons in use, that great length of time was necessary to inflict enough injury upon an enemy to compel him to peace. The day however is past, when a war commenced in one's boyhood will last until he is a grandfather, and then, with a slight intermission be succeeded by another, of as long duration. The inventions of modern times have put an end to these interminable wars, by making them too terrible for long continuance, for they leave a memory of them so severe upon the generation engaged, that they are careful not to again rashly enter upon the arena of blood. The effect now is, wars, short and severe, with long intervals of rest, which give the nations the leisure to advance in the arts of peace. In this view this class of inventors must be judged among the benefactors of the race. If a machine were invented and could be readily used, by which a few men could instantly and unfailingly, at once destroy a thousand lives, wars among civilized nations would cease forever, and nations low in the scale would more speedily, and with comparatively little suffering, be brought under their pupillary subjection. The inventor of such a machine would prove a greater benefactor of his race, than he who should endow a thousand hospitals.

Colonel Samuel Colt, the eminent inventor of the repeating fire-arms, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, July 19, 1814. His father was a manufacturer of wool, and cotton, and finally of silk, of which last article, he established the first manufactory in New England.

When a lad, young Colt was placed at a school in Amherst, Massachusetts, from whence, moved by a spirit of adventure, he ran away to Boston, and embarked as a boy before the mast on the ship *Corlis*, for Calcutta. He returned buoyant in spirits, and as much determined to make his own way in the world as ever. By a short apprenticeship in the manufactory of his father, particularly in the department of dyeing and bleaching, he became familiarly acquainted with the leading principles of chemistry which he soon turned to account, for when only seventeen or eighteen years of age he traveled throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and the Canadas "under the assumed name of Dr. Coult, burned more oxygen, and administered more laughing gas, to more men, women and children, than any other lecturer, we dare affirm, since chemistry was first known as a science. Without pretension, of course, at this period of his life—then a youth of but seventeen or eighteen years of age—to anything like profoundness of scientific knowledge, he yet managed, by a ready use of such experiments as were dazzling and amusing, and by his dexterity as a manipulator, to win a favorable public opinion, and to secure, what was then of especial value to himself, a profit from his entertainments varying from five to fifty dollars a night, and occasionally reaching several hundreds of dollars in amount.

All these profits—beyond those required for the supply of his daily wants—were sedulously devoted by the youthful adventurer to the prosecution of that great invention which has since extended his renown throughout the civilized world. For, most remarkably, indeed, it was upon that voyage to which we have already alluded—which he made as a runaway sailor-boy to Calcutta—and while firing for amusement at porpoises and whales, off the Cape of Good Hope and in the Indian Seas, that he first conceived, and wrought out with a chisel on a spun-yarn, with a common jack-knife and a little iron rod, the rude model, in a piece of white pine, of that fire-arm which now, from the shores of the Pacific to the Japan Seas—over the whole extent of the civilized world—*itself reports* the triumph of his skill and *blazes* his fame.

With unwearied assiduity, and a confidence in an ultimately prosperous result which never wavered—though against the vaticinations and dissention of numerous relations and friends—he toiled and improved upon his pet model, until at last he engendered confidence enough in the bosoms of a few capitalists to procure the establishment, at Patterson, New Jersey, of a company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, for the manufacture of his favorite arm.

After having secured, in addition to a patent at home, patents also for his invention in England and in France—countries which he personally visited for the purpose—he returned to America to urge upon his own Government the adoption of his arm. But here at first he met with no success. The supreme authorities at Washington, and officers in the public service, both civil and military, frowned upon his invention. He used the percussion cap—a bad substitute, it was thought, for the old flint-lock. His arms were more likely to get out of order than those of the old-fashioned construction, and when broken could not so easily be repaired as common arms. These were the main objections. But Colonel Colt, nothing daunted—for discour-

agement is no element in his composition—met the objectors by careful explanations, by numerous experiments, and, what is more, by making constant improvements upon his invention. There was no suggestion, of practical value, from boards of officers convened to examine and report upon his arm, or from other quarters, to which he did not give heed—no thought of his own in this connection which he did not test by experiment—the company of which he was the soul, consuming for this purpose not less than three hundred thousand dollars—and the result was soon manifested in an arm so perfect in its construction as to rouse commendation wherever seen. Leading institutes and societies, within whose proper purview the arm came, and the journals of the country, to a great extent, vied with each other in its praise. The first premium of the American Institute, New York, and of the Mechanics' Institute in the same city, was, at several fairs, bestowed upon its inventor. Both Colt's pistols and Colt's rifles were eulogized generally as splendid specimens of ingenuity and skill—as surpassing in beauty and correctness of workmanship the best arms of European manufacture—as handled with the greatest facility and ease—as firing with astonishing precision—and as sending forth their successive messengers of death with marvelous celerity, force and effect. These justly merited commendations—and, what is of weightier importance still in this connection, the practical experience of military men, to a large extent, of the value of these arms—upon the battle-fields of Texas, in the everglades of Florida, and amid the fastnesses and over the plains of Mexico—finally commended their adoption by the Government of the United States. The testimony in their favor of such men as General Rusk and General Houston, of Commodore Moore, of the Texan Navy, of Jack Hayes, Ben. McCulloch, and numerous other gallant officers of the far-famed Texan Rangers, and of that brave and excellent officer, particularly, Colonel Harney, the Murat of the American army, could not be resisted. "We use them with the greatest possible success," they all affirmed. "They have far surpassed our expectations. We would not be without them for the world!"

This last named officer, Colonel Harney first became acquainted with their merits, in the war with the Seminoles of Florida. In the hands of his hardy mounted Rangers, they at once became the terror of the red men, and the war was soon brought to a close; for when the Indians saw their foes fire six times without lowering their weapons to load they knew their former tactics were useless, and surrendered.

From the period of this adoption of his arm, the prosperity of Colonel Colt—as was his just meed after years of toil, of trial, of disappointment, but never of failure of hope, or abatement of industry—has run on in one limpid, sparkling, and unbroken stream. By contract demands for his arms from Texas—which he fulfilled, with straitened means, at Whitneyville, Connecticut—by contract demands also from the United States—he was enabled to transfer his enterprise to Hartford, his own native town, upon the banks of the Connecticut, where he has at last succeeded in founding an armory, the most magnificent of its kind, it may be safely alleged, in the known world—an establishment, built in the first place by damming out—a project deemed by many, in its inception, almost superhuman—the waters of the mighty Connecticut in their maddened freshet time—which

incorporates, in buildings and machinery, a full million of dollars, and gives employment to from six to eight hundred men inside the main building, and to numerous hands outside—which dispenses daily, in wages alone, from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; and manufactures, year by year, from seventy-five to one hundred thousand arms.

The result is the fruit of a market for arms, not confined to the United States, but extending over both the Americas—more or less to the Indias, East and West—to Egypt—even to distant Australia—to remote Asiatic tribes assembled at the great Fairs of Novgorood, and over Europe generally, but especially to England. Here the arms of Colonel Colt, first introduced in splendid style through the World's Fair, were warmly welcomed, and led to the speedy establishment in London of an extensive armory for their manufacture, and to their rapid adoption into the British army and naval service.

"In whatever aspect the different observers viewed the American repeaters," says an account of the impression they made at the Crystal Palace, "all agreed that perfection had been reached in the art of destruction. None were more astonished than the English, to find themselves so far surpassed in an art which they had studied and practiced for centuries, by a nation whose existence was within the memory of man, and whose greatest triumphs had been in the paths of peaceful industry. Lord Wellington was found often in the American department, pointing out the great advantage of these repeaters to other officers and his friends, and the different scientific as well as popular journals of the country united in one common tribute of praise to the ingenuity and genius of Colonel Colt. The Institute of Civil Engineers, one of the most highly scientific and practical Boards of its kind in the world, invited Colonel Colt to read a paper before its members upon the subject of these arms, and two of its meetings were occupied in hearing him, and in discussing the merits of his invention." He was the first American inventor who was ever thus complimented by this celebrated Institute, and he received at its hands, for his highly able and interesting paper, the award of a gold medal and a life membership.

In addition to his presence before the Institute, Colonel Colt—in high compliment to his experience and skill, appeared, also, upon special invitation, before a Select Committee on Small Arms of the British Parliament—and there gave testimony which was gladly received, and deemed of superior practical value. His own statements were amply corroborated at the time, before the same committee, by British officers, and others, who had visited his armory in America, and especially by J. Nasmyth, the inventor of the celebrated steam hammer—who, in reply to the inquiry what effect his visit to Colt's manufactory had upon his mind, answered—"It produced a very impressive effect, such as I shall never forget. The first impression was to humble me very considerably. I was in a manner introduced to such a skillful extension of what I knew to be correct principles, but extended in so masterly and wholesale a manner, as made me feel that we were very far behind in carrying out what we know to be good principles. What struck me at Colonel Colt's was, that the acquaintance with correct principles had been carried out in a bold, ingenious way, and they had been

pushed to their full extent; and the result was the attainment of perfection and economy such as I had never met with before."

All tests and examinations to which the repeating arms were subjected in England were highly in their favor. Emphatically they spoke for themselves. The enormous power, nay, the invincibility of British troops armed with them, was demonstrated. "The revolver manufactured by Colonel Colt," said the *Dover Telegraph*, a public journal, expressing the best and almost universal opinion of England upon the arm, "is a weapon that cannot be improved upon. It will, we unhesitatingly predict, prove a panacea for the ills we have so unhappily encountered in the Southern hemisphere. The Caffre hordes will bitterly 'rue the day on which the first terrific discharge is poured upon their sable masses.'" And so—a panacea—the revolver did prove, both with the Caffre hordes, and with the Scandinavian, upon the bloody plains of the Crimea. The marvelous extension of its use within a few years, in Europe, and over parts of Asia—the establishment by the British Government of an armory of its own, at Enfield, for its manufacture—the establishment of another by the Russian Government at Tula for the same manufacture—the call upon Colonel Colt, aided in part by some other American establishments, to provide all the important machinery for these new armories—these facts, and hosts of testimonials from all parts of the world, and from the highest sources, attest the unrivaled excellence of the repeating arms of Colonel Colt, and rank him among the most remarkable inventors of the world.

But it is not only in the department of arms that Colonel Colt's mechanical genius has displayed itself. He also invented an apparatus for blowing up vessels, and for coast and harbor defense, which, in his own hands signally successful, and for a time experimented upon under the patronage and at the expense of the American General Government, will yet, we cannot but believe, be adopted as a system, and, to a great extent, take the place of forts and bastions, and Paixhan guns, for maritime defense.' Aside from this, to him, belongs the rare honor, of first succeeding in transmitting telegraphic communications under water, by an insulated wire, as spoken of more fully in the preceding sketch of Professor Morse.

CYRUS H. M'CORMICK, THE INVENTOR OF THE REAPING MACHINE.

Inventive talent, as applied to the first great want of man, the production of food, is as yet in its early infancy. In no department of human industry are the triumphs of inventors to be more signally displayed than in this; and although the decree that man by the sweat of his brow shall earn his bread, will never be removed; yet the benefits which he is to derive through the aid of machinery, in the planting, tilling, and gathering of his crops, and in the application of science to the processes of agriculture, are to effect a revolution of the magnitude of which we can now have no conception. The day is fast waning in which the success of the farmer is considered as guaranteed simply by the exercise of plodding industry. Agriculture is rapidly taking its true position as the noblest of all vocations, requiring for its successful prosecution the highest faculties of the intellect, and yielding, too, the best of all rewards, vigorous health, independence, and the absence of those temptations which are the curse of the competi-

tive avocations of a city life. All honor, then, to those laborers in science and invention, who are doing so much to elevate the condition of the agriculturist, and to cause the earth to yield more abundantly the riches of nature, for the sustenance and comfort of man.

Among the inventions of our countrymen, in aid of agriculture, the reaper of Cyrus H. McCormick stands at the head of the list, as a labor-saving machine, and as having brought honor to the American name, by the ingenuity displayed in its construction. The inventor is a Virginian by birth—a native of the county of Rockbridge, which is in the heart of the State, and in that part known as the Valley of Virginia, long famous for the generous crops which bless the labors of the husbandman. He commenced his career as an inventor about the year 1830, his mind having been given that bent at an early age by his father, Robert McCormick, a highly respectable farmer, of excellent mechanical genius, who had himself patented several machines, and experimented upon a reaping machine as early as 1816, and again in 1831. The trial of this machine of the elder McCormick in 1831, which was measurably successful in strait, untangled grain, satisfied him that it would not answer any valuable purpose for ordinary harvest operations, and he accordingly abandoned it.

His son Cyrus, however, had even then been employing his mind upon the subject; for during this same harvest, he had actually succeeded in inventing and putting in operation a machine containing most of the leading features in his present reaper, but wholly different from the plan of that invented by the elder McCormick. It operated quite well in cutting a portion of a late crop of oats on the farm of Mr. John Steele, which adjoined that of his father. The circumstances of this trial, and a description of the machine, were published in the spring of 1834, in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, of E. K. Minor, of New York.

Aside from this, Mr. McCormick was at that period occupied with the invention of two plows, one of which, called a "hill-side plow," was patented in June, 1831, and the other, designated as a "self-sharpening, horizontal plow," was patented in November, 1833. These were both designed for horizontal plowing, and were ingeniously arranged; and the last named, is said to be the most simple and effective of its kind. It has not been extensively introduced, for the reason that the reaper became of so much greater importance, as to consume the time and attention of the inventor, to the neglect of the other; and on the expiration of the patent, he failed in obtaining a renewal by congress. Mr. McCormick's first patent for his reaper, was obtained in June, 1834. Several years elapsed before he had it sufficiently perfected to be fully satisfied to offer it to the public extensively *upon his own responsibility*, which he deemed the proper way to introduce it. This lapse of time was owing to the very limited period given in each year—the harvest season—for experimenting upon it, and making the improvements which experience suggested.

In the year 1841, he first advertised his reaper in the public prints of Virginia, on a full guarantee of its performance. In this original advertisement, he says that, "Having satisfied himself that, after several years of labor and attention in improving and completing his invention, he had triumphantly succeeded in effecting his object with as much perfection as

the principle admits of, or is now desirable ; performing all that would be expected, viz : the cutting of all kinds of small grain, in almost all the various situations in which it may be found, whether on level or moderately-hilly lands, whether long or short, heavy or light, straight, tangled, or leaning, in the best possible manner, by a machine operated by horse-power, with little friction or strain upon any of its parts, and without complication, and, therefore not subject to get out of order, but strong and durable—that operates with great saving of *labor and grain*."

Soon after the advertisement of Mr. M'Cormick, and subsequent to the harvest of 1842, numerous testimonials, to the great value of the invention, were published in the papers of the State. One of these, from Mr. W. M. Peyton, an eminent agriculturist, we insert for its full description of its advantages as a labor-saving machine.

"I have tested it satisfactorily in every grade and condition of wheat : in that which was very light, as well as that which would have yielded, but for the rust, from thirty to forty bushels per acre ; in that which was erect, and in that which was tangled and fallen, and found it to operate in every instance with surprising neatness and efficiency—scarcely leaving a head, and but slightly influenced in the number of acres cut in a given time, by the condition of the grain. It was found to cut tangled and fallen grain, wherever it was not too flat to be reached by the sickle, as well as that which was standing. The neatness and completeness with which the crop is saved, is scarcely conceivable to one who has not witnessed its work. Those most wedded to the cradle, admit that the reaper will save, on an average, at least one more bushel to the acre in standing wheat than the best cradling, while in tangled grain the saving would be augmented double, treble, or even quadruple that amount. So that the machine, which costs only a hundred dollars, will pay for itself in cutting an ordinary crop.

"The machine, too, is simple and substantial ; of course, not liable to get out of order ; and when, from casualty, deranged or broken, easily rectified or repaired by an ordinary mechanic. It will cut with facility fifteen acres per day ; and when pushed, at least twenty. Two hands attend it with ease, as rider and raker, relieving each other regularly, and five or six will bind the grain with more ease, than they would bind the same quantity of grain after cradlers and rakers, as the machine leaves it strait, and in piles large enough for several sheaves. It is fully equal to five choice cradlers, who would require five rakers and five binders to follow them, making fifteen in all. Thus you see there is a *saving of the labor of eight hands* in every day's cutting of the reaper. It performs equally well on rolling and undulating as on level land, and by taking steep hills obliquely, so as to graduate the ascent, the difficulty with them will in a great degree be obviated."

Another prominent Virginia farmer, General Corbin Braxton, also testified : "It has been worked this harvest under almost every disadvantage which it was possible to bring to bear against it, in consequence of the unprecedented weather we have had. It will cut any wheat that is not too low for the reel and teeth to reach it. It does not appear to me to be as liable to get out of order as a common cradle, and I should think it would be very durable. The reaper has cut all descriptions of wheat : green, ripe, rusted as badly as

wheat could have it, lying and standing; and I think that every farmer cutting fifty acres of wheat would find it to his advantage to have one. No weather has prevented the reaper from working, except when the ground was so soft as to mire the wheels."

From this time the reaper went into public use, gaining favor regularly as it became more widely known, until the year 1845, when a second patent was granted for improvements in the cutting apparatus, and in the method of dividing and separating the grain to be cut, from that to be left on the field for the next swath. In 1847, Mr. M'Cormick obtained a third patent, for the improvement of so arranging his machine as to be able to carry the man upon it, whose duty it was to discharge the cut grain from the platform of the machine on the ground, out of the track of the horses, in passing the next time.

With these patented improvements, together with such others as suggested themselves from year to year in perfecting the details, "M'Cormick's Reaper" has been steadily winning its way into favor, and holding its position of superiority over all others. Its first trial with a competitor, was with Hussey's Reaper, at Richmond, Virginia, in the harvest of 1843, when there was no other machine of the kind known in the world. It was a signal triumph for M'Cormick's Reaper. But the event which more than anything else served to give it a wide reputation, was the honor it won at the "World's Fair," in London, in 1851. When first seen at the exhibition of the Crystal Palace, it was the great butt of ridicule of the English press. The London Times sneered at it as a curious affair, resembling "a cross between an Astley chariot, a tread-mill, and a flying-machine." When the English people had an opportunity of witnessing its working powers in a field of grain, their sneers were changed to cheers, and there appeared almost no bounds to the enthusiasm with which they alluded to it. The London Times said it was the most valuable article on exhibition from any country, and was of sufficient value to compensate for the whole expense of the World's Fair. In fact its triumph was the first and most important event of the exhibition in retrieving the reputation of our country, from the ridicule which the meagerness of our contributions had called forth, compared with the rich, elegant, and large display of fine goods and gew-gaws of other countries. Its success on this occasion resulted in the award to Mr. M'Cormick of "The Great Council Medal," which was the highest class premium granted, and which was given to no other single agricultural implement at the exhibition.

No less signal was the triumph of M'Cormick's Reaper at the Great Industrial Exhibition of all Nations, at Paris, in 1855. It was there brought in competition with the American machines of Hussey and Manny—that of Bell's, of Scotland, with one or two others of French production. To it, then, as a combined reaper and mower, upon the most thorough test of its powers made in the field, in cutting wheat, oats, and grass, was awarded the only "Grand Medal of Honor" given to any single agricultural implement on exhibition. The Hon. Wm. Elliott, Commissioner of the State of South Carolina, who was present, in his report to the governor of that State, says: "I had the pleasure of witnessing the trial of M'Cormick's machine, and second triumph in the field of Trappes, where model implements, selected

from France and England, were brought in competition with it only to test its superiority. Its success was so distinguished as to disarm envy, and bring down generous cheers from the vanquished parties." The "*La Presse*," the most extensively circulated newspaper in France, on this occasion devoted no less than four columns to a minute historical sketch and description of the machine, in connection with an account of the extraordinary results of these trials.

At the Paris exhibitions of 1856-7, the first premiums were awarded to M'Cormick's Reaper; and to the same was awarded the first premium of the United States Agricultural Society, in July, 1857, at a trial at Syracuse of about twenty of the most prominent reapers of the United States.

The rapidity with which the farmer can, by this machine, cut his grain, when in the proper state, has greatly stimulated production in our country. For grass-cutting it operates with equal advantage, proportional to the amount of that crop. M'Cormick's Reaper may be said to be to the great West, what Whitney's cotton gin is to the South—a machine of incalculable advantages in developing the resources of the country. In the broad prairies of the West it has full scope for its triumphs; some four thousand of them being annually manufactured at Chicago, mainly for the use of the Western farmers.

ISAAC M. SINGER, AND THE SEWING MACHINE.

The SEWING MACHINE does great honor to the inventive genius of our countrymen. This machine is not, however, the result of the ingenuity of one mind, but appears to have been brought to its present state of usefulness by the successive inventions of many individuals, which, when properly combined has resulted in an invention, whose pecuniary benefits cannot be measured by millions, and which in the emancipation of the wives, mothers, and daughters of the land from a most unhealthy kind of labor, is destined to prove one of the greatest of human blessings.

The magnitude of this invention, can hardly be appreciated. It is estimated that in civilized countries more than one half of the adult portion of the human race are almost wholly employed in the use of the needle, and much of this sewing is of a kind which rapidly wears upon the system, producing premature disease and death. The sewing machine was precisely the invention most needed by the world.

The first sewing machine of which there is any account was of French invention, and was a tambour machine of simple contrivance, which was used for the purpose of ornamenting the backs of gloves, and marking cloths. It operated with one needle and a single thread, making what is commonly called the single chain stitch. This machine was not adapted to general purposes, the seam sewed by it could readily be raveled out, and therefore it never was much used.

The next machine or machines for sewing, for there were two or more of them, differing in form and arrangement, but alike in their essential principles of operation, were invented, constructed, exhibited, and sold by WALTER HUNT, of the City of New-York, in the years 1834 and 1835.

The next sewing machine in order, and the first upon which a patent was

obtained in the United States, was invented by JOHN J. GREENOUGH, Esq. His patent bears date February 1, 1842. Mr. Greenough's machine was made to sew with two threads, both of which were entirely passed through the cloth at every stitch; a mode of operation which in actual practice presents difficulties.

GEORGE R. CORLISS, of Greenwich, N. Y., was the inventor and patentee of the next sewing machine, his patent bearing date December 27, 1843. This was also a machine which sewed with two threads in a manner somewhat similar to that of Mr. Greenough, and was subject to the like objections.

On the 10th of September, 1846, letters patent were granted to Elias Howe, Jr., a machinist of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This machine had been invented the year previous. The prominent feature of this invention, was the combination of the needle and shuttle. In 1849, Lerow and Blodget obtained a patent on what is called the Rotary Sewing Machine. Owing to the defects of these various machines, they failed to come into general use, and the public became so repeatedly disappointed and deceived, that they were prepared to regard any man as an imposter who should speak of offering a sewing machine, no matter how perfect it should be. But intellect was at work, overcoming the defects of these previous attempts, until at last ISAAC M. SINGER, a native of Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, invented a machine, which was so superior to all its predecessors as to *convince the public* of the practicability of the sewing machine, for general use: and this was just what Fulton did for the steamboat.

In October, 1851, he exhibited his machine at the Fair of the American Institute, and was awarded a premium of the first class—a gold medal. Similar testimonials have been awarded to this invention at seven fairs in the various States. It has rarely happened that any great invention, under the most favorable circumstances, has made an equal progress with this, in so short a time. The machines are in most profitable use in all parts of the country, and the world, and for a great variety of purposes. They are capable of stitching the finest linen or heavy leather, and any kind or quality of materials between these extremes, and the work is strong and exceedingly beautiful. The Straight Needle Sewing Machine, has established its reputation as one of the most important labor-saving instruments ever devised.

Since the first patent granted to I. M. Singer, for the sewing machine, on the 12th day of August, 1851, seventeen other distinct patents have been issued to him in the United States, upon the same subject. The same improvements have also been patented in several foreign countries.

Mr. Singer has, therefore, "the exclusive right to numerous mechanical devices, without the use of which no sewing machine can be made to operate to advantage;" and, where used by others, it is either by a contract with him or by an infringement of his legal rights.

Scarcely any invention is ever made without an infringement on the rights of the inventor. Persons unacquainted with patents are apt to suppose that if a man has a patent upon a device in a machine, he must therefore have the right to make and sell such machine. This is a great mistake. There are at this moment between one hundred and a hundred and fifty patents in this country on the sewing machine. These patents are, for the

most part, for minor improvements of little practical importance, and the law is that no patentee of an improvement on a machine can use anything secured by a previous patent without the consent of the prior inventor. Hence it follows that it is now utterly impossible to make a sewing machine of any kind of any practical utility without directly infringing several subsisting patents, the validity of which cannot be questioned.

In the year 1855, Singer's sewing machine, received the prize, in the French National Exhibition, in Paris. These machines are now used by the French government, for the manufacture of the clothes of the French army and navy. A manufactory has been established in Paris, and the right to use his patents in France sold for 100,000 dollars. On the 6th of February, 1849, a patent was granted to Charles Morey and Joseph B. Johnson, of Massachusetts, upon a machine which made a seam with a single thread by means of a needle and a hook, acting in combination; and for certain purposes, it is a very valuable invention.

Beside these are a large number of inventions, mostly worthless, or only very limited in the uses to which they can be applied. The four prominent sewing machines before the country, which can be used for a variety of purposes, are SINGER'S, WHEELER and WILSON'S, GROVER and BAKER'S, HUNT, WEBSTER & Co's. These four machines, beside being covered by various patents peculiar to each, are indebted to the prior invention of Howe for the needle used. For the right to use his patent needle, the four pay Mr. Howe more than \$100,000 per annum.

The sewing machine has already been introduced to such an extent that some calculation may be made of its effect as a social element. It was predicted that its use would bear with peculiar hardship upon the sewing girl, whose oppressed condition has long excited the sympathies of the philanthropic; but it is evident this has not been the result, and the strong prejudice which for several years resisted the introduction of the sewing machine, has been gradually overcome. The following incident, which occurred about four years ago, is related by SINGER, and shows the nature of the resistance then experienced: "We were sitting in our office one pleasant afternoon, when a tall lady dressed in black entered, and with rapid step advanced to the sewing machine on exhibition. 'Are you,' she asked, 'the inventor of this machine?' 'I am,' was the reply. 'Then,' she rejoined, with a fierce expression, 'you ought to be hung!' Having delivered herself of this opinion, she abruptly left the office."

It was not anticipated that the price of hand labor would advance, as the machines were brought into operation. Yet such is the fact. It is undeniably true, that the wages of hand labor in the principal branches of industry in which sewing machines are most employed, has advanced nearly or quite fifty per cent., within the last four years. With all the aid to be derived from the machines, many manufacturers find it difficult to procure their work to be done. The truth is that the quantity of work increases with the capacity to perform it, and, consequently, the mechanic will never be unemployed because of the introduction of machinery, while in common with the whole community, he will be directly benefited by the cheapening of articles of necessity and luxury which he may wish to buy.

The sewing machine also stimulates various other branches of manufacture. Among those in connection with it worthy of notice, is the great improvement which has taken place in the quality of sewing silk, twist, thread, etc., made necessary by the rapid and accurate movement of the sewing machine. We now produce thread in this country, which far exceeds any of foreign importation, in strength and evenness of texture. If the foreign and domestic are looped together and jerked asunder, the former, even of the best descriptions, has been found to yield in the greatest number of instances. Several thread factories have been established to meet the increased demand.

We conclude this subject by quoting a few paragraphs from the pen of an intelligent writer upon the sewing machine, in its social and sanitary aspects.

"We have from examination a most thorough conviction of the advantages of sewing machines for family use, and for sewing generally in all its varieties. They sew every kind of material, working equally well upon silk, linen, woollen, and cotton goods; seaming, quilting, gathering, hemming, etc., with a strength and beauty superior to any hand work. They are elegant in model and finish, simple and thorough in construction, quiet and rapid in operation; easily managed; and make a firm and durable seam equally beautiful upon each side, with great economy of thread. The *speed averages about twelve hundred stitches per minute*, though it may be run at double this. In manufacturing skirts where about ten stitches to the inch are made, *one thousand yards of straight sewing* is an average day's work of ten hours. It is sometimes run *as high as one hundred and fifty yards per hour*. Fifty dozens of shirt collars, or six dozens of shirt bosoms are a day's work. They are estimated to do the work of *twelve seamstresses*. The wages of a good operator at family sewing, are, we believe, two dollars per day. They have done much to elevate and extend the sphere of female industry. The uses of the needle have been multiplied. Processes now executed by machines have been heretofore performed by various implements. The cheapening of manufactures has so much increased their consumption, that not only are the interests of humanity subserved, but avenues of employment have been opened to female industry heretofore occupied by men. It is, however, rather from a professional and sanitary point of view that we purpose to consider them particularly.

The physical evils resulting from the use of the needle are of modern date; the few and simple robes of ancestral times, taxed but slightly the wives and daughters of those days. It is in this period of increased manufacture of fabrics, that the burden has fallen so heavily upon woman: and resulted in such frightful consequences to health, virtue and happiness. We are inclined to analyze these phenomena rather than dismiss them with vague expressions.

The attitude in hand sewing is unhealthful. There is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulation, respiration, digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The erect position is the healthy one. The head should be raised and the shoulders thrown back to give the lungs full play. The frequent long drawn breath of the seamstress,

evinces the cramping and confinement of the lungs. Health cannot be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in due abundance disease must supervene.

Again, the stillness required for hand sewing is destructive to health. The hands and arms alone move; the body and lower limbs are motionless, which tend to paralysis. Confinement in the stocks would be hardly more barbarous. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. This confined attitude is in violation of correct theories of healthy physical development—the instincts of nature. Those accustomed to sit writing for hours, day after day, can form some idea of the exhausting nature of this work.

The minute attention required, and the strain upon the eyes, are not the least evils resulting from hand sewing. Attention cannot be intermitted and have the work go on. The eye must be fixed, in order to measure the stitch. The fineness of the needle and thread, the various colored fabrics, and the precision that good work requires, tax the eyesight more than any other business. We must reflect, too, that this labor is demanded under most unfavorable circumstances: dim lights, dark and close rooms—day and night for years. Nothing could be better devised for ruining health. What wonder that needle women are pale, nervous, and careworn, or that our women generally look old at an early age!

The operation of hand sewing injures the intellect, also, by affecting the health, and deranging the nerves; while the work itself is of a most belittling character, requiring no mental exercise, and furnishing no food for thought. The head grows dizzy and the eyes swim over the monotonous task. Exercise invigorates the mind as well as the body. As the flesh becomes flabby, and the circulation languid from inaction, so the mind tends to imbecility without invigorating exercise. If the mental and moral constitution of the mother molds that of the child, what results must flow from a constant occupation that belittles the soul and benumbs the intellect? Children, healthy in body and mind, cannot be born of mothers whose constitutions have been undermined by employment so unhealthy. Physiological lectures and treatises are valueless if their teachings are thus systematically ignored.

It is not the seamstress alone that suffers;—the wives and mothers bear quite as wearying burdens. She who should be the light and life of the household, whose loving heart and cheerful voice and countenance should inspire gladness, is a drudge, a slave to the wardrobe, exhausting her energies upon an endless task to the neglect of accomplishments, the culture of her children, and most of the charities and amenities of life. What but the most ardent attachment can blind any young woman to court such a destiny? These evils may have been heretofore unavoidable, but the necessity exists no longer. That the sewing machine is calculated to furnish full and permanent relief to the evils above specified, we most firmly believe. The attitude of the operator is erect and graceful; the movement of the lower limbs in giving it motion, is invigorating; its mechanism, and rapid, precise, and beautiful operations excite mental energy, while the week-long work of the wardrobe is reduced to a few hours. It is indispensable in a well-regulated family; and parents should regard the outfit of a

daughter incomplete without one. The piano, which she will have no time to use, is of secondary importance to an invention that will relieve her of so many hours of wearying labor. The expense is not to be compared with the saving in time and the curtailment of medical expenses.

Woman's agency in the movements of the day is too valuable to be dispensed with.—Her position, sensibilities, and virtuous inclinations mark her as pioneer in the moral, social and hygienic reforms. Now that mechanical genius has redeemed her time, relieved her from the drudgery of hand sewing, and rendered it a pleasing and healthful employment, we hope to see her more appropriately fulfilling her noble mission."

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

ISRAEL R. POTTER,

WHO WAS A SOLDIER IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AND TOOK A DISTINGUISHED PART IN THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, IN WHICH HE RECEIVED THREE WOUNDS; AFTER WHICH HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BRITISH AND CONVEYED TO ENGLAND, WHERE FOR THIRTY YEARS HE OBTAINED A LIVELIHOOD FOR HIMSELF AND FAMILY BY CRYING "OLD CHAIRS TO MEND," THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON. HE DID NOT SUCCEED IN OBTAINING A PASSAGE TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY UNTIL THE YEAR 1823, WHEN HE WAS IN THE SEVENTY-NINTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND AFTER

AN ABSENCE OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS.

I was born of reputable parents in the town of Cranston, State of Rhode Island, August 1, 1744. I continued with my parents there, in the full enjoyment of parental affection and indulgence, until I arrived at the age of eighteen, when, having formed an acquaintance with the daughter of a Mr. Richard Gardner, a near neighbor, for whom (in the opinion of my friends) entertaining too great a degree of partiality, I was reprimanded, and threatened by them with more severe punishment, if my visits were not discontinued. Disappointed in my intentions of forming an union with one whom I really loved, I deemed the conduct of my parents in this respect unreasonable and oppressive, and formed the determination to leave them, for the purpose of seeking another home and other friends.

It was on Sunday, while the family were at meeting, that I packed up as many articles of my clothing as could be contained in a pocket-handkerchief, which, with a small quantity of provision, I conveyed to and secreted in a piece of woods in the rear of my father's house; I then returned and continued in the house until about nine in the evening, when, with the pretense of retiring to bed, I passed into a back room, and from thence out of a back door, and hastened to the spot where I had deposited my clothes, etc. It was a warm summer's night, and that I might be enabled to travel with the more facility the succeeding day, I lay down at the foot of a tree and reposed myself until about four in the morning, when I arose and commenced my journey, traveling westward, with an intention of reaching, if possible, the new countries, which I had heard highly spoken of as affording excellent prospects for industrious and enterprising young men. To evade the pursuit of my friends, by whom I knew I should be early missed and diligently sought for, I confined my travel to the woods and shunned the public roads, until I had reached the distance of about twelve miles from my father's house.

At noon the succeeding day I reached Hartford, in Connecticut, and ap-

plied to a farmer in that town for work, and for whom I agreed to labor for one month for the sum of six dollars. Having completed my month's work to the satisfaction of my employer, I received my money and started from Hartford for Otter Creek; but, when I reached Springfield, I met with a man bound to the Cahos country, and who offered me four dollars to accompany him, of which offer I accepted; and the next morning we left Springfield, and in a canoe ascended Connecticut River, and in about two weeks, after much hard labor in paddling and poling the boat against the current, we reached Lebanon, New Hampshire, the place of our destination. It was with some difficulty, and not until I had procured a writ by the assistance of a respectable innkeeper in Lebanon by the name of Hill, that I obtained from my last employer the four dollars which he had agreed to pay me for my services.

From Lebanon, I crossed the river to New Hartford (then New York), where I bargained with a Mr. Brink of that town for two hundred acres of new land, lying in New Hampshire, and for which I was to labor for him four months. As this may appear to some a small consideration for so great a number of acres of land, it may be well here to acquaint the reader with the situation of the country in that quarter, at that early period of its settlement — which was an almost impenetrable wilderness, containing but few civilized inhabitants, far distantly situated from each other and from any considerable settlement; and whose temporary habitations with a few exceptions were constructed of logs in their natural state — the woods abounded with wild beasts of almost every description peculiar to this country, nor were the few inhabitants at that time free from serious apprehension of being at some unguarded moment suddenly attacked and destroyed, or conveyed into captivity by the savages, who from the commencement of the French war, had improved every favorable opportunity to cut off the defenseless inhabitants of the frontier towns.

After the expiration of my four months' labor, the person who had promised me a deed of two hundred acres of land therefor, having refused to fulfill his engagements, I was obliged to engage with a party of his majesty's surveyors at fifteen shillings per month, as an assistant chain-bearer, to survey the wild unsettled lands bordering on the Connecticut River to its source.

It was in the winter season, and the snow so deep that it was impossible to travel without snow-shoes. At the close of each day we enkindled a fire, cooked our victuals and erected with the branches of hemlock a temporary hut, which served us for shelter for the night. The surveyors having completed their business returned to Lebanon, after an absence of about two months. Receiving my wages, I purchased a fowling-piece and ammunition therewith, and for the four succeeding months devoted my time in hunting deer, beavers, etc., in which I was very successful, as in the four months I obtained as many skins of these animals as produced me forty dollars. With my money I purchased of a Mr. John Marsh, one hundred acres of new land, lying on Water-Quechy River (so called), about five miles from Hartford, New York. On this land I went immediately to work, erected a small log hut thereon, and in two summers, without any assistance, cleared up thirty acres fit for sowing. In the winter seasons I employed my time in hunting and entrapping such animals whose hides and furs were esteemed

of the most value. I remained in possession of my land two years, and then disposed of it to the same person of whom I purchased it, at the advanced price of two hundred dollars, and then conveyed my skins and furs which I had collected the two preceding winters, to No. 4 (now Charlestown), where I exchanged them for Indian blankets, wampeag, and such other articles as I could conveniently convey on a hand-sled, and with which I started for Canada, to barter with the Indians for furs. This proved a very profitable trip, as I very soon disposed of every article at an advance of more than two hundred per cent., and received payment in furs at a reduced price, and for which I received, in No. 4, two hundred dollars, cash. With this money, together with what I was before in possession of, I now set out for home, once more to visit my parents after an absence of two years and nine months, in which time my friends had not been enabled to receive any correct information of me. On my arrival, so greatly affected were my parents at the presence of a son whom they had considered dead, that it was some time before either could become sufficiently composed to listen to or request me to furnish them with an account of my travels.

Soon after my return, as some atonement for the anxiety which I had caused my parents, I presented them with most of the money that I had earned in my absence, and formed the determination that I would remain with them contented at home, in consequence of a conclusion from the welcome reception that I met with, that they had repented of their opposition, and had become reconciled to my intended union—but, in this, I soon found that I was mistaken; for, although overjoyed to see me alive, whom they had supposed really dead, no sooner did they find that long absence had increased rather than diminished my attachment for their neighbor's daughter, than their resentment and opposition appeared to increase in proportion—in consequence of which I formed the determination again to quit them, and try my fortune at sea, as I had now arrived at an age in which I had an unquestionable right to think and act for myself.

After remaining at home one month, I applied for and procured a berth at Providence, on board the sloop —, Captain Fuller, bound for Grenada. After this voyage was finished, I made several other voyages, the last of which was of three years' duration, in a whaler to the South Seas.

I returned from my last voyage perfectly sick of the sea, remained with my friends at Cranston a few weeks, and then hired myself to a Mr. James Waterman, of Coventry, for twelve months, to work at farming. This was in the year 1774, and I continued with him about six months, when the difficulties which had for some time prevailed between the Americans and British, had now arrived at that crisis as to render it certain that hostilities would soon commence in good earnest between the two nations; in consequence of which, the Americans at this period began to prepare themselves for the event—companies were formed in several of the towns in New England, who received the appellation of "minute men," and who were to hold themselves in readiness to obey the first summons of their officers, to march at a moment's notice. A company of this kind was formed in Coventry, into which I enlisted.

It was on a Sabbath morning that news was received of the destruction of the provincial stores at Concord, and of the massacre of our countrymen

at Lexington, by a detached party of the British troops from Boston : and I immediately thereupon received a summons from the captain, to be prepared to march with the company early in the morning ensuing. By the break of day on Monday morning, I swung my knapsack, shouldered my musket, and with the company commenced my march with a quick step for Charlestown, where we arrived before sunset, and remained encamped in the vicinity until about noon of the 16th June ; when, having been previously joined by the remainder of the regiment from Rhode Island, to which our company was attached, we received orders to proceed and join a detachment of about one thousand American troops, which had that morning taken possession of Bunker Hill, and which we had orders immediately to fortify, in the best manner that circumstances would admit of. We labored all night without cessation and with very little refreshment, and by the dawn of day succeeded in throwing up a redoubt of eight or nine rods square. As soon as our works were discovered by the British in the morning, they commenced a heavy fire upon us, which was supported by a fort on Copp's Hill ; we, however (under the command of the intrepid Putnam), continued to labor like beavers until our breastwork was completed.

About noon, a number of the enemy's boats and barges, filled with troops, landed at Charlestown, and commenced a deliberate march to attack us. We were now harangued by General Putnam, who reminded us, that exhausted as we were, by our incessant labor through the preceding night, the most important part of our duty was yet to be performed, and that much would be expected from so great a number of excellent marksmen, he charged us to be cool, and to reserve our fire until the enemy approached so near as to enable us to see the white of their eyes. When within about ten rods of our works, we gave them the contents of our muskets, which were aimed with such good effect, as soon to cause them to turn their backs and to retreat with a much quicker step than that with which they approached us. We were now again harangued by "old General Put," as he was termed, and requested by him to aim at the officers, should the enemy renew the attack—which they did in a few moments, with a reinforcement. Their approach was with a slow step, which gave us an excellent opportunity to obey the commands of our general in bringing down their officers. I feel but little disposed to boast of my own performances on this occasion, and will only say, that after devoting so many months in hunting the wild animals of the wilderness, while an inhabitant of New Hampshire, the reader will not suppose me a bad or inexperienced marksman, and that such were the fair shots which the epauletted red-coats presented in the two attacks, that every shot which they received from me, I am confident on another occasion would have produced me a deer-skin.

So warm was the reception the enemy met with in their second attack, that they again found it necessary to retreat ; but soon after receiving a fresh reinforcement, a third assault was made, in which, in consequence of our ammunition failing, they too well succeeded. A close and bloody engagement now ensued—to fight our way through a very considerable body of the enemy, with clubbed muskets (for there were not one in twenty of us pro-

vided with bayonets) were now the only means left us to escape. The conflict, which was a sharp and severe one, is still fresh in my memory, and cannot be forgotten by me while the scars of the wounds which I then received, remain to remind me of it. Fortunately for me, at this critical moment I was armed with a cutlass, which although without an edge and much rust-eaten, I found of infinite more service to me than my musket. In one instance, I am certain, it was the means of saving my life—a blow with a cutlass was aimed at my head by a British officer, which I parried and received only a slight cut with the point on my right arm near the elbow, which I was then unconscious of; but this slight wound cost my antagonist at the moment a much more serious one, which effectually *disarmed* him, for with one well-directed stroke I deprived him of the power of very soon again measuring swords with a Yankee rebel! We finally, however, should have been mostly cut off, and compelled to yield to a superior and better equipped force, had not a body of three or four hundred Connecticut men formed a temporary breastwork, with rails, etc., and by this means held the enemy at bay until our main body had time to ascend the heights, and retreat across the neck. In this retreat I was less fortunate than many of my comrades—I received two musket-ball wounds, one in my hip and the other near the ankle of my left leg. I succeeded, however, without any assistance in reaching Prospect Hill, where the main body of the Americans had made a stand and commenced fortifying. From thence I was soon after conveyed to the hospital in Cambridge, where my wounds were dressed and the bullet extracted from my hip by one of the surgeons; the house was nearly filled with the poor fellows who, like myself, had received wounds in the late engagement, and presented a melancholy spectacle.

I suffered much pain from the wound which I received in my ankle; the bone was badly fractured and several pieces were extracted by the surgeon, and it was six weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to join my regiment quartered on Prospect Hill, where they had thrown up intrenchments within the distance of little more than a mile of the enemy's camp, which was in full view, they having intrenched themselves on Bunker Hill after the engagement.

On the 3d July, to the great satisfaction of the Americans, General Washington arrived from the south to take command. I was then confined in the hospital, but as far as my observations could extend, he met with a joyful reception, and his arrival was welcomed by every one throughout the camp.

The British quartered in Boston began soon to suffer much from the scarcity of provisions, and General Washington took every precaution to prevent their gaining a supply. From the country all supplies could be easily cut off, and to prevent their receiving any from Tories and other disaffected persons by water, the general found it necessary to equip two or three armed vessels to intercept them; among these was the brigantine *Washington* of ten guns, commanded by Capt. Martindale. As seamen, at this time, could not easily be obtained, most of them having enlisted in the land service, permission was given to any of the soldiers who should be pleased to accept of the offer, to man these vessels—consequently myself

with several others of the same regiment went on board of the *Washington*, then lying at Plymouth, and in complete order for a cruise.

We set sail about the 8th December, and had been out but three days when we were captured by the enemy's ship *Foy*, of twenty guns, who took us all out and put a prize crew on board the *Washington*—the *Foy* proceeded with us immediately to Boston Bay, where we were put on board the British frigate *Tartar*, and orders given to convey us to England. When two or three days out, I projected a scheme (with the assistance of my fellow prisoners, seventy-two in number) to take the ship, in which we should undoubtedly have succeeded, as we had a number of resolute fellows on board, had it not been for the treachery of a renegade Englishman, who betrayed us. As I was pointed out by the fellow as the principal in the plot, I was ordered in irons by the officers of the *Tartar*, in which situation I remained until the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth, England, when I was brought on deck and closely examined; but protesting my innocence, and what was very fortunate for me in the course of the examination, the person by whom I had been betrayed, having been proved a British deserter, his story was discredited and I was relieved of my irons.

The prisoners were now all thoroughly cleansed and conveyed to the marine hospital on shore, where many of us took the small-pox the natural way from some whom we found in the hospital affected with that disease, which proved fatal to nearly one half our number. From the hospital those of us who survived were conveyed to Spithead, and put on board a guard-ship, where I had been confined with my fellow prisoners about a month, when I was ordered into the boat, to assist the bargemen (in consequence of the absence of one of their gang) in rowing the lieutenant on shore. As soon as we reached the shore and the officer landed, it was proposed by some of the boat's crew to resort for a few moments to an ale-house, in the vicinity, to treat themselves to a few pots of beer; which being agreed to by all, I thought this a favorable opportunity, and the only one that might present, to escape from my floating prison, and felt determined not to let it pass unimproved; accordingly, as the boat's crew were about to enter the house, I expressed a necessity of my separating from them a few moments, to which they, not suspecting any design, readily assented. As soon as I saw them all snugly in and the door closed, I gave speed to my legs, and ran, as I then concluded, about four miles without once halting. I steered my course toward London, as when there by mingling with the crowd I thought it probable that I should be least suspected.

When I had reached the distance of about ten miles from where I quit the bargemen, and beginning to think myself in little danger of apprehension should any of them be sent by the lieutenant in pursuit of me, as I was leisurely passing a public house, I was noticed and hailed by a naval officer at the door with "Ahoy, what ship?"—"No ship," was my reply, on which he ordered me to stop, but of which I took no other notice than to observe to him, that if he would attend to his own business I would proceed quietly about mine. This rather increasing than diminishing his suspicions that I was a deserter, garbed as I was, he gave chase. Finding myself closely pursued and unwilling again to be made a prisoner, if possible to escape, I had now once more to trust my legs, and should have succeeded

had not the officer, on finding himself likely to be distanced, set up a cry of "Stop thief!" which brought numbers out of their houses and workshops, who, joining in the pursuit, succeeded after a chase of nearly a mile in overhauling me.

By the officer I was conveyed back to the inn, and left in custody of two soldiers—the former (previous to retiring) observing to the landlord, that believing me to be a true blooded Yankee, requested him to supply me at his expense with as much liquor as I should call for. The house was thronged early in the evening by many of the "good and faithful subjects of King George," who had assembled to take a peep at the "Yankee rebel" (as they termed me), who had so recently taken an active part in the rebellious war, then raging in his majesty's American provinces.

As for myself, I thought it best not to be reserved, but to reply readily to all their inquiries; for while my mind was wholly employed in devising a plan to escape from the custody of my keepers, so far from manifesting a disposition to resent any of the insults offered me, or my country, to prevent any suspicions of my designs, I feigned myself not a little pleased with their observations and in no way dissatisfied with my situation. As the officer had left orders with the landlord to supply me with as much liquor as I should be pleased to call for, I felt determined to make my keepers merry at his expense, if possible, as the best means that I could adopt to effect my escape.

The evening having become now far spent and the company mostly retiring, my keepers (who, to use a sailor's phrase, I was happy to discover "half seas over") having much to my dissatisfaction furnished me with a pair of handcuffs, spread a blanket by the side of their bed on which I was to repose for the night. I feigned myself very grateful to them for having humanely furnished me with so comfortable a bed, and on which I stretched myself with much apparent unconcern, and remained quiet about one hour, when I was sure that the family had all retired to bed.

I then intimated to my keepers that I was under the necessity of requesting permission to retire for a few moments to the back yard; when both instantly arose and reeling toward me seized each an arm, and proceeded to conduct me through a long and narrow entry to the back door, which was no sooner unbolted and opened by one of them, than I tripped up the heels of both and laid them sprawling, and in a moment was at the garden wall seeking a passage whereby I might gain the public road. A new and unexpected obstacle now presented, for I found the whole garden inclosed with a smooth brick wall, of the height of twelve feet at least, and was prevented by the darkness of the night from discovering an avenue leading therefrom. In this predicament, my only alternative was either to scale this wall, handcuffed as I was, and without a moment's hesitation, or to suffer myself to be made a captive of again by my keepers, who had already recovered their feet and were bellowing like bullocks for assistance. Had it not been a very dark night, I must certainly have been discovered and retaken by them. Fortunately, before they had succeeded in rallying the family, in groping about I met with a fruit tree situated within ten or twelve feet of the wall which I ascended as expeditiously as possible, and by an extraordinary leap from the branches reached the top of the wall, and

was in an instant on the opposite side. The coast being now clear, I ran to the distance of two or three miles, with as much speed as my situation would admit of. My next object now was to rid myself of my handcuffs, which fortunately proving none of the stoutest, I succeeded in doing after much painful labor.

It was now, as I judged, about twelve o'clock, and I had succeeded in reaching a considerable distance from the inn, from which I had made my escape, without hearing or seeing anything of my keepers, whom I had left staggering about in the garden in search of their "Yankee captive!" It was indeed to their intoxicated state, and the extreme darkness of the night, that I imputed my success in evading their pursuit. I saw no one until about the break of day, when I met an old man tottering beneath the weight of his pick-ax, hoe and shovel, clad in tattered garments, and otherwise the picture of poverty and distress; he had just left his humble dwelling, and was proceeding thus early to his daily labor;—and as I was now satisfied that it would be very difficult for me to travel in the daytime, garbed as I was, in a sailor's habit, without exciting the suspicions of his royal majesty's pimps, who (I had been informed) were constantly on the lookout for deserters, I applied to the old man, miserable as he appeared, for a change of clothing, offering those which I then wore for a suit of inferior quality and less value. This I was induced to do at that moment, as I thought that the proposal could be made with perfect safety, for whatever might have been his suspicions as to my motives in wishing to exchange my dress, I doubted not that with an object of so much apparent distress, self-interest would prevent his communicating them. The old man however appeared a little surprised at my offer, and after a short examination of my pea-jacket, trowsers, etc., expressed a doubt whether I would be willing to exchange them for his "church suit," which he represented as something worse for wear, and not worth half so much as those I then wore. Taking courage however from my assurances that a change of dress was my only object, he deposited his tools by the side of a hedge, and invited me to accompany him to his house, which we soon reached and entered, where a scene of poverty and wretchedness presented, which exceeded everything of the kind that I had ever before witnessed. There was but one room, in one corner of which was a bed of straw covered with a coarse sheet, and on which reposed his wife and five small children. The first garment presented by the poor old man, of his best, or "church suit," as he termed it, was a coat of very coarse cloth, containing a number of patches of almost every color but that of the cloth of which it was originally made. The next was a waistcoat and pair of small clothes, which appeared each to have received a bountiful supply of patches to correspond with the coat. The coat I put on without much difficulty, but the two other garments proved much too small for me, and when I had succeeded with considerable difficulty in putting them on, they set so tight as to cause me some apprehension that they might even stop the circulation of blood! My next exchange was my buff cap for an old rusty large-brimmed hat.

The old man appeared very much pleased with his bargain, and represented to his wife that he could now accompany her to church much more decently clad. He immediately tried on the pea-jacket and trowsers, and

seemed to give himself very little concern about their size, although I am confident that one leg of the trowsers was sufficiently large to admit his whole body—but, however ludicrous his appearance, in his new suit, I am sure that it could not have been more so than mine, garbed as I was, like an old man of seventy! From my old friend I learned the course that I must steer to reach London, the towns and villages that I should have to pass through, and the distance thereto, which was between seventy and eighty miles. He likewise represented to me that the country was filled with soldiers, who were on the constant lookout for deserters from the navy and army, for the apprehension of whom they received a stipulated reward.

After enjoining it on the old man not to give any information of me, should he meet on the road any one who should inquire for such a person, I took my leave of him, and again set out with a determination to reach London, thus disguised, if possible. I traveled about thirty miles that day, and at night entered a barn in hope of finding some straw or hay on which to repose for the night for I had not money sufficient to pay for a night's lodging at a public house, had I thought it prudent to apply for one.

In my expectation to find either hay or straw in the barn, I was sadly disappointed, for I soon found that it contained not a particle of either, and after groping about in the dark in search of something that might serve for a substitute, I found nothing better than an undressed sheep-skin. With no other bed on which to repose my wearied limbs, I spent a sleepless night, cold, hungry and weary, and impatient for the arrival of the morning's dawn, that I might be enabled to pursue my journey.

By break of day, I again set out and soon found myself within the suburbs of a considerable village, in passing which I was fearful there would be some risk of detection; but to guard myself as much as possible against suspicion, I furnished myself with a crutch and feigning myself a cripple, hobbled through the town without meeting with any interruption. In two hours afterward, I arrived in the vicinity of another still more considerable village, but fortunately for me, at the moment, I was overtaken by an empty baggage wagon, bound to London. Again feigning myself very lame, I begged of the driver to grant a poor cripple the indulgence to ride a few miles, to which he assenting, I concealed myself by lying prostrate on the bottom of the wagon, until we had passed quite through the village; when, finding the wagoner disposed to drive much slower than I wished to travel, after thanking him for the kind disposition which he had manifested to oblige me, I quit the wagon, threw away my crutch and traveled with a speed, calculated to surprise the driver with so sudden a recovery of the use of my legs. The reader will perceive that I had now become almost an adept at deception, which I would not however have so frequently practiced, had not self-preservation demanded it.

As I was passing through the town of Staines within a few miles of London, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I was met by three or four British soldiers, whose notice I attracted, and who unfortunately for me, discovered by the collar, which I had not taken the precaution to conceal, that I wore a shirt which exactly corresponded with those uniformly worn by his majesty's seamen. Not being able to give satisfactory account of myself, I was made a prisoner, on suspicion of being a deserter from his majesty's

service, and was immediately committed to the round-house—a prison so called, appropriated to the confinement of runaways, and those convicted of small offenses. I was committed in the evening, and to secure me the more effectually, I was handcuffed, and left supperless by my unfeeling jailer, to pass the night in wretchedness.

My first object was to rid myself of my handcuffs, which I succeeded in doing after two hours' hard labor, by sawing them across the grating of the window. Having my hands now at liberty, the next thing to be done was to force the door of my apartment, which was secured on the outside by a hasp and padlock. I devised many schemes, but for want of tools to work with, was unable to carry them into execution. I, however, at length succeeded, with the assistance of no other instrument than the bolt of my handcuffs, with which, thrusting my arm through a small window or aperture in the door, I forced the padlock; and as there was now no other barrier to prevent my escape, after an imprisonment of about five hours, I was once more at large.

It was now, as I judged, about midnight; and although enfeebled and tormented with excessive hunger and fatigue—not having scarcely tasted food for four days—I set out with the determination of reaching London, if possible, early the ensuing morning. By break of day, I reached and passed through Brintford, a town of considerable note and within six miles of the capital—but so great was my hunger at this moment, that I was under serious apprehension of falling a victim to absolute starvation, if not so fortunate soon as to obtain something to appease it. I recollected of having read in my youth accounts of the dreadful effects of hunger, which had led men to the commission of the most horrible excesses, but did not then think that fate would ever thereafter doom me to an almost similar situation.

A laborer I met, near Brintford, informed me that Sir John Millet, whose seat he represented but a short distance, was in the habit of employing many hands at that season of the year (which was in the spring of 1776), and he doubted not but that I might there meet with employment. With my spirits a little revived, at even a distant prospect of obtaining something to alleviate my sufferings, I started in quest of the seat of Sir John agreeably to the directions which I had received; in attempting to reach which, I mistook my way, and proceeded up a graveled and beautifully-ornamented walk, which unconsciously led me directly to the garden of the Princess Amelia. I had approached within view of the royal mansion when a glimpse of a number of "red-coats," who thronged the yard, satisfied me of my mistake, and caused me to make an instantaneous and precipitate retreat, being determined not to afford any more of their mess an opportunity of boasting of the capture of a "Yankee rebel." Indeed a wolf or a bear of the American wilderness, could not be more terrified or panic-struck at the sight of a firebrand, than I then was at that of a British red-coat!

Having succeeded in making good my retreat from the garden of her highness, without being discovered, I took another path which led me to where a number of laborers were employed in shoveling gravel, and to whom I repeated my inquiry if they could inform me of any in want of help, etc. "Why, in troth, friend," answered one in a dialect peculiar to the laboring

class of people of that part of the country, "me master, Sir John, hirs a goodly many, and as we've a deal of work now, may-be he'll hire you. 'Spose he stop a little with us until work is done, he may then gang along, and we'll question Sir John, whither him be wanting another like us or no!"

I found Sir John walking in his front yard, in company with several gentlemen, and on being made acquainted with my business, his first inquiry was whether I had a hoe, or money to purchase one, and on being answered in the negative, he requested me to call early the ensuing morning, and he would endeavor to furnish me with one.

It is impossible for me to express the satisfaction that I felt at this prospect of a deliverance from my wretched situation. I was now by so long fasting reduced to such a state of weakness, that my legs were hardly able to support me, and it was with extreme difficulty that I succeeded in reaching a baker's shop in the neighborhood, where with my four remaining pennies, which I had reserved for a last resource, I purchased two two-penny loaves.

After four days of intolerable hunger, the reader may judge how great must have been my joy, to find myself in possession of even a morsel to appease it. Although five times the quantity of the "staff of life" would have been insufficient to have satisfied my appetite, yet, as I thought it improbable that I should be indulged with a mouthful of anything to eat in the morning, I concluded to eat then but one loaf, and to reserve the other for another meal; but having eaten one, so far from satisfying, it seemed rather to increase my appetite for the other—the temptation was irresistible, the cravings of hunger predominated, and would not be satisfied until I had devoured the remaining one.

The day was now far spent, and I was compelled to resort with reluctance to a carriage house, to spend another night in misery. I found nothing therein on which to repose my wearied limbs but the bare floor, which was sufficient to deprive me of sleep, however much exhausted nature required it. At eight o'clock precisely all hands were called, and preparations made for a commencement of the labors of the day. I was furnished with a large iron fork and a hoe, and ordered by my employer to accompany them, and although my strength at this moment was hardly sufficient to enable me to bear even so light a burden, yet I was unwilling to expose my weakness, so long as it could be avoided—but, the time had now arrived in which it was impossible for me any longer to conceal it, and I had to confess the cause to my fellow laborers, so far as to declare to them, that such had been my state of poverty, that, with the exception of the four small loaves of bread, I had not tasted food for four days! I was not, I must confess, displeased nor a little disappointed to witness the evident emotions of pity and commiseration, which this woeful declaration appeared to excite in their minds.

About eleven o'clock we were visited by our employer, Sir John, who, noticing me particularly, and perceiving the little progress I made in my labor, observed, that although I had the appearance of being a stout hearty man, yet I either feigned myself or really was a very weak one. On which it was immediately observed by one of my friendly fellow laborers, that it was not surprising that I lacked strength, as I had eaten nothing of consequence for four days! Mr. Millet, who appeared at first little disposed to

credit the fact, on being assured by me that it was really so, put a shilling into my hand, and bid me go immediately and purchase to that amount in bread and meat—a request which the reader may suppose I did not hesitate to comply with.

My repast being over, one of the men was ordered by my hospitable friend to provide for me a comfortable bed in the barn, where I spent the night, on a couch of clean straw, more sweetly than ever I had done in the days of my better fortune. I arose early, much refreshed, and was preparing after breakfast to accompany the laborers to their work, which was no sooner discovered by Sir John, than, smiling, he bid me return to my couch and there remain until I was in a better state to resume my labors. Indeed, the generous compassion and benevolence of this gentlemen was unbounded.

After having on that day partook of an excellent dinner, which had been provided expressly for me, and the domestics having been ordered to retire, I was not a little surprised to hear myself thus addressed by him. "My honest friend, I perceive that you are a seafaring man, and your history probably is a secret which you may not wish to divulge; but, whatever circumstances may have attended you, you may make them known to me with the greatest safety, for I pledge my honor I will never betray you."

Having experienced so many proofs of the friendly disposition of Mr. Millet, I could not hesitate a moment to comply with his request, and without attempting to conceal a single fact, made him acquainted with every circumstance that had attended me since my first enlistment as a soldier. After expressing his regret that there should be any of his countrymen found so void of the principles of humanity, as to treat thus an unfortunate prisoner of war, he assured me that so long as I remained in his employ he would guarantee my safety—adding, that notwithstanding (in consequence of the unhappy differences which then prevailed between Great Britain and her American colonies) the inhabitants of the latter were denominated rebels, yet they were not without their friends in England, who wished well to their cause, and would cheerfully aid them whenever an opportunity should present. He represented the soldiers whom it had been reported to me were constantly on the lookout for deserters, as a set of mean and contemptible wretches, little better than a lawless banditti, who, to obtain the fee awarded by government for the apprehension of a deserter, would betray their best friends.

Having been generously supplied with a new suit of clothes and other necessities by Mr. Millet, I contracted with him for six months, to superintend his strawberry garden, in the course of which so far from being molested, I was not suspected by even his own domestics of being an American. At the expiration of the six months, by the recommendation of my hospitable friend, I got a berth in the garden of the Princess Amelia, where, although among my fellow laborers the American rebellion was not unfrequently the topic of their conversation, and the "d—d Yankee rebels," as they termed them, frequently the subjects of their vilest abuse, I was little suspected of being one of that class whom they were pleased thus to denominate. I must confess that it was not without some difficulty, that I was enabled to surpress indignant feelings.

I remained in the employ of the princess about three months, and then, in consequence of a misunderstanding with the overseer, I hired myself to a farmer in a small village adjoining Brintford, where I had not been three weeks employed before rumor was afloat that I was a Yankee prisoner of war. From whence the report arose, or by what occasioned, I never could learn. It no sooner reached the ears of the soldiers, than they were on the alert, seeking an opportunity to seize my person. Fortunately, I was apprised of their intentions before they had time to carry them into effect. I was however hard pushed, and sought for by them with that diligence and perseverance that certainly deserved a better cause. I had many hair-breadth escapes, and most assuredly should have been taken, had it not been for the friendship of those whom I suspect felt not less friendly to the cause of my country, but dare not publicly avow it. I was at one time traced by the soldiers in pursuit of me to the house of one of this description, in whose garret I was concealed, and was at that moment in bed. They entered and inquired for me, and on being told that I was not in the house, they insisted on searching, and were in the act of ascending the chamber stairs for that purpose, when, seizing my clothes, I passed up through the scuttle, and reached the roof of the house, and thence half-naked, passed to those of the adjoining ones, to the number of ten or twelve, and succeeded in making my escape without being discovered.

Being continually harassed by night and day by the soldiers, and driven from place to place, without an opportunity to perform a day's work, I was advised by one whose sincerity I could not doubt, to apply for a berth as a laborer in a garden of his royal majesty, situated in the village of Quew, a few miles from Brintford; where, under the protection of his majesty, it was represented to me that I should be perfectly safe, as the soldiers, dare not approach the royal premises, to molest any one therein employed.

The overseer, ignorant even that I was an American, concluded to receive me on trial. It was here that I had not only frequent opportunities to see his royal majesty in person, in his frequent resorts to this, one of his country retreats, but once had the honor of being addressed by him. The fact was, that I had not been one week employed in the garden, before the suspicion of my being either a prisoner of war, or a spy, in the employ of the American rebels, was communicated, not only to the overseer and other persons employed in the garden, but even the king himself! As I was one day busily engaged with three others in graveling a walk, I was unexpectedly accosted by his majesty: who, with much apparent good nature, inquired of me of what country I was. "An American born, may it please your majesty," was my reply, taking off my hat, which he requested me instantly to replace on my head. "Ah!" continued he, with a smile, "an American, a stubborn, a very stubborn people indeed! And what brought you to this country, and how long have you been here?" "The fate of war, your majesty. I was brought to this country a prisoner about eleven months since." And, thinking this a favorable opportunity to acquaint him with a few of my grievances, I briefly stated to him how much I had been harassed by the soldiers. "While here employed, they will not trouble you," was the only reply he made and passed on. The familiar manner in which I was interrogated by his majesty, had, I must confess, a tendency in some degree

to prepossess me in his favor. I at least suspected him to possess a disposition less tyrannical, and capable of better views than had been imputed to him; and as I had frequently heard it represented in America, that uninfluenced by such of his ministers, as unwisely disregarded the reiterated complaints of the American people, he would have been foremost to have redressed their grievances, of which they so justly complained.

I continued in the service of his majesty's gardener at Quew about four months, when the season having arrived in which the work of the gardener required less laborers, I, with three others, was discharged; and the day after engaged myself for a few months, to a farmer in the town and neighborhood where I had been last employed—but, not one week had expired before the old story of my being an American prisoner of war, etc., was revived and industriously circulated, and the soldiers, eager to obtain the proffered bounty, like a pack of blood-hounds were again on the track seeking an opportunity to surprise me. The house wherein I had taken up my abode, was several times thoroughly searched by them, but I was always so fortunate as to discover their approach in season.

I had been strongly of the opinion by what I had myself experienced, that America was not without her friends in England, and those who were her well-wishers in the important cause in which she was at that moment engaged; an opinion which I think no one will disagree with me in saying, was somewhat confirmed by a circumstance of that importance as entitles it to a conspicuous place in my narrative. At a moment when driven almost to a state of despondency, by continual alarms and fears of falling into the hands of a set of desperadoes, who for a very small reward would willingly have undertaken the commission of almost any crime; I received a message from a gentleman of respectability of Brintford, J. Woodstock, Esq., requesting me to repair immediately to his house.

I reached his house about eight o'clock in the evening, and after receiving from him at the door assurances that I might enter without fear or apprehension of any design on his part against me, I suffered myself to be introduced into a private chamber, where were seated two other gentlemen, who appeared to be persons of no mean rank, and proved to be no other than Horne Tooke and James Bridges, Esqs.—names which ought to be dear to every true American.

Finding me firmly attached to the interest of my country, so much so as to be willing to sacrifice even my life if necessary in her behalf, they began to address me with less reserve; and after bestowing the highest encomiums on my countrymen, for the bravery which they had displayed in their recent engagements with the British troops as well as for their patriotism in publicly manifesting their abhorrence and detestation of the ministerial party in England, who to alienate their affections and to enslave them, had endeavored to subvert the British constitution, they inquired of me if, to promote the interests of my country, I should have any objection to take a trip to Paris, on an important mission, if my passage and other expenses were paid, and a generous compensation allowed me for my trouble; and which in all probability would lead to the means whereby I might be enabled to return to my country—to which I replied that I should have none. After having enjoined upon me to keep everything which they had communicated, a

profound secret, they presented me with a guinea, and a letter for a gentleman in White Waltam, a country town about thirty miles from Brintford, which they requested me to reach as soon as possible, and there remain until they should send for me, and by no means to fail to arrive at the precise hour that they should appoint.

After partaking of a little refreshment, I set out, at twelve o'clock at night, and reached White Waltam at half past eleven the succeeding day, and immediately waited on and presented the letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed, and who gave me a very cordial reception, and whom I soon found was as real a friend to America's cause as the three gentlemen in whose company I had last been. It was from him that I received the first information of the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, and of the Declaration of Independence, by the American Congress. He indeed appeared to possess a knowledge of almost every important transaction in America, since the memorable battle of Bunker Hill.

I remained in the family of this gentleman about a fortnight, when I received a letter from 'Squire Woodcock, requesting me to be at his house, without fail, precisely at two o'clock the morning ensuing. In compliance with which I packed up and started immediately for Brintford, and reached the house of 'Squire Woodcock at the appointed hour. I found there, in company with the latter, two gentlemen whose names I have before mentioned, and by whom the object of my mission to Paris was now made known to me—which was to convey in the most secret manner possible a letter to Dr. Franklin. Everything was in readiness, and a chaise ready harnessed which was to convey me to Charing Cross, waiting at the door. I was presented with a pair of boots, made expressly for me, and for the safe conveyance of the letter of which I was to be the bearer, one of them contained a false heel, in which the letter was deposited, and was to be thus conveyed to the doctor. After again repeating my former declarations, that whatever might be my fate, they should never be exposed, I departed, and was conveyed in quick time to Charing Cross, where I took the post-coach for Dover, and from thence was immediately conveyed in a packet to Calais, and in fifteen minutes after landing, started for Paris; which I reached in safety, and delivered to Dr. Franklin the letter of which I was the bearer.

What were the contents of this letter I was never informed and never knew, but had little doubt that it contained important information relative to the views of the British cabinet, as regarded the affairs of America; and although I well knew that a discovery, while in the British dominions, would have proved equally fatal to me as to the gentlemen by whom I was employed, yet, I most solemnly declare, that to be serviceable to my country at that important period, was much more of an object with me, than the reward which I had been promised, however considerable it might be. My interview with Dr. Franklin was a pleasing one; for nearly an hour he conversed with me in the most agreeable and instructive manner, and listened to the tale of my sufferings with much apparent interest, and seemed disposed to encourage me with the assurance that if the Americans should succeed in their grand object, and firmly establish their independence, they would not fail to remunerate their soldiers for their services. But, alas! as regards myself, these assurances have not as yet been verified.

After remaining two days in Paris, letters were delivered to me by the doctor, to convey to the gentlemen by whom I had been employed, and which for their better security, as well as my own, I deposited as the other, in the heel of my boot; in which manner, to the great satisfaction of my friends, I reached Brintford, in safety, and without exciting the suspicion of any one as to the important, although somewhat dangerous, mission that I had been engaged in. I remained secreted in the house of 'Squire Woodcock a few days, and then by his and the two other gentlemen's request, made a second trip to Paris, and in reaching which and in delivering my letters, was equally as fortunate as in my first. If I should succeed in returning in safety to Brintford this trip, I was, agreeable to the generous proposal of Doctor Franklin, to return immediately to France, from whence he was to procure me a passage to America. But, although in my return I met with no difficulty, yet, as if fate had selected me as a victim to endure the miseries and privations which afterward attended me, but three hours before I reached Dover to engage a passage for the third and last time to Calais, all intercourse between the two countries was prohibited.

My flattering expectations of being enabled soon to return to my native country, and once more to meet and enjoy the society of my friends, after an absence of more than twelve months, being thus by an unforeseen circumstance completely destroyed, I returned immediately to the gentlemen by whom I had been last employed to advise with them what it would be best for me to do, in my then unpleasant situation—for indeed, as all prospects were now at an end of meeting with an opportunity very soon to return to America, I could not bear the idea of remaining any longer in a neighborhood where I was so strongly suspected of being a fugitive from justice and under continual apprehension of being retaken, and immured like a felon in a dungeon.

By these gentlemen I was advised to repair immediately to London, where, employed as a laborer, if I did not imprudently betray myself, they thought there was little probability of my being suspected of being an American. This advice I readily accepted as the plan was such a one as exactly accorded with my opinion.

I ought here to state that before I set out for London, I was entrusted by these gentlemen with five guineas, which I was requested to convey and distribute among a number of Americans, then confined as prisoners of war, in one of the city prisons.

I reached London late in the evening, and the next day engaged board at five shillings per week, at a public house in Lombard street, where, under a fictitious name, I passed for a farmer from Lincolnshire. My next object was to find my way to the prison where were confined as prisoners of war a number of my countrymen, and among whom I was directed to distribute the five guineas with which I had been entrusted for that purpose by their friends at Brintford. I found the prison without much difficulty, but it was with very considerable difficulty that I gained admittance, and not until I had presented the turnkey with a considerable fee would he consent to indulge me. The reader will suppose that I must have been very much surprised, when, as soon as the door of the prisoner's apartment was opened, and I had passed the threshold, to hear one of them exclaim, with much

apparent astonishment, "Potter! is that you! how in the name of heaven came you here!" An exclamation like this by one of a number to whom I supposed myself a perfect stranger, caused me much uneasiness for a few moments, as I expected nothing less than to recognize in this man, some one of my old shipmates, who had undoubtedly a knowledge of the fact of my being a prisoner of war, and having been confined as such on board the guard ship at Spithead. But, in this I soon found to my satisfaction that I was mistaken, for after viewing for a moment the person by whom I had been thus addressed, I discovered him to be no other than my old friend Sergeant Singles, with whom I had been intimately acquainted in America. As the exclamation was in presence of the turnkey, lest I should have the key turned upon me, and be considered as lawful a prisoner as any of the rest, I hinted to my friend that he certainly mistook me (a Lincolnshire farmer) for another person, and by a wink which he received from me at the same moment, gave him to understand that a renewal of our acquaintance or an exchange of civilities would be more agreeable to me at any other time. I now, as I had been requested, divided the money as equally as possible among them, and to prevent the suspicions of the keeper, I represented to them, in a feigned dialect peculiar to the laboring people of the Shire-towns, that, "me master was owing a little trifle or so to a rebel trader of one of his majesty's American provinces, and was 'quested by him to pay the balance to his brother Yankee rebels here imprisoned."

I found the poor fellows, fifteen in number, confined in a dark filthy apartment of about eighteen feet square; and which I could not perceive contained anything but a rough plank bench of about ten feet in length, and a heap of straw with one or two tattered, filthy looking blankets spread thereon, which was probably the only bedding allowed them. For four or five days, after I reached London, I did very little more than walk about the city, viewing such curiosities as met my eye; when, reflecting that remaining thus idle, I should not only be very soon out of funds, but should run the risk of being suspected and apprehended as belonging to one of the numerous gangs of pickpockets, etc., which infest the streets of the city; I applied to an intelligence office for a coachman's berth, which I was so fortunate as to procure, at fifteen shillings per week. My employer, J. Hyslop, Esq., although rigid in his exactions, was punctual in his payments, and by my strict prudence and abstinence from the numerous diversions of the city, I was enabled in the six months which I served him, to lay up more cash than what I had earned the twelve months preceding. The next business, in which I engaged was that of brickmaking, and which together with that of gardening, I pursued in the summer seasons almost exclusively for five years; in all which time I was not once suspected of being an American.

Despairing of meeting with a favorable opportunity to return to America, until the conclusion of peace, and the prospects of a continuation of the war being as great then (by what I could learn) as at any period from its commencement, I became more reconciled to my situation, and contracted an intimacy with a young woman whose parents were poor and respectable, and who I soon after married. I took a small ready-furnished chamber in Red Cross street, where with the fruits of my hard earnings, I was enabled to

live tolerably comfortable for three or four years—when, by sickness and other unavoidable circumstances, I was doomed to endure miseries uncommon to human nature.

In the winter of 1781, news was received in London of the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis, to the French and American forces! The receipt of news of an event so unexpected operated on the British ministers and members of Parliament, like a tremendous clap of thunder. Deep sorrow was evidently depicted in the countenances of those who had been the most strenuous advocates for the war—never was there a time in which I longed more to exult, and to declare myself a true-blooded Yankee.

In September 1783, the glorious news of a definitive treaty of peace having been signed between the United States and Great Britain, was publicly announced in London. An opportunity indeed now presented for me to return once more to my native country, after so long an absence, had I possessed the means; but such was the high price demanded for a passage, and such had been my low wages, and the expenses attending the support of even a small family in London, that I found myself at this time in possession of funds hardly sufficient to defray the expense of my own passage, and much less that of my wife and child.

To make the best of my hard fortune, I became as resigned and reconciled to my situation as circumstances would admit of. I continued to work for very small wages, for three or four years after the peace—but still found my prospects of a speedy return to my country, by no ways flattering. The peace had thrown thousands who had taken an active part in the war, out of employment; London was thronged with them—who, in preference to starving, required no other consideration for their labor than an humble living, which had a lamentable effect in reducing the wages of the laboring class of people; who, previous to this event were many of them so extremely poor, as to be scarcely able to procure the necessaries of life for their impoverished families.

Among this class I must rank myself, and from this period ought I to date the commencement of my greatest miseries, which never failed to attend me in a greater or less degree until that happy moment, when favored by providence, I was permitted once more to visit the peaceful shores of the land of my nativity.

Having in vain sought for more profitable business, I was induced to apply to an acquaintance for instruction in the art of chair bottoming, and which I partially obtained from him for a trifling consideration.

It was now (which was in the year 1789) that I assumed a line of business very different from that in which I had ever before been engaged.

Fortunately for me, I possessed strong lungs, which I found very necessary in an employment the success of which depended, in a great measure, in being enabled to drown the voices of others, engaged in the same occupation, by my own. "Old chairs to mend," became now my constant cry through the streets of London, from morning to night: and although I found my business not so profitable as I could have wished, yet it yielded a tolerable support for my family some time, and probably would have continued so to have done, had not the almost constant illness of my children, rendered the expenses of my family much greater than they

otherwise would have been. Thus afflicted by additional cares and expense, although I did everything in my power to avoid it, I was obliged to alleviate the sufferings of my family, to contract some trifling debts which it was not in my power to discharge.

I now became the victim of additional miseries—I was visited by a bailiff employed by a creditor, who seizing me with the claws of a tiger, dragged me from my poor afflicted family and inhumanly thrust me into prison!

Fortunately for me, at this melancholy moment, my wife enjoyed good health, and it was to her praiseworthy exertions that her poor helpless children, as well as myself, owed our preservation from a state of starvation!

After having for four months languished in a horrid prison, I was liberated therefrom a mere skeleton; the mind afflicted had tortured the body, so much is the one in subjection to the other. I returned sorrowful and dejected to my afflicted family, whom I found in very little better condition.

We now, from necessity, took up our abode in an obscure situation near Moorfields; where, by my constant application to business, I succeeded in earning daily an humble pittance for my family, barely sufficient however to satisfy the cravings of nature; and to add to my afflictions, some one of my family was almost constantly indisposed.

However wretched my situation, there were many others at this period, with whom I was particularly acquainted, whose sufferings were greater if possible than my own; and whom want and misery drove to the commission of crimes, that in any other situation they would probably not have been guilty of.

While hundreds were daily becoming the wretched victims of hunger and starvation, I was enabled by my industry to obtain a morsel each day for my family; although this morsel, which was to be divided among four, would many times have proved insufficient to have satisfied the hunger of one. I seldom ever failed from morning to night to cry "old chairs to mend," through the principal streets of the city, but many times with very little success—if I obtained four chairs to rebottom in the course of one day, I considered myself fortunate indeed, but instances of such good luck were very rare; it was more frequent that I did not obtain a single one, and after crying the whole day until I made myself hoarse, I was obliged to return to my poor family at night empty handed.

So many at one time engaged in the same business, that had I not resorted to other means my family must inevitable have starved—while crying "old chairs to mend," I collected all the old rags, bits of paper, nails and broken glass which I could find in the streets, and which I deposited in a bag, that I carried with me for the purpose—these produced me a trifle, and that trifle when other resources failed, procured me a morsel of bread, or a few pounds of potatoes, for my poor wife and children.

In February, 1792, war was declared by Great Britain against the Republic of France. So many poor people enlisted into the army, that it greatly improved the condition of those left behind. I no longer found it necessary to collect the scrapings of the streets as I had been obliged to do for the many months past. I was now enabled to purchase for my family two or three pounds of fresh meat each week, an article to which, with one or two exceptions, we had been strangers for more than a year—having subsisted

principally on potatoes, oat-meal bread, and salt fish, and sometimes but rarely however, were enabled to treat ourselves to a little skim milk.

Had not other afflictions attended me, I should not have had much cause to complain of very extraordinary hardships or privations, from this period until the conclusion of the war in 1807;—my family had increased, and to increase my cares there was scarcely a week passed but that some one of them was seriously indisposed—of ten children of which I was the father, I had the misfortune to bury seven under five years of age, and two more after they had arrived to the age of twenty—my last and only child now living, it pleased the Almighty to spare unto me, to administer help and comfort to his poor afflicted parent, and without whose assistance I should, so far from having been enabled once more to visit the land of my nativity, ere this have paid the debt of nature in a foreign land, and that too by a death no less horrible than that of starvation!

As my life was unattended with any very extraordinary circumstance, except the one just mentioned, from the commencement of the war, until the re-establishment of monarchy in France, and the cessation of hostilities on the part of Great Britain, in 1807, I shall commence on the narration of my unparalleled sufferings, from the latter period, until that when by the kind interposition of Providence, I was enabled finally to obtain a passage to my native country; and to bid an adieu, and I hope and trust a final one, to that island, where I had endured a complication of miseries beyond the power of description.

The peace produced similar effects to that of 1783—thousands were thrown out of employ and the streets of London thronged with soldiers seeking means to earn an humble subsistence. The cry of “old chairs to mend,” and that too at a very reduced price, was reiterated through the streets of London by numbers who but the month before were at Waterloo fighting the battles of their country—which, so seriously affected my business in this line, that to obtain food, and that of the most humble kind for my family, I was obliged once more to have recourse to the collecting of scraps of rags, paper, glass, and such other articles of however trifling value that I could find in the streets.

The tenement which I at this time rented, and which was occupied by my family, was a small and wretched apartment of a garret, and for which I had obliged myself to pay sixpence per day, which was to be paid at the close of every week; and in case of failure, agreeably to the laws or customs of the land, my furniture was liable to be seized. In consequence of my illness, and other misfortunes, I fell six weeks in arrears for rent, and having returned one evening with my wife and son, from the performance of our daily task, my kind readers may judge what my feelings must have been to find our room stripped of every article, of however trifling value, that it contained. Alas, O heavens! to what a state of wretchedness were we now reduced! If there was anything wanting to complete our misery, this additional drop to the cup of our afflictions, more than sufficed. Although the real value of all that they had taken from me, or rather robbed me of would not if publicly disposed of have produced a sum probably exceeding five dollars; yet it was our all, except the few tattered garments that we had on our backs, and were serviceable and all important to us in our impoverished

situation. Not an article of bedding of any kind was left us on which to repose at night, or a chair or stool on which we could rest our wearied limbs! but, as destitute as we were, and naked as they had left our dreary apartment, we had no other abiding place.

To add to our distress my poor wife fell very sick. The attendance that her helpless situation now demanded, it was not within my power to afford her, as early the next day I was reluctantly driven by hunger abroad in search of something that might serve to contribute to our relief. I left my unfortunate companion, attend by no other person but our little son, destitute of fuel and food, and stretched on an armful of straw, which I had been so fortunate as to provide myself with the day preceding;—the whole produce of my labors, this day (which I may safely say was the most melancholy one of my life) amounted to no more than one shilling! which I laid out to the best advantage possible, in the purchase of a few of the necessities, which the situation of my sick companion most required. Thus situated, I was induced to make my application to the overseer for assistance, representing to him the deplorable situation of my family, who were actually starving for the want of that sustenance which it was not in my power to procure for them. The hard-hearted official thereupon said that I was a vile impostor, who was seeking by imposition to obtain that support in England, which my own country had withheld from me—that the American Yankees had fought for and obtained their independence, and yet were not independent enough to support their own poor!—that Great Britain would find enough to do, were she to afford relief to every d—d Yankee vagabond that should apply for it! Fortunately for this abusive British scoundrel, I possessed not now that bodily strength and activity, which I could once boast of, or the villian (whether within his majesty's dominions or not) should have received on the spot a proof of "Yankee independence" for his insolence.

I succeeded finally in persuading some gentlemen to use their influence to have my poor wife removed to the hospital. But it was too late. She lingered a few days in a state of perfect insensibility, and then closed her eyes forever on a world, where for many years, she had been the unhappy subject of almost constant affliction.

My situation was now truly a lonely one, bereaved of my wife, and all my children except one; who, although but little more than seven years of age, was a child of that sprightliness and activity, as to possess himself with a perfect knowledge of the chair-bottoming business, and by which he earned not only enough (when work could be obtained) to furnish himself with food, but contribute much to the relief of his surviving parent, when confined by illness and infirmity.

When my health would permit, I seldom failed to visit daily the most public streets of the city, and from morning to night cry for old chairs to mend—accompanied by my son Thomas. If we were so fortunate as to obtain a job of work more than we could complete in the day, with the permission of the owner, I would convey the chairs on my back to my humble dwelling, and with the assistance of my little son, improve the evening to complete the work, which would produce us a few halfpennies to purchase something for our breakfast the next morning. But it was very seldom that

instances of this kind occurred, as it was more frequently the case that, after crying for old chairs to mend the whole day, we were obliged to return, hungry and weary, and without a single halfpenny in our pockets, to our humble dwelling, where we were obliged to fast until the succeeding day—and indeed there were some instances in which we were compelled to fast two or three days successively, without being able to procure a single job of work. The rent I had obliged myself to pay every night, and frequently when our hunger was such as hardly to be endured, I was obliged to reserve the few pennies that I was possessed of to apply to this purpose.

In our most starving condition, when every other plan failed, my little son would adopt the expedient of sweeping the public causeways leading from one walk to the other, where he would labor the whole day, with the expectation of receiving no other reward than what the generosity of gentlemen, who had occasion to cross, would induce them to bestow in charity, and which seldom amounted to more than a few pennies. Sometimes the poor boy would toil in this way the whole day, without being so fortunate as to receive a single halfpenny—it was then he would return home sorrowful and dejected, and while he attempted to conceal his own hunger, with tears in his eyes, would lament his hard fortune in not being able to obtain something to appease mine. While he was thus employed I remained at home, but not idle, being as busily engaged in making matches, with which (when he returned home empty handed) we were obliged, as fatigued as we were, to visit the markets to expose for sale, and where we were obliged sometimes to tarry until eleven o'clock at night, before we could meet with a single purchaser.

Having one stormy night of a Saturday, visited the market with my son for this purpose, and after exposing ourselves to the chilling rain until past ten o'clock, without being able either of us to sell a single match, I advised the youth, being thinly clad, to return home, feeling disposed to tarry myself a while longer, in hopes that better success might attend me, as having already fasted one day and night, it was indispensably necessary that I should obtain something to appease our hunger the succeeding day (Sunday) or what seemed almost impossible, to endure longer its torments! I remained until the clock struck eleven, the hour at which the market closed, and yet had met with no better success! It is impossible to describe the sensation of despondency which overwhelmed me at this moment! I now considered it as certain that I must return home with nothing wherewith to satisfy our craving appetities—and with my mind filled with the most heart-rending reflections, I was about to return, when, Heaven seemed pleased to interpose in my behalf, and to send relief when I little expected it. Passing a beefstall I attracted the notice of the butcher, who viewing me probably as I was, a miserable object of pity, emaciated by long fastings, and clad in tattered garments, from which the water was fast dripping, and judging no doubt by my appearance, that on no one could charity be more properly bestowed, he threw into my basket a beef's heart, with the request that I would depart with it immediately for my home, if any I had! I will not attempt to describe the joy that I felt on this occasion, in so unexpectedly meeting with that relief which my situation so much required. I hastened home with a much lighter heart than what I

had anticipated ; and when I arrived the sensations of joy exhibited by my little son on viewing the prize that I bore, produced effects as various as extraordinary ; he wept, then laughed and danced with transport.

In long and gloomy winter evenings, when unable to furnish myself with any other light than that emitted by a little fire of sea-coal, I would attempt to drive away melancholy by amusing my son with an account of my native country, and of the many blessings there enjoyed by even the poorest class of people—of their fair fields producing a regular supply of bread—their convenient houses, to which they could repair after the toils of the day, to partake of the fruits of their labor, safe from the storms and the cold, and where they could lay down their heads to rest without any to molest them or to make them afraid. Nothing could have been better calculated to excite animation in the mind of the poor child, than an account so flattering of a country which had given birth to his father, and to which he had received my repeated assurances he should accompany me as soon as an opportunity should present. After expressing his fears that the happy day was yet far distant, with a deep sigh, he would exclaim, "Would to God it was to-morrow !"

About a year after the decease of my wife, I was taken extremely ill, inso-much that at one time my life was despaired of, and had it not been for the friendless and lonely situation in which such an event would have placed my son, I should have welcomed the hour of my dissolution, and viewed it as a consummation rather to be wished than dreaded ; for so great had been my sufferings of mind and body, and the miseries to which I was still exposed, that life had really become a burden to me—indeed, I think it would have been difficult to have found on the face of the earth a being more wretched than I had been for the three years past.

During my illness my only friend on earth was my son Thomas, who did everything to alleviate my wants within the power of his age to do. Sometimes by crying for old chairs to mend (for he had become as expert a workman at this business as his father), and sometimes by sweeping the causeways, and by making and selling matches, he succeeded in earning each day a trifle sufficient to procure for me and himself an humble sustenance.

From the moment that I had informed him of the many blessings enjoyed by my countrymen of every class, I was almost constantly urged by my son to apply to the American consul for a passage. It was in vain that I represented to him, that if such an application was attended with success, and the opportunity should be improved by me, it must cause our separation, perhaps, forever ; as he would not be permitted to accompany me at the expense of government.

At length, having learned the place of residence of the American consul, and fearful of the consequences of delay, he would give me no peace until I promised that I would accompany him there the succeeding day, if my strength would admit of it ; for although I had partially recovered from a severe fit of sickness, yet I was still so weak and feeble as to be scarcely able to walk.

My son did not forget to remind me early the next morning of my promise, and to gratify him, more than with an expectation of meeting with much success, I set out with him, feeble as I was, for the consul's. I was

never before so sensible of the effects of my long suffering—which had produced that degree of bodily weakness and debility, as to leave me scarcely strength sufficient to move without the assistance of my son; who, when he found me reeling or halting through weakness, would support me until I had gained sufficient strength to proceed.

Although the distance was but two miles, yet such was the state of my weakness, that although we started early in the morning, it was half past three o'clock p. m. when we reached the consul's office, when I was so much exhausted as to be obliged to ascend the steps on my hands and knees.

Fortunately I found the consul in, and after I had told my story, which at first he would scarcely believe, he informed me that he would procure me a passage at government expense: but that my son, being a British born subject, could not go with me. But that he would send my son at his own expense, provided I would agree on his arrival in America to his living with a connection of his. To this I joyfully consented, and my son took passage the next day on the London packet for Boston, while I, being too infirm to take the voyage, was boarded at a public inn at the consul's expense until my health should be in a measure re-established.

In eight weeks, I was so far recruited by good living, as, in the opinion of the consul, to be able to endure the fatigues of a passage to my native country, and which was procured for me on board the ship *Criterion* bound to New-York. We set sail on the 5th April, 1823, and after a passage of forty-two days, arrived safe at our port of destination. Such were my pleasing sensations as we entered the harbor, caused by the reflection that on the morrow I should be permitted to walk once more on American ground, after an absence of almost fifty years, that it was in vain that I attempted to close my eyes in sleep. Never was the morning's dawn so cheerfully welcomed by me; and as my feet touched the shore, I did not forget to offer up my unfeigned thanks to that Almighty Being, who had not only sustained me during my heavy afflictions abroad, but had finally restored me to my native country.

From New York, I went to Boston, and there met my son. By his earnest request, I visited Bunker Hill, which he had a curiosity to view, having heard it so frequently spoken of by me while in London, as the place where the memorable battle was fought, and in which I received my wounds. I continued in Boston about a fortnight, and then set out on foot to visit once more my native State. My son accompanied me as far as Roxbury. It may not be improper here to acquaint my readers, that as I had left my father possessed of very considerable property, and of which, at his decease, I thought myself entitled to a portion equal to that of the other children, which (as my father was very economical in the management of his affairs) I knew could not amount to a very inconsiderable sum. It was to obtain this, if possible, that I became extremely anxious to visit immediately the place of my nativity. Accordingly, the day after I arrived in Providence, I hastened to Cranston, to seek my connections, if anywhere to be found; and, if not, to seek among the most aged of the inhabitants, some one who had not forgotten me, and who might be able to furnish me with the sought for information. But, alas, too soon were blasted my hopeful expectations of finding something in reserve for me, that might have afforded me an humble

support, the few remaining years of my life. It was by a distant connection that I was informed that my brothers had many years since removed to a distant part of the country—that having credited a rumor in circulation of my death, at the decease of my father, had disposed of the real estate of which he died possessed, and had divided the proceeds equally among themselves! This was another instance of adverse fortune that I had not anticipated! It was indeed a circumstance so foreign from my mind that I felt myself for the first time, unhappy, since my return to my native country, and even believed myself now doomed to endure among my own countrymen (for whose liberties I had fought and bled) miseries similar to those that had attended me for many years in Europe. With these gloomy forebodings, I returned to Providence, and contracted for board with the gentleman at whose house I had lodged the first night of my arrival in town, and to whom for the kind treatment that I have received from him, and his family, I shall feel till death under the deepest obligations that gratitude can dictate; for I can truly say of him, that I was a stranger and he took me in; I was hungry and naked, and he fed and clothed me.

As I had never received any remuneration for services rendered, and hardships endured in the cause of my country, I was now obliged, as my last resort, to petition Congress to be included in that number of the few surviving soldiers of the Revolution, for whose services they had been pleased to grant pensions—and I would to God that I could add, for the honor of my country, that the application met with its deserving success—but, although accompanied by the deposition of a respectable gentleman, satisfactorily confirming every fact therein stated—yet on no other principle, than that *I was absent from the country when the pension law passed*—my petition was *rejected*! Reader, I have been for thirty years, as you will perceive by what I have stated in the foregoing pages, subject, in a *foreign* country, to almost all the miseries with which poor human nature is capable of being afflicted—yet, in no one instance did I ever feel so great a degree of depression of spirits, as when the fate of my petition was announced to me!

To conclude: Although I may be again unfortunate in a renewal of my application to government, for that reward to which my services so justly entitle me, yet I feel thankful that I am privileged, after enduring so much, to spend the remainder of my days among those who I am confident are possessed of too much humanity to see me suffer; and which I am sensible I owe to the divine goodness, which graciously condescended to support me under my numerous afflictions, and finally enabled me to return to my native country in the 79th year of my age. For this I return unfeigned thanks to the Almighty; and hope to give during the remainder of my life, convincing testimonies of the strong impression which those afflictions made on my mind, by devoting myself sincerely to the duties of religion.

The preceding narrative of one of the more humble sufferers from our revolutionary contest, we trust, has been found interesting. A literary gentleman wrote down his memoirs from his lips, as here given, slightly

abridged. These were published in a small book, with a title nearly identical with that which heads this article. A friend at our elbow, recollects when a boy—more than thirty years since—seeing a little, crooked, long-bearded old man, leaning on a cane, accompanied by a young lad, traveling about the country, peddling this “Life and Remarkable Adventures.” Of his subsequent history, we are uninformed; but he must long ere this have been gathered to his fathers—and a neglected spot, in some isolated country church-yard, is, probably the resting-place of the mortal remains of ISRAEL R. POTTER, “a native of Cranston, Rhode Island, who was a soldier in the American Revolution.”

THE
TWO ORATORS
OF
OUR REVOLUTIONARY ERA;

JAMES OTIS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND PATRICK HENRY, OF VIRGINIA.

ORATORY is an art more practiced by the American, than by any other people; and because by none is it so much required. The nature of their institutions demands it, the business of government being with all, and open to all for public discussion. Their facility in extemporaneous oratory is the surprise of other people. That American ambassador and historian who astonished English gentlemen at a public dinner in their country, by the force and polished beauty of an unexpected, unprepared speech, only supplied an example of what others of his countrymen could have equaled.

We give in these pages sketches of two of the most eminent orators of the era of our revolution—JAMES OTIS and PATRICK HENRY. The history of the latter has been made widely known by the genius of Wirt, but of the former few memorials remain: many whose eyes trace these lines, herein, for the first time, learn his name. Yet before the year 1770, no American, excepting Dr. Franklin, was so well known, and so often named in the colonies and in England. His papers have all perished, none of his speeches were recorded, and he himself was cut off just on the eve of the revolution, so that his name is not associated with familiar public documents. It is owing to this that the most learned, eloquent, and influential man of the time is now so little known, that the following language of President Adams seemed exaggerated, although Chief Justice Dana, and other eminent characters, used commendation equally strong. Says President Adams: "I have been young, and now am old, and I solemnly say, I have never known a man whose love of his country was more ardent or sincere; never, one who suffered so much; never, one whose services for any ten years of his life were so important and essential to the cause of his country, as those of Mr. Otis, from 1760 to 1770."

JAMES OTIS was the son of Colonel James Otis, and was born at West Barnstable, Massachusetts, February 5, 1724. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, and settled in Boston, where he soon attained to the highest rank in his profession.

He came upon the stage at a time when the mother country had determined to enforce her "Acts of Trade,"—laws of parliament which bore with crushing force upon the industry and enterprise of the colonies, especially

those of New England. These people were descended from that virtuous, but stern and inflexible part of the English nation, who, determined not to bear the chains of religious and kingly tyranny, had sought and found a home in the wilds of a new continent at a vast expense of blood and suffering. They owed nothing to the royal government but their charter, yet the moment they began to overcome the first great trials of their new settlement, they were doomed to submit to a system of restrictive laws, calculated to crush them to poverty. Having no great staple of agriculture, the only resource for accumulating the comforts and luxuries of life were commerce and manufactures; but here their exertions were impeded by these laws. These forbade them to manufacture, because the manufactures of England would be injured; they were restricted in their commerce, because the English shipping-interest would suffer. Even the fish they caught off their own coast, they were not allowed to sell for French and Spanish molasses, because the English sugar colonies in the West Indies would be thus deprived of the monopoly of supplying them with the finny tribe. They could not import teas from Holland, because it interfered with the East India Company; in fine, they could not trade with Spain and Portugal, nor with any other nation. Everything brought to the colonies must be in English-built ships, owned in England, and manned by English sailors. The boasted protection of the mother country was, to use the language of Sir Edmund Burke, "perfect uncompensated slavery."

Immediately after the conquest of Canada, in 1760, the custom-house officers, in compliance with instructions from England, began to take measures to strictly enforce all these obnoxious laws, some of which had remained a dead letter. As a preliminary measure, an order in council was received to carry into effect these laws of trade, and to apply to the Supreme Court of the province for *writs of assistance*, a species of search warrant to be granted to the officers of customs, to search for goods on which duties had not been paid.

Hutchinson, the Lieutenant Governor of the province, was at this juncture appointed by the crown Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; thus, for the time, having united in his one person the highest judicial and executive offices in the province. This extraordinary power conferred upon one man, evinced the unfriendly designs of government, and was a cause of just alarm to all reflecting minds. Otis was at this time Advocate General: believing these laws were illegal and tyrannical, he refused to give his official assistance, and at once resigned his office, which was not only very lucrative, but, if filled by an incumbent of a compliant spirit, led to the highest favors from the crown.

The merchants of Boston and Salem engaged Otis and Thatcher to make their defense. The trial took place in February, 1761, in the council chamber of the old Town House in Boston, before Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson, as Chief Justice, with four Associate Judges. The court was crowded with the most eminent citizens, deeply solicitous in the cause.

The case was opened for government by Mr. Gridley, the old law tutor of Otis, and very ably argued: in all his points he made his reasoning depend upon this consideration—"if the parliament of Great Britain is the sovereign legislator of the British Empire, then, etc." He was replied to by Mr.

Thatcher, in an ingenious, sensible speech, delivered with great mildness. "But," in the language of President Adams, "Otis was a flame of fire ; with a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American Independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown. Every man of an immense, crowded audience, appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take up arms against writs of assistance. *Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition, to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child INDEPENDENCE was born.* In fifteen years, *i. e.* in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

In opening this case, Otis said, "I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villainy on the other, as is this writ of assistance. It appears to me the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberties and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law book." He then went on to speak of his resigning his office of Advocate General, that he might argue this cause, of the enemies he thereby had made, and how from his very soul he despised them. "Let," added he, "the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man, are to sacrifice estate, ease, health, and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country. These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen ; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say that, when brought to the test, I shall be invincible. I pray God that I may never be brought to the melancholy trial, but if ever I should, it will then be known how far I can reduce to practice, principles which I know to be founded in truth." He then proceeded with the subject of the writ, which the officers of the revenue were afraid to use without the sanction of the Superior Court. That it was impossible to devise a more outrageous instrument of tyranny, one which naturally led to such enormous abuses.

"This writ," said he, "being *general*, is illegal. I admit that special writs of assistance, to search special places, may be granted to certain persons on oath ; but I deny that the writ now prayed for can be granted. In the first place the writ is universal, being directed to all and singular justices, sheriffs, constables, and all other officers, and subjects ; so that it is in short directed to every subject in the king's dominions. Everyone with this writ may be a tyrant in a legal manner, also, may control, imprison, or murder any one within the realm. In the next place, it is perpetual—there is no return. A man is accountable to no person for his doings. Every man may reign secure in his petty tyranny, and spread terror and desolation around him, until the trump of the archangel shall excite different emotions in his soul. By this writ not only deputies, but their menial servants, in the daytime, may enter our houses, shops, etc., at will, and command all to assist them ; and thus lord it over us. What is this but to have the curse of Canaan with a witness on us ; to be the servant of servants, the most despicable of God's creation ? Now, one of the most essential branches of English liberty, is the freedom of one's house. A man's house is his castle ; and

while he is quiet, he is as well guarded in it, as a prince is in his. This writ, if declared legal, would totally annihilate privilege. Custom-house officers, with their menials, may enter our houses when they please, may break locks, bars, and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court can inquire. Bare suspicion without oath is sufficient." He cited some facts in proof of this, and then went on to show, by an old statute, that any person, as well as the custom-house officers, had this power. "What a scene," said he, "does this open? Every man, prompted by revenge, ill humor, or wantonness, to inspect the inside of his neighbor's house, may get a writ of assistance. Others will ask it from self-defense. One arbitrary act will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and in blood."

His argument lasted about five hours, and the summary of it can now only be given in the words of President Adams, scraps of which only have we room to insert. He divided it into five parts: "1. He began with an exordium, mainly personal. 2. A dissertation on the rights of man in a state of nature. He asserted that every man, merely natural, was an independent sovereign, subject to no law, but the law written on his heart, and revealed to him by his Maker, in the constitution of his nature, and the inspiration of his understanding and his conscience. His right to his life, his liberty, no created being could rightfully contest. Nor was his right to his property less incontestible. The club that he had snapped from a tree, for a staff, or for defense, was his own. His bow and arrow were his own; if with a pebble he had killed a partridge or a squirrel, it was his own. No creature, man or beast, had a right to take it from him. If he had taken an eel, or a smelt, or a sculpion, it was his property. In short, he sported upon this topic with so much wit and humor, and, at the same time, with so much indisputable truth and reason, that he was not less entertaining than instructive. He asserted that these rights were inherent and inalienable. That they never could be surrendered or alienated, but by idiots or madmen, and all such acts were void, and not obligatory by the laws of God and man. Nor were the poor negroes forgotten. Not a Quaker in Philadelphia, or Mr. Jefferson of Virginia, ever asserted the rights of negroes in stronger terms. Young as I was, and ignorant as I was, I shuddered at the doctrine he taught; and I have all my life shuddered, and still shudder at the consequences that may be drawn from such premises. Shall we say that the rights of masters and servants clash, and can be decided only by force? I adore the idea of gradual abolitions! but who shall decide how fast or how slowly these abolitions shall be made?

3. From individual independence he proceeded to association. If it was inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, to say that men were gregarious animals, like wild geese, it would surely offend no delicacy to say, they were social animals by nature; that there were natural sympathies, and, above all, the sweet attraction of the sexes, which must soon draw them together in little groups, and by degrees, in larger congregations, for mutual assistance and defense. And this must have happened before any formal covenant, by express words or signs, was concluded. When general councils and deliberations were commenced, the objects could be no other than the mutual defense and security of every individual for his life, his liberty,

and his property. To suppose them surprised by fraud, or compelled by force into any other compact, could confer no obligation of obedience. Every man had a right to trample it under foot whenever he pleased. In short, he asserted their rights to be derived only from nature, and the author of nature; that they were inherent, inalienable, and indefeasible by any laws, facts, contracts, covenants, or stipulations, which man could devise.

4. These principles and rights were brought into the English constitution as fundamental laws. And under this head he went back to the old Saxon laws, and to Magna Charta, and the fifty confirmations of it in parliament. He asserted that the security of these rights to life, liberty, and property, had been the object of all those struggles against arbitrary power, temporal and spiritual, civil and political, military and ecclesiastical, in every age. He asserted that our ancestors, as British subjects, and we their descendants, as British subjects, were entitled to all those rights, by the British constitution, as well as by the laws of nature, and our provincial charter.

5. He then examined the Acts of Trade, one by one, and demonstrated, that if they were considered as revenue laws, they destroyed all our security of property, liberty, and life, every right of nature, and the English constitution, and the charter of the English province.

He then proceeded to enlarge upon the odious Navigation Act, as the first in order among those acts, which were now to be enforced by the Writs of Assistance. The main provisions of this act prohibited importations to these colonies, excepting in British-built ships, manned by British sailors, and no goods of foreign production could be brought, even in English shipping, excepting from the countries that produced them. The Navigation Act, however, was wholly prohibitory, it abounded with penalties and forfeitures, but it imposed no taxes. The distinction, therefore, was vastly great between this and the Acts of Trade. Though no revenue was to be derived from this act, still it was intended to be enforced by these writs, and houses were to be broken open and ransacked under their authority to enforce it. He discussed most amply all the effects which the Acts of Navigation produced upon the colonies.

From the Navigation Act he passed to the Acts of Trade, and these, he contended, imposed taxes, enormous, burdensome, intolerable taxes; and on this topic he gave full scope to his talent, for powerful declamation, and invective against the *tyranny of taxation without representation*. From the energy with which Otis urged this position, that taxation without representation is tyranny, it came to be a *common maxim in the mouth of every one*. And with him it formed the basis of all his speeches and political writings; he builds all his opposition to arbitrary measures from this foundation, and perpetually recurs to it through his whole career, as the great constitutional theme of liberty, and as the fundamental principle of all opposition to arbitrary power.

He showed by many sound and striking observations, how unjust, oppressive, and impracticable, were these Acts of Trade; that they never had been, and never could be executed; and asserted, what must then have been considered rather extravagant, though it was doubtless true, 'That if

the king of Great Britain, in person, were encamped on Boston Common, at the head of twenty thousand men, with all his navy on our coast, he would not be able to execute these laws. They would be resisted or eluded.' He further advanced principles, while commenting on the Sugar Act, that must have been heard by his audience with very strong, but very different emotions, when he asserted this act 'to be a revenue law, a taxation law, made by a foreign legislature, without our consent, and by a legislature who had no feeling for us, and whose interest prompted them to tax us to the quick.'

The last ground taken by him in commenting on these later Acts of Trade, was their incompatibility with the charter of the colony. In advert- ing to the history of the charters and the colony, he fell naturally on the merit of its founders, in undertaking so perilous, arduous, and almost desperate an enterprise; in 'disforesting bare creation;' in conciliating and necessarily contending with Indian natives; in purchasing, rather than conquering a quarter of the globe, at their own expense, by the sweat of their own brows, at the hazard and sacrifice of their own lives; without the smallest aid, assistance, or comfort, from the government of England, or from England itself as a nation: on the contrary, meeting with constant jealousy, envy, intrigue against their charter, their religion, and all their privileges. He reproached the nation, parliament and king with injustice, illiberality, ingratitude, and oppression, in their conduct toward this country, in a style of oratory I never heard equaled in this or any other country."

After the close of his argument, the court decided that it could see no foundation for the writ; but as the practice in England was unknown, they would adjourn the question until the next term. It was never again there agitated, but it was generally understood that the court secretly granted the writs. It was of no avail, for the custom-house officers never dared to execute them. No cause in the annals of colonial jurisprudence had ever given rise to such powerful argument. When the profound learning of the advocate, the powers of wit, fancy, and pathos, with which he could copiously illustrate that learning and the ardent character of his eloquence are considered; when we reflect upon the personal sacrifices he made to appear on the occasion, the deep foresight he had of the oppression and tyranny that would have followed the success of this hateful application—when all these circumstances are recalled, the power and magnificence of this oration may be imagined. With a knowledge of the topics that were involved, and the fearless energy with which they were developed and elucidated, the time when, and the circumstances under which they occurred, we need not be surprised at the declaration of President Adams: "I do say, in the most solemn manner, that Mr. Otis' oration against writs of assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life."

Beside the great public anxiety in regard to the results of this trial, some incidents of a personal nature, of an interesting character were attendant upon it. Otis was the pupil of Gridley, the attorney for the officers of customs. He felt for his character a high respect, and sincere gratitude for his instructions; and he never lost sight of these feelings on this occasion. "It was," says President Adams, "a moral spectacle, more affecting to me than any I ever witnessed on the stage, to observe a pupil treating his master with all the deference, respect, esteem, and affection of a son to a father, and

that without the least affectation; while he baffled and confounded all his authorities, confuted all his arguments, and reduced him to silence!"

The crown, by its agents, accumulated construction upon construction, and inference upon inference, as the giants heaped Pelion upon Ossa. He dashed this whole building to pieces, and scattered the pulverized atoms to the four winds; and no judge, lawyer, or crown-officer dared to say, why do ye so? Such was the storm of indignation he raised, that even Hutchinson, who had been appointed on purpose to sanction this writ, dared not utter a word in its favor; and Mr. Gridley, himself, seemed to exult inwardly at the glory and triumph of his pupil.

From this moment a new epoch in political affairs arose. Political parties became more distinctly founded. The right of the British parliament to impose taxes, was openly denied. "Taxation without representation is tyranny," at once became the maxim and watchword of all the friends of liberty. Otis, who had never before interfered in public affairs, forthwith became the idol of the patriots, and the terror and vengeance of their royal enemies. He was almost unanimously chosen to the legislature in the ensuing May, and continued a member of that body for several years. "On the week of the election of Otis," says President Adams, "I happened to be at Worcester attending court. When the news arrived from Boston, you can have no idea of the consternation among the government people. Chief Justice Ruggles said, on that day, 'Out of this election will arise a d—d faction, which will shake this province to its foundation.'"

In 1762, a bill was brought before the legislature, to exclude the Judges of the Superior Court from being members thereof; it was lost by a majority of seven votes. The object of this was to prevent Hutchinson from uniting in his person an office as Legislator, in addition to his employments of Lieutenant Governor and Chief Justice. Otis demonstrated with unanswerable arguments the incompatibility of these offices, and the dangerous abuses which must follow from such a violation of the whole spirit of a free government. It is a striking proof (says Mr. Tudor, in his *Life of Otis*, from which this article is derived) of the progress that has been since made in the science of constitutions, that a principle could not then be sustained in a legislative body, which is now felt by every citizen, to form the basis of all political liberty and civil security, viz: the separation of the legislative, judicial, and executive functions.

At the session of September, 1762, Bernard, the governor of the province, sent in a message, informing them that he had increased the armament of the Massachusetts sloop, which had been sent out to protect the fisheries from the ravages of the French cruisers. This message gave rise to a remarkable discussion, and this trifling expenditure, without the knowledge of the legislature, may be considered as one of the preparatory causes of the revolution. Through the dissemination of the great principles laid down by Otis in his speech on the writs, viz: that "taxation without representation was tyranny," and that expenditures of public money, without appropriations by the representatives of the people, were arbitrary, unconstitutional, and, therefore, tyrannical, the people had become watchfully jealous of every encroachment on their rights. The public began to look at principles, and to resist every insidious precedent inflexibly.

This state of feeling in America is thus finely described by Burke. "In other countries the people, more simple, of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

Such was the superiority of Otis over every other member of the house in talents, information, and energy, that he at once took the lead; and in his written reply, as chairman to the committee on this message, gave utterance to the following bold sentiments:

"It is in effect taking from the house their most darling privilege, the right of originating taxes. It is, in short, annihilating one branch of the legislature. And when once the representatives of the people give up this privilege, the government will very soon become arbitrary. No necessity can be sufficient to justify a house of representatives in giving up such a privilege; for it would be of little consequence to the people, whether they were subject to George, or Louis, the king of Great Britain, or the French king, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without parliament." "*Treason! Treason!*" here broke in a member, just in the same way as Patrick Henry, three years later, was interrupted. The answer closed with an appeal to the executive, that as he regarded the peace and welfare of the province, he should take no such unauthorized measures in the future.

This reply was passed and sent into the governor. His excellency returned it forthwith with a letter, complaining of the disrespectful manner in which his majesty had been spoken of. The house finally acceded to his request, and expurged the so considered sacrilegious and traitorous passage. Other messages passed between the parties, but without any satisfaction to either.

After the adjournment Otis wrote a pamphlet-history of the whole matter, justifying their course. This production was the original source from which all subsequent arguments against taxation were derived. The great principles of constitutional liberty are shown to rest at last on this basis, that taxation and representation are inseparable. The specious pretenses of public welfare, the mask to hide the encroachments of arbitrary power are all torn away; and the vigilance of a clear-sighted statesman is exhibited in the utmost plainness and energy. "How many volumes," says President Adams, "are concentrated in this little pamphlet, the production of a few hurried hours. Look over the Declarations of Rights and Wrongs, issued by congress in 1774. Look into the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Look into the writings of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestly. Look into all the French constitutions of government; and, to cap the climax, look into Mr. Thomas Paine's Common Sense, Crisis, and Rights of Man; what can you find that is not to be found in solid substance in this vindication of the House of Representatives."

The reader will, perhaps, be interested by a quotation or two from this vindication of Otis. The first line we take, is one which, afterward being adopted into our Declaration of Independence, is recognized as the most glorious idea in that great instrument:

God made all men naturally equal.

The ideas of earthly superiority, pre-eminence, and grandeur, are educated, at least, acquired, not innate.

Kings were—and plantation governors should be—made for the good of the people, and not the people for them.

No government has a right to make hobby-horses, asses, and slaves of the subject; nature having made sufficient of the two former for all the lawful purposes of man, from the harmless peasant in the field, to the most refined politician in the cabinet; but none of the last [slaves], which infallibly proves they are unnecessary.

Though most governments are, in fact, arbitrary, and, consequently, the curse and scandal of human nature, yet none are by right arbitrary.

The more elevated the person who errs, the stronger, sometimes, the obligation to refute him; for the errors of great men are often of very dangerous consequences to themselves, as well as to the little ones below them.

The world ever has been, and ever will be, pretty equally divided between those two parties, vulgarly called the *winners* and *losers*; or, to speak more precisely, between those who are discontented that they have no power, and those who think they can never have enough."

In the year 1764, the alarm throughout the colonies began to be excessive, as it was evident that the mother country was taking measures to strictly enforce the Navigation Acts, and the Acts of Trade. Town meetings were held in Boston, Salem, and all the other principal ports in which instructions were given to their representatives to resist all attempts to tax them without their consent. These memorials were referred to a committee of the legislature, of which Otis was chairman, and upon them he made a very able report upon the injustice of taxation, "without the voice of one American in parliament?" "If," said he, "we are not represented, we are slaves: nay, the British colonists will be in a worse condition than those of any other province; for, besides maintaining internal provincial governments among themselves, they must pay toward the support of the national, civil, and military government in Great Britain. Now it is conceived that no people on earth are *doubly taxed* for the support of government."

Shortly after this, Otis published a pamphlet entitled, "The Rights of the British Colonies asserted and proved," which attracted much attention. He also wrote, in 1765, a scathing answer to the servile "Halifax libel,"—a published letter from "a gentleman in Halifax to his friend in Rhode Island," in which the plan of representation was ridiculed, and British taxation defended; accompanied by miserable sneers and insolence against the colonists, as an inferior race of men, who ought to be submissive to the English parliament. In the same year, Otis produced another work, in a letter form: "Considerations on behalf of the Colonists." It is spirited and able, and is the last written by him: its chief topics are taxation and representation, and it was given as an answer to an English publication, by a Mr. J—s. "Remember, Britons," said he, therein, "when you shall be taxed without your consent, and tried without a jury, and have an army quartered in private families, you will have little to hope or to fear!"

The Stamp Act had been passed, and the crisis so imminent, that these

questions were of vital importance. The manner in which that odious act was received by the colonists, is too well known for relation here. In October of this year the famous Stamp Act Congress, composed of delegates from nine colonies, met in New York; and of this body no member stood higher for energy and talents than Mr. Otis. Their remonstrances led to the repeal of the hated act.

The next year, 1766, and several successive years, Boston was represented in the legislature by Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Thomas Cushing, and James Otis; and these four gentlemen exercised a wide influence in all the events which led to American Independence. Otis and Cushing only lived to see the dawn of their country's prosperity; Adams and Hancock were destined to outlive the period of trial. John Hancock was the most wealthy merchant in the province, and one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time. In private life, he was renowned for his benevolence and hospitality, and in public life, for his noble spirit. He was consulted when it was contemplated to burn Boston, to expel the enemy. He answered, that although the great part of his fortune consisted in buildings within it, yet if its destruction would be useful to his country, it should be set on fire forthwith. He was not remarkable as an orator; but as a president of a public body, he was unsurpassed. In 1776, he had the honor to be president of that immortal assembly which signed the Declaration of Independence. His bold signature to that instrument is familiar to every one. As he laid down his pen, he exclaimed: "There, the British ministry can read that name without spectacles; let them double their reward," referring to a reward that had been offered for him and Samuel Adams: they being considered arch-rebels. He died in 1793, at the age of fifty-six years, and would have died poor, so entirely had he neglected his private affairs in his country's good, but for his originally immense fortune.

Samuel Adams was one of the most remarkable men of his day. From his earliest youth his attention was drawn to political affairs. In 1743, on taking the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard, he proposed the question, "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?" and took the affirmative. In the legislature he was upon every committee, had a hand in writing or revising every report, a share in the management of every political meeting, and a voice in all the measures against the tyrannical plans of the administrations. The people found him one of their most steadfast friends, the government, one of its most inveterate opponents. When his character was known in England, and it was also understood he was poor, the partisans of the ministry wrote and inquired of Hutchinson, in a spirit of vexation, why he did not silence him by a good fat berth. That official replied: "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never can be conciliated by any office or gift whatsoever,"—information which they could scarcely credit—so different was it from their experience in such matters. Adams was clerk of the Massachusetts' Assembly for ten years. Step by step, and inch by inch, he fought the enemies of popular liberty, and was the most active of the patriots of Boston in inciting the people to throw overboard the tea, in 1773. When General Gage, in 1774, sent to dissolve the colonial assembly, he found the door locked: the key was in Samuel

Adams' pocket. After he had received warning at Lexington, the night of the 18th of April, 1775, of the intended British expedition, as he proceeded to make his escape through the fields, he exclaimed, when the day dawned : "This is a fine day !" "Very pleasant, indeed," answered one of his companions, supposing he alluded to the beauty of the morning. "I mean," he replied, "it is a glorious day for America !" A few days before the battle of Bunker Hill, Gage offered a pardon to all rebels excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock, "whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than of condign punishment." This virulent proscription, intended to be their ruin, widely extended their fame.

As a member of the Continental Congress, he was an earnest advocate of the revolution, which declared the colonies free and independent States ; and when some members faltered through fear of failure, the stern Puritan exclaimed : "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one out of a thousand survive and retain his liberty ! One such free man must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves ; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved."

The very faults of his character rendered his services more useful, by confining his exertions to a single point, and preventing their being weakened by indulgence and liberality toward different opinions. There was a tinge of bigotry and narrowness both in his politics and religion. He was a strict Calvinist, and full of the feelings of the ancient Puritans. He was simple and frugal in his habits, which led him to despise all royal luxury and parade. He had all the animosities and all the firmness that could qualify a man to be the asserter of the rights of the people. So inflexible was he in his principles, that sooner than pay an illegal tax of a sixpence, he would have been condemned as a traitor, and mounted the scaffold. He succeeded Hancock as governor, and died in 1803, at the age of eighty-two years. Notwithstanding his many years of eminent service, he must have been buried at the public expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honorable poverty.

Such were the men associated with Otis in these years of struggle, preceding the war, with the officials of the crown. The most important of the state papers of this period were drawn up by Otis and revised by Adams.

Otis, whose great learning, keen preception, bold and powerful reasoning, made him the primary source of almost every measure, generally gave the first draught. Adams, who saw to everything, and blended great caution with excessive watchfulness and exertion, revised, corrected, and polished, where it might be requisite, though the aim at fine writing was too paltry a matter, compared with the magnitude of the cause in which they were engaged, to excite a moment's solicitude.

In the summer of 1769, Otis published some very severe strictures upon the conduct of the Commissioners of Customs. Happening in alone one evening into a coffee-house where Robinson, one of those commissioners, and a number of British officers were sitting, an altercation ensued, when the lights were blown out, and the party, armed with bludgeons, pounced upon him. He escaped death, but to meet a worse fate. His brain was injured,

and his reason dethroned. A verdict of ten thousand dollars was awarded as damages in a civil suit against Robinson. Otis, in a lucid interval, very magnanimously forgave the base ruffian, and refused to receive a dollar of the damages awarded him. For many years, all through the scenes of the revolution, the patriot lived on, with his great intellect in ruins, comparatively useless to the world, and a deep grief to his friends. When at times the cloud was lifted from his reason, he talked calmly of death, and expressed a desire to die by a stroke of lightning. His wish was gratified. On the 23d of May, 1783, he stood leaning on his cane at the door of a friend's house in Andover, watching the sublime spectacle of an approaching thunder-cloud, when suddenly a bolt leaped from it, like a swift messenger from God to his spirit, and killed him instantly. Thus perished one of the master-spirits of his time, of whom few memorials remain; but enough to show that the future historians of the United States, in considering the foundations of American Independence, must inscribe a chief corner-stone with the name of JAMES OTIS.

PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY, the second son of John and Sarah Henry, and one of nine children, was born on the 29th of May, 1736, at the family seat, called Studley, in Hanover county, Virginia. At the age of ten years he was taken from the school where he learned to read and write, and taught Latin by his father, who had opened a grammar-school in his own house. At the same time he acquired some proficiency in mathematics. Passionately addicted to the sports of the field, he could not brook the toil and confinement of study. And the time which should thus have been employed, was often passed in the forest with his gun, or over the brook with his angling-rod. "His companions frequently observed him lying along, under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching for hours, at the same spot, the motionless cork of his fishing-line, without one encouraging symptom of success, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the ease of his position, or in the illusion of hope; or, which is most probable, in the stillness of the scene, or the silent workings of his own imagination." This love of solitude in his youth, was a marked trait in his character.

The wants of a large family compeled his father to find employment for his sons. At the age of fifteen, Patrick was put behind the counter of a country merchant, and the year following, entered into business with his elder brother, William, with whom was to devolve its chief management; but such were his idle habits, that he left the burden of the concern to Patrick, who managed wretchedly. The drudgery of business became intolerable to him, and then too, "he could not find it in his heart," to disappoint any one who came for credit; and he was very easily satisfied with apologies for non-payment. He sought relief from his cares by having recourse to the violin, flute, and reading. An opportunity was presented of pursuing his favorite study of the human character, and the character of every customer underwent his scrutiny.

One year put an end to the mercantile concern, and the two or three

following Patrick was engaged in settling up its affairs. At eighteen years of age he married Miss Shelton, the daughter of a neighboring farmer of respectability, and commenced cultivating a small farm ; but his aversion to systematic labor, and want of skill, compelled him to abandon it at the end of two years. Selling off all his little possessions at a sacrifice, he again embarked in the hazardous business of merchandise. His old business habits still continued, and not unfrequently he shut up his store to indulge in the favorite sports of his youth. His reading was of a more serious character ; history, ancient and modern, he became a proficient in. Livy, however, was his favorite ; and having procured a copy, he read it through at least once a year in the early part of his life. In a few years his second mercantile experiment left him a bankrupt, and without any friends enabled to assist him further. All other means failing, he determined to try the law. His unfortunate habits, unsuitable to so laborious a profession, and his pecuniary situation unfitting him for an extensive course of reading, led every one to suppose that he would not succeed. With only six weeks' study, he obtained a license to practice, he being then twenty-four years of age. He was then not only unable to draw a declaration or a plea, but incapable, it is said, of the most common and simple business of his profession. It was not until his twenty-seventh year, that an opportunity occurred for a trial of his strength at the bar. In the meantime the wants and distresses of his family were extreme. They lived mostly with his father-in-law, Mr. Shelton, who then kept a tavern at Hanover court-house. Whenever Mr. Shelton was from home, Henry took his place in the tavern. The occasion on which his genius first broke forth, was the controversy between the clergy and the legislature and people of the State, relating to the stipend claimed by the former. The cause was popularly known as the *parsons' cause*. A decision of the court on a demurrer in favor of the claims of the clergy, had left nothing undetermined but the amount of damages in the cause which was pending. Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. The scene which ensued is thus vividly described by Wirt :

"The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest critics, before whom it was possible for him to have made his *debut*. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention.

But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this ; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly : in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way, and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages ; he then concluded with a highly-wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy.

And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement ; the clergy were observed to exchange sly

looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviae* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously.

His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rivet the spectator. His action became graceful, bold and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner which language cannot tell*. Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, 'he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end.'

It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited on this occasion, a scene as picturesque, as has been ever witnessed in real life.

They say that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more.

In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a

new trial ; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house.

The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harange, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of 'order' from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph.

I have tried much to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech. But those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive, seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you, in general, that they were taken captive ; and so delighted with their captivity, that they followed implicitly, whithersoever he led them : that, at his bidding, their tears flowed from pity, and their cheeks flushed with indignation : that when it was over, they felt as if they had just awaked from some ecstatic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believed had never before fallen from the lips of man."

From this time Mr. Henry's star was in the ascendant, and he at once rose to the head of his profession in that section. In the autumn of 1764, having removed to Roundabout, in Louisa county, he was employed to argue a case before a committee on elections of the House of Burgesses. He distinguished himself by a brilliant display on the right of suffrage. Such a burst of eloquence from a man of so humble an appearance, struck the committee with amazement, and not a sound, but from his lips, broke the deep silence of the room.

In 1765, he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, when he introduced his celebrated resolutions on the Stamp Act. Among his papers there was found, after his decease, one sealed and thus indorsed :

"Inclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly, in 1765, concerning the Stamp Act. Let my executors open this paper." On the back of the paper containing the resolutions was the following indorsement : "The within passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or the want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members who composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture ; and alone, unaided and unassisted, on the blank leaf of an old law-book, wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the parties for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established

in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader, whoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere, practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others.—P. HENRY.”

It was in the midst of the above-mentioned debate, that he exclaimed, in tones of thunder, “Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third —(‘Treason!’ cried the speaker—‘Treason! treason!’ echoed from every part of the house. Henry faltered not for a moment; taking a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis)—*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it.” Henceforth Mr. Henry was the idol of the people of Virginia, and his influence, as one of the great champions of liberty, extended throughout America. In 1769, he was admitted to the bar of the general court. Without that legal learning, which study alone can supply, he was deficient as a mere lawyer; but before a jury, in criminal cases particularly, his genius displayed itself most brilliantly. His deep knowledge of the springs of human action, his power of reading in the fitting expressions of the countenance what was passing in the hearts of his hearers, has rarely been possessed by any one in so great a degree. In 1767 or ’68, Mr. Henry removed back to Hanover, and continued a member of the House of Burgesses until the close of the revolution, acting upon its most important committees, and infusing a spirit of bold opposition in its members to the pretensions of Britain. He was a delegate to the first Colonial Congress, which assembled September 4, 1774, at Philadelphia.

On the 20th of April, 1775, (less than one month prior to the battle of Lexington), the Virginia assembly of delegates met for the second time, and in the old church, St. Johns, which is still standing in the town of Richmond. In the session of the year previous, that body, while remonstrating with great feeling against their grievances, nevertheless avowed their determination to support his majesty, King George III, with their lives and fortunes. These sentiments still influenced many of the leading members. Not so Patrick Henry. He saw no alternative but abject submission, or heroic resistance.

On the morning of the 23d of March, resolutions were offered, still breathing the spirit of loyalty to the crown. These were “gall and wormwood” to Mr. Henry. The house required being wrought up to a bolder tone. He thereupon moved a series of resolutions, to the effect that a militia force be raised, and the colony be put in a state of defense, to prevent the further violation of their liberties with which they were threatened.

When these resolutions were read, a general thrill of horror ran through the assembly. They were considered rash and unadvised. Some of the ablest of the members arose and spoke against them. They felt that with a little more patience their long series of oppressions would be remedied, that they were too feeble to cope with the power of Great Britain, and that ruin to their country would inevitably follow an armed resistance. When Mr.

Henry replied, he delivered that unsurpassed speech, so familiar to us all in our schoolboy days. Says Wirt :

"He arose at this time with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. 'No man,' he said, 'thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights ; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth *his* sentiments freely, and without reserve.

'This,' he said, 'was no time for ceremony. The question before this house was one of awful moment to the country. For his own part, he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

'Mr. President,' said he, 'it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this,' he asked, 'the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation ? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, he was willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

'He had,' he said, 'but one lamp by which his feet were guided ; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house ? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received ? Trust it not, sir ; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss.

'Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation ? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love ? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort.

'I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission ? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it ? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies ? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us : they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have

been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable: but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

‘Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

‘In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained!—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

‘They tell us, sir,’ continued Mr. Henry, ‘that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger. Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

‘Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

‘It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may

take; but as for me,' cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—'*Give me Liberty, or give me Death!*' *

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, 'to arms!' seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amid the agitations of that ocean, which the master-spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death. They became impatient of speech, their souls were on fire for action.

Upon Lord Dunmore's seizing the gunpowder at Williamsburg, in the night after the battle of Lexington, Henry summoned volunteers to meet him; and marching down toward the capitol, compelled the agent of Dunmore to give a pecuniary compensation for it. This was the first military movement in Virginia. The colonial convention of 1775, elected him the colonel of the first regiment, and the commander of "all the forces raised, and to be raised for the defense of the colony." Soon resigning his command, he was elected a delegate to the convention, and not long after, in 1776, the *first* governor of the commonwealth, an office he held, by successive re-elections, until 1779, when, without any intermission, he was no longer constitutionally eligible. While holding that office he was signally serviceable in sustaining public spirit during the gloomiest period of the revolution, providing recruits, and crushing the intrigues of the tories.

On leaving the office of governor, he served until the end of the war in the legislature, when he was again elected governor, until the state of his affairs caused him to resign in the autumn of 1786. Until 1794, he regularly attended the courts, where his great reputation obtained for him a lucrative business. "In 1788 he was a member of the convention of Virginia, which so ably and eloquently discussed the constitution of the United States. He employed his masterly eloquence, day after day, in opposition to the proposed constitution. His hostility to it proceeded entirely from an apprehension that the federal government would swallow the sovereignty of the States; and that ultimately the liberty of the people would be destroyed, or crushed, by an overgrown and ponderous consolidation of political power. The constitution having been adopted, the government organized, and Washington elected president, his repugnance measurably abated. The chapter of amendments considerably neutralized his objections: but, nevertheless, it is believed that his acquiescence resulted more from the consideration of a citizen's duty, confidence in the chief magistrate, and a hope-

* Now and then a sentence is originated on occasions of momentous public interest, which so vividly expresses a great idea, that it is at once seized upon, and becomes immortal. "*Give me Liberty, or give me Death!*" will never be lost. It is of the same character with "*Opposition to Tyrants is obedience to God!*" Other examples less startling, but not less appropriate, are of more recent origin. "*Your Strength is in your Wrongs!*" "*My Goods are for sale—not my Principles!*"

ful reliance on the wisdom and virtue of the people, rather than from any material change in his opinions."

In 1794, Mr. Henry retired from the bar. In 1796 the post of governor was once more tendered to him, and refused. In 1798 the strong and animated resolutions of the Virginia Assembly, in opposition to the alien and sedition laws, which laws he was in favor of, 'conjured up the most frightful visions of civil war, disunion, blood, and anarchy; and under the impulse of these phantoms, to make what *he* considered a virtuous effort for his country, he presented himself in Charlotte county as a candidate for the House of Delegates, at the spring election of 1799,' although he had retired to private life three years previously.

On this occasion he encountered the eccentric John Randolph, who had presented himself as a candidate for congress, and opposed those measures Mr. Henry advocated. They met at the court-house, and supported a long and animated discussion. Mr. Henry was then in his sixty-seventh year; the measure of his fame was full; the late proceedings of the Virginia Assembly, in relation to the alien and sedition laws, had filled him with alarm—"had planted his pillow with thorns, and he had quitted his retirement to make one more, his *last* effort for his country." Enfeebled by age and ill-health, with a linen cap on his head, he mounted the hustings, and commenced with difficulty; but as he proceeded, his eye lighted up with its wonted fire, his voice assumed its wonted majesty; gradually accumulating strength and animation, his eloquence seemed like an *avalanche* threatening to overwhelm his adversary. Many present considered it his best effort. In the course of the speech, Mr. Henry said, "The alien and sedition laws were only the fruits of that constitution, the adoption of which he opposed. . . . If we are wrong, let us all go wrong together," at the same time clapping his hands and waving his body to the right and left. His auditory unconsciously *waved* with him. As he finished he literally descended into the arms of the obstreperous throng, and was borne about in triumph, when Dr. John H. Rice exclaimed, "*The sun has set in all his glory!*"

As Mr. Henry left the stand, Mr. Randolph, with undaunted courage, arose in his place. He was then about twenty-six years of age—a mere boy from college, who had, probably, never yet addressed a political assembly—of a youthful and unprepossessing appearance. The audience, considering it presumptuous for him to speak after Mr. Henry, partially dispersed, and an Irishman present, exclaimed, "Tut! tut! it won't do, it's nothing but the bating of an old tin pan after hearing a fine church-organ." But if "the sun of the other had *set* in all his glory," his was about to *rise* with, perhaps, an equal brilliancy. He commenced: "his singular person and peculiar aspect; his novel, shrill, vibratory intonations; his solemn, slow-marching, and swelling periods; his caustic crimination of the prevailing political party; his cutting satire; the *tout ensemble* of his public *début*, soon calmed the tumultuous crowd, and inclined all to listen to the strange orator, while he replied at length to the sentiments of their old favorite. When he had concluded, loud huzzas rang through the welkin.

This was a new event to Mr. Henry. He had not been accustomed to a rival, and little expected one in a beardless boy: for such was the aspect of the champion who now appeared to contend for the palm which he was

went to appropriate to himself. He returned to the stage and commenced a second address, in which he soared above his usual vehemence and majesty. Such is usually the fruit of emulation and rivalry. He frequently adverted to his youthful competitor with parental tenderness; complimented his rare talents with the liberality of profusion; and, while regretting what he deprecated as the political errors of youthful zeal, actually wrought himself and audience into an enthusiasm of sympathy and benevolence that issued in an ocean of tears. The gesture, intonations, and pathos of Mr. Henry, operated like an epidemic on the transported assembly. The contagion was universal. An hysterical phrensy pervaded the audience to such a degree, that they were at the same moment literally weeping and laughing. At this juncture the speaker descended from the stage. Shouts of applause rent the air, and were echoed from the skies. The whole spectacle as it really was, would not only mock every attempt at description, but would almost challenge the imagination of any one who had not witnessed it.

Mr. Henry was elected by his usual commanding majority, and the most formidable preparations were made to oppose him in the assembly. But "the disease, which had been preying upon him for two years, now hastened to its crisis; and on the 6th of June, 1799, this friend of liberty and man was no more.

By his first wife he had six children, and by his last, six sons and three daughters. He left them a large landed property. He was temperate and frugal in his habits of living, and seldom drank anything but water. He was nearly six feet in height, spare, and raw-boned, and with a slight stoop in his shoulders; his complexion dark and sallow; his countenance grave, thoughtful, and penetrating, and strongly marked with the lines of profound reflection, which with his earnest manner, and the habitual knitting and contracting of his brows, gave at times an expression of severity.

In private life, Mr. Henry was as amiable as he was brilliant in his public career. He was an exemplary Christian, and his illustrious life was greatly ornamented by the religion which he professed. In his will he left the following testimony respecting the Christian religion: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they have that, and I had not given one shilling, they would be *rich*; and if they have not that, and I had given them the whole world, they would be *poor*."

We continue this article with the statement of some facts and a few anecdotes.

When fourteen years of age, Mr. Henry went with his mother in a carriage to the Fork Church, in Hanover, to hear preach the celebrated Samuel Davies, afterward president of Princeton College. His eloquence made a deep impression on his youthful mind, and he always remarked, he was the greatest orator he ever heard. When a member of the Continental Congress, he said, the first men in that body were Washington, Richard Henry Lee, and Roger Sherman; and later in life, Roger Sherman and George Mason, the greatest statesmen he ever knew. When governor, he had printed and circulated in Richmond, at his own expense, Soame Jenyns' View of Christianity, and Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion. Sherlock's sermons, he affirmed, was the work which removed

all his doubts of the truth of Christianity ; a copy of which, until a short time since, was in the possession of his children, filled with marginal notes. He read it every Sunday evening to his family, after which they all joined in sacred music, while he accompanied them on the violin. He never quoted poetry. His quotations were from the Bible, and his illustrations from the Bible, ancient and modern history. He was opposed to the adoption of the federal constitution, because he thought it gave too much power to the general government ; and in conversation with a friend, he remarked with emphasis ; "The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. You do not now think much of the patronage of the president ; but the day is coming when it will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall."

In the British *debt* cause, of which Wirt gives a full account, Mr. Henry made great preparation. He shut himself up in his office for three days, during which he did not see his family ; his food was handed by a servant through the office-door. The Countess of Huntington, then in this country, was among the auditors, and remarked, after hearing the arguments of the several speakers, "That if every one of them had spoken in Westminster Hall, they would have been honored with a peerage." Mr. Henry had a diamond ring on his finger, and while he was speaking, the countess exclaimed to the judge, Iredell—who had never before heard him—"The diamond is *blazing* !" "Gracious God !" replied he, "he is an orator, indeed." In this cause he injured his voice so that it never recovered its original power.

The following anecdote was related by President Madison, at the conclusion of the late war, to a party of gentlemen assembled at his residence in Washington. In the revolutionary war, certificates were given by the legislature to the Virginia line on continental establishment, stating the amount due to them, which was to be paid at a future time. The necessities of the soldiers, in many instances, compelled them to part with the certificates to speculators for a trivial sum. Madison brought a bill before the legislature to put a stop to it. He had previously asked Mr. Henry if he was willing to support it. The reply was "Yes ;" but having no further communication with him on the subject, Mr. Madison feared he had forgotten the circumstance. After the bill was read, he turned to where Mr. Henry sat, with an anxious eye, upon which the latter immediately arose and addressed the house. Mr. Madison said, that upon that occasion he was particularly eloquent. His voice reminded him of a trumpeter on the field of battle, calling the troops to a charge. He looked alternately to the house and the audience, and saw they were with the orator ; and, at the conclusion, one of the chief speculators in tickets, then in the galleries, exclaimed, in an audible voice : "That bill ought to pass !"—it did pass, and unanimously.

Many years ago (writes the Rev. Dr. Speece), I was at the trial, in one of our District Courts, of a man charged with murder. The case was briefly this : the prisoner had gone, in execution of his office as constable, to arrest a slave who had been guilty of some misconduct, and bring him to justice. Expecting opposition in the business, the constable took several men with him, some of them armed. They found the slave on the plantation of his

master, within view of the house, and proceeded to seize and bind him. His mistress, seeing the arrest, came down and remonstrated vehemently against it. Finding her efforts unavailing, she went off to a barn where her husband was, who was presently perceived running briskly to the house. It was known he always kept a loaded rifle over his door. The constable now desired his company to remain where they were, taking care to keep the slave in custody, while he himself would go to the house to prevent mischief. He accordingly ran toward the house. When he arrived within a short distance of it, the master appeared, coming out of the door with his rifle in his hand. Some witnesses said that as he came to the door he drew the cock of the piece, and was seen in the act of raising it to the position of firing. But upon these points, there was not an entire agreement in the evidence. The constable, standing near a small building in the yard, at this instant fired, and the fire had a fatal effect. No previous malice was proved against him; and his plea upon the trial was, that he had taken the life of his assailant in necessary self-defense.

A great mass of testimony was delivered. This was commented upon with considerable ability by the lawyer for the commonwealth, and by another lawyer engaged by the friends of the deceased for the prosecution. The prisoner was also defended, in elaborate speeches, by two respectable advocates. These proceedings brought the day to a close. The general whisper through a crowded house was, that the man was guilty and could not be saved.

About dusk candles were brought, and Henry arose. His manner was exactly that which the *British Spy* describes with so much felicity: plain, simple, and entirely unassuming. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'I dare say we are all very much fatigued with this tedious trial. The prisoner at the bar has been well defended already; but it is my duty to offer you some further observations in behalf of this unfortunate man. I shall aim at brevity. But should I take up more of your time than you expect, I hope you will hear me with patience, when you consider *that BLOOD is concerned.*'

I cannot admit the possibility that any one who never heard Henry speak should be made fully to conceive the force of impression which he gave to these few words, "*blood is concerned.*" I had been on my feet through the day, pushed about in the crowd, and was excessively weary. I was strongly of opinion, too, notwithstanding all the previous defensive pleadings, that the prisoner was guilty of murder; and I felt anxious to know how the matter would terminate. Yet when Henry had uttered these words, my feelings underwent an instantaneous change; I found everything within me answering at once, yes, since blood is concerned, in the name of all that is righteous, go on; we will hear you with patience until the rising of tomorrow's sun. This bowing of the soul must have been universal; for the profoundest silence reigned, as if our very breath had been suspended. The spell of the magician was upon us, and we stood like statues around him. Under the touch of his genius, every particular of the story assumed a new aspect, and his cause became continually more bright and promising. At length he arrived at the fatal act itself. 'You have been told, gentlemen, that the prisoner was bound by every obligation to avoid the supposed necessity of firing, by leaping behind a house near which he stood at that

moment. Had he been attacked with a club, or with stones, the argument would have been unanswerable, and I should feel myself compelled to give up the defense in despair. But surely I need not tell you, gentlemen, how wide is the difference between sticks or stones, and double-triggered *loaded rifles cocked at your breast?* The effect of this terrific image, exhibited in this great orator's peerless manner, cannot be described. I dare not attempt to delineate the paroxysm of emotion which it excited in every heart. The result of the whole was, that the prisoner was acquitted; with the perfect approbation, I believe, of the numerous assembly who attended the trial.

What was it that gave such transcendent force to the eloquence of Henry? His reasoning powers were good: but they have been equaled, and more than equaled, by those of many other men. His imagination was exceedingly quick, and commanded all the stores of nature as materials for illustrating his subject. His voice and delivery were inexpressibly happy. But his most irresistible charm was the vivid feeling of his cause with which he spoke. Such feeling infallibly communicates itself to the breast of the hearer.



Signing away his Liberty.

He saunders up to the desk, and with a countenance in which resolution and the comic leer of intemperance are blended, he seizes the pen and "signs away his liberty."—but gains his *freedom*;—freedom from the tyranny of a vile habit;—freedom to his wife and little ones, from the abuse of a drunken husband and father.

ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THE
AMERICAN TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.
A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"WHAT WILL YOU TAKE TO DRINK?" united to a significant toss of the head, and an unmistakable angular glance from the eye toward well filled decanters; was a question and an action of almost universal occurrence in every house in our land, within the memory of many whose heads have not even yet become gray.

And then came the step up to the sideboard; the passing of the sugar-bowl and the water pitcher; the cranch and the whirl of the toddy stick in the tumbler; the decanting of the stimulant; the pause of anticipation as the glass was held momentarily in the hand; succeeded by the raising of the same to the lips, with the usual accompaniments of crooked elbow, thrown back head, open mouth—all ending by the final smack of satisfaction, as the empty goblet was laid down to make its moist, round mark on the tray.

The imbibing of alcoholic liquids was then general among the American people. They were considered a necessity of life; a certain panacea for all ills; a crowning sheaf to all blessings: good in sickness and in health; good in summer to dispel the heat, and in winter to dispel the cold; good to help on work, and more than good to help on a frolic. So good were they considered that their attributed merits were fixed by pleasant names. The first dram of the morning was an "eye-opener;" duly followed by the "eleven o'clocker," and the "four o'clocker;" while the very last was a "night-cap;" after which as one laid himself in sheets, he was supposed to drink no more that day, unless, indeed, he was unexpectedly called up at night, when, of course, he prudently fortified himself against taking cold. Do n't imagine that these were all the drinks of the day—by no means. The decanter stood ready at all times on the sideboard; if a friend had called, he had been welcomed by "the social glass;" if one had departed, a pleasant journey was tendered in "a flowing bumper;" if a bargain had been made, it was rounded by a liquid "clincher;" if a wedding had come off, "a long and prosperous life" was drank to the happy pair; if a funeral had ensued, then alcoholic mixtures were a source of "consolation in affliction." Drinking all the way from the cradle to the grave, seemed the grand rule. Dinah, the black nurse, as she swaddled the new-born infant, took her dram; and Uncle Bob, the aged gray-haired sexton, with the weak and watery eyes, and bent, rheumatic body, soon as he had thrown the

last spade full of earth upon the little mound over the remains of a fellow-mortal, turned to the neighboring bush, on which hung his green baize jacket, for a swig at the bottle ; after which he gathered up his tools, and slowly, and painfully hobbled homeward, to attend to his duties to the living. Everybody, *even* Congressmen, drank ; and, what is queer, no one can fix the precise date at which they left off. The deacon drank, and it is said the parson, that good old man, after finishing a round of social visits, not unfrequently returned to his own dwelling, so "mellowed" by the soothing influences of the "cordial" welcomes of his parishioners, as to really feel that this was not such a very bad world after all.

Before we enter upon the subject of this article, we wish to preface it with a few facts upon *Alcohol*.

Alcohol, as extracted from fermented liquor, was unknown to the world until about the year 1000. When this process was first accomplished in Arabia, no person knew what this product of distillation was ; nor was there any language that had for it even a name. They however called it *Alcohol* ; and that is now the chemical name in every country. This word had previously been used in Arabia as the name of a fine powder, which the ladies used to give a brilliance to their complexions. Alcohol was soon ascertained to be a poison, and no one then thought of using it as a drink. About the year 1230, it began to be used in the south of Europe, as a medicine, and from thence, its use gradually extended, for that purpose, over various parts of the civilized world. Judging from its *immediate* effects, it was thought to increase life ; and was denominated *aqua vita*, water of life. Theoricus, not long after, wrote a treatise upon its wonderful curative power ; in which he says, "It sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cutteth flegme, it abandoneth melancholie, it relisheth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits, it cureth the hydropsia, it healeth the strangurie, it pounceth the stone, it expelleth gravell, it puffeth away ventositie, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tong from lisping, the mouth from snaffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling ; it keepeth the weasan from stiffling, the stomach from wambling, and the heart from swelling ; it keepeth the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking."

Such were supposed to be its wonderful virtues ; and many began to think they could not live without it. Ulstadius, another writer, ascribes to it this most singular praise ; he says, "It will *burn*, being kindled." And this he considers as demonstrative of its peculiar excellence. It was not therefore strange, with such views of its power as a medicine, that men should begin to conclude that it must also do good in health, especially when they were peculiarly exposed, and under severe labor ; nor that they should introduce the use of it for the purpose of preventing, as well as curing diseases. This was the case, particularly in the mines in Hungary ; and afterward, in 1581, it was introduced by the English as a kind of cordial for their soldiers, while engaged in war in the Netherlands, and finally spread, as a common beverage, among all nations.

No nation ever adopted its use without its producing an untold amount

of crime and woe, more fatal than the most malignant pestilence; yet, until within a brief period, men were blind to the evil, and constantly, everywhere, increased its use, under the idea that they were promoting their own benefit. Some of the reasons for this delusion, and the causes why the quantity used was continually increasing, are given by an intelligent writer. "Such is the nature of alcohol, that its first effect on the human system is a quickening of action; animation, excitement. This, by a fundamental law of our nature is a source of pleasure. This *present* pleasure, men mistake for *real* good. It also arouses for a moment the reserved and dormant energies of the system, which are not needed, and were not designed for ordinary healthful action, but were intended for special emergencies; and which cannot be drawn out and used, on ordinary occasions, without necessarily shortening human life. This awakening of dormant energy, men mistake for an increase of real, permanent strength.

The system, by this poison, having been over-excited, becomes deranged; and having been over-worked, without any new strength communicated, it is of course weakened, and therefore soon flags; becomes tired, and is exhausted. Now, according to another fundamental law, there is pain, languor, and inexpressible uneasiness spread through the system, as suffering nature under the awful abuse which has been practiced upon her, cries out for help. A man cannot thus chafe, irritate, and exhaust his system, and not afterward feel uneasiness, any more than he can put his hand into the fire and not feel pain. He violates a natural law, and must find the way of transgressors to be hard. Hence arise two motives to drink again. One is, to obtain the past pleasure, and the other is to remove the present pain. But as the system is unstrung and partly worn out, and is also lower down than it was before, the same quantity will not, the next time, raise it up so high; or cause the wearied organs to move so briskly. Of course it will not fully answer the purpose; will not give so much present pleasure, or produce so much effect as before. Hence the motive to increase the quantity; and for the same reason, in future, to increase it more, and still more. As every repetition increases the difficulty, and also throws new obstacles in the way of its removal, the temptation to increase the quantity, grows stronger and stronger. The natural life of the system constantly diminishes, and of course, in order to seem to live, what there is, must be more and more highly roused, till, in one half, one quarter, or one eighth of the *proper* time, the whole is exhausted, and the man sinks prematurely to the grave.

There is another principle which tends also strongly to the same result. The more any man partakes of this unnatural pleasure which alcohol occasions, the less susceptible he becomes of the natural and innocent pleasures, occasioned by the use of nourishing food and drink; by the view and contemplation of the works of creation and providence: by the exercise of the social affections, and the discharge of the various duties of life.

From the above, it is evident that the deranged and exhausted state of the system, from which the uneasiness, when not under the excitement of alcohol, springs, and which causes the hankering or thirst after the poison, is not a *natural* state; nor is that appetite a natural appetite.

Such are some of the reasons why men who begin to drink alcohol, and receive from it nothing but injury, nevertheless, not only continue to drink

it, but to drink it in *greater and greater* quantity. Let us now consider how it causes death. Alcohol is a substance which is, in its nature, unfit for the purpose of nutrition. It is not in the power of the animal economy to decompose it, and change it into blood, or flesh, or bones, or anything by which the human body is, or can be nourished, strengthened, and supported. When taken into the stomach, it is sucked up by absorbent vessels, and carried into the blood; and with that is circulated through the whole system, and, to a certain extent, is then thrown off again. But it is alcohol when taken, it is alcohol in the stomach, it is alcohol in the arteries, and veins, and heart, and lungs, and brain, and among all the nerves, and tissues, and fibers of the whole body, and it is alcohol when, after having pervaded and passed through the whole system, it is thrown off again. Give it even to a dog, and take the blood from his foot, and distil it, and you have alcohol, the same which the dog drank. Take the blood from the arm, the foot, or the head, of the man who drinks it, and distil that blood, and you have alcohol. You may take it from the brain, strong enough, on the application of fire, in an instant to blaze. Not a bloodvessel, however minute, not a thread of the smallest nerve in the whole animal machinery, escapes its influence. It enters the organs of the nursing mother, which prepare the delicate food for the sustenance and growth of her child. It is taken into the circulation, and passes through the whole system of the child; having through its whole course, produced, not only on the mother, but also on the child, the appropriate effects of the drunkard's poison. This is a reason, why, after the mother has taken it, the babe, although before restless, sleeps all night like a drunkard; and a reason, also, why such children, if they live, often have an appetite for spirit, and are so much more likely than other children to become drunkards. This is a reason, also, why, when the parents have been in the habit of freely taking it, their children are so much smaller, and less healthy than other children; have less keenness and strength of eye-sight; firmness of nerve, or ability of body and mind to withstand the attacks of disease, and the vicissitudes of climates, and seasons; and also a reason why they have less inclination and less talent for great bodily, and mental achievements. By the operation of laws which no man can repeal, or withstand, the iniquities of the fathers are thus naturally visited upon the children, from generation to generation.

Were the human body transparent, and the operations of its organs in sustaining life, visible, every man might see that *nature itself*, teaches that the drinking of alcohol cannot be continued by a man without hastening his death.

The receptacle for food is the stomach and intestines. From these after being changed, first into chyme, and then into chyle, it is taken up by absorbent vessels and carried into the blood, and conveyed to the right side of the heart. From that it is sent to the lungs; and by coming into contact with the air, and taking out of it what it needs, in order, with what it has, to nourish the body, it is sent back again to the left side of the heart. From that, it is sent, in arteries, or tubes, prepared for that purpose, to all parts of the body, for the purpose of carrying the nourishment which it contains, and which each part needs, to its proper place. Along on the lines of these tubes or canals, through which the blood with its treasure flows, is a vast

multitude of little organs, or waiters, whose office is, each one to take out of the blood, as it comes along, that kind and quantity of nourishment which it needs for its own support, and also for the support of that part of the body which is committed to its care. And although exceedingly minute and delicate, they are endowed by their Creator, with the wonderful power of doing this, and also of abstaining from, or expelling and throwing back into the common mass, what is unsuitable, or what they do not want, to be carried to some other place where it may be needed ; or, if it is not needed anywhere, and is good for nothing, to be thrown out of the body as a nuisance.

For instance, the organs placed at the end of the fingers, when the blood comes there, take out of it what they need for their support, and also what is needed to make finger nails ; while they will cautiously abstain from, or repel that which will only make hair, and let it go on to the head. And the organs on the head carefully take out that which they need for their support and also that which will make hair, or, in common language, cause it to grow ; while they will cautiously abstain from that which is good for nothing, except to make eye-balls, and let it go to the eyes, and even help it on. And the organs about the eye, will take that and work it up into eyes, or cause them to grow. And so throughout the whole. And there is among all the millions and millions of these workers, day and night, all diligent in business, the most entire and everlasting harmony. And there is also the most delicate and wonderful sympathy. If one member suffer, all the members instinctively suffer with it ; and if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice with it.

And when the blood has gotten out to the extremities, and been to all parts of the system, and left its treasures along on the way, as they were needed, for freely it has received and freely it gives ; then there is another set of tubes, or channels, prepared to take the blood, and with it what was not needed, or was good for nothing, or had been used till it was worn out, back to the right side of the heart. From this it is sent again with its load to the lungs, for the purpose, by expiration, of throwing off what is not needed, and what, if retained, would only be a burden and do mischief ; and also, by inspiration, of taking in a new store, and setting out again on its journey around the system. And to give it good speed, the heart, like a steam engine, worked, not by fires which men can kindle, but by the breath of the Almighty, keeps constantly moving, day and night, summer and winter, through storms and sunshine, sickness and health, as long as life doth last.

All the organs of the human body have as much work to do, as is consistent with permanently healthful action, and with the longest continuance of human life, when men take nothing but suitable food and drink. And if, in addition to this, you take alcohol, and thus throw upon them the additional labor of rejecting and throwing off the poison, and at the same time, as by the taking of it you certainly will, weaken and exhaust their energies, you necessarily shorten their duration, and commit suicide as really as if you did it with arsenic, a pistol, or a halter. It also greatly increases the violence of diseases which arise from other causes, and often produces death, in cases in which, had not alcohol been used, a cure might have been easily

and speedily effected. Nor is this all. There is another set of organs, the nerves, whose office is to furnish sensibility to the human system. For this purpose they are spread over the surface of the whole body, and in such vast numbers and variety, that you cannot stick into the skin, the point even of the finest needle, and not strike some of them, and thus occasion pain. They seem to form the link between the body and the mind, and to be the medium through which each reciprocally and instantly acts upon the other. Of course whatever affects them, affects not only the body but also the soul, and the influence which one has upon the other.

Their seat is the brain. From this they derive excitement, and power to communicate it to all parts of the system. And in order to furnish this excitement, the brain itself must be excited. And what it needs for this purpose, is that, and that only, which is furnished by arterial blood, when men take nothing but suitable food, and drink, exercise, rest, and sleep. For this excitement it eagerly waits, and this it joyfully receives; and cheerfully, with the rapidity almost of lightning, communicates to every part, spreading a glow of animation, and making even existence a source of constant and exquisite delight. But as it stands waiting to receive, and instantly and joyfully to communicate, the bread and the milk of Heaven, you throw in alcohol, and thus instead of bread, give it serpents; instead of milk, scorpions; and they go hissing and darting their serpent, scorpion-like influence through the whole man, body and soul; turning husbands into demons, and fathers into fiends.

Finally alcohol so affects the understanding that moral considerations are less clearly perceived; and it so affects the heart, that moral obligation is less powerfully felt. It causes the conscience to lie more dormant, and the imagination to be more extensively and deeply polluted, and polluting. It corrupts the very source and springs of moral action, and brings a man peculiarly, in all respects, under the power of the devil. Mental iniquity, from which the mind, when not poisoned, instinctively recoils, becomes, when it is, the element of its delicious revel; and crimes, from the thought of which it before started back with abhorrence, it now commits with greediness."

The business of distillation first commenced in our country at Boston, about the year 1700, when West India molasses was converted into New England rum. In 1794, distilleries, chiefly for grain, had become numerous in the United States, especially in Western Pennsylvania, a rich grain-growing region. In 1815, the number of distilleries had increased to forty thousand, consuming, in successive years, more than ten million bushels of bread-stuffs, and pouring over the land more than thirty millions of gallons of ardent spirits distilled from grain, and more than ten million gallons distilled from molasses.

With the mass of the population, distilleries were a long time considered a blessing to the country. They furnished, it was said, a ready market for the surplus grain; they gave a new value to the orchard, whose superabundant fruit could at once be converted into brandy; they brought ready employ to the carpenter, the cooper, the carrier, and furnished the nation with an excellent article, which it was importing from Holland and the West Indies at great cost. Pious men, deacons of churches, owned and

labored in them, without loss of character. Many a neighborhood was filled with joy that an immense distillery was to be built, and a spring given to business which would bring riches to every family."

Ardent spirits, for other than medicinal purposes, were not used in the early settlement of our country. This fatal error that they were useful for men in health, did not prevail among the mass of our people until after the American Revolution. Spirituous liquors were furnished to the army by government, under the fatal delusion that they were of service in mitigating the hardships to which the soldiers were subject. The consequence was, that at the close of the war, they were carried into the community, and extended through the country. From habits of intemperance formed during the war, very many of the soldiers became wandering vagabonds, so that, for a generation after, if a miserable drunken beggar stopped at one's door, he was often alluded to as an "old soldier."

At the close of the first half century of our national existence, viz: by the year 1826, this diseased appetite had become so prevalent as to demand, annually, for its gratification, more than sixty millions of gallons of spirituous liquors.

Notwithstanding the general indifference to the mass of evils arising from this source, a few clear sighted and benevolent individuals, from time to time, ventured to give to the world their opinions and experiences on the subject. Beside these, there were remarkable examples of literary and scientific names, of the highest authority, in favor of abstaining from all stimulating drinks: among whom it is sufficient to name Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Locke, Dr. Johnson, the philanthropic Howard, with the venerable John Wesley, who not only abstained himself, but made it a condition of membership in his church, that all who belonged to it should abstain from either using, making, trafficking, or dealing in spirituous liquors.

In 1813, years before the great Temperance Reform, an association was formed in Boston, under the name of "The Massachusetts Society for the *Suppression* of Intemperance." The object, as expressed in the constitution, was, "To discountenance the *too free use* of ardent spirits, and its kindred vices, profaneness and gaming, and to encourage and promote temperance and general morality." As this society allowed the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, it was of no avail as a temperance society.

It was then the general impression, that ardent spirits, if not absolutely necessary, were at least of great use and importance as a support during labor; and that, moderately used, they were an innocent stimulus. So deceived were the community, that the trade was thought to be proper. It was licensed by government, and sanctioned by the Christian churches. The crimes and misery arising from alcoholic drinks, were attributed to the *abuse* of what was considered, in itself, moderately used, beneficial to man. The great discovery at length came forth like the light of a new day, that the temperate members of society, were the chief agents in promoting and perpetuating intemperance. And it was perfectly evident that unless a new movement could be started, on a new plan, and one which should be equal in time and place with the evil—one which should strike at the root and exterminate it—drunkenness would always continue. At length associated effort was

brought to bear upon the torrent of evil, and "THE PLEDGE," the great instrument of reform, came into use.

The *first Temperance Pledge* of which we have any knowledge (at least in modern times), was one drawn up by Micajah Pendleton, of Nelson County, Virginia, in the year 1800. It was designed only for his own family, and was a total abstinence pledge. Through his influence, other families in Virginia, adopted the same in their households. The *first Temperance Society*, was organized in Moreau, Saratoga County, New York, in the year 1808. The pledge and constitution were prepared, and the movement inaugurated by Dr. Billy J. Clark, and the Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong. Forty-seven male members signed the pledge, and organized the society, called "the Moreau and Northumberland Temperance Society." The fourth article of their constitution, provided that no member should drink rum, gin, whisky, wine, or any distilled spirits. A fine of twenty-five cents was imposed for every violation of the pledge. The Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong delivered the address at their first quarterly meeting. In 1810, this society sent out one thousand circulars giving an account of the rise, progress, and objects of their body; transmitting many of them to eminent gentlemen in Europe.

The first general movement in the cause, was in 1811, when Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, presented printed copies of his "Inquiry," to the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session there. A committee was appointed on the subject, and the initiatory steps taken to pervade the whole land with a feeling of alarm, at the prevalence of intemperance. But years elapsed before the public mind was sufficiently enlightened to embrace the great idea.

In 1825, the Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards wrote an essay entitled, "The Well Conducted Farm," exhibiting the result of an experiment upon an extensive farming establishment, in Worcester County, Massachusetts, which showing the great superiority of labor without alcoholic stimulants, produced a strong impression on the public mind. The next year, the AMERICAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was formed at Boston, and on the principle of "the pledge," the invention of Micajah Pendleton, twenty-six years previously.

Among the most powerful of the early advocates of the reformation, were Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Edwards, E. C. Delavan, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Dr. Channing, and numerous others, who, by sermons, tracts, public meetings, and periodicals, spread their views far and wide throughout the country.

The sermons of Dr. Beecher, exerted a powerful influence in helping on the cause in this early day. In one of these, he says, "Can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe, with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build

such a house? and who would dwell in it? What if, in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls, and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building—who would rear such a building? What if, at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

O! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us, from beneath, the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither; these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices, screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land; and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath."

A little later in the history of the reformation, when many good men still clung to the belief that the moderate use of ardent spirits was proper, a public speaker of the time thus sang the praises of alcohol.

"It is a pleasant cordial; a cheerful restorative; the first friend of the infant; the support of the enfeebled mother; a sweet luxury given by the parent to the child; the universal token of kindness, friendship, and hospitality. It adorns the sideboards and tables of the rich, and enlivens the social circles of the poor; goes with the laborer as his most cheering companion; accompanies the mariner in his long and dreary voyage; enlivens the carpenter, the mason, the blacksmith, the joiner, as they ply their trade; follows the merchant to his counter, the physician to his infected rooms, the lawyer to his office, and the divine to his study, cheering all and comforting all. It is the life of our trainings, and town-meetings, and elections, and bees, and raisings, and harvests, and sleighing parties. It is the best domestic medicine, good for a cold and a cough, for pain in the stomach and weakness in the limbs, loss of appetite and rheumatism, and is a great support in old age. It makes a market for our rye and apples; sustains one

hundred thousand families who are distilling and vending, and pours annually millions of dollars into our national treasury."

This public speaker was the Rev. John Marsh. He was using the arguments of the friends of moderate drinking, only the more effectually to present a mass of statistics and facts which the industry of those of temperance had collected. As they are given in a vivid manner, we quote them below:

"Look, my countrymen, at the ravages of intemperance. Fix your eye on its waste of property.

At the lowest calculation, it has annually despoiled us of a hundred millions of dollars—of thirty millions for an article which is nothing worth, and seventy or eighty millions more to compensate for the mischiefs that article has done—money enough to accomplish all that the warmest patriot could wish for his country, and to fill, in a short period, the world with Bibles, and a preached Gospel. What farmer would not be roused, should a wild beast come once a year into his borders and destroy the best cow in his farmyard? But six and a fourth cents a day for ardent spirits, wastes twenty-two dollars eighty-one cents a year, and in forty years nearly one thousand dollars, which is a thousand times as much as scores of drunkards are worth at their burial.

See the pauperism it has produced. We have sung of our goodly heritage, and foreign nations have disgorged their exuberant population that they might freely subsist in this land of plenty. But in this granary of the world are everywhere seen houses without windows, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, and penitentiaries and almshouses filled to overflowing; and a traveler might write—**BEGGARS MADE HERE**. We are groaning under our pauperism, and talking of taxes, and hard times, and no trade; but intemperance has stalked through our land and devoured our substance. It has entered the houses of our unsuspecting inhabitants as a friend, and taken the food from their tables, and the clothing from their beds, and the fuel from their fire, and turned their lands over to others, and drove them from their dwellings to subsist on beggary and crime, or drag out a miserable existence in penitentiaries and almshouses. Two thirds, or one hundred and fifty thousand, of the wretched tenants of these abodes of poverty in the United States, were reduced by intemperance. So themselves confess. It was rum, brandy, and whisky, that did it. And the Prison Discipline report tells of fifty thousand cases of imprisonment for debt annually in the United States, in consequence of the use of ardent spirits. O, its sweeps of property can never be known!

Look at the crime it has occasioned.

It is said that there is a spring in China which makes every man that drinks it a villain. Eastern tales are founded on some plain matter of fact. This spring may be some distillery or dram-shop; for this is the natural effect of alcohol. It breaks down the conscience, quickens the circulation, increases the courage, makes man flout at law and right, and hurries him to the perpetration of every abomination and crime. Excite a man by this fluid, and he is bad enough for anything. He can lie, and steal, and fight, and swear, and plunge the dagger into the bosom of his nearest friend. No vice is too filthy no crime too tragical for the drunkard. The records of

our courts tell of acts, committed under the influence of rum, which curdle the blood in our veins. Husbands butcher their wives; children slaughter their parents. Far the greater part of the atrocities committed in our land, proceed from its maddening power. 'I declare, in this public manner, and with the most solemn regard to truth,' said Judge Rush, some years ago, in a charge to a grand jury, 'that I do not recollect an instance since my being concerned in the administration of justice, of a single person being put on his trial for manslaughter, which did not originate in drunkenness; and but few instances of trial for murder, where the crime did not spring from the same unhappy cause.' Of eight hundred and ninety-five complaints presented to the police court in Boston in one year, four hundred were under the statute against common drunkards. Of one thousand and sixty-one cases of criminal prosecution in a court in North Carolina, more than eight hundred proceeded from intemperance. Five thousand complaints are made yearly in New York to the city police, of outrages committed by intoxicated persons; and the late city attorney reports, that, of twenty-two cases of murder which it had been his duty to examine, every one of them had been committed in consequence of intemperate drinking. 'Nine-tenths of all the prisoners under my care,' says Captain Pillsbury, warden of the Connecticut state prison, 'are decidedly intemperate men, and were brought to their present condition, directly or indirectly, through intoxicating liquor. Many have confessed to me with tears, that they never felt tempted to the commission of crime, thus punishable, but when under the influence of strong drink.' And the Prison Discipline report states, 'that of one hundred and twenty-five thousand criminals committed to our prisons in a single year, ninety-three thousand seven hundred and fifty were excited to their commission of crime by spirituous liquors.'

Look at its destruction of intellect.

It reduces man to a beast, to a fool, to a devil. The excessive drinker first becomes stupid, then idiotic, then a maniac. Men of the finest geniuses, most acute minds, and profound learning, have dwindled under the touch of this withering demon to the merest insignificance, and been hooted by boys for their silly speeches, and silly actions, or chained in a madhouse as unsafe in society. Of eighty-seven admitted into the New York hospital in one year, the insanity of twenty-seven was occasioned by ardent spirits; and the physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital, report that one third of the insane of that institution were ruined by intemperance. What if one sixth of our maniacs were deprived of their reason by the bite of the dogs, the friendly inmates of our houses, or by some vegetable common on our tables; who would harbor the dangerous animal, or taste the poisonous vegetable? But one third of our maniacs are deranged by alcohol. Indeed, every drunkard is in a temporary delirium; and no man who takes even a little into his system, possesses that sound judgment, or is capable of that patient investigation, or intellectual effort, which would be his without it. Just in proportion as man comes under its influence, he approximates to idiotism or madness.

Look at its waste of health and life.

The worm of the still never touches the brute creation, but, as if the most venomous of all beings, it seizes the noblest prey. It bites man:

and where it once leaves its subtle poison, farewell to health—farewell to long life. The door is open, and in rush dyspepsia, jaundice, dropsy, gout, obstructions of the liver, epilepsy—the deadliest plagues let loose on fallen man—all terminating in delirium tremens or *mania a potu*, a prelude to the eternal buffetings of foul spirits in the world of despair. One out of every forty, or three hundred thousand of our population have taken up their abode in the lazar-house of drunkenness, and thirty thousand die annually the death of the drunkard. These sweeps of death mock all the ravages of war, famine, pestilence, and shipwreck. The yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, felt to be one of the greatest curses of heaven, destroyed but four thousand. In our last war with Great Britain, the sword devoured but five hundred a year; intemperance destroys two hundred a week. Shipwrecks destroy suddenly, and the country groans when forty or fifty human beings are suddenly engulfed in the ocean; but more than half of all the sudden deaths occur in fits of intoxication. It needed not a fable to award the prize of greatest ingenuity in malice and murder to the demon who invented brandy, over the demon who invented war.

And look at its waste of human happiness.

Yes, look—look for yourselves. The woes of drunkenness mock all description. Some tell of the happiness of drinking. O, if there is a wretched being on earth, it is the drunkard. His property wasted, his character gone, his body loathsome, his passions wild, his appetite craving the poison that kills him, his hopes of immortality blasted forever; it is all

‘Me miserable,

Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell.’

And his family. I can never look at it but with feelings of deepest anguish.

‘Domestic happiness, thou only bliss

Of Paradise that hast escaped the fall,’

thou art shipwrecked here. Sorrow, woe, wounds, poverty, babblings, and contention, have entered in and dwell here. Yet we have three hundred thousand such families in the land; and if each family consists of four individuals, more than a million persons are here made wretched by this curse of curses.”

The Temperance Reformation progressed beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. In six years from the commencement of the reform, viz: in 1832, there were, in the United States, over four thousand temperance societies, with over half a million of members; one thousand five hundred distilleries had ceased distilling, and four thousand merchants had ceased to traffic in the poison. It was also estimated that a million and a half of persons had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, and that twenty thousand families were in ease and comfort, which otherwise would have been in poverty or cursed with a drunken inmate.

A year later these statistics had nearly doubled, and it was estimated that there were seven hundred vessels afloat on the ocean, in which ardent spirits were not used. This year, the American Congressional Temperance Society, was formed at Washington, with Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War,

as president. A few months previously the issue of ardent spirits to the army had been prohibited. The United States Temperance Convention met in Philadelphia, in May 1833. Seldom had a body of men assembled of greater weight of character, and of higher and better influence in the country. It was composed of over four hundred delegates, and from twenty-one States. It strikes us as singular, as showing how little progress had then been made in the views of the friends of temperance, that they should have "a long and animated debate," upon a resolution "which expressed the sentiment, that the traffic in ardent spirits to be used as a beverage, is *morally wrong*, and ought to be universally abandoned." It was "passed after a long and animated discussion;" and, says a writer of the time, "had the convention done nothing else, but after examination expressed their opinion on this point, they had done a deed which would have marked them as benefactors of their country."

Up to this period, and for a year or two later, all the temperance societies had been organized on the principle of the voluntary pledge, which interdicted the use of *distilled* liquors as a beverage. It allowed the use of wine, cider, and malt liquors. Thus the reform stood until a society in Lancashire, England, perceiving the *defect* of what is now called the old *pledge*, adopted what was named the *tee-total* principle—total abstinence from *all kinds* of intoxicating beverages. The word *tee*, is one of the provincialisms of Lancashire, signifying there the same as "going the whole figure" signifies here. A member at one of their meetings said, "We must have a *tee-total* abstinence from every kind of drink that will produce drunkenness, if we wish to get rid of drunkenness itself;" and from this circumstance came the word.

This idea, once started, soon became the basis on which the reform was conducted, and in the year 1834, many of our societies changed the words of their pledge from "ardent spirits," to "intoxicating liquors." In 1835, it was adopted by the American Temperance Society. In 1836, the American Temperance Union was formed, on the principle of total abstinence; since which period it has been the leading society of the land. The pledge of the Union is:

"WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, OR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT, AND THAT, IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS, WE WILL DISCOURAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY."

The *tee-total* pledge met at first with much opposition, and, in many cases, from those who had been very active in their advocacy of the old pledge. The principle, however, eventually overcame opposition to such a degree, that every temperance society in the land adopted it.

We present the arguments for and objections to total abstinence as given by a writer of the time.

"To the adoption of this pledge, one objection offered, was, that temperance men, having signed the former pledge, would, as light shone and duty was manifest, become right in their practice; but it was found that all did not become right, and that such as did not, hung as a millstone upon the cause; that by their use of wine, beer, and cider, they exposed the cause to

reproach, themselves to intemperance, and kept the miserable inebriate in his drunkenness.

Another was, that it was not necessary to accomplish the desired result. But it was found that it was necessary ; that the yeomanry of the country would not give up their rum and whisky, while temperance men in the higher ranks drauk wine ; that no drunkard could be reformed and saved, except on the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates ; and that the mass of young men in the higher walks of life, in colleges, in counting-houses, in the learned professions, who became drunkards, became so on wine, and not on distilled spirits.

Another was, that it destroyed the simplicity of the obligation under which temperance men had acted with great harmony and success. But the pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates is a much more simple pledge ; far more intelligible, and one, as experience has proved, under which all who will, may gather with much greater harmony and success.

Another was, that there is no call for such banishment of wine, beer, and the like, from society, as there is for the banishment of distilled spirits. But alcohol is in all fermented liquors, producing the same effects in kind in the system as when separated by the process of distillation. Nearly all the wines of commerce are brandied ; and much of the foreign wine, and wines of home manufacture, are nothing but distilled spirits and drugs. Burton ale, according to Brande's table, has eight per cent. of alcohol, the intoxicating principle ; cider, ten ; Champagne wine, eighteen ; Sherry, nineteen ; Madeira, twenty-four ; Port, twenty-three ; Lissa, twenty-six ; one-half of what is found in whisky, gin, rum, and brandy ; while beer, prepared as it often is by *nux vomica*, *cocculus indicus*, and grains of paradise, is little behind the strongest drinks in its fatal tendency. For five thousand years, wine was the great source of drunkenness among the nations ; and who can deny that there was an amount of the horrid vice, under various forms, far exceeding all human conception.

Another was, that it was at variance with the permission of the sacred volume to drink wine, and subversive of a divine ordinance. But it had no relation to a divine ordinance, being only a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drink, as a beverage ; to which every man has a right, even though there were a permission to use it. No command of God makes it a duty to eat flesh, though it is permitted. And hence Paul was at liberty to say, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth ;" nor in so abstaining would he reproach the Saviour, or subvert a divine ordinance.

Another was, that it was altogether impracticable. But it has been found to be not at all impracticable, but to be far easier gaining signatures to the pledge of entire abstinence from all that intoxicates, than it was originally to the pledge from ardent spirits.

Another was, that it would throw off from the temperance ranks the higher classes, he would not give up their wine ; and the farmers who would not yield their cider. But it was found that many of the higher classes were glad of a change in the habits of society, which would save their sons from ruin ; and that such farmers as had ceased using ardent spirits, did not want to be burned up with cider, and rejoiced in a change

which saved them great toil, without profit, in the autumnal season; and scenes of riot and drunkenness in their households, during the long evenings of winter.

Another was, that it would create a division in the temperance ranks, and destroy all activity. But if it has created a division, it has divided men who are resolved to extirpate drunkenness from the earth, cost what it may, from such as plead for a little self-indulgence, and who, by that indulgence, are palsied in their efforts; and, instead of ruining the cause, it has raised up an army who are rushing on to victory."

The discussion of the total abstinence pledge, included, also, what was called, in the popular language of the day, "the wine question." The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, was among the most judicious in his advocacy of the new principle.

"The great principle," said he, "contended for, is the moral expediency of this pure standard. Let it be granted that men may lawfully drink wine; that in Palestine where grapes hung upon the boughs in the greatest profusion, men did drink wine; that our Saviour himself drank wine, and sanctioned it by his example; yet how different are the circumstances in which we find ourselves at this day. Then there was no such thing as ardent spirits, by which men were brutalized and destroyed, both body and soul; and it might not have been necessary then to abstain from that which in our day we look upon as a temptation and a snare, leading men directly to intemperance. But now the case presents itself to us in this light. A great moral power which may be exercised to promote the welfare of our fellow men, is offered to us in this total abstinence principle. In a spirit of benignant feeling toward our race, we adopt it. We abstain from that which we might use lawfully and without injury to ourselves, hoping, thereby, by our example, to benefit others."

At a later time he said, "Let example plead for the sake of a bleeding world. One says, 'I am not responsible, I am temperate, I drink moderately. If others drink to excess, I am not responsible for their conduct.' That principle never had its origin in the word of God, or in a generous bosom. There is not an individual who hears me, whose example is not going forth and influencing others, for good or ill. When we meet in the judgment, one of the first matters that will come up there will be the influence which our example has exerted upon others. And, when the subject of wine comes up here, how will the precepts of the gospel lead me to dispose of it? If my example is in danger of leading others astray, I must abandon it; for 'it is good neither to eat flesh nor *drink wine*, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.'"

"The fact," says another, "that our Lord, by a miracle, produced wine at the marriage of Cana, in Galilee, is urged as an invincible argument against total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. But this, like every other reason of the kind, is based upon the groundless assumption, that the term *wine* always refers to the same kind of intoxicating drink; whereas, history, science, and even modern usage, show that such a conclusion is altogether false. Among the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, there were various descriptions of wines. There were the drugged, fermented, and poisonous wines, injurious to the bodies, and stupefying to the minds of those who drank

them; and there were also the sweet, delicious, nutrient, or delightfully acid wines, which would delight and please every palate, would nourish the frame, quench thirst, refresh and cool the weary, and injure no one. Now, we ask the reader to judge, which of the two the benevolent Redeemer was most likely to produce?

"In Greece, Rome, and Palestine, it was customary to boil down their wines into a kind of syrup. Columella, Pliny, and other Roman writers, tell us that in Italy and Greece it was common to boil their wines. These liquors must have been syrups, and every chemist knows that if they were thick syrups, they could not have undergone the process of the vinous fermentation. The practice of evaporating the juice of the grape, must have been adopted by the Jews in Palestine, as a wise precaution against the heat of the country, for by this operation a considerable portion of the water was boiled away, the solid and saccharine substances of the grape were brought into a thicker consistence, and the acetous fermentation prevented. This historical fact respecting the boiling of grape juice, furnishes us with proof that the wines of Palestine were not alcoholic, or did not obtain their inebriating power from vinous fermentation. Yet it is not intended to affirm that they were *all* destitute of an intoxicating principle. Other substances beside alcohol possess inebriating and stupefying, or maddening properties. In the sacred volume, we have several allusions to such medicine or deleterious drugs. In Psalm lx. 3, we read of "the wine of astonishment or giddiness;" lxxv, 8, of wine, "red, and full of mixture." Is. li, 17, mentions the "cup of trembling and giddiness." In Prov. xxiii, 30, we read of those who go to "seek mixed wine." The wine mentioned Prov. xxxi, 4-7, was a soporific drink. The wine mixed with myrrh and gall, or a species of laudanum, offered to our Lord, was intended to produce stupefaction, and therefore he would not drink."

The next question that came up was the propriety of granting licenses to sell ardent spirits. Laws of this kind had been in force from the early settlement of the country. The first license law of Massachusetts was passed in 1646. In April, 1838, the legislature of that State passed, by a majority of more than two thirds, what was termed the "fifteen gallon law." It forbade the retailing of any spirituous liquors, under a penalty of twenty dollars, excepting by apothecaries and physicians, specially licensed, and they were not permitted to sell in a less quantity than fifteen gallons. The sales were only to be made for use in the arts, or for medicinal purposes; and none were to be drank on the premises where sold. The legislatures of Tennessee, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, also passed laws designed to more closely restrict, and in some cases to prevent entirely, the sale of ardent spirits, to be used as a beverage. Up to this period, the friends of temperance had relied for success, upon an appeal to the moral sense of the community—to "*moral suasion*." What was the practical answer to this, on the part of the manufacturers and dealers in ardent spirits? "Pooh!" said they, "we have millions upon millions of money invested in our trade, which yields us a handsome profit; and do you think your whining and weeping, can induce us to abandon this trade? Your sons, fathers, and husbands are not obliged to drink. If they will drink what is that to us? Mind your own business."

Coercion, or "legal suasion," then failed to accomplish the desired ends. First came secret evasion, and then open violation of these laws, until they were either repealed or remained a dead letter on the statute books.

An incident which occurred at a general militia muster somewhere in Massachusetts, gained considerable notoriety at the time, as an amusing evasion of the fifteen gallon law. On a tent at the ground, was a show bill as below :



Crowds flocked to see the wonder, and what was curious to the uninitiated, many were not contented with a single visit, but made repeated calls in the course of the day—often taking their friends with them—and as they came out, were in a jovial humor; some of them at length showed such an uproarious hilarity, as to draw the attention of the authorities to the spot. On entering, they found a common white pig painted in black stripes, zebra like: near him stood a table well provided with New England rum, brandy, gin, etc., which the owner of the show had provided, at his own expense, for the refreshment of the curiosity-seekers. There being no law in Massachusetts against exhibiting a common pig daubed with black paint, nor none against giving away alcoholic stimulants, the exhibitor suffered no harm; indeed, he was said by some to have brought his pig to a good market.

The political campaign of 1840, sometimes called "*the Hard Cider Campaign*," which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the presidency, occasioned a pause in the Temperance movement. It is said that some opponent had declared he was unfit for the office, because he never had the ability to raise himself beyond the occupancy of a log-cabin, in which he lived very coarsely, with no better beverage than hard cider. It was an unfortunate charge for the wishes of the accuser. The taunt of his being a poor man, and living in a log-cabin, was seized upon by his political friends, as evidence of his incorruptibility in the many responsible stations he had held; and "the log-cabin" became at once the symbol of the Whig party. Thousands of these were forthwith erected all over the land, as rallying points for political meetings. Miniature cabins were carried in political processions, and in some cases barrels labeled "hard cider."

The public mind cannot be simultaneously excited on two subjects, nor

long upon one. In the whirl of this memorable campaign, everything else was for the time forgotten ; and although perhaps not much hard cider was drank, yet it is to be presumed that poor whisky, rum, and other coarse forms of alcoholic drinks, in unusual quantities, ministered to and increased the wild furor of the day.

"Principles never die;" although great reforms may be temporarily crushed, yet, often at the very moment of the lowest depression, unseen causes are originating, destined to impart an unwonted vigor to the right. Such was now the case, for this very year gave birth to the Washingtonian phase of the Temperance Reform. Heretofore, the cure of those far gone in habits of inebriety was generally thought hopeless ! The main object of the pledge had been preservation not cure. It is true that many inebriates signed the old pledge. This proved of little avail while alcoholic wines were allowed ; and when the new pledge was instituted they were still without the countenance of their former boon associates in their new relation, and in most cases relapsed into their old habits.

When the Temperance Reformation arose, "there were supposed to be in the United States not less than three hundred thousand common drunkards. The most of them were husbands and fathers. Many had large families. Their houses were generally known by the broken door-yard fence ; the fallen gate ; the windows stuffed with old hats and rags ; the clapboards dangling in the air ; the barns held up by props and stripped of their boards, which had been used for fuel ; a half-starved horse standing in the street and several ragged children, who, without hats or shoes, spent their days in dragging brush-wood from the neighboring forests, or in begging pennies from door to door, to buy their mother a loaf of bread.

In the interior, little was visible either of neatness or comfort. No bed but one of straw, laid on knotted ropes ; here a show of a table, and there a broken chair. A half dozen broken plates, rusty knives and forks, and iron spoons ; a mug for cider, and a bottle for rum. Neither carpet nor plastering was there—if it was winter, the snow would often lie upon the bed, and the mother and her children be seen huddled together over a few embers, as their only refuge. Night would come, but no sound of a father's voice with comfortable food to cheer and gladden. The children would cry themselves to sleep. The mother would sit and "watch the moon go down," till distant footsteps were heard, and horrid oaths vented at not finding the door, causing her heart to quail ; and a monster in human shape, but the father of her children, would burst upon her, and perhaps drive her out in the cold and dreary night, even in a pitiless storm, compelling her to leave her babes to his neglect or cruelties.

These were homes witnessed in almost every neighborhood. The inhabitants were accustomed to the spectacle as a necessary appendage to their village, as the church, the school-house, the tavern, the dram-shop, or the comfortable home of the sober and the frugal ; and it attracted no particular notice, unless there went forth, at midnight hour, a cry of murder : and then, for a little season, all thought something must be done ; the wife must swear the peace upon her husband, and he, by authority, be sent to jail. But this she would not do ; he was her husband ; he promised to reform, and things would be left to pass on much as before.

From this very class originated a movement which astonished the country, and lifted the Temperance Reform up to a point it had never previously attained. On the evening of Friday, April 2d, 1840, six men of intemperate habits met at Chase's Tavern, in Baltimore, to gratify their appetite for strong drink. They were Wm. K. Mitchell, a tailor; John T. Hoss, a carpenter; David Anderson, a blacksmith; George Steers, a wheelwright; Jas. McCurly, a coachmaker; and Archibald Campbell, a silverplater. "Thus they met as they had often met before; but neither seemed inclined to call for the subtle poison that had so many times stolen away their reason. Soon the feelings of each became known to the others, and they felt a sudden hope springing up in their minds—a hope in the power of association. Sad experience had proven to each one of that little company, that alone he could not stand. But together, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, and heart to heart, they felt that though the struggle would be hard, they could, and they would conquer!

In that moral pest-house then, while inhaling with every breath the tempting fumes of the potations they loved, did this little band pledge themselves to each other, never again to drink any kind of intoxicating drink—spirits, wine, malt, or cider."

They organized themselves into a society, and called it the *Washington Temperance Society*. Then they went to some of their old companions, told them what they had done, and invited them to join their society. A few were found to break away from their bondage and unite with them. Thus their power and influence became increased. Others soon followed the example, and it was not long before the society numbered over one hundred members, each one of whom had been for years in the habit of drinking, and most of them occasionally to intoxication.

All this time, each member was using all his powers of reasoning and persuasion to induce his old companions to come in. Some would, on the nights of their meetings, station themselves near the grog-shops they had formerly been in the habit of visiting, and intercept those whom they knew, before they had reached the doors they were seeking. Then they would reason with them, and persuade them to come to the society; if not to join, at least to hear. In this way numbers were added. Such members as had no work, were aided as far as possible, and efforts were made to procure work for them."

And thus the reformation went on. Their meetings were conducted by the relation of the experience of the speakers. Neither of these original six became distinguished speakers, but the president, Wm. K. Mitchell, a man of rare genius, vigorous intellect, and commanding influence, threw into the association a power, which soon caused it to be felt through the whole city. The thrilling tales narrated by the reformed, as they signed the pledge, were widely spread abroad, and by the close of 1840, thousands had flocked to their standard, many of whom had been miserable slaves to the intoxicating cup.

One of these, John H. W. Hawkins, a hatter by trade, was reduced, at the age of twenty-two, to extreme drunkenness. He wandered far off from his friends to the West, where he suffered every evil from poverty, degradation, and vice—lived years in Baltimore, without providing food or clothing for

his family, a living death to them. His wife would sit up for him until midnight, and watch to see whether he came home drunk or sober; often would he fall prostrate in his hall, and his little daughter would cover him with a blanket until morning light. This individual soon became a powerful public speaker. He traveled through the country relating his experience, and was the means of saving thousands from the drunkard's fate. In the course of two years he succeeded in attaining the signatures of more than eighty thousand persons to the pledge. "On the 15th of June, 1840," said he, in one of his public addresses, "I drank and suffered awfully—I can't tell how much I suffered in *mind*—in body everything, but in mind more. I drank dreadfully the two first weeks of June—bought by the gallon, and drank, and drank, and was about taking my life—drunk all the time. On the 14th, I was a wonder to myself; astonished I had my mind left, and yet it seemed, in the goodness of God, uncommonly clear. I lay in bed long after my wife and daughter were up, and my conscience drove me to madness. I hated the darkness of the night; and when light came, I hated the light. I hated myself—my existence. I asked myself, 'Can I refrain; is it possible?' Not a being to take me by the hand, and lead or help me along, and say *you can*. I was friendless; without help or light; an outcast. My wife came up stairs, and knew I was suffering, and asked me to go down to breakfast. I had a pint of whisky, and thought I would drink; and yet I knew it was life or death with me as I decided. Well, I told my wife I would come down presently. Then my daughter came up and asked me down. I always loved her—more because she was the drunkard's friend—my only friend.

"She said, 'Father, don't send me after whisky to-day.' I was tormented before, but this was an unexpected torture. I told her to leave the chamber, and she went down crying, and said to her mother, 'Father is angry with me.' Wife came up again, and asked me to take some coffee; I told her I did not want anything of her, and covered myself in the bed. I soon heard some one enter the room, and I peeped out and saw it was my daughter. I then thought of my past life; my degradation; misery of my friends; and felt bad enough. So I called her and said, 'Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more.' She cried, and so did I. I got up and went to the cupboard, and looked at the enemy, and thought, 'Is it possible I can be restored?' and then turned my back upon it. Several times, while dressing, I looked at the bottle, but thought I should be lost if I yielded. Poor drunkard! there is hope for you. You cannot be worse off than I was; not more degraded, or more of a slave to appetite. You can reform if you will. *Try it—try it!* I felt badly, I tell you.

"Well, Monday night I went to the Society of Drunkards, and there I found all my old bottle companions. I did not tell anybody I was going, not even my wife. I had got out of difficulty, but did not know how long I would keep out. The six-pounders of the society were there. We had fished together; got drunk together. You could not break us up when drunk. We stuck like brothers, and so we do now, we are sober. One said, here is Hawkins, the 'regulator,' the old *bruiser*; and they clapped me and laughed, as you do now. But there was no laugh or clap in me. I was too sober and solemn for that. The pledge was read for my accommoda-

tion. They did not say so, and yet I knew they all looked over my shoulder to see me write my name. I never had such feelings before. It was a great battle. I once fought the battle at North Point, and helped to run away too, but now there was no running away. I found the society had a large pitcher of water; drank toasts, and told experiences. There I laid my plan; I did not intend to be a drone. Alcohol promised me everything, but I found him a great deceiver, and now I meant to do him all the harm I could.

"At eleven I went home. When I stayed out late, I always went home drunk. Wife had given me up again, and thought I would be home drunk again, and she began to think about breaking up and going home to mother's. My yard is covered with brick, and as I went over the brick, wife listened, as she told me, to determine whether the gate-door opened drunk or sober, for she could tell, and it opened sober and shut sober; and when I entered, my wife was standing in the middle of the room, to see me as I came in. She was astonished, but I smiled and she smiled, as I caught her keen black eye. I told her quick; I could not keep it back. 'I have put my name to the temperance pledge, never to drink as long as I live.' It was a happy time. I cried, and she cried; we could not help it, and crying waked up our daughter, and she cried too. I tell you this, that you may know how happy the reformation of a drunkard makes his family. I slept none that night, my thoughts were better than sleep. Next morning I went to see my mother, old as she was. I must go to see her and tell her of our joy. She had been praying twenty years for her drunken son. Now, she said, 'It is enough, I am ready to die.' It made all my connections happy."

Possessed of a clear, strong, and mellow voice, and having unusually warm affections; being entirely willing to relate the whole of his bitter experience, and doing it, not in a spirit of boasting, but contrition, he soon became a prominent speaker; and under his addresses, large and intelligent audiences were often in tears. In the course of the ensuing winter, he attended the anniversary of the Maryland State Temperance Society, at Annapolis, and related his experience before the members of the State Legislature, with much effect; the house, it is said, were dissolved in tears. In the following March, he, with four other reformed men from Baltimore, came, by invitation, to New York, where, under the relation of their personal experience, before immense crowds, commenced the Washingtonian Reform of that city. At the first meeting, while Mr. Hawkins was speaking, in the Green Street Methodist Church, a poor drunkard cried out in the gallery, "Can I be saved, too?" "Yes," said Mr. Hawkins, "you can. Come down and sign the pledge." With a little solicitation, the man came down, and, supported by two others, came up to the altar and signed the pledge. The victory was now gained. The work of redemption among poor drunkards commenced. Another uttered forth the feelings of his heart, and was induced to come down and sign the pledge. Five or six others of the miserable class soon followed, and some thirty or forty besides, well known as hard drinkers or drunkards. It was the first fruits of a great harvest.

On another occasion, he said: "Go to Baltimore and see our now happy wives and families. Only look at our procession on the 5th of April, when

we celebrated our anniversary. Two thousand men, nearly half of them reformed within a year, followed by two thousand boys of all ages, to give assurance to the world that the next generation shall all be sober. But where were our wives on that occasion? At home, shut up with hungry children in rags as a year ago? No, no! but in carriages, riding round the streets to see their sober husbands!

My family were in a hack, and I carried apples, cakes, etc., to them, and wife said, 'How happy all look; why, husband, there is — all dressed up—and only think, I saw old — in the procession, as happy and smart as any of them;' and so she went on telling me who she had seen. And where do you think the grog-sellers' wives were? Were they out? Not they! Some of them peeped out from behind their *curtains*! We cut down the rum tree that day in Baltimore, under ground; not on the top of the ground, leaving a stump, but under ground, roots and all!"

Of the dangers and results of the drinking usages of society, and the horrid traffic in intoxicating liquors, he spoke with an honest but just indignation, showing talents of no ordinary character.

"This drinking has killed more men, women, and children, than war, pestilence, and all other evils together. You cannot bring upon man so awful a curse as alcohol; it cannot be done; no machinery or invention of death can work like it. Is there a moderate drinker, who says he can use 'a little,' or 'much,' and 'quit when he pleases?' I tell him from experience, he can't do it. Well, he can *if he will*, but *HE WON'T WILL*, that is the difficulty, and there is the fatal mistake. Does he want to know whether he can? I ask him to go without his accustomed morning bitters, or his eleven o'clock, to-morrow, and he will find how he loves it! We have come up out of the gutter to tell him how he loves it, and how he may escape. It is the moderate use—the little, the pretty drink, the genteel and fashionable, that does the mischief—the moderate drinker is training to take the place of the drunkard.

This making the drunkard by a thousand temptations and inducements, and then shutting him up in prison, is a cruel and horrible business. You make the drunkard, and then, if he comes into your house, you turn him out; let him come to the church, and you turn him out; friends cast him off; the grog-seller turns him out when his money is gone, or midnight comes. When he serves his time out in the prison, he is turned out with the threat of flogging if he is ever caught again: and yet you keep open the place where he is entangled and destroyed. You are bound to turn the whole tide of public opinion against the traffic. The seller will pour down your son's throat a tide of liquor, and you do so to his son and he would cut your throat. Ask him if he is willing you should make his daughter a drunkard, and why should he make your son one?"

Two others of these Baltimore reformers, Messrs. Pollard and Wright, were plain, uneducated men, but great inebriates. Their victories in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, almost surpassed belief. They attended over five hundred meetings, and obtained above sixty thousand signatures to the pledge. A third, Mr. Vickers, once one of the most abandoned of men, so debased as to leave his wife and five children eighteen months without a dollar to feed or clothe them, and who was so

reduced and changed, that when he finally came home his wife did not know him; this man, by his history and powerful appeals, kindled up a flame which spread over all the West, and he himself witnessed the signatures of seventy thousand names to the pledge.

Another, George Haydock, an inhabitant of Hudson, N. Y., who seemed to embody in himself all the ravages of alcohol over body, mind, and heart; who had been bereft by this destroyer, in blasting rocks, of one leg and one eye, and was viewed as perfectly irreclaimable, gathered over eight thousand signatures to the pledge—of which at least one thousand were from common drunkards.

Another remarkable instrument in this work was Joseph Hayes, of Bath, Maine, of whom it was a proverb, "drunk as old Hayes." His poverty, destitution, and debasement, were the most extreme. He had one garment, for which no name could be given. The hat which he wore through the cold winter was made of straw. Boots he had none, and his shoes were in very bad order. But with an uncommon vigor of intellect and powerful frame, he traversed, as a perfectly reformed man, many parts of the State, waging an exterminating war with his old enemy; extensively reclaiming inveterate drunkards, and breaking up the most profitable liquor establishments.

In New Haven, Conn., lived a Mr. Abel Bishop, than whom, perhaps, no man ever passed through a more horrid fever of delirium tremens and lived. Men were about him, in his apprehension, to flay him alive. He saw them begin to cut his flesh with saws, and to pull off his skin in strings, and hang them on wires. At other times, it seemed to him a cage of wild beasts were let loose upon him. At one moment he thought his breast was full of animals: he asked a young man to draw them out, which he did, and every time he drew one out a horrid sensation of faintness came over him. At another time, he thought his comrades were assaulting him with hooks, which they endeavored to strike into his flesh. He would stand on the defensive, fighting till the sweat from his body would stand in puddles on the floor. This man, reformed by this new instrumentality, became himself a public advocate of the cause, visited most of the counties in the State, and, by his relation of the awful consequences of rum drinking in his own case, everywhere produced great results.

Even in death, two years later, the influence of Mr. Bishop still worked for good. On the day after his decease, a young man of promise, but fast forming intemperate habits, came, at the instigation of a friend, into the shop where that coffin was making, and expressed a wish to sign the pledge. The pledge was read to him. With an oath, he declared he would not thus give up his liberty; and yet, said he, if I do not come to it, I shall soon want a coffin myself. Whose coffin is this? The maker told him, and gave him in brief the history of Mr. Bishop, his dreadful career, his delirium, his reform, his labors, his triumph and happy death. Give me, said the much-affected young man, a pen. He took it, and there, over Mr. Bishop's coffin, signed the pledge.

In every part of the Union, the meetings of the reformed men became the great attraction of the time. Curiosity drew to them the most abandoned drunkards, and the most heartless of the retailers of alcoholic drinks. The

latter eyed the reformed with a peculiar malignancy, that can be only expressed by the term hellish. Signing the pledge, they stigmatized as "signing away of one's liberty." Invective, ridicule, and every appliance which malice and selfishness combined could invent, were used to recover their lost customers. The reformed man, who had scarcely power to stand alone, was too often again enticed to ruin. Many a wife, and many a daughter, as was attested by the history of the times, has, on bended knees, and with streaming eyes, besought some one of these men to withhold the fatal draught from a husband or a father, and been denied with a laugh of fiendish exultation: nay, worse, driven away with blows. To such men, these meetings of the Washingtonians were viewed with anything but pleasurable emotions. Not unfrequently they witnessed one of their customers, in a state of inebriation, stagger up and sign the pledge, as is illustrated in our engraving; and, furthermore, often under these circumstances had the after disappointment, with all their arts, of not being able again to lure him within the embrace of their snaky, slimy coil.

The mental power of the reformed, in many cases, burst forth to the surprise of all who knew them. "Men, who for years had been lost to the world, and where known, known only as stupid, sottish, imbecile drunkards, in many instances exhibited rare powers of public address, and for hours commanded the attention of large and intelligent audiences, producing conviction where all argument before had failed, exciting sympathies where none had before existed, and producing an almost complete revolution in society. Their self-respect and moral sense, too, rose at once as from a night of oblivion. Men who were lost to all sense of shame; who were seen day by day ragged, filthy, unshaven; who cared not who were their associates, how low their condition; who would even make their bed with the swine: men who would lie and steal, became well dressed, respected themselves and their standing in society, abhorred vicious company and vicious conduct, and felt again, and perhaps far more deeply than ever before, that they were moral and accountable beings, and responsible for all their conduct to the great Author of their existence. There was also a happy restoration of natural affection. The moment the dramshop was renounced, that moment the heart turned back to its long-forsaken home, to the abused wife, and to the wretched children. There were found objects of attachment, which melted the long brutalized spirit, and there was shown a devotion to their interests, a willingness to labor for them, and a determination to provide for their future welfare, soothing the sorrows and afflictions that were hurrying them to the grave. From these various results of the reformation of an untold number of drunken husbands, fathers, and sons, there was an actual relief of domestic misery and creation of domestic happiness probably never before realized from any one occurrence since the world began.

The miserable men, who were throughout the country, especially in the large cities, the subjects of this reform, were at first without decent clothing, without food or employment, and their families were destitute, afflicted, and exposed to the worst temptations. Though the drunkard had ever been cast off as an odious being, and his poor unfortunate family had been left to partake of his poverty and degradation, yet the moment he seemed to make a bold and honest resolution to rise, the sympathies of many were

moved toward him. First, the reformed men themselves who sought him out and took him by the hand, who led him to the Temperance meeting and encouraged him to sign the pledge, did what they could to minister to his necessities. In their temporary asylum, in some sail loft, they washed, and combed, and nurtured him, but they could not clothe him. Appeals in their behalf were made to the public, and some feeble aid was rendered; but system was needed, and the heart of woman was touched. Ladies combined in several cities in associations, properly called Martha Washington Societies, taking the work of supplying the wants of the reformed into their own hands, and the result was of the most heart-cheering character.

Whenever the reformed men made a public manifestation of their joy and gratitude at their wonderful escape from the fangs of the monster which ground them in the dust, they were at once met with a most enthusiastic response from almost the entire community. At their first public procession in Baltimore, on the 5th of April, 1841, the whole city came out to see what new thing this was, and to bid them God speed in their glorious enterprise.

The next year, at New York, on the 29th of March, at Cincinnati on the 5th, and at Philadelphia on the 12th of April, the anniversary of the commencement of the Washington movement was celebrated by grand triumphant Temperance processions; which, had they been surpassed by those of a civic character, which, it is believed, they seldom have, contained elements of moral sublimity deeply affecting. Hundreds and thousands looked upon these reformed men, numbering in each of the cities many thousands, waving their appropriate banners in glorious triumph over the worst of human foes, and asserting before the world their dignity and happiness as free and sober men, and bade them onward to their wonderful enterprise. The following notice from a Cincinnati paper, affords a specimen of the enthusiastic and sympathetic feeling in each of the three great cities.

"When the column had arrived on Vine above Third street, they were received by the Juvenile Temperance Society of the Ninth Street Baptist Church. The band in front ceased playing, and the juveniles commenced singing a most delightful Temperance hymn. The effect was electrical. Many a cheek was bedewed with tears, in that column—tears that could not be restrained. As we turned into Fourth street from Vine, we found the juvenile societies posted on the left, as far as the eye could reach down the street—occupying the whole of the sidewalk almost to Western-Row; and as the front of the column came opposite to each society, they commenced their Temperance songs, prepared for the occasion, with great spirit and overwhelming effect. Every heart seemed to be moved by this, to most, unexpected welcome. The column marched along this line with uncovered heads, while on the opposite side of the street every inch of pavement, every window, and even the roofs of the houses, where it was practicable, were occupied with ladies, who welcomed the procession with their joyous smiles, the waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible expression of their approbation. Along the whole line of march the streets were crowded with delighted and eager spectators. When the procession arrived at the park, it was received by the ladies of the Martha Washington

Society, who were posted on the north side of the park. Here was another scene of great excitement and interest. Every side of the park, and every street leading to it, were crowded to overflowing—all anxious to witness every movement of this great moral pageant."

At this important era, Dr. Thomas Sewall, an eminent physician and distinguished philanthropist of the City of Washington, exhibited to the public a series of plates, representing, from actual dissections, the influence of alcohol upon the human stomach; the state of the stomach of the perfectly temperate man, of the moderate drinker, of the habitual drunkard, of the drunkard after a debauch, and of the drunkard dying of delirium tremens. The exhibition was accompanied with a lecture upon the pathology of drunkenness, which was listened to with deep attention by three thousand citizens of Washington, and many members of the national government. Copies of these plates were extensively circulated everywhere, and proved of great service in imparting correct knowledge on the subject.

The effect of the exhibition in Washington was electrical, and in a few weeks it excited the friends of total abstinence in Congress to unite in a Congressional Total Abstinence Society. The Congressional Temperance Society formed ten years before, on the principle of abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, was respectable and useful in its day. But while other intoxicating drinks were continued in use, especially the wines of commerce, highly brandied, intemperance was not surpassed even among its members, and in a few years it languished and died. The time had now come for an organization on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Such a society was formed on the 9th of February, 1842. More than eighty members of Congress united with the society, by signing the total abstinence pledge.

A new feature at this period, was the formation of Children's Temperance Societies, called the Cold Water Army. In the year 1841, in the single State of Massachusetts, thirty-five thousand badges, and twelve hundred children's banners were sold. In Sunday schools, too, all over the land, vast multitudes enlisted under the Temperance standard. These gathered by thousands on the Fourth of July, and on other occasions, and marched forth singing:

"With banner and with badge we come—
Away the bowl, away the bowl,"

To some beautiful grove, there to partake of a plentiful repast in joy and thanksgiving. That department of Temperance action derived new interest from the Washingtonian Reform. With their father, the children of the drunkard had been outcasts from society. They had no place in the day-school or the Sabbath-school. Ragged and filthy, they had been left to roam about the miserable habitation of their parent; and bring rum from the store for a drunken father, or drag-brush from the woods for a broken-hearted mother. But relief came. A jubilee was proclaimed for thousands on thousands. The drunken father was reformed, and the children were in a new world. They were clothed and fed, and found a place in the public school. Other children sympathized with them, and if there was one selected

to carry the banner on the public festival, it often was the drunkard's son, or the drunkard's daughter.

Another feature of the times, was the immense number of hotels which sprang up all over the land, conducted on the Temperance principle. One of the good stories told by the Washingtonians, was of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast, and wanted his bitters. None to be had; of course he felt bad. "How far is it to a tavern?" he asked. "Four miles." So off the thirsty soul started—walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern—and found it was a Temperance house.

The Temperance Reform was, by no means, confined to our country. In the year 1842, it was estimated there were *ten millions* of teetotallers on the globe. Early in the history of the reform, Temperance missionaries had gone out from our country to various parts of the world. Temperance societies were established in Canada; in Great Britain, in Sweden, and other parts of Europe; in South Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope; in the East Indies, and Australia; in the West Indies, and in the Sandwich Islands. Our countryman, the Rev. Robert Baird, visited most of the northern countries of Europe; and it is said, the result of his labors led to the reduction or shutting up of not less than forty thousand distilleries.

In August, 1846, a grand gathering of the friends of Temperance, took place at London, under the title of "THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION." No less than three hundred delegates, appointed by their respective Temperance Societies, in various parts of the world, attended it—thirty of whom crossed the Atlantic, from our country, for the special purpose. As King Oscar of Sweden and his amiable consort had, through the solicitations of Dr. Baird, done so much for the Temperance cause in Sweden, they united in an address to the crowned heads of Europe, in the hope that others might follow the example of the Swedish monarch.

Another great event of the same year, was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, on the License question, which had been waited for by friends and enemies of the cause with the greatest interest. The constitutionality of State laws prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors without license, had been doubted and denied, and by appeal had been carried from State courts to the Supreme Court of the nation. There it was ably argued by distinguished counsel, and after much delay, preventing and retarding prosecutions for the violation of license laws in several States, the court unanimously affirmed to the States the right of "regulating the trade in, and licensing the sale of ardent spirits." The decision was received by the friends of Temperance throughout the whole country with great rejoicings.

At this period, comparatively few common drunkards were found in any part of our country. Where twenty years previously were from fifty to seventy in a village or town, now only here and there was an individual of that class. This of course does not refer to the masses of drunken men and women in the cities, mostly of the very lowest class of foreigners, idle, vicious, and abandoned wretches. The Washingtonian movement in a few years had, in a measure, spent its force, for the want of the material on which to operate; and prevention, not cure, again became the leading question.

In addition to the regular Temperance Societies, the various orders of Rechabites, Sons, and Daughters, and Cadets of Temperance, Templars, Good Samaritans, etc., arose and spread over the United States and British America. The most numerous of these was the order of Sons. In 1850, they had thirty-five grand divisions, five thousand eight hundred and ninety-four subordinate divisions, and about three hundred thousand members. The order was elective, and had secret pass-words for admittance to their meetings. Weekly payments were required of the members, which gave abundant means for the erection of halls, and for the relief of distress. Its Fourth National Jubilee, or meeting of the National Division, held at Boston, June 11, 1850, was attended by thousands, from various States of the Union, clothed in their regalia, and forming a splendid pageant. The Cadets of Temperance were a younger order of the Sons, who, at maturity, were to pass into that order. They enlisted, on the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor, and also from tobacco, a large number of lads throughout the country.

The year 1851 was signalized by the passage of the celebrated MAINE LIQUOR LAW. From one extremity of the country to the other, the enactment of the law filled the public mind with amazement. That a State of such magnitude, by an overwhelming vote of both branches of its legislature, should expel a business so vast, affecting so many interests, and cutting off at once the indulgence of an appetite stronger, in a multitude of cases, than the appetite for food, seemed almost incredible. Distillers and brewers, importers and venders, were panic struck; yet none believed the law could be enforced, or would remain more than a year upon the statute book of the State.

For three years previously, the State of Maine had an entirely prohibitory statute. No man could engage in the liquor trade without a liability to pains and penalties. But in a thousand ways the law was evaded. Convictions were difficult. Prosecutions became infamous. With the liquor in possession, the vender had the sympathy of men who wished for the indulgence of appetite, and found no difficulty in making himself rich without serious exposure. To the Hon. Neal Dow, a citizen of Portland, and long an advocate of the Temperance enterprise, belongs the honor of proposing a law which should not only forbid the traffic in spirituous and intoxicating liquors as a beverage, but which should declare them, when offered for sale, confiscated to the State, and consign them to destruction.

This famous law was comprised in sixteen sections. As a matter of interest to the reader, we give in the language of an able writer the intent of the law, and the grounds upon which it was defended.

"The grand feature of the Maine Law, consists in the fact, that it does not aim to *regulate* and *limit* the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, but to PROHIBIT them altogether. It is not a regulating, but a prohibitory law; and in this respect differs from the License System. It makes the liquor business a crime, for which the offender is liable to be punished. It confiscates these liquors to the State, when kept for sale, and directs them to be destroyed. It *outlaws* them as an article of commerce within the limits of the State. Its aim is to break down the traffic, and thus relieve the community from the terrible evils

consequent upon its continuance. It does not make the sale unlawful, when the article is to be used for *medicinal* or *mechanical* purposes; but by stringent provisions *limits* the sale to these uses, directing the appointment of agents therefor, who are placed under bonds to conform strictly to the provisions of the statute. Prohibition, exclusion, *outlawry*, and not *protection* or *regulation*—this, then, is the grand principle of the Maine Law, armed with a sufficient number of minor provisions to give force and certainty to the principle. Nearly all previous legislation had proceeded upon the assumption that the traffic is an evil to be regulated, which is the theory of the License System: this proceeds upon the assumption, that it is an evil to be *suppressed* or *removed* altogether. It is the “summit-level of entire prohibition.”

The principle of the Maine Law is the only one adapted to the result. Theoretically the question is a very simple one. Intemperance and its evils depend on two causes—the supply of intoxicating beverage, and the consumption. Remove either, and the vice is dead. There is a difficulty in directly attacking the consumption by law, in saying to a man under the solemnity of a statute, that he shall not make use of alcoholic beverage. This would be a kind of sumptuary legislation, likely to defeat itself, impracticable in its operation, and at war with those notions of personal liberty, which are so thoroughly rooted in the American mind. Hence if the arm of law is to be interposed at all, it must operate upon the *SUPPLY*; and this is the direction of all the legislation that has ever been attempted on the subject. The supply is the only point where law can make its agency felt.

In respect, then, to the supply, you may take one of three grounds. The first is to have *no law* on the subject, leaving every man to manufacture or sell as much as he pleases, to conduct the liquor business just as he does any other, that is neither regulated nor restrained by law. Upon its face this is no remedy for the evil: it simply does nothing, and leaves the whole matter to the instincts of profit and appetite. A man may advocate this ground; yet he will not be so absurd as to call it a remedy.

The second ground is that of *regulation*, which is the license system in its different phases. This system admits that the traffic is an evil too serious to be open to all, and that it must, therefore, be limited to a few persons, licensed by law to conduct it, and protected by law in doing so. Now it is a sufficient objection to this system, to say, that, in practical effect, it is, ever has been, and always must be, a failure. It has been tried in various forms, and for a long series of years; and this has been the uniform result. It never did, and never can reach the evil, as the most abundant facts conclusively show. Though it professedly undertakes to limit the number of the suppliers, it does not limit the *supply*: this keeps pace with the demand, and by generating an appetite, creates and increases that demand. It is the sober truth, that under every form of the license system, there has always been liquor enough in market to supply all the drinkers who want it, and can pay for it. The system therefore amounts to nothing as a remedy: it creates a monopoly to do a bad business, on the pretense of limiting it, without accomplishing this result. It protects, by legalizing, the evil it seeks to curtail. Under it grog-shops, especially in cities, are almost as thick as the

locusts of Egypt, at all times sufficient in number to keep the drinkers perfectly supplied.

The third ground is that of the Maine Law; and, as we have already said, it is a total *prohibition* of the supply, except when the article is to be used for medicinal or mechanical purposes. Its penalties, in the way of fines, confiscation and imprisonment, are intended to be sufficiently searching and severe to carry this point. It is a thorough, radical, and stringent effort to destroy the liquor-traffic, and in this way, dry up the fountain whence issue the desolating streams of intemperance. It proposes no terms with the business; it makes no compromise with it: its deliberate and undisguised aim is *destruction*, and not regulation or toleration.

Now, it must be evident to every reflecting mind, that this kind of legislation, if we have any, is of the right sort. It is adapted, as no other has been, and as no other can be, to do the work so far as law can do it at all. If you want to have intemperance tolerated and continued, then the license system will answer the purpose: but if you wish to banish the vice by removing its means, then the Maine Law, or some other one of similar aim and stringency, must be the instrument. You cannot reach the result without the use of law: neither can you do so by any system of legislation that falls short of this mark. If we have a legal remedy, we must have one that will do the work: and this feature is the glory of the Maine Law.

The principle of the Maine Law, is a perfectly legitimate exercise of the powers that belong to civil society. By this we mean that every State in this confederacy is fully competent to enact such a law: it comes within the province of what is called the *police power* of the State.

The general doctrine which lies at the foundation of the powers claimed and exercised by the Maine Law, is this: Society has a right to exist, and to protect itself against whatever is adapted seriously to harm or destroy it. It has the right to consult its own welfare, and use the requisite means. The individual living in its bosom, and enjoying its protection, is not so free that he may do what he pleases, make any use of his property which he pleases, without reference to the effects upon others. The late Professor Stuart very properly observes: "Every society of men, united to protect each other's rights, and to secure the peace, and safety, and happiness of the whole, have the right to do what is necessary to accomplish these ends. It is the common law of our nature, and of all the nations of men. Who even questions the principle, whether a community has a *right to abate a nuisance*? Of course it is their right, and duty, too, to judge and determine what is a nuisance. What has Maine done more than this?" This is sound doctrine.

This doctrine, moreover, was most fully affirmed by the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, when giving their decision in a suit brought to test the constitutionality of certain prohibitory laws passed by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. Chief Justice Taney held the following language: "If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating or restraining the traffic, or *from pro-*

withholding it altogether, if it thinks proper." With this opinion the other justices of the court fully concurred.

Let it be distinctly observed also, that the principle of the Maine Law claims no greater power than has always been conceded and assumed in the License System. This system says to the *many*, that they shall not engage in the liquor-traffic; while, at the same time, for a paltry tax, it grants the privilege to the *few*. Now, clearly, if the State has power to prohibit the traffic in respect to one half or nine tenths of her citizens, she has equal power to prohibit it in respect to *all*; if she may make the business unlawful, except when licensed, if she may confer the right to sell, then she may withhold that license, and make the traffic unlawful to all her citizens; and whether she shall do the one or the other, is not a question of power, but of expediency and duty. Hence, as you perceive, the Maine Law does not claim or exercise any new power on the part of the State.

But it may be said, that this law confiscates and destroys private property when kept and used contrary to the provisions of the statute. This is true. Remember, however, that this is part of the *penalty* for the crime of such keeping and using, and, of course, affects none but the man who breaks the law. If he were a law-abiding citizen, the penalty would not harm the hair of his head. Those who lose their property by seizure and confiscation, are those, and those only, who use it unlawfully. The tools and implements of a counterfeiter are seized and destroyed, being forfeited by their unlawful use. The fact that the confiscated property is not put into the public treasury, but destroyed by the State, does not in the slightest degree enhance the pecuniary damage of the individual. He simply loses it, as a penalty inflicted for violating the law of the land.

In the light of this reasoning, the principle of the Maine Law is a perfectly legitimate exercise of the powers belonging to civil society. It undertakes to abate and remove a *nuisance*; and this is my answer to the objection that it interferes with the property rights of the individual. He has no right to create or perpetuate a nuisance.

The principle of the Maine Law *ought* to be put in action by every civil community that is burdened and cursed with the liquor-traffic. We have stated its *end*—the thing which it aims to do: we have also shown that it is the only system adapted to this end: we have farther considered the powers of civil society to do such a work. Now we take the ground that it is the *duty* of society thus to act. The body politic has duties to perform, as well as rights to exercise. Look at this point a moment.

Civil society established, and operating through government as its agent, is a *moral person*, legitimately the subject of duty, and bound by its obligation. This is a fundamental axiom of political ethics; and it certainly is a Christian principle. The State can do wrong: the State is bound to do right: the principles of morality for the State and the individual are the same. The State is morally bound to provide for its own welfare—to conduct over all its citizens an impartial and wholesome legislation—to enact and execute such laws as are adapted to promote the virtue, happiness, and general thrift of the whole community; while, at the same time, they ought not to be tyrannical and oppressive toward any class. The State exists, not for a monopoly of benefits, but for the general good—not to license crime,

or patronize public evils, but to exert its legitimate powers for their suppression.

We have, in this country, a great and towering evil, in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors—an evil which, though profitable to the few, is nevertheless working untold mischief to the *many*. It burdens the land with taxation, pauperism, and crime, impairing all the interests of the body politic, and really profitable to none. This is not fancy, but fact: the statistics and testimony have often been gathered, and they are such as no honest and impartial mind can reject. We know in this age, as our fathers did not so well know, what are the consequences of the liquor business. Take a single statement. "President Everett computes, that the use of alcoholic beverages has cost the United States directly, in ten years, \$1,200,000,000; has burned, or otherwise destroyed, \$5,000,000 more of property; has destroyed three hundred thousand lives; sent one hundred and fifty thousand to our prisons, and one hundred thousand children to the poor-houses; caused one thousand five hundred murders, two thousand suicides, and has bequeathed to the country one million of orphan children." Call this exaggeration if you choose; yet no man, with his eyes half open, having a sound head and an honest heart, will deny the enormous extent of the evil incident to the liquor-traffic, fostered by it, and growing out of it.

What, then, is the duty of civil society? Was there ever a case that called more loudly for effectual legislation? Shall government suppress lotteries, gambling, and counterfeiting; outlaw mad-dogs, and abate nuisances; establish and execute quarantine laws for the public health; and yet leave alcohol to run at large? Shall it prohibit minor evils, and yet be indifferent to the greater one? Shall it forsake the line of duty just when the argument becomes most powerful, and the plea for action, loudest? Shall it fold its arms in such premises? Then, it will not perform its duty to God or man. If there be any case for legal interposition, this is such a case.

But it may be said, this is a *moral* question, and ought to be left to *moral* suasion. So is gambling a moral question. Will you leave that to moral suasion? Counterfeiting is a moral question. Will you trust it to a dispensation of argument, merely? Murder is a moral question: and will you leave this to the mere force of argument? Indeed, every use of property, in some aspects, involves a moral question. Shall society, therefore, withhold all laws in respect to property?

It may be farther objected, that although society ought to do something, it ought not to use a remedy of so much severity as the Maine Law. This depends altogether upon a question of fact. If I could cure a disease with rose-water, I certainly would not use caustic: but I would use caustic rather than let the patient die. So in this case: if it be the purpose of the society to break up the liquor-traffic, on account of its evils, and to employ the arm of law for this end, then you must have *law enough* to do the work."

If the preceding arguments are not based on truth, then an American community has no legal power to prohibit any business that is, as a whole, injurious to it. Take this to be so, that they cannot legally help themselves, then the extent of the injury don't affect the principle involved, although that extent may reach the point, where one quarter of a community are

sent by it into premature graves ; another quarter rendered insane ; another quarter made beggars and criminals ; and the remaining quarter, taxed to their last dollar to meet the expenses of confining the insane, supporting the paupers, and in bringing the thieves and murderers to justice.

The Maine Law went into operation on the 4th of July, 1851. "It soon became the settled policy of the State, and was cheerfully acquiesced in by a large majority of the citizens. Its results surpassed expectation in diminishing pauperism and crime, and increasing the comfort and prosperity of unnumbered families. With the exception of Portland, the law was as well enforced in the large towns and cities, as in the rural districts. To secure its more proper observance, the Hon. Neal Dow was once more elevated to the mayoralty of Portland, and new and more stringent sections were added to the law. To create disaffection and disturbance, an attack was made at midnight hour, upon a quantity of liquor in possession of the municipal authorities, and, in their prompt and vigorous defense, a man was killed. It was as fire to powder amid all the disaffected classes. Accordingly the ensuing election, in September, 1855, for State officers, was one without parallel for fierceness ; and though the Temperance vote was fifty thousand, ten thousand stronger than in 1854, yet the combinations were greater, and by it an opposition legislature and opposition governor were elected ; and the Maine Law, after a fair trial of five years, was overthrown, and a license law, promising unusual strictness, placed in its stead. But it was a license law. It permitted, under State authority, the re-introduction of the traffic into the State. The prohibitory clauses were but little regarded, even by the civil authorities, and, as an inevitable consequence, the State became at once flooded with liquor. Cities, towns, and villages were filled with open rum-shops of every grade. Drunkenness, rows, crimes, again appeared, with a frightful increase. The people were alarmed. Wives were distressed for their husbands ; parents for their children. The philanthropist, patriot, and Christian, sprang to the rescue ; and, in the elections of September, 1856, though in connection with other great and most exciting national issues, the prohibitory ticket again succeeded, with a clear majority for governor of over fifteen thousand votes, and a legislature was returned of almost entire Maine Law men. The triumph was astounding and overwhelming to the liquor interest." From motives of policy, no action was taken to restore the law, until the year 1858, when the people of the State, by a direct vote, nearly unanimously adopted a Prohibitory law, substantially like that of 1851, in preference to a License law.

Laws on the principle of the Maine Law, have with varying results, been adopted in several States. While public opinion is strong enough to *enact* such, the moral force to *sustain* them is usually wanting. The public move only under the smart of a wrong, and when that is past, all is forgotten until the forces of evil rally and scourge anew.

The liquor interest never sleeps. Millions upon millions are invested in it. On the passage of a stringent law in opposition, the many thousands who live by the business, combine to wage an unrelenting war ; to render void its provisions, and to bring it into popular odium, that they may again open the sluices and wax fat to the injury of a forgetful, forgiving, and pre-

occupied public. It is with society as with the individual : the forces of evil are ever in conflict with the forces of virtue. And in viewing how much has been accomplished by society in this reform, we have faith that the future will measure a like degree of progress.

One point remains to be touched upon in this article—the adulteration of liquors. This is now carried on to such a vast extent, that the intelligent physician hesitates to prescribe alcoholic liquors, even in the most urgent cases, for external or internal application, from the uncertainty of procuring anything but a poisonous imitation.

An old revolutionary soldier, whom we knew “as a boy knows a man,” thus called out one day to his daughter: “Hannah! what is this delirium tremens I hear folks talk about so much? When I was a young man nobody had the delirium tremens.” Old Captain B——y was right, for he it was that so spake. Delirium tremens, or mania-a-potu, in those days was scarcely known. The common alcoholic drinks of that time, New England and Jamaica rum, Monongahela and Bourbon whisky, were pure, and people who did restrain themselves to “moderation,” not unfrequently attained to the age of eighty or ninety years. Now-a-days, the drinking men die in a very few years, and often a single debauch with a man ordinarily temperate, brings on the delirium tremens, and then death. Such are the murderous effects of the terrible poisons now used by the manufacturers of liquors. Not only are nearly all foreign liquors of our time either imitations or adulterations, but it is the same with what purports to be our own made whisky and rum. It was thought that the native wines, from the grape of our soil, and the lager beer of our German citizens, would furnish a stimulus, that, by their comparatively innocuous qualities, would give an escape for the great mass of these evils. This hope seems liable to be frustrated, for even much of what is called “native wine” contains not a particle of anything so harmless as the juice of the grape; and most horrible cases of delirium tremens, ending in the death of the wretched victims—if we may credit the public prints of the day—have occurred from drinking what purported to be “lager beer.”

The poisonous articles mostly used by the manufacturers of liquors are, strychnine, cocculus indicus, opium, tobacco, henbane, potash, nitric acid, prussic acid, oil of vitriol, etc. Some years since, Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, Mass., published an account of his visiting a man who had broken his leg, and when he had set it, he asked if they had any rum in the house. They brought him some, with which he wet the bandages; but two days afterward, he was alarmed when he found the heads of the pins, which he used in binding it up, were corroded, and on examining the rum which was used, he found it contained a large portion of *oil of vitriol*!

Poisonous flavorings of various kinds, put up in packages of five, ten, and forty gallons, requiring only the addition of pure spirits to make every kind of drink which the debased taste of the community may require, are now publicly advertised in our newspapers. We annex some facts on adulteration, taken from reliable sources: “Brandy is almost universally a base adulteration. The imported article, as a general fact, is adulterated. The profit is so enormous, that the dealers cannot withstand the temptation to adulterate. Aqua fortis is the acid used in the preparation of

counterfeit brandy : when combined with rectified spirits it imparts to it a brandy-like flavor. Potash, ashes, oil of vitriol, are used to give proof.

To prepare and sweeten gin, etc., oil of vitriol, oil of almonds, oil of turpentine, oil of juniper berries, lime water, alum, salt of tartar, subacetate of lead, are used. Sulphate of lead is poisonous, and the use of it is frequent, because its action is more rapid, and it imparts to the liquor a fine complexion ; hence some vestiges of lead may often be detected in malt liquor. As with brandy and gin, so with rum. If whisky will sell for more money under the name of rum than under the name of whisky, it is as easy to turn whisky into rum as into brandy, gin, or wine.

We now come to wine. Here the fabricators make their greatest profits, exercise their greatest skill, and probably do the greatest amount of injury. Unadulterated wine, according to its name and quality, must command a certain price, to make it worth dealing in. The fabricator's ingenuity is put to the greatest trial, to produce an article resembling the pure, so as to obtain, as near as possible, the price of pure ; and, as it is impossible to distinguish the pure from impure ; and as the impure can be made at one tenth to one quarter of the value of the pure, the impure, as a natural consequence, takes the place of the pure, the same as the bogus dollar would take the place of the pure silver dollar, provided it was settled by common consent a dollar was a dollar, whether bogus or not.

Says Dr. Nott : " I had a friend, who had been once a wine dealer, and having read the startling statements made public, in relation to the brewing of wines, and the adulterations of other liquors, generally, I inquired of that friend as to the verity of those statements. His reply was, ' God forgive what has passed in my own cellar, but the statements made are true, and all true, I assure you.' "

The process of adulteration is carried on in wine countries, as well as in this country, with regard to Madeira, Sherry, Claret, and all other kinds of wine.

The Rev. Dr. Baird has stated, " that little or no wine is drank in France in a pure state, except it may be at the wine press. The dealers purchase it at the vineyards in a pure state, but in their hands it is entirely changed, by adding drugs or distilled spirit. "

Says Horatio Greenough, the eminent sculptor, " that although wine can be had in Florence at one cent a bottle, the dealers do not hesitate to add drugs and water, to gain a fraction more of profit. "

Champaign : A man who once worked in the office where this is printed, is now engaged in making champaign, for the ladies and gentlemen of the country, at a cost to him of two dollars the dozen. Some cider or whisky, some water, some fixed air, some sugar of lead, etc., form the compound. When this fabricated mixture circulates in the country, it is generally sold as pure, and our young men often quaff it, at two dollars the bottle, and an advance on the original cost of only one thousand one hundred per cent !

A physician in New York purchased a bottle of what was called genuine champaign, of the importers, had it subjected to chemical tests ; it was found to contain a quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead. Who would like to drink a mixture of sugar of lead and water ?

A gentleman in New York, who made champaign, purchased some, of the

regular importer, wishing to give his friends some of the genuine article. At a convivial party, he produced his *pure as imported*; when the corks began to fly, one dropped near him; on examining it, he found it was his own fabrication. The supposed importer had purchased it, and, by his French tinsel and French labels, sold it back, as pure, to the original fabricator—*biting the biter*.

Port: An Episcopal clergyman, recently returned from the continent of Europe, visited an immense manufactory of all kinds of wine. Logwood came in as a great ingredient—so great, that the proprietors kept a vessel in their employ for its importation.

The dyers in Manchester, England, say, “the wine brewers are running away with all the best logwood;” and the London people say, “If you wish to get genuine *Port*, you must go yourself to Oporto, make your own wine, and ride outside of the barrel all the way home.”

In the manufacture of beer, *nux vomica* and *cocculus indicus*, are extensively used. *Nux vomica* is the substance which forms the poison in the upas tree; and is so bitter, that one grain deposited in eighty pounds of water, produces a bitter solution. *Cocculus indicus* is a poison, of which ten grains will kill a dog.*

In fine, it is believed by those who are competent judges, that there is scarcely a drop of intoxicating liquors, whether brandy, gin, rum, whisky, wine or beer, sold or drank in this country, which is not adulterated or drugged. Could the real truth be known upon this subject, it is evident that, with the exception of those already within the deadly embrace of the syren of intemperance, the whole community would at once and forever abandon the use of intoxicating drinks.”

The Temperance Reformation is the most surprising of all American achievements. To see the mass of a nation rise, investigate, and then conquer an evil habit interwoven with all their customs, and cherished by all their prejudices, is a moral spectacle never before witnessed since the foundation of the world. A view of what has been accomplished within the memory of even the middle aged, is given in these contrasted columns.

THEN.

Then, nearly every family in the land had intoxicating drinks on their table and sideboard.

Then, the farms in the land were worked with spirits.

Then, intoxicating liquors were brought into all workshops.

NOW.

Now, the family which has intoxicating drinks on the table and sideboard, is an exception to the general rule.

Now, not one farm in a hundred is worked with spirits.

Now, intoxicating drinks are seldom brought into a workshop.

* The reader who may wish to pursue this subject in full, is referred to Hunt's “Frauds in the Liquor Traffic, elicited and proved from the Standard Receipt Books and Guides of Vintners, Distillers, and Brewers.” It not only proves the frauds beyond all cavil, but shows the deadly nature of the ingredients used.

Then, all the merchant vessels were supplied with spirit-rations for the sailors.

Now, no merchant vessels supply spirit-rations to the sailors.

Then, spirituous liquors were always brought on at weddings and funerals.

Now, spirituous liquors are seldom brought on at weddings, and never at funerals.

Then, the Temperance Reformation was ridiculed by the press.

Now, no public press has the temerity to ridicule the Temperance Reformation.

Then, everybody daily drank intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and it was regarded as a necessary of life, and perfectly proper.

Now, comparatively few daily drink intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and those who do so, are regarded as in danger of filling the drunkard's grave.

Then, in every village were ruinous, dilapidated houses, with broken windows, and all the marks of neglect and decay; the homes of miserable drunkards, and their wretched families.

Now, in every village, in place of the miserable homes of drunkards, are the neat, thrifty dwellings of happy families.

Then, the retailing of ardent spirits was considered a respectable occupation, and good men were engaged in it.

Now, the retailing of ardent spirits is considered the vilest of occupations, and how good are the men engaged in it, let the reader judge.

Then, the father, often ere his little innocents could well lisp, put the bottle to their lips and taught them to love the drunkard's drink.

Now, the father who should put the bottle to the lips of his little child, to form the appetite for liquor, would be regarded with horror.

Then, the young man who daily visited the grogshop, was none the less welcomed by a prudent father to the hospitality of his family.

Now, the young man who daily visits the grogshop, would be welcomed by a prudent father to the hospitality of his family, as soon as he would take a viper to his bosom.

We close this article with an extract from an eloquent address, by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, upon the progress of the Temperance Idea.

"The most interesting aspect in which the Temperance Reformation presents itself to my mind is, as an illustration of the slow but sure and certain progress of one idea—of a simple, but great and just idea. That idea, when it was first announced, was announced in its legitimate connection with Christianity—it came from the bosom of the Church of God—it came from the head of Christianity. It was argued and proved with texts from the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the epistles of the Apostles. We wondered, those of us who composed it at that early period—wondered that

there should be so much resistance to it, and we ascribed it to the power of selfishness—for we saw in every direction, great interests—great commercial ambition, and powerful political interests united against the progress of this idea. And yet, I apprehend, we ascribed too much of this resistance to the power of selfishness and interest. We ought to have remembered more distinctly perhaps that great ideas, simple and commanding as they are, make but too slow progress to dominion over the minds of nations and individuals.

You may convince an individual of the truth of an idea in conversation with him alone, but he does not stay convinced; the sympathy between his mind and that of the vast multitude is too strong, and it is with your argument, as it fared with Cato, when he read "Plato on the Immortality of the Soul," he was convinced and believed; but when he had shut the book, he could not remember the force of reasoning in the argument;—it is therefore in this way—on this principle—that truth, simple and commanding as it may be, makes but slow progress toward dominion over communities and nations.

Let us now look for a moment at the effects and results of the progress of this idea. An idea to many people is a particular conformation of the skull, an incomprehensible thing. An idea! Why, they never saw it! How large is it? They want to put their fingers on it, or judge in some such way as this. An idea is a spiritual substance simply, and they cannot see it or feel it, unless it be of the nature of ardent spirits. An idea! It's an idea wrought out and applied, that has brought the continent of Europe within twelve days' distance of the continent of America; it was the idea of steam navigation.

It was an idea in the mind of Fulton that created the first steamboat that plied the North River. This same idea changes the face of nature. Any man who is familiar with the landscape, in any part of the country, for the last twenty years, certainly any one familiar with New England, knows that it has wrought great changes upon the fair face of the country, for everyone is remarking upon the increased beauty of the New England landscape.

The neatness and simplicity of the farm-house strike the eye of the traveler as he passes by—there is more beauty in the fields, the very grass grows greener and richer than twenty years ago; and the windows of the pretty cottages are festooned with plants and flowers that shed their sweet fragrance around the dwelling. What is the cause of it? Cold water—it is this that has thrown off from the shoulders of the farmer, and the laborer a prodigious taxation he was wont to pay. . . .

Oh! how will the land smile when this idea shall have wrought all its triumphs; from the farthest north and east, over all those broad and waving prairies, even beyond the Rocky Mountains, to where the streams of the west mingle with the ocean.

And when this idea, the emanation of Christianity, proceeding from the Church of God, shall have reformed the people, how will Christianity itself regenerate this reformed and happy people!—a reformed and happy world! God will shower his blessings like rain upon the fruitful field."

THE PRETENDED DESERTION

OF

J O H N C H A M P E

TO THE BRITISH, IN THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, FOR THE PURPOSE OF

CAPTURING THE TRAITOR, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

JOHN CHAMPE, Sergeant-Major of Lee's Legion of Virginia Light Horse, in the Revolutionary war, was selected to undertake a very perilous and difficult project, which is thus well and fully narrated in "Lee's Memoirs :"

The treason of Brigadier Arnold,—the capture of André,—with intelligence received by Washington, through his confidential agents in New York, communicating that many of his officers, and especially a major-general named to him, were connected with Arnold,—could not fail to seize the attention of a commander even less diligent and zealous than Washington. It engrossed his mind entirely, exciting reflections the most anxious as well as unpleasant.

To Major Lee, afterward lieutenant-colonel of the legion of cavalry for whom he had sent, he said, "I have sent for you, in the expectation that you have in your corps individuals capable and willing to undertake an indispensable, delicate, and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward upon this occasion, will lay me under great obligations personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost ; he must proceed, if possible, this night. My object is to probe to the bottom the afflicting intelligence contained in the papers you have just read ; to seize Arnold, and by getting him, to save André. They are all connected. While my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold, the guilt of others can be traced ; and the timely delivery of Arnold to me, will possibly put it into my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate André to his friends. My instructions are ready, in which you will find my express orders that Arnold is not to be hurt ; but that he be permitted to escape if to be prevented only by killing him, as his public punishment is the sole object in view. This you cannot too forcibly press upon whomsoever may engage in the enterprise ; and this fail not to do. With my instructions are two letters, to be delivered as ordered, and here are some guineas for expenses."

Major Lee replying, said that he had little or no doubt but that his legion contained many individuals daring enough for any operation, however perilous ; but that the one in view required a combination of qualities not

easily to be found unless in a commissioned officer, to whom he could not venture to propose an enterprise, the first step to which was desertion. That though the sergeant-major of the cavalry was in all respects qualified for the delicate and adventurous project, and to him it might be proposed without indelicacy, as his station did not interpose the obstacle before stated ; yet it was very probable that the same difficulty would occur in his breast, to remove which would not be easy, if practicable.

Washington was highly pleased at finding that a non-commissioned officer was deemed capable of executing his views ; as he had felt extreme difficulty in authorizing an invitation to officers, who generally are, and always ought to be, scrupulous and nice in adhering to the course of honor. He asked the name, the country, the age, the size, length of service, and character of the sergeant. Being told his name,—that he was a native of Loudon county, in Virginia ; about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age,—that he had enlisted in 1776,—rather above the common size,—full of bone and muscle ; with a saturnine countenance, grave, thoughtful, and taciturn,—of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance, and as likely to reject an overture coupled with ignominy as any officer in the corps ; a commission being the goal of his long and anxious exertions, and certain on the first vacancy ;—the general exclaimed, that he was the very man for the business ; that he must undertake it ; and that going to the enemy by the instigation and at the request of his officer, was not desertion, although it appeared to be so. And he enjoined that this explanation, as coming from him, should be pressed on Champe ; and that the vast good in prospect should be contrasted with the mere semblance of doing wrong, which he presumed could not fail to conquer every scruple. Major Lee, sending instantly for the sergeant-major, introduced the business in the way best calculated, as he thought, to produce his concurrence. Observing that the chance of detection became extremely narrow, and consequently that of success enlarged. That by succeeding in the safe delivery of Arnold, he not only gratified his general in the most acceptable manner, but he would be hailed as the avenger of the reputation of the army, stained by foul and wicked perfidy ; and what could not but be highly pleasing, he would be the instrument of saving the life of Major André, soon to be brought before a court of inquiry, the decision of which could not be doubted, from the universally known circumstances of the case, and had been anticipated in the general's instructions. That, by investigating with diligence and accuracy the intelligence communicated to him, he would bring to light new guilt, or he would relieve innocence (as was most probable) from distrust ; quieting the torturing suspicions which now harrowed the mind of Washington, and restoring again to his confidence a once honored general, possessing it at present only ostensibly, as well as hush doubts affecting many of his brother soldiers.

This discourse was followed by a detail of the plan, with a wish that he would enter upon its execution instantly. Champe listened with deep attention, and with a highly excited countenance ; the perturbations of his breast not being hid even by his dark visage. He briefly and modestly replied, that no soldier exceeded him in respect and affection for the commander-in-chief, to serve whom he would willingly lay down his life ; and

that he was sensible of the honor conferred by the choice of him for the execution of a project all over arduous ; nor could he be at a loss to know to whom was to be ascribed the preference bestowed, which he took pleasure in acknowledging, although increasing obligations before great and many. He was not, he said, deterred by the danger and difficulty which was evidently to be encountered, but he was deterred by the ignominy of desertion, to be followed by the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy ; neither of which comported with his feelings, and either placed an insuperable bar in his way to promotion. He concluded by observing, that if any mode could be contrived free from disgrace, he would cordially embark in the enterprise. As it was, he prayed to be excused ; and hoped that services, always the best in his power to perform, faithfully performed, entitled his prayer to success.

Major Lee entreated the sergeant to ask himself what must be the reflections of his comrades, if a soldier from some other corps should execute the attempt, when they should be told that the glory transferred to the regiment of which he was one, might have been enjoyed by the legion, had not Sergeant Champe shrunk from the overture made to him by his general rather than reject scruples too narrow and confined to be permitted to interfere with grand and virtuous deeds. The *esprit du corps* could not be resisted ; united to his inclination, it subdued his prejudices, and he declared his willingness to conform to the wishes of the general ; relying, as he confidently did, that his reputation would be protected by those who had induced him to undertake the enterprise, should he be unfortunate. The instructions were read to him, and each distinct object presented plainly to his view, of which he took notes so disguised as to be understood only by himself. He was particularly cautioned to use the utmost circumspection in delivering his letters, and to take care to withhold from the two individuals, addressed under feigned names, knowledge of each other ; for although both had long been in the confidence of the general, yet it was not known by either that the other was so engaged. He was further urged, to bear in constant recollection the solemn injunction so pointedly expressed in the instructions to Major Lee, of forbearing to kill Arnold in any condition of things.

This part of the business being finished, their deliberation was turned to the manner of Champe's desertion ; for it was well known to them both that to pass the numerous patrols of horse and foot crossing from the stationary guards, was itself difficult, which was now rendered more so by parties thrown occasionally beyond the place called Liberty Pole, as well as by swarms of irregulars, induced sometimes to venture down to the very point at Powles-Hook, with the hope of picking up booty. Evidently discernible as were the difficulties in the way, no relief could be administered by Major Lee, lest it might induce a belief that he was privy to the desertion, which opinion getting to the enemy would involve the life of Champe. The sergeant was left to his own resources and to his own management, with the declared determination, that in case his departure should be discovered before morning, Lee would take care to delay pursuit as long as practicable.

Giving to the sergeant three guineas, and presenting his best wishes, he

recommended him to start without delay, and enjoined him to communicate his arrival in New York as soon as he could. Champe pulling out his watch, compared it with the major's, reminding the latter of the importance of holding back pursuit, which he was convinced would take place in the course of the night, and which might be fatal, as he knew that he should be obliged to zigzag in order to avoid the patrols, which would consume time. It was now nearly eleven. The sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise and orderly book, he drew his horse from the picket, and mounting him put himself upon fortune.

Within half an hour Captain Carnes, officer of the day, waited upon the major, and with considerable emotion told him that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spur to his horse and escaped, though instantly pursued. Lee, complaining of the interruption, and pretending to be extremely fatigued by his ride to and from headquarters, answered as if he did not understand what had been said, which compelled the captain to repeat it. Who can the fellow that was pursued be? inquired the major; adding, a countryman, probably. No, replied the captain, the patrol sufficiently distinguished him to know that he was a dragoon; probably one from the army, if not certainly one of our own. This idea was ridiculed from its improbability, as during the whole war but a single dragoon had deserted from the legion. This did not convince Carnes, so much stress was it now the fashion to lay on the desertion of Arnold, and the probable effect of his example. The captain withdrew to examine the squadron of horse, whom he had ordered to assemble in pursuance of established usage on similar occasions. Very quickly he returned, stating that the scoundrel was known, and was no less a person than the sergeant-major, who had gone off with his horse, baggage, arms and orderly book,—as neither the one nor the other could be found. Sensibly affected at the supposed baseness of a soldier extremely respected, the captain added that he had ordered a party to make ready for pursuit, and begged the major's written orders.

Occasionally this discourse was interrupted, and every idea suggested which the excellent character of the sergeant warranted, to induce the suspicion that he had not deserted, but had taken the liberty to leave camp with a view to personal pleasure; an example, too often set by the officers themselves, destructive as it was of discipline, opposed as it was to orders, and disastrous as it might prove to the corps in the course of service. Some little delay was thus interposed; but it being now announced that the pursuing party was ready, Major Lee directed a change in the officer, saying that he had a particular service in view, which he had determined to intrust to the lieutenant ready for duty, and which, probably, must be performed in the morning. He therefore directed him to summon Cornet Middleton for the present command. Major Lee was induced thus to act, first to add to the delay, and next from his knowledge of the tenderness of Middleton's disposition, which he hoped would lead to the protection of Champe, should he be taken. Within ten minutes Middleton appeared to receive his orders, which were delivered to him made out in the customary form, and signed by the major. "Pursue so far as you can with safety Sergeant Champe, who is suspected of deserting to the enemy, and has taken

the road leading to Powles-Hook. Bring him alive, that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists or escapes after being taken."

Detaining the cornet a few minutes longer in advising him what course to pursue,—urging him to take care of the horse and accoutrements, if recovered,—and enjoining him to be on his guard, lest he might, by his eager pursuit, improvidently fall into the hands of the enemy,—the major dismissed Middleton, wishing him success. A shower of rain fell soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse; knowing, as officer and trooper did, the make of their shoes, the impression of which, was an unerring guide.

The horses being all shod by our own farriers, the shoes were made in the same form, which with a private mark annexed to the fore-shoes, and known to the troopers, pointed out the trail of our dragoons to each other, which was often very useful.

When Middleton departed it was a few minutes past twelve; so that Champe had only the start of rather more than an hour,—by no means as long as was desired. The pursuing party during the night, was, on their part, delayed by the necessary halts to examine occasionally the road, as the impression of the horse's shoes directed their course; this was unfortunately too evident, no other horse having passed along the road since the shower. When the day broke, Middleton was no longer forced to halt, and he pressed on with rapidity. Ascending an eminence before he reached the Three Pigeons, some miles on the north of the village of Bergen, as the pursuing party reached its summit, Champe was descried not more than half a mile in front. Resembling an Indian in his vigilance, the sergeant at the same moment discovered the party, to whose object he was no stranger, and giving spur to his horse, he determined to outstrip his pursuers. Middleton at the same instant put his horses to the top of their speed; and being, as the legion all were, well acquainted with the country, he recollected a short route through the woods to the bridge below Bergen, which diverged from the great road just after you gain the Three Pigeons. Reaching the point of separation, he halted; and dividing his party, directed a sergeant with a few dragoons to take the near cut, and possess with all possible dispatch the bridge, while he with the residue followed Champe; not doubting but that Champe must deliver himself up, as he would be closed between himself and his sergeant. Champe did not forget the short cut, and would have taken it himself, but he knew it was the usual route of our parties when returning in the day from the neighborhood of the enemy, properly preferring the woods to the road. He consequently avoided it; and persuaded that Middleton would avail himself of it, wisely resolved to relinquish his intention of getting to Powles-Hook, and to seek refuge from two British galleys, lying a few miles to the west of Bergen.

This was a station always occupied by one or two galleys, and, which it was known now lay there. Entering the village of Bergen, Champe turned to his right, and disguising his change of course as much as he could by taking the beaten streets, turning as they turned, he passed through the village and took the road toward Elizabethtown Point. Middleton's sergeant gained the bridge, where he concealed himself, ready to pounce upon Champe when he came up; and Middleton pursuing his course through

Bergen, soon got also to the bridge, when, to his extreme mortification, he found that the sergeant had slipped through his fingers. Returning up the road, he inquired of the villagers of Bergen, whether a dragoon had been seen that morning ahead of his party. He was answered in the affirmative, but could learn nothing satisfactory as to the route he took. While engaged in inquiries himself, he spread his party through the village to strike the trail of Champe's horse, a resort always resorted to. Some of his dragoons hit it just as the sergeant, leaving the village, got in the road to the Point. Pursuit was renewed with vigor, and again Champe was descried. He, apprehending the event, had prepared himself for it, by lashing his valise (containing his clothes and orderly book) on his shoulders, and holding his drawn sword in his hand, having thrown away the scabbard. This he did to save what was indispensable to him, and to prevent any interruption to his swimming, should Middleton, as he presumed, when disappointed at the bridge, take the measures adopted by him. The pursuit was rapid and close, as the stop occasioned by the sergeant's preparations for swimming had brought Middleton within two or three hundred yards. As soon as Champe got abreast of the two galleys, he dismounted, and running through the marsh to the river, plunged into it, calling upon the galleys for help. This was readily given; they fired upon our horse, and sent a boat to meet Champe, who was taken in and carried on board and conveyed to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the circumstances he had seen.

The horse with his equipments, the sergeant's cloak and scabbard, were recovered; the sword itself being held by Champe until he plunged in the river, was lost, as Middleton found it necessary to retire without searching for it. About three o'clock in the evening our party returned, and the soldiers seeing the well known horse in our possession, made the air resound with exclamations that the scoundrel was killed. Major Lee called by this heart-rending annunciation from his tent, saw the sergeant's horse led by one of Middleton's dragoons, and began to reproach himself with the blood of the high prized, faithful and intrepid Champe. Stifling his agony he advanced to meet Middleton, and became somewhat relieved as soon as he got near enough to discern the countenance of his officer and party. There was evidence in their looks of disappointment, and he was quickly relieved by Middleton's information that the sergeant had effected his escape with the loss of his horse, and narrated the particulars just recited. Never was a happier conclusion. The sergeant escaped unhurt, carrying with him to the enemy undeniable testimony of the sincerity of his desertion,—canceling every apprehension before entertained, lest the enemy might suspect him of being what he really was. Major Lee imparted to the commander-in-chief the occurrence, who was sensibly affected by the hair-breadth escape of Champe, and anticipated with pleasure the good effect sure to follow the enemy's knowledge of its manner. On the fourth day after Champe's departure, Major Lee received a letter from him, written the day before in a disguised hand, without any signature, and stating what had passed after he got on board the galley, where he was kindly received.

He was carried to the commandant of New York as soon as he arrived, and presented the letter addressed to this officer from the captain of the

galley. Being asked to what corps he belonged, and a few other common questions, he was sent under care of an orderly sergeant to the adjutant-general, who, finding that he was sergeant-major of the legion horse, heretofore remarkable for their fidelity, began to interrogate him. He was told by Champe, that such was the spirit of defection which prevailed among the American troops in consequence of Arnold's example, that he had no doubt, if the temper was properly cherished Washington's ranks would not only be greatly thinned, but that some of his best corps would leave him. To this conclusion, the sergeant said, he was led by his own observations, and especially by his knowledge of the discontents which agitated the corps to which he had belonged. His size, place of birth, form, countenance, hair, the corps in which he had served, with other remarks, in conformity to the British usage, was noted down. After this was finished, he was sent to the commander-in-chief, in charge of one of the staff, with a letter from the adjutant-general. Sir Henry Clinton treated him very kindly, and detained him more than one hour, asking him many questions, all leading,—first to know to what extent this spirit of defection might be pushed by proper incitements,—what the most operating incitements,—whether any general officers were suspected by Washington as concerned in Arnold's conspiracy, or any other officers of note;—who they were, and whether the troops approved or censured Washington's suspicions;—whether his popularity in the army was sinking, or continued stationary? What was Major André's situation,—whether any change had taken place in the manner of his confinement,—what was the current opinion of his probable fate,—and whether it was thought Washington would treat him as a spy? To these various interrogations, some of which were perplexing, Champe answered warily; exciting, nevertheless, hopes that the adoption of proper measures to encourage desertion (of which he could not pretend to form an opinion) would certainly bring off hundreds of the American soldiers, including some of the best troops, horse as well as foot. Respecting the fate of André, he said he was ignorant, though there appeared to be a general wish in the army that his life should not be taken; and that he believed it would depend more upon the disposition of Congress, than on the will of Washington.

After this long conversation ended, Sir Henry presented Champe with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to wait upon General Arnold, who was engaged in raising an American legion in the service of his majesty. He directed one of his aids to write to Arnold by Champe, stating who he was, and what he said about the disposition in the army to follow his example; which being soon done, the letter was given to the orderly attending on Champe to be presented with the deserter to General Arnold. Arnold expressed much satisfaction on hearing from Champe the manner of his escape, and the effect of his [Arnold's] example; and concluded his numerous inquiries by assigning quarters to the sergeant,—the same as were occupied by his recruiting sergeants.

He also proposed to Champe to join his legion, telling him he would give him the same station he had held in the rebel service, and promising further advancement when merited. Expressing his wish to retire from war, and his conviction of the certainty of his being hung if ever taken by the

rebels, he begged to be excused from enlistment; assuring the general, that should he change his mind, he would certainly accept his offer. Retiring to his quarters Champe now turned his attention to the delivery of his letters, which he could not effect until the next night, and then only to one of the two incogniti to whom he was recommended. This man received the sergeant with extreme attention, and having read the letter, assured Champe that he might rely on his faithful co-operation in everything in his power consistent with his safety, to guard which required the utmost prudence and circumspection. The sole object in which the aid of this individual was required, regarded the general and others of our army, implicated in the information sent to Washington by him. To this object Champe urged his attention; assuring him of the solicitude it had excited, and telling him that its speedy investigation had induced the general to send him in to New York. Promising to enter upon it with zeal, and engaging to send out Champe's letters to Major Lee, he fixed the time and place for their next meeting, when they separated.

Major Lee made known to the general what had been transmitted to him by Champe, and received in answer directions to press Champe to the expeditious conclusion of his mission; as the fate of André would be soon decided, when little or no delay could be admitted in executing whatever sentence the court might decree. The same messenger who brought Champe's letter, returned with the ordered communication. Five days had nearly elapsed after reaching New York, before Champe saw the confidant to whom only the attempt against Arnold was to be intrusted. This person entered with promptitude into the design, promising his cordial assistance. To procure a proper associate for Champe was the first object, and this he promised to do with all possible dispatch. Furnishing a conveyance to Major Lee, to whom Champe stated that he had that morning (the last of September) been appointed one of Arnold's recruiting sergeants, having enlisted the day before with Arnold; and that he was induced to take this afflicting step, for the purpose of securing uninterrupted ingress and egress to the house which the general occupied; it being indispensable to a speedy conclusion of the difficult enterprise which the information he had just received had so forcibly urged. He added, that the difficulties in his way were numerous and stubborn, and that his prospect of success was by no means cheering. With respect to the additional treason, he asserted that he had every reason to believe that it was groundless; that the report took its rise in the enemy's camp, and that he hoped soon to clear up that matter satisfactorily. The pleasure which the last part of this communication afforded, was damped by the tidings it imparted respecting Arnold, as on his speedy delivery depended André's relief. The interposition of Sir Henry Clinton, who was extremely anxious to save his aid-de-camp, still continued; and it was expected the examination of witnesses and the defense of the prisoner, would protract the decision of the court of inquiry, now assembled, and give sufficient time for the consummation of the project committed to Champe. A complete disappointment took place from a quarter unforeseen and unexpected. The honorable and accomplished André, knowing his guilt, disdained defense, and prevented the examination of witnesses by confessing the character in which he stood. On the

next day (the 2d of October), the court again assembled ; when every doubt that could possibly arise in the case having been removed by the previous confession, André was declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer accordingly. The sentence was executed on the subsequent day in the usual form, the commander-in-chief deeming it improper to interpose any delay. The fate of André, hastened by himself, deprived the enterprise committed to Champe of a feature which had been highly prized by its projector, and which had very much engaged the heart of the individual chosen to execute it.

Champe deplored the sad necessity which had occurred, and candidly confessed that the hope of enabling Washington to save the life of André, (who had been the subject of universal commiseration in the American camp), greatly contributed to remove the serious difficulties which opposed his acceding to the proposition when first propounded. Some documents accompanied this communication tending to prove the innocence of the accused general ; they were completely satisfactory, and did credit to the discrimination, zeal, and diligence of the sergeant. Nothing remained to be done, but the seizure and safe delivery of Arnold. To this subject Champe gave his undivided attention. Ten days elapsed before Champe brought his measures to a conclusion, when Major Lee received from him his final communication, appointing the third subsequent night for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, when he hoped to deliver Arnold to the officer. Champe had from his enlistment into the American legion (Arnold's corps) every opportunity he could wish, to attend to the habits of the general. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve every night, and that previous to going to bed he always visited the garden. During this visit the conspirators were to seize him, and being prepared with a gag, intended to have applied the same instantly.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and that in which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings and replaced them, so that with care and without noise he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he meant to have conveyed his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was with the boat prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson River, to receive the party. Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat ; representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house. When arrived at the boat the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. The day arrived, and Major Lee with a party of dragoons left camp late in the evening, with three led horses ; one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for the associate, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining woods,—Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the

river shore. Hour after hour passed,—no boat approached. At length the day broke and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to camp, when he proceeded to head-quarters to inform the general of the disappointment, as mortifying as inexplicable.

In a few days, Major Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day previous to the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing (as was rumored) for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports; it being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert. Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia. Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina near the Saura Towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that State, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception he met with from Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. His whole story soon became known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier, heightened by universal admiration of his daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Greene, who cheerfully complied with the promises made by the commander-in-chief, as far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from further service, lest he might in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the enemy's hands when, if recognized, he was sure to die on a gibbet.

When General Washington was called by President Adams to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country from French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry. Colonel Lee sent to Loudon county, Virginia, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army, but learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

NARRATIVE
 OF THE
 LAND AND SEA PERILS
 OF
 ANDREW SHERBURNE,

IN THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, INCLUDING HIS SUFFERINGS IN OLD MILL PRISON, ENGLAND, AND AFTERWARD IN THE OLD JERSEY PRISON SHIP AT THE WALLABOUT, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY ANDREW DICKINSON.

ANDREW SHERBURNE was born at Rye, once a part of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 30, 1765. He describes his childhood as dotted over with misfortunes. He was about twelve years old, at that period of our revolutionary history, when the American spirit was fully developed by the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington. He caught the spirit of the times; yet he owns that he was influenced, at first, more by a love of excitement and heroic adventure, than any rational feeling of patriotism. He longed to be old enough to take part in the conflict. The discipline of military drills, in those troublous times, was not lost upon boys of even seven or eight years. They would form into companies, with plumes and wooden guns, and their martial exercises were as exact as those of the men. When two or three boys happened to meet in the street, their military powers were tested by pitching into each other with sticks, instead of wooden guns. Meanwhile ships were building, privateers fitting out, prizes brought in, standards waving on forts and batteries; while the exercising of soldiers, the roar of cannon, the sound of martial music, and the call for volunteers, completely infatuated him. His brother Thomas had returned from a cruise in the General Mifflin, which had taken thirteen prizes: this was another temptation. Our young hero was so much excited, that he was often heard talking in his sleep by his mother. Such are some of the dreams of glory and riches that infatuate youth, and, alas! too many children of a larger growth. His parents were in continual fear of his wandering away and getting on board a vessel without their consent; for it was a common thing for country lads to step on board of a privateer, and sometimes return home from a cruise; their friends being ignorant of their fate till they heard it from themselves. Others would pack up their clothes, and with a cheese and a loaf, start for the army, without taking one look at the dark side of things; indeed to them there appeared no dark side. The prevalence of this rash spirit, however, kept up the spirits of the desponding, and helped the country to make a successful struggle for liberty.

At last his father consented that Andrew should go to sea in the *Ranger*, a ship-of-war of eighteen guns, though he was not yet fourteen. Privateering was the order of the day. This resolution deprived him of the advantages of instruction. He had a vile habit of swearing, in which he then allowed himself; an inexcusable vice, which he endeavored to atone for by praying very hard when he turned in at night. He went to sea in June, 1779. His associates being raw and undisciplined in sea life, and very seasick, occasioned much ridicule and merriment by the sailors.

One morning a man at the foretopmast-head cried out, "A sail! a sail! on the lee-bow—and another there, and there!" The young officers ran up the shrouds, and, with their spyglasses, soon discovered over fifty vessels of war! many more prizes than they could take. They were now likely to have fighting to their heart's content. These vessels were but a part of the Jamaica fleet, of one hundred and fifty line-of-battle ships and sloops-of-war! The sight greatly alarmed our crew, and well it might. They could distinctly see their lights, and hear their bells. The fog was very thick, by which means they had the good luck to escape. Up to this time they had taken but two prizes; Sherburne's share of the spoils being about \$100.

In a few weeks after his return from this voyage, he and his comrades had to betake themselves to the ships. And though it might seem unmanly to shed tears, yet the downcast, saddened look of a fond mother and sisters proved too much for Andrew. We next find him and his little squadron chasing a British ship, near the coast of Charleston. The *Ranger* attacked a small British battery on James' Island, and, after a severe cannonading, the enemy's guns were silenced. At the beginning of this battle, Andrew was excessively alarmed; but, like the redoubtable Gil Blas, cleverly managed to hide his fears from his associates. In another onset they were defeated. Captain Simpson and the *Ranger's* force were much exposed to the fire of the British. Sherburne relates:

"While part of the officers and myself occupied an elegant house of Colonel Gadsden, a bomb fell through the roof and burst in the cellar, luckily hurting no one. Another fell within two feet of me; but I threw myself behind the carriage, and escaped. Another burst over my head, and a large piece buried itself in the turf at my feet. A cannon ball struck the house, passing within two feet of me. Bullets flew like hail in every direction. Bricks and plaster fairly darkened the air; and shells fell over the city in a perfect shower: a dozen might be seen falling at once. The siege was closely pressed, and we were in great fear of our works being carried by storm. Finally we were obliged to capitulate on the 12th of May, 1780. The day after this battle, a dreadful accident occurred. While the British were depositing the muskets taken from us in the grand magazine, which was bomb proof, the powder in it exploded. The shock was like an earthquake, and a great many were instantly swept into eternity. I saw the print of a man's body, who had been dashed against a brick church thirty feet above the ground, and thirty rods from the magazine. The cause of this explosion was never known."

Sherburne was now a prisoner. On his return home, after his imprisonment, he was worn down with sickness and misfortune. Before he reached home, he heard of his father's death. On his way, with his little budget in

hand, he wept bitterly, and till his tears were exhausted. His poor mother was now a widow; and his brother Thomas, once so flushed with success, had not returned. Alas! he never did return. As Andrew passed a house in Lyme, he was noticed by a woman standing at the door. She was immediately joined by another tender-hearted mother. Both had sons in the army, and might have had some hope of seeing or hearing of them. They stood over him and wept in silence, meditating on the fate of their sons. It was an hour of bitter sorrow! The best their houses afforded, was provided for the youthful wanderer. In a week more he reached Portsmouth, where he found his widowed and mourning mother. A scene like this, with its changes in one year, can neither be described nor imagined.

Sherburne shall hereafter speak for himself in the remainder of this narrative.

My mother was industriously employed in spinning, knitting, and sewing for others, as a means of support for her children. She would sit at her wheel for hours, diligent and pensive, without uttering a word; and now and then tears would roll down her cheeks, and she would break silence by the narration of some event that took place in her father's day of prosperity.

As the *Ranger* was built in Portsmouth, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy, the patriotic merchants of that place were anxious to retrieve their loss. They built another beautiful ship of twenty guns, called the *Alexander*, and gave Captain Simpson the command. A considerable number of the *Ranger's* officers and men occupied the same station, as formerly, in this new ship. I was invited by the captain to try my fortune in her again, and readily accepted the offer. We sailed from Portsmouth in December, 1780, and during a cruise of three months, took nothing. We never gave chase without coming up with an enemy, though we never met in battle. Before we reached home we were reduced to half allowance, and suffered greatly for water. I had left my mother a power of attorney to sell any part of my share she might require, by which means she was provided with a cow, fuel, and other necessities.

On my arrival I found my mother and sisters well, but there was no news from my brother Thomas. I now began to feel as if the care of the family would devolve on me. My neighbors extolled me for my attentions, and this made me more ambitious.

The *Alexander* was the best and fastest sailing vessel I ever saw, and it need not be wondered at if I should be invited to make a second voyage. However, while one day walking in the street, I was recognized by one of Neptune's fry, with the salutation, "Don't you want to take a short cruise in a fine schooner, and make your fortune?" Making one's "fortune," was a matter of course; yet what kind of fortune, remains to be seen. I answered that I should "go in the *Alexander*." "O," said he, "we shall be back before the *Alexander* will get ready to sail!" This young man was Captain Willis, of Kennebunk, Maine; and his vessel was the *Greyhound*, fitted out at Salem, Massachusetts. She mounted four pounders, was of sixty tuns burden, and made quite a warlike appearance. One Captain Arnold was the only person from Portsmouth going in her. He was prize-master, and anxious to have me join them. The others were all strangers to me. I was then about sixteen. Many fair promises, beside a share of

spoils, were made. Privateering was a very common thing, and was then sanctioned by public opinion, whatever may be said of it now. Having got on board, I was introduced to my new companions by Captain Willis, with a good deal of ceremony. He took me into the cabin, and I was much caressed by the officers. I was invited to sing a song, and in the course of the evening, I entertained them with several. There was a good deal of management in all this; for they found it very difficult to get hands, and they wished to have me get attached to them, so that my influence could secure others. The day after, we ran down to York, as it was needful for Captain Willis to form some plan to increase his numbers; for he had poor success in Portsmouth. The plan was to get up a frolic at a public house, and lads and lasses were invited for a country dance! Rum, coffee, and other attractions, were freely spread out to bait the unwary—the devil's usual trap. Having but one fiddler, and the company being large, it was requisite to have dancing in more than one room. I was, therefore, in lieu of fiddler number two, selected by the officers to sing for the other dancing department. This suited me, as I was no proficient in dancing. Every art and insinuation, however, only procured two recruits! As might be expected, the next day was one of the most melancholy I ever passed. The gloom, the horror, the despondency I felt, cannot be described by mortal tongue. I resolved to return home; but in this resolution I could not obtain the least relief. The voyage before me looked as gloomy as death. It was "a horror of great darkness." Had I been in the middle of the ocean on a single plank, my situation would not seem more hopeless. In this forlorn situation, it came into my mind to go on board of the vessel and pray. The people were mostly ashore; and, after spending some time in contemplation, I attempted to pray. The gloom in some measure subsided. I then told the captain I had made up my mind to return home. He acknowledged my right to do so, but being unwilling to part with me, he got Captain Arnold and other officers to persuade me to remain another evening. I reluctantly consented. The evening was spent much like the last. Only one more hand was procured. The captain being satisfied that he would have no success here, determined to push farther eastward, having gained my consent to make the voyage. At Kennebunk and Falmouth our success was equally indifferent. I now very much regretted that I had ever seen the accursed Greyhound; yet nobody was more to blame than myself. My melancholy and forebodings came upon me with renewed horror. Finally, I argued myself into a kind of unwilling resignation to my hard fate.

We visited Cape Porpoise, a place of little resort, except by coasters. There was by no means a dense population here. The visit of a vessel of so rakish an appearance as the Greyhound, with flaming flag and streaming pennants, was quite a novelty. The captain's barge was rowed with four oars only, and I had the honor of being steersman of this little craft; and when we put off from alongside, the captain was honored with a gun and three cheers from the crew. This was something unusual; but we were privateersmen.

With such inadequate recruits we went to sea. When we were off Halifax we were chased by a topsail schooner, larger than ours. With a

fresh gale, and a heavy sea, and carrying sail so long, we were in great danger of our masts being carried away. The vessel chasing us was much faster than ours, and, of course, came up with us ; but, before she came up, we were obliged to take in topsail. This devolved on me alone, and I narrowly escaped being thrown off the yard, which was only a spar, about the size of a man's leg, affording a feeble support. The pitching and rolling of the vessel rendered my situation perilous beyond conception. Millions would not induce me to run such a risk again ! The vessel in chase proved to be the Bloodhound, an American !

After this we ventured a peep into Halifax harbor, where we saw a ship, apparently in distress, trying to get into port. The British had found out some of our Yankee tricks, and so played one themselves. We hoped to make a prize of her, but our suspicions increased as we approached, and we drew off. No sooner had we changed course, however, than she made chase, which lasted several hours. By manœvering and the fog, we happily escaped, but were in great danger of being completely outwitted. We had heard of rich prizes being taken here, but the captain thought it prudent to be off this ground altogether, and try our fortune on the eastern shore, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. We had a trying time amid the islands, for we could look in no direction without seeing a sail. We soon found it necessary to speak to one of them. From their manœvering, we suspected they were in league, and we were at a loss to determine whether they were friends or foes. None of them were as large as ours, and we thought we need not fear any one of them singly ; but if they should prove enemies, then the case would be somewhat different ! However, we finally ascertained they were all Americans. Next day we parted with this squadron, except one of them that agreed to accompany us, but we soon parted with her.

We visited a cluster of islands called the Birds' Island, and gathered half a dozen bushels of the eggs of wild geese, gannets, gulls, ducks, etc. It was interesting to observe the management of the feathered race. Their nests were as thick as hills of corn. There were low bushes, but no trees on these small islands. On landing, the birds took a general alarm, and would rise in masses, as in remonstrance against our intrusion. The best of these eggs, however, were no very delicate morsel. I have seen a Newfoundland shallop almost loaded with them.

Near Fortune Bay we fell in with a Newfoundland shallop. We detained the captain (Charles Grandy) some time, and questioned him very closely, and were informed that an English brig had recently entered the bay, with supplies. We gave him some pork and bread, and dismissed him, to his great joy : for he fared much better than most of his countrymen did, when they fell into the hands of American privateers. We hoped to fall in with this brig, and obtain a fine prize, and visited several ports where fishing was carried on, and found no brig ; but we were informed one was expected. Having failed in this enterprise, the captain took two of the best shallops he could find, belonging to wealthy merchants, and loaded them with oil and dry fish, belonging to merchants in England. We then left the privateer, near Fortune Bay, and set out for Salem, but the wind drove us back, and we were compelled to anchor in the harbor of the island.

A dark cloud of adversity now seemed ready to burst upon me. As we were in a snug harbor where there were no inhabitants, we did not keep watch at night. One morning as I came on deck, I perceived that Captain Arnold was very different from what he had been. He had been exceedingly low spirited since we left the privateer. He now seemed somewhat deranged—now he would be quite sportive—now he would have a great weight on his mind. In the evening he requested me to get a light and come into the cabin to him. I staid with him all night. He talked the whole night on every imaginable subject—sometimes he seemed rational—sometimes deranged. From all this, I gathered that he had a mortal dread of falling into the hands of the enemy. It was said by some one, that he ran away from Halifax with a king's cutter. In the morning he appeared very cheerful. In the course of the day, he seemed to imagine he was on board the privateer—would speak to this and that officer, and reply as though they had answered him. When night came on, I advised him to go into his cabin. I thought it fortunate that he complied. I made his bed, and proposed that he should lie down, which he did without hesitation, and was still. I was determined to secure him, and shut the door, buttoning it on the outside : then, with a thick stick of wood sawn square at each end, I fastened the door doubly secure,—one end against a bulkhead, the other against the door, pressing it down with my whole weight. Having had no sleep the night before, I was now prepared to rest without disturbance. The captain made no noise, and as he slept none the previous night, I hoped he would rest. About daylight, one of the hands, Annis, a stupid, shiftless, low-spirited fellow, came on deck, but soon returned, exclaiming, with surprise, "Sherburne, where is Captain Arnold?" "In his cabin," said I. "He is not on board," replied Annis. Going on deck, I saw the cabin door open. His clothes were all on deck, except his waistcoat. His shirt and silver sleeve-buttons on the top. The reader will judge of my surprise and distress on this awful occasion. The water was smooth and clear, and being only about fifteen feet deep, the white sandy bottom could be plainly seen. We hailed the other shallop, and informed our comrades. We then went round and round in a skiff, enlarging our circle, and carefully viewing the bottom for a considerable distance. Then we went on shore and walked round the beach, but discovered no tracks of bare feet in the sand. Thus our search was fruitless. My reader will have to decide what was his fate. How he got out of the cabin is a mystery.

Our next plan was to get to Salem. We had great difficulty in deciding whether one or both of the shallops should be taken with us. Ours was the largest, and had the best cargo—the other had the best sails. I proposed that Annis and myself should go on board the other, and quit ours ; but Annis would not consent. My situation was critical : Annis knew not a point of the compass, could not steer, nor do anything to work the vessel : in short, he knew nothing. We were yet in an enemy's country, had to cross the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the wind was against us. Everything went wrong. Next day the wind was more favorable. Annis could assist me in getting up the anchor, and hoisting the sails, but he knew not how to trim them to the wind. An attempt to steer this little craft all the way to the United States would be madness. About noon we discovered a ship,

and soon found she wished to speak with us. She chased us several hours, but the wind dying away, she sent her boats. She proved to be an American privateer of about twenty guns. The men who boarded our vessel plundered us of some of our fishing-tackle, and let us pass; but were not honorable enough to let us know who they were. Early in the evening we had a breeze, which, by midnight, increased to a gale. Our vessel was laboring hard. The night was dark. No moon or stars were seen. We as earnestly "wished for the day," as St. Paul's company did off the Island of Malta; and when the day appeared, it was to make our danger visible. Our consort was half a mile ahead of us. We had lost our boat, which was towed at the stern. The clouds looked wild, and the ocean was rough. At sunrise we split our mainsail from top to bottom, and with great difficulty got it down and secured it. At that moment we were obliged to put away before the wind, and sail under a whole foresail. Our foremast, having so much sail upon it, was in great danger, for the wind was not steady, but blew in gusts, and the mast would bend like a whip. Our vessel being heavily laden, labored hard in so rough a sea, which caused her to leak so badly, that one was kept bailing all the time. The gale increased—the sea became more and more boisterous, and the leak also increased. We were fearful that we could not weather the storm, and expected every moment to see our mast go over the bow; and if it should, we would founder in a few minutes. At twelve we discovered land ahead: it was a small island, and it appeared impossible to avoid running directly on it, and being dashed to pieces at the first blow. It seemed as if our fate was sealed. The other shallop, half a mile distant, could easily clear the island. When we came within a mile of it, we made out just to clear it. There was, however, a reef of rocks adjoining, over which we must pass, and did pass, without striking, so that we cleared it about twenty yards. We all arrived about the same time, and came to anchor in a small cove. Thus, by another merciful providence, we escaped inconceivable perils! It was now more than twenty-four hours since I had tasted food. We threw over a hook and line, and soon drew in a large hallibut, and could have taken a hundred if we wished, but one sufficed. Cooking went rapidly on, and the fish disappeared with magic quickness. We congratulated each other on escaping destruction, and laid the two shallows as near to each other as we dared. Had the wind shifted and blown from the opposite point, nothing could have saved us. Two nights passed, and I had no sleep. I was worn down with care and anxiety. The gloom that so depressed me at York Harbor, now rushed through my soul in a black tempest of horrors. After a vigorous dispute next day with Lloyd, the captain of the other shallop, and securing the friendship and co-operation of Willis (in case of farther difficulty with Lloyd), we got under way again. In the course of an hour we saw a small schooner making toward us. Various were our conjectures. The vessel gained on us. We were all convinced she was an enemy now, except old Mr. Lloyd. We tried hard to have him cut the shallop adrift, and try to be off with one, but he would not. The enemy now began to fire upon us with long buccaneer pieces, into which they would put eight or ten musket balls for a charge. The first fire did not strike us, but we heard the bullets whistle over our heads. The second charge went through the head of our mainsail, and the third went

through the middle. Lloyd now thought it was high time to heave to, and ascertain who were our visitors. In a few minutes they were alongside, and twenty men sprang on board with those long guns in their hands, loaded, primed, and cocked, and presented two or three at each of our breasts without ceremony, bitterly cursing, and threatening to kill us. We plead for quarters : they swore at us, and seemed determined to take our lives. After they had vented their bitter imprecations like so many demons, two or three of them interceded for us. One of these was their commander, but their entreaties seemed to increase the rage of the others. They acted like perfect fiends. We stood trembling and awaiting their decisions. At length the captain, and several others more rational than the rest, prevailed on these heady fellows to forbear.

Their first business was to get their prizes under way for Grand Bank. These Newfoundlanders (I forbear calling them English) made it their business to know every minute particular that had transpired since we left the bay. Captain Arnold had a privateer's commission : this paper I preserved. We arrived at Grand Bank before night. The whole village collected to see the Yankee prisoners ; and we were completely surrounded. Among the people was an old English lady of distinction, who appeared to have an excellent education, and to whose opinions and instructions the greatest respect was shown. She was the only one who inquired for papers. Lloyd had none, and knew not that it was needful to have any. I presented the papers. The lady commenced reading them audibly, and without interruption, until she came to the clause in the privateer's letter of marque and reprisal, which authorized to "burn, sink, or destroy," etc. Many of the people then became excessively exasperated, and swore we ought to be killed outright. They were chiefly West-countrymen and Irish, rough, savage, and uncultivated—in a complete state of anarchy—without minister or magistrate among them. They were very loyal to his "most gracious majesty." The old lady interposed, and called them to order, telling them we were prisoners of war, and ought to be treated with humanity, and conveyed to a British armed station. She then continued the reading without further interruption. This good woman gave directions, and they began to prepare some refreshment for us : they hung on a pot and boiled some cod-fish and salt-pork. They then took the pot out of doors and turned it upside down on a square board with cleats at the edges, and when the board was sufficiently drained, the provision was set on a table, or rather, bench, somewhat higher than a common table, and the company stood round it, and without forks ate with their fingers. They had fish-knives to cut their pork, however. After this refreshment we were conducted into a cooper's shop and locked up, the windows secured, and a guard placed outside. We endeavored to compose ourselves as well as we could, but were ignorant of our fate. Next morning we were put on board a shallop and confined. Everything that we had except the clothes on our backs, was taken from us—even our shoes. We were taken up the bay to a small harbor, called Cornish, the residence of the man whom we had captured when we first came on the coast. This man (Grandy) did not forget our kindness in giving him his liberty, and would have done more for us had it been in his power. He gave us a large flour loaf and a plate of butter. He

seemed to be generalissimo of this little port. This little incident is a pleasing proof that generous deeds are not always unrewarded. Having had our refreshment, we were locked up in a warehouse. Next morning we had an early breakfast furnished by our good friend Grandy, whose partiality was evidently disgusting to some of our guard. We were taken several miles up a river and landed, in order to strike across the cape to Placentia Bay. We were guarded by seven sturdy fellows with long muskets; some of them were rude and abusive. The distance from Fortune Bay to Placentia Bay was twenty miles through a dreary wilderness. The briars and underbrush were very injurious to our feet and legs, our shoes having been taken from us. Poor old Mr. Lloyd was most to be pitied, for he began to lag early in the day, and the soldiers frequently gave him blows with the butt-end of their guns. In the course of the day we all received a hard biscuit and a small slice of raw pork. Though this might not be called hard fare, yet our journey was exceedingly fatiguing. It was night when we got over to the shore of Placentia Bay, and we were five miles from the station, where there was a small battery and a few regular soldiers. The post was occupied by a rich old man of the Isle of Jersey, who had a large number of shallops and fishermen in his service, some of whom had been rudely treated by American privateers. He was greatly infuriated when he found we were Americans, insisting that we ought to be killed forthwith. He swore he would give us neither food nor shelter. But our guard had received instructions from the good old lady at Grand Bank, and they threatened to present him to his majesty's officers. The old man then abruptly quit them, and went to his house. The guard took possession of the brew-house, in which he had brewed that day. The floor was wet and muddy. I went out and broke off my arms full of fir and spruce boughs for my bed, and lay down exceedingly fatigued, and soon fell asleep. Some of the guard had been busy in getting something ready to eat. One of them came to me, gave me a shake, and bade me rise and eat my supper. Though my dinner had been scanty enough, yet I preferred rest, and declined to get up; but he gave me a pretty heavy thump, saying, with an oath, "Get up, you Yankee, and take your supper!" I thought it best to obey this summons. Our supper was in similar style to that at Grand Bank. We had saucers of sweet oil—no plates, knives, or forks. Each took fish in his fingers and dipped it in oil! I tried to go through the same manual exercise, but had the greatest difficulty in swallowing such disgusting victuals. This over, I returned to my bed of boughs, and slept soundly all night. In the morning, we had to walk five miles to the little battery, which was performed with even greater difficulty than the whole twenty miles the day before. We passed a promontory of tiresome, difficult, and dangerous ascent and descent—sometimes almost perpendicular, and had to catch fast hold of the bushes to avoid falling headlong upon the rocks below. When we arrived, they fired one of their artillery pieces, for joy that some Yankee privateers had fallen into their hands; for some had been much annoyed by them, and others had been prisoners, and their stores and shallops had been plundered. I think we were the only prisoners captured on their coast. From this place we were taken to another harbor, and put on board a shallop for Placentia, and our guard of seven returned to Fortune Bay. The guard now was only

three men, more humane than the others; they had long muskets lying loaded by them. Having ascertained that we had had no breakfast, they hove to, and soon hauled in some fine cod, which they boiled with pork. This, with ship-bread, was quite in contrast with our execrable and disgusting supper. We were all kept forward and not allowed to come near the quarter-deck, where lay the loaded guns. We arrived at Placentia at night, and a government boat took us to the commissary. He came into his room with a number of gentlemen, who examined us with great scrutiny. They were deeply hurt on seeing the condition of our feet and hearing of our ill-treatment, and gave us shoes and stockings, expressing great regret at the unhappy discord between the mother country and the colonies. The commissary told us we must take up our residence in his garrison, and sent us some flour loaves and butter. After eating, we heard the sound of bagpipes at the door, and a messenger was sent to call us out. On going to the door we were taken into custody by a sergeant's guard of Highlanders, in their Scotch kilts, plaids, bonnets, and checkered stockings, with guns, fixed bayonets, broadswords, and all and singular the accoutrements and paraphernalia thereunto belonging. Annis, Ball, Willis and I, gazed with astonishment at this most singular novelty. Sandy changed his tune; we had orders to march, and were conducted into the guard-room of the fort, and a sentinel was placed at the door.

The governor of Placentia was Colonel Hawkins, a man of gentlemanly deportment. He had but a part of his regiment here. His wife was the daughter of an old Highlander, who was a private. He and a number of other soldiers had their wives and children with them in the garrison. The governor was not over thirty, and his wife twenty. She was cheerful and humane. We had not been long in the garrison before Willis and I were invited by the governor to assist rowing his barge up the river, where he had salmon-nets. As we lads were more expert in rowing than the soldiers, Willis was taken for boatman, and I for strokesman. There were a number of islands in the river, where grew raspberries, gooseberries, and a variety of other berries, which were very good. The governor and his wife generally landed on one of these islands, to amuse themselves in picking berries, while we attended to the salmon-nets. The lady would amuse herself in asking questions about Yankees, their manners and customs, and regretted that we boys were prisoners, detained from our parents. She had two children of her own, and had the feelings of a parent. On our return from our excursions up the river, which generally took us the greater part of the day, we were sent into the governor's kitchen and furnished with a good supper, which was the more acceptable, as our allowance was scanty. After we had been several times up the river, we were all allowed to walk in the yard by day, but could not go out of the yard without a guard. But we never went out, except to bring water from a spring near the garrison.

It was some time in May, 1781, that we came here, and September came without a prospect of release. About the 15th of the month, there came in a twenty-two gunship, the *Duchess of Cumberland*. She was built in Salem, and called the Congress, but, having been captured by the British, her name was changed. This vessel came to convey a number of English merchantmen. While in port, one of her men deserted. Diligent search

having been made without success, it was suspected that some of the inhabitants concealed him. The officers retaliated by impressing a man named Baggs. Governor Hawkins put us prisoners on board this ship, to take us to St. Johns, where were a prison-ship and a number of prisoners, and it was expected that a cartel would be sent thence to Boston that fall. Thus there was a prospect of getting home again, but our prospects were blasted !

On the second day out we had a gale, with rain. In the afternoon, a strange sail appeared, for which we gave chase ; but, as the wind increased and we were going out of our course, it was given up. It now became necessary to steer for St. Marys. The wind was furious. About three o'clock they thought best to put the ship away a little, supposing they had passed the cape. Mr. Baggs had been skipper of a shallop for twenty years ; he was therefore invited to take his place on the forecastle, the station of the most accomplished seamen. The forecastlemen steer by turns ; and when the helm was relieved, Mr. Baggs asked the helmsman what course they were steering ? and when he had ascertained, remarked, "If we run that course two hours, the ship will be on shore !" The sailors were alarmed at this information. Baggs then went aft and told the other officers that he was well acquainted with the coast, and in his judgment the ship and their lives were in imminent danger. But those British officers scorned to be instructed by a Newfoundland fisherman, and commanded him to be off the quarter-deck or they would kick him off. Baggs went forward, not a little chagrined at their savage treatment. The sailors forward kept a good lookout, however, though the weather was so thick that they could see only a short distance. No pen can describe, no imagination conceive, the horrors that awaited us.

On the 19th September, about sunset, loud and repeated cries were heard from the forecastle, "Breakers on the lee-bow ! Breakers on the lee-bow !" This doleful sound made every ear to tingle. Immediately was heard, "Stand by to about ship ! Hard to lee, foretop bowline, jib and staysail sheets, let go !" The ship instantly rounded to, head to the wind ; but before the foretopsail could be fitted on the other tack, the violence of the wind and waves gave the ship sternway, and she was dashed furiously against a rugged bluff of rocks standing twenty feet out of water. Two men sprang instantly from the vessel on a shelf of the crags. Another, at the helm, was knocked overboard by the sudden shock ; another made a desperate effort to reach the rock, and both were drowned. The ship could be governed no longer, and we were at the mercy of the waves. All was confusion, consternation, and despair ! The ship stuck fast upon a craggy rock, which lay under water about twice her length from the shore, and probably broke several of her floor-timbers. All this took place before half the people below could scramble on deck. Looking down the hatchway, I could see a stream, as big as a man's body, violently gushing up from the bottom. With the greatest difficulty I reached the quarter-deck. The ship rolled fearfully ; the yardarms nearly touched the water, the sea breaking feather-white all round ! Under the fog bank which hung over the shore, we could see the mountain, but not the top of it. The wind blew most furiously, and the rain poured down in torrents. The sea roared like

thunder, while night came on apace. Some of the officers were raving and swearing like bedlamites; some were crying, others praying; some inactive and desponding; while others were active and courageous. The long-boat was gotten out, but as soon as it touched the water, a heavy sea dashed it against the ship's side, breaking it to pieces as quick as you would crush an egg-shell in your hand. The ship was fast filling, and there seemed to be no possibility of another person being saved; while those on shore saw no prospect of release for themselves, and expected to see all their companions perish. The masts were now ordered to be cut away: after a few blows the main-mast fell, and the fore-mast and mizen-mast also fell without a stroke, by the power of the tempest. On the fall of the masts, the ship cleared from the rock on which she had been for some time hanging, and drifted toward the shore, thumping tremendously on the rocks under water, and throwing us furiously against each other. The ship finally drifted into a cove and brought up on some rocks, which were so near the surface that she could not get over them. Every sea gave her a tremendous shock. The decks opened in some places wide enough for a man to get through into the hold. The ship was situated somewhat like that in which St. Paul was wrecked on the Isle of Malta: "The fore-part stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder-part was broken by the violence of the waves." There were five prisoners on board; but I heard of no council to put us to death, for there was not the remotest possibility of our escape by swimming; and it was equally impossible for any one to save himself on "boards, or broken pieces of the ship." By the time the ship stuck fast, the two sailors who jumped on the rocks, had, with immense difficulty, got nearly abreast of us. Nothing astonished us more than their feat of getting from the rocks to the beach. A small spar and a rope made fast to it, were now hove over the stern. The waves carried the spar on shore, but the men could not reach it; so it was drawn on board again. This was repeated several times, till at last the men on shore succeeded in catching it, and it was made fast round a rock as large as a haystack. The sailors on board drew it as straight as they could, and made it fast round the stump of the fore-mast. Had the ship been driven over the reef she struck, she must have gone to pieces in going three times her length, and not a soul would have been saved. When the waves ran, they would bury the rope under water, for it was drawn so straight that it could not rise from the sea. A man attempted to get ashore by this rope, and succeeded very well till he got a couple of rods from the ship, when he was washed off and dashed against the rocks; the next sea buried him, and he sunk to rise no more. Several others met the same fate. This must have been owing to too much exertion at first; for the ship could not have been in a better position, being completely bound by large craggy rocks. The fate of those who had been washed off from the rope seemed to discourage the rest. At length another, and then another, ventured, and succeeded in getting on shore, and were joyfully received. The next one, however, was lost. Six or seven more were then successful. Night was coming on, and our situation was gloomy indeed. Several midshipmen made efforts, but drew back. Their cries of distress were bitter and heartrending. I now began to think of trying myself, though the hope of success was exceedingly faint. I buttoned up my

outside jacket, drawing my shirt out of my trowsers. I had on an old-fashioned Dutch cap, which fitted very tight. I could swim tolerably, and flattered myself that this would be in my favor; but as soon as I took hold of the rope, and fell into the water, I found I could make no use of my legs, as the water was so greatly agitated. The first swell was somewhat obstructed by the ship; and I was completely buried in the sea for a short time. When the second sea came, I was exposed to its whole violence, and it seemed as if I should be pressed to death, and the time seemed very long. There I was in the most perilous situation that can possibly be conceived, hanging on by my hands to the rope, stretched out horizontally, suspended in the air; and before the swell retired, my right hand gave way. O, the horror of that moment! I was distracted! Among my many fears, one was, that the left hand would continue its hold until I was drowned. My left arm got weaker and weaker, and I expected every moment to be in eternity and appear before the Eternal Judge. It would be labor in vain to give the faintest idea of my terrors, and the fear of death. The undertow swept me under the rope; I threw my right arm over it, and instantly grasped fast hold of the collar of my jacket and other clothes, and, taking breath, made a frenzied effort to draw myself toward shore, before another sea could sweep over me. The third wave stretched me, but having my arm over the rope, I was better fortified, the sea being less violent than before. When the waves retired, I was left suspended by the rope, and I could almost touch the hideous, rugged rocks with my feet, but I feared to let go my hold, because the men on shore could not yet afford me any assistance. Another sea came, but its force was almost spent before it reached me. When the sea rolled back, two sailors followed it, holding on the rope with one hand, and drew me on the beach! They laid me on my back, and left me more dead than alive. After a while I found myself struggling to get on my side, and finally made out to sit up, but I could not stand. On viewing the wreck, I felt deeply thankful to the good God for my deliverance, and inwardly vowed to serve him all my days. One of the men being courageous and uncommonly strong, made out to get on board the wreck. He was an officer, but I do not remember his name or rank. He and others had now contrived a better means of rescuing those remaining on the wreck. They fixed a traveler on the rope, by which he first went on shore, so that he could not wash off, and the man took with him a rope, long enough to reach the shore: the end on the wreck was made fast round a man's body, and another equally long fixed to it. The man then fell into the water, and those on shore would run with their end, while those on board would pay out, taking care to keep the rope tight, so as to prevent the man from dashing against the rocks. By the time I could walk down to the edge of the water, they were hauling five or six men at once, on different ropes. More than one hundred were saved in this way!

The wind and rain continued, and we were without shelter. We could not ascend the mountain without great difficulty. Night came on. The wreck, which might contain thirty persons, could not now be seen. We finally reached a hollow in the mountain, but there was not room enough for all of us to lie down without lying upon each other. But it was better to do this

than be exposed to the full fury of the cold storm. Sometimes those who lay lowest down on the steep ground, would slip down, several in a cluster, all the way to the beach among the rocks. When this happened, they did not forget to swear. At two in the morning, the wind shifted, and the sea was less noisy. At daybreak, our great anxiety was to know whether the wreck had gone to pieces. We were greatly rejoiced to find it had not. We were now able to converse with those remaining on the wreck. About nine in the morning, a few got on board, and in the course of the day nearly all escaped; bringing the provisions, ammunition, muskets, tomahawks, cutlasses, and other implements, on shore. The crew was about one hundred and seventy, besides prisoners. Every man had secured a blanket; and thus equipped, after our terrible misfortunes, all hands prepared to ascend the mountain.

Mr. Baggs, whose counsel had been despised an hour before the ship struck, was now in high feather, and looked up to with respect, even by the captain, whose name was Marsh: a man of respectability. He was not on deck when Baggs was so illtreated by those conceited, ruffian up-starts, who had threatened to kick him, for giving information that would have saved the lives of every soul on board, and incredible misery. It was also said that the ship's course was altered without the captain's knowledge. The number of the lost I do not remember. We saved the only woman on board, the cook's wife. Her husband, one of the surgeon's mates, with several others, were left in this place. This woman was delivered of a child a day or two after, and all the party were taken off in fishing-shallops. About two o'clock we began to ascend the mountain. In climbing a precipice twenty feet high, I could not walk without holding on by a rope. Some one jerked it out of my hands, and I fell on my face; and when I had slipped down to the edge of the precipice, a person who had just got up, clapped his foot on me till I caught the rope again. Had I fallen over the precipice, I should have been killed. Reaching the top, I found myself on the border of a spacious plain. Looking northerly and easterly, a man might be seen a mile off: but not a tree or shrub. A mile and a half southerly was a wilderness of evergreens. The ground was covered with a thick moss, in which your foot would sink a foot at every tread. In the distance, our wreck did not look bigger than a boat. A company of one hundred and fifty of us now took up our journey for the woods, which we reached at sunset. We had no luck in making a fire, for every material was wet. We gathered green boughs for beds, and stowed closely together, covering ourselves with the blankets we brought from the wreck; and after all, we were very uncomfortable, as the reader will believe, for our clothes were wet, and the night was frosty.

In the morning, the captain and some other officers had a long consultation with Mr. Baggs, as to the route we should pursue. We were about one hundred miles from Placentia, but the distance from St. Johns I do not know. Finally, it was decided to shape our course for Placentia. On the following morning, orders were given to have all the provisions collected, and everybody was to receive an equal allowance. It was thought best to remain where we were one day, however, that Mr. Baggs might examine the coast, and settle some question in his own mind. He and a number of

officers set off for an exploration of the coast. In the evening they returned, bringing the unpleasant intelligence that the vessel which had chased us had gone entirely to pieces, and, no doubt, every soul on board was lost. On the following morning, according to arrangement the day before, we took up our pilgrimage, keeping along in the woods till noon, when we came upon the shore at the head of Distress Bay. Mr. Baggs told us, that for several leagues the water was not more than two fathoms deep, and that this bay abounded with rocks under water. It was supposed that the vessel must have gone to pieces several miles from the shore. We conjectured that she was a brig, and knew her to have been American built, for on the foreheads of some of her carved images, we saw the letters "U. S. A." She might have been captured by the English, and employed in their service. There was no doubt of her having been to the West Indies, for we found several hogshheads of rum on shore. The officers, with tomahawks, cut holes in them, and emptied them, lest the sailors should linger for the sake of the rum. The remains of the vessel were scattered for miles along the shore. We picked up fourteen men and a boy of about fourteen, dragged them on the bank, and, with staves, dug a grave two or three feet deep, and buried the poor fellows as decently as we could. How narrowly had we escaped the same dreadful fate ! The only provision we found was a lump of butter, from a keg that had been stove to pieces ; and the sand was beat into the butter several inches. We scraped off the damaged part, and took the rest along with us. We spent several hours about the wreck. The largest pieces of the wreck we found were several planks of the quarter-deck, and some of the timbers.

Next day we continued our pilgrim-progress through the woods, and in the afternoon reached Distress Bay ; and never was name more appropriate, so far as we were concerned. We kept along the shore for many miles of horrid traveling, and were finally obliged to take to the woods again, owing to the bold rocky coast. I have been accustomed to the wilderness of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio ; but never found any region so difficult of travel as Newfoundland.

Three times a day Captain Marsh would sit down, with the bread-bag between his legs, and deal out a small portion, while an officer would distribute a little meat and butter from the keg we found on the seashore. The whole amount to each man, did not exceed eight ounces a day. In about ten days we reached a little port, called Point Var, greatly exhausted. We were in the enemy's country—that is, we who were Americans. Here we were driven into storehouses as prisoners, and were furnished with a drink, called "Labrador tea," well sweetened with molasses. This tea, with ship-bread, made our supper. Before we were well housed we made free with some of the fish from the beach, but this was taken from us. I had the good luck to conceal one under my jacket, and found the others had quartered on the enemy by doing the same. Here we had a dry floor and a good night's rest. The next day we had to walk five miles to Placentia, as prisoners, and were put in our old station, the guard-house. A Mr. Saunders, one of the principal merchants, gave me and others some clothing. Governor Hawkins and his lady were very friendly, and so were many others of the garrison, and congratulated us on our return, after having

suffered so much in two short weeks—long weeks they were to us. We continued here about a month. My comrades were variously disposed of. My friend Willis and I were destined to serve his most gracious majesty, King George III, on board the *Fairy* sloop-of-war, under Captain Yeo, a perfect tyrant. We were all called upon the quarter-deck, and this captain, after asking us a few questions, turned to his officers, saying, "They are a couple of fine lads for his majesty's service. Mr. Gray, see that they do their duty, one in the fore-top, the other in the main-top." Willis replied, that he was "afraid to go up, as he was subject to fits, and might fall and be killed." And I replied, "I am a prisoner of war, and will not serve against my country." After some hard words and furious threats, we were ordered off the quarter-deck, and commanded to do duty in the waist. We therefore left our tyrant in haste. In a day or two, all hands were called. The usual ceremony was on this wise: the boatswain's mate stood at the fore-hatchway, and called, or, with a pipe, blew a long and loud blast, and then hallooed, "All hands, ahoy." He performed this ceremony also at the main-hatchway, and the after-hatchway. I saw no necessity for all this parade, and always thought it was for no other purpose than to ferret out and overawe us two Yankee lads. After a suitable time for the men to get on deck, the boatswain's mate went down fore and aft between decks, to see if there were any skulkers. None disobeyed the summons but Willis and I, who were snug in the cable tier. He began to rave like a bedlamite, hastened toward us, commanding us to go on deck. "We are prisoners of war—American prisoners." "Tell me nothing about prisoners! Upon deck immediately." We still kept our stations, and remonstrated, while he belched out a stream of horrid oaths, at the same time striking us furiously with his rattan. For some time we sternly refused to budge, while he thrashed us alternately, his rage increasing with every blow, and seemed determined to conquer. We should have continued our resistance, but saw it would be useless, and therefore went on deck with no small reluctance, the mate close at our heels repeating his blows. Having got on deck, I saw but little to do. Fox, the carpenter, observing me tearfully meditating on my hard fate, was looking on while the mate was whipping us. The reader will judge of my painful and forlorn condition, especially that of being compelled to serve the king. The carpenter kindly called me to him, and asked me to sit down. "I see, my lad," said he, "you are obliged to do duty." "Yes, sir, much against my will," said I. "It is wrong," said the carpenter, "but it would not do for me to interfere; but I was thinking to do you a favor. His majesty allows me two boys; if you will come into my berth and take a little care here, I will excuse you from keeping watch, and all other duty." After some hesitation, I agreed to this proposal, the carpenter remarking that it would be more favorable, as there would be otherwise no escape from the tyranny of the captain, who was very arbitrary, and hated by the crew; adding, that he intended to leave the ship when he got home, but enjoining secrecy, and promising to be my friend. In a few days we arrived at St. Johns. Here we found we were destined to see old England! It was appalling to my feelings that there was no escape. While lying at St. Johns, we had an opportunity of seeing more of Captain Yeo's detestable character. No spiritous liquors were allowed to

be brought on board. This, of course, was a good regulation. It was the custom to hoist in the boat at night, lest any should elude the guard, and steal away in the boat. One evening as the boat was hoisted in, a bottle of rum was discovered in it! Not one of the boat's crew would own that bottle. Next morning the whole six were seized at the gang-way, and their shirts stripped off; each receiving a dozen lashes on his bare back, with a cat-o'-nine-tails. He had a number of men in irons during the entire passage to England. We arrived in Plymouth the last of November, 1781, after a short but rough passage; and though we had been several times called to quarters, through a kind providence, neither Willis nor myself were stationed at any quarters. On arriving at the land of my forefathers, I confess to peculiar sensation of reverence and solemnity, not to be described. Yet when I remembered the haughtiness, obstinacy, and cruelty of her monarch, I felt an indignant, if not a revengeful spirit. Several days passed without a prospect of release. In less than a week three times as many women as men came on board, and the number daily increased. The worthy carpenter proposed, that in case I could not get released, to adopt me as his son. He had a wife, I think, in Bristol, but no child. He could, if he pleased, quit the ship, and work in the navy yard. I felt duly grateful for the offer, but signified my earnest desire to get to America again. While in port we lived high, which was very joyful to me, after long famine and hardships. Captain Yeo, the disgusting tyrant, took leave of the ship, without the least mark of respect from anybody.

The ship was now preparing for another cruise. The new captain (whose name I regret that I cannot recall), came on board, and was saluted with three cheers. There seemed to be a possibility that my friend Willis and myself might find favor with him. A day or two after he came on board, Mr. Fox, the carpenter, said to me: "Sherburne, the captain is walking alone on the quarter-deck; I think it a good time for you to go and speak to him: it may be he will consider you a prisoner of war." I trembled for fear of being unsuccessful: I felt a strange balancing between hope and despair, for it was our last chance; and if we failed, our fate was sealed: unless Mr. Fox could get discharged from the ship, and take me with him; and even then I would be considered a British subject. I immediately made known my plan to Willis, and as there was no time to lose, requested him to accompany me. With our hats under our arms, we addressed the captain in a tremulous voice. He seemed willing to give us a hearing. "What is your wish, my lads?" said he. "We are American prisoners," said I, "and were taken on the coast of Newfoundland, and imprisoned all the last summer in Placentia; and in September, were put on board his majesty's ship, *Duchess of Cumberland*, for St. Johns, expecting to have been sent from thence to Boston, and be exchanged; but the *Duchess of Cumberland* was lost on Cape St. Marys, soon after she sailed. We were again taken to Placentia, and put on board this ship. It is our wish, sir, to be considered prisoners of war, and go to prison." The captain replied, "You may go forward, my lads, and I will inquire into your case." We bowed, and retired. Mr. Fox anxiously waited for our return. In about half an hour, word came for Sherburne and Willis to get ready to go into the boat. We were ready to leap with joy that we were to have the honor of going to

prison. I saw tears in Mr. Fox's eye, and they ran down my cheeks freely. He gave me shirts and stockings, and we parted. A midshipman accompanied us in the boat, sword in hand, and a sergeant with several marines, with fixed bayonets; and we left the *Fairy* in Plymouth Sound, and were put on board the *Dunkirk*, which lay near Plymouth Dock. All prisoners that were brought into port, were put on board this guard-ship. I had been on board but a few minutes before I fell in with an English lad, who was my former shipmate. His name was William Lamb. He was captured in the *Ranger*, in which I made my first venture. He had been captured four times by the British, and deserted, assuming different names each time. This information he gave me in a whisper, begging me, "for God's sake don't call me by name, as I have assumed one." I was grieved for the poor fellow, who was much respected by his comrades. I knew if he were detected in all this he would be hung at the yardarm.

There were no American prisoners on board the *Dunkirk* when we went on board of her, but in a few days a dozen or more came in; and scarcely a night passed in which additions were not made by the press-gangs. These gangs are sturdy villians, and sometimes got a severe drubbing from their prisoners, who often got shockingly bruised. The prisoners first brought on board, were called for in a day or two, and sent ashore to pass an examination before the judges of the admiralty, previous to commitment to Old Mill Prison. I was surprised and alarmed that those who came on board subsequent to us, preceded us in going to prison, having understood that the order would be in rotation, and had reason to believe vengeance was in store for us. At length we mustered courage to go to the office, and ask why we were not sent ashore in turn. The clerk asked what vessel we were of, and our names. He knew nothing about us! Our very souls began to sink. We now feared that we might be put aboard another man-of-war. We went again to the office. The clerk was a true man, and a gentleman, and he promised to make diligent search for our names.

We had lost all our clothing except what we had on; everything else had been stolen. The ship was so near the shore that it was impossible to prevent spirits being brought aboard, so that it was an indescribable scene of drinking, swearing, fighting, stealing, brawling, scolding, and confusion, especially at night. A dozen more prisoners were now brought on board, and when the time came to send the prisoners ashore, we were greatly rejoiced to hear our names called first. There were thirteen of us ordered on board a boat, and we were landed at Plymouth Dock, said to be the best in England. I had an opportunity of viewing the *Royal George*, the largest ship in the navy. We were escorted from the wharf to the Court of Admiralty by a guard of soldiers, and conducted into a room by ourselves. Here we waited some time in awful suspense. It was a trying scene to endure. The judges, in their examinations, were careful to select Englishmen and Irishmen for his majesty's service; but sometimes Americans were challenged and sent on board ships of war, as British subjects. The judges were elderly gentlemen, with white wigs. My examination came:

"Is your name Andrew Sherburne?" "It is, sir." "Where were you born?" "In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, North America." "What is your age?" "I was sixteen the last day of September, sir." "What was

your father's name?" "Andrew Sherburne." "What was his occupation?" "A carpenter." "What vessel did you sail in." "The privateer schooner Greyhound." "How many guns did she mount?" "Eight five-pounders." "Who commanded her?" "Captain John Willis." "Where did she belong?" "To Salem, Massachusetts." "When did she leave Salem?" "Some time in the month of April last." "What were you taken in?" "I was taken in a Newfoundland shallop, a prize to the Greyhound." "By what were you taken?" "A small armed schooner from Fortune Bay, in Newfoundland." "Where were you taken to?" "We were first taken to a place called Grand Bank, in Fortune Bay; thence we were sent to Placentia, and imprisoned in the garrison till September. I was then put on board his majesty's ship, the *Duchess of Cumberland*, bound to St. Johns, and she having been lost on Cape St. Marys, I returned with part of the crew to Placentia, where I was put on board his majesty's ship, *Fairy*, and brought to this port." "How many are there of you?" "Only two, sir; three were put on board of merchantmen, at Placentia." After this catechising, I was conducted back to my companions, when Willis was called in, who went through a similar ordeal. When all had been examined, I was called the second time, and most of the questions repeated. This much alarmed me. One of the judges asked a gentleman in another part of the room, whether my statement agreed with what I said before; to which he assented. I heard a pen going during my examination, but did not know that they were writing down my answers. I felt fearful of a snare; but it proved more favorable than I expected. The other twelve were now called in, and the judges pronounced the awful sentence, that we all be committed to Old Mill Prison, for rebellion, piracy, and high treason, on his Britannic majesty's high-seas, there to remain during his majesty's pleasure, or till he saw fit to pardon or otherwise dispose of us!

At the door, a guard now conducted us to prison. It was a mile and a-half distant. I had not walked so much on land since my dreary march through the wilderness of Newfoundland. I felt a high degree of animation that my prospects were so favorable as a residence in Old Mill Prison! The outer gate groaned on its hinges, and received us in the outer yard, where a sentinel always stood.

Old "Aunt Annie" was constantly here, with her hand-cart, drawn by a boy, and supplied the prisoners with bread, butter, tobacco, needles, thread, and such nick-nacs as we needed. Several milkmen also took stations here. Before the inner gate opened, we heard a shout from within, "More prisoners! more prisoners!" The inner gate then opened, well guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. We were urged forward into the great prison yard, while the inmates rushed from all directions to see if there were any acquaintance among the new-comers. One and another would seize us by the hand, saying, "How are ye? Where are ye from?" No one presumed to intrude on the little groups collected from particular localities. I found a number from my own vicinity in New Hampshire.

It was now near night. I had tasted nothing since morning, and found I had got to a hungry place. One of my townsmen brought me a penny roll and a halfpenny worth of butter, which was very acceptable. It was January, and my clothing was in a forlorn condition. Next day my towns-

man gave me a few articles. Though in his British majesty's dominions, the prisoners ventured to form themselves into a republic, framed a constitution of wholesome laws with suitable penalties. My friends held a consultation concerning my hard case. One spoke on this fashion, "It will be a pity if our young countryman should spend his time, as many boys do, at *gaming*: he is fatherless, and needs education. Perhaps he might be prevailed on to go to school." Another replied, "If he will, I will give him some papers." Another, "I will give him quills and ink." Another, (afterward Captain Tibbetts), "I will undertake to instruct him." A committee conferred, and communicated to me their conclusion, and advised me to accept these offers. Grateful for such benevolence, though fond of cards, I forthwith repudiated them, and accepted their advice. I made rapid improvement, and soon became indifferent to all kinds of gaming, finding sufficient amusement in my studies.

Mill Prison took its name from windmills originally occupying the eminence near Plymouth Dock. According to tradition, one of the three buildings comprised in Mill Prison, was built in the reign of Queen Ann. The largest building was one hundred feet long, and twenty wide, and two stories high, built of stone, with no windows on the north front. Between this building and the commissary's office (which had no windows at the east end), there was a space of some twenty feet. A wall on the north, as high as the eaves of the prison, extended from the prison to the office. A wall on the south joined the two buildings. Through this wall a gate led to the main yard. South of the yard was the cook-room, on the ground-floor. A space between the two prisons formed a yard for both. On the south of the common yard was a stone wall fourteen feet high, with broken glass bottles set in mortar, to prevent climbing. A similar wall was on the east. The whole included half an acre. In this yard was a lamp-post, and near the cook-room, a good pump. The reasons for this minute description will be hereafter apparent. There were one or two sentinels in the yard by day—at night, at least four; as many outside, and four in the long prison, with a proportionate number in the other prisons. The whole number of American prisoners was from eight hundred to one thousand. There had been no release or exchange since the war began, and some had been in prison seven years. Numbers had escaped, and some shipped on board his majesty's ships, which absolved them from "rebellion and piracy."

At an early period it was found necessary to adopt some government for the prisoners. If any one transgressed, he had a legal trial, and was punished. There had been some cases of tying to the lamp-post, and administering a dozen lashes on the bare back. The food was tolerable, but we had not half enough. The portion was about twelve ounces of bread, and twelve ounces of beef a day. At eleven each day, we drew a three pound loaf to each mess. It was made of rye, oats, barley, and peas. In compliment to King George, it was called "Brown George." One divided the loaf in quarters, another would turn his back, and another, in the presence of the rest, touched a piece, saying to him who turned his back, "Who shall have that?" till the four pieces were disposed of. Many disputes took place about the division of beef, which was weighed out to the cook in the gross, with an allowance to turn the scale for each mess.

Some were employed in making punch-paddles, of apple-wood, which sold for nearly half a guinea; wooden spoons, busks, and knitting-sheaths, curiously wrought. One taught navigation, another made nets for drying glue. Ship-building was also extensively carried on; I doubt not there are ships in England, built in Mill Prison, though not large enough for privateering! One prisoner, from Salem, exceeded all others in inventive skill. He built a ship a foot long, which he sold for four guineas. He built also a three-decker, which he sold for twenty guineas! It was some four feet long, with three tiers of guns, anchors on her bows, and cable bent. By pulling gently on one cable, the ports on one deck would all fly open; by pulling another, the guns would all run out of the ports. The effect was the same on the other decks. This curious work occupied about two years!

Dr. Franklin was then our minister at the Court of France. Previous to my arrival, he furnished each prisoner a shilling sterling a week; but it was difficult for him to obtain funds, and this donation would often be discontinued for weeks. Various plans were used to get the news. Strange to tell, a newspaper would sometimes be obtained in a loaf of bread. News of the capture of Cornwallis was obtained in this way. The prisoners were greatly animated on this eventful occasion; and a number furnished themselves with the American ensign, painted on a half sheet of paper, with the British flag also painted below the Union; and sticking this into their hat-bands, they paraded the prison yard, huzzaing so boisterously as to alarm the commissary. His name was Cowdray, a petulant old fellow, whom the prisoners, especially those from Marblehead, took pleasure in affronting. The whole guard came into the yard, and some of the prisoners had the hardihood to insult them, and dared them to fire on them; but through the interposition of some of the American officers, the tumult subsided.

Every evening before sundown a guard came into the yard and ordered every man into the prison. They were counted as they walked leisurely in, and the doors were then locked. One evening a prisoner in the upper story threw a bone, which he had been picking, out of the window through the iron bars, and it happened to fall on a sentinel's head. He immediately stepped up to the lower window, and fired up through the floor, the ball entering a hammock in which a sick man lay. The report of the musket brought the whole guard into the yard. The prisoners were greatly enraged, and swore they would kill that soldier if he ever appeared again on guard.

A dozen prisoners made their escape one night. They contrived to get through the grates of the chamber of the long prison, by putting a beam from the window obliquely, so as to reach a small out-house near the wall of the adjacent yard, and then lashing hammocks together, lowered themselves from the beam into the yard. They were never brought back again, as was often the case. When deserters were caught, they were doomed to suffer in the "dark hole" certain days, and were also liable to be impressed on board a man-of-war.

In the gate through the prison wall was a hole large enough to pass water-cans through it, but not large enough for a man to get through, unless he were very small. Every morning it was necessary to number as many persons out, as they had the previous evening. A good deal of ingenuity

was therefore required by the prisoners to conceal a fraud. A number of boys were in prison, and dependence was placed on those to make up for the escapades. A group of prisoners first out stationed themselves about the gate, and a lad was crowded through the hole and received inside, and he would go in the end door, and present himself at the fore door, and be numbered the second time. Then a second lad would be crowded through the hole, and a third, and so on. He would wear a cap, or go in bare-headed. Sometimes they would borrow a boy or two who had been numbered out of some other part of the prison. The poor fellows would often get prodigiously squeezed, in passing through the hole, but their squalling was drowned by the boisterous laugh and shout set up for that purpose. This may be called a "Yankee trick," and it was played over and over, until many of our friends had an opportunity to escape, or evade a hated regiment that might in turn be on guard. How all these escapes could be made, with sentries continually on guard, was to me most astonishing. It must be set down to Yankee enterprise. At length, however, the aforesaid hated guard came on, and there was no more squeezing through that hole! "There was no small stir." What had become of thirteen prisoners! These must have represented the *thirteen States*, never recovered!

"The British king
Lost States thirteen."

Colonel Laurens, of Charleston, was then our minister to Holland. On his way thither he was captured as a rebel, and imprisoned in the Tower of London. After the capture of Cornwallis, he was released on a parole of honor, and he visited Mill Prison. The prisoners considered this a high honor, and treated him with great respect.

I diligently pursued my studies in navigation, but in the spring it became very sickly among the prisoners. At length I was taken ill myself. My distress was so great I could not assist others, as I had been accustomed to do. My sight left me. One morning, surrounded by neighbors, I remember hearing some one say, "Sherburne is out of his head!" I was ordered to the hospital, where I was partially deranged several weeks. I was fearful I should not recover, and great was my horror of mind. My numerous deliverances from shipwreck and so many other perils, all came up before me, with all my forgotten vows to become religious—my solemn promises to God, my deliverer! I was weighed and "found wanting!"

There was a person called "Uncle" Laurence, in the hospital. He went in at an early period, and while there, became a convert to the Christian religion. The physicians had great confidence in him, and he had the respect of all. However tyrannical and inhuman the British government was in some respects, they are to be praised for the provision they made for the sick in Mill Prison.

When it pleased God to restore my reason, I was so weak as to be unable to raise myself in bed, and mended slowly. One day two friends said, "Sherburne, why do you lie here? Come, you must get up!" I told them I could not. "We will help you," said they; "The doctor has directed us to help you." They got my clothes on, and made out to get me into the yard, holding me by the arms, but I fainted, and was carried back to my

couch. The next day I was taken out again, and was able to stand, with the help of a staff.

About this time news had been received, that the ship "Lady's Adventure" had got into Plymouth Sound to take home an exchange of prisoners. The joy among the prisoners was indescribable. To raise my spirits, the good doctor told me the ship would take us to our country, and would sail in three weeks, and that I must take the best possible care of myself that I might go in her. This ship was bound to Boston; and in a week or two, another was going to Philadelphia; and in a few weeks, another would take the remaining prisoners to some United States port. The time finally arrived for the doctor to discharge all who had sufficiently recovered. Everyone went to his own bed, and sat till the doctor passed by him. He passed me pleasantly, but did not take down my name! My heart sank within me. I rose and followed him, and as he was about leaving the hospital, said, "Doctor, I believe you have not got my name." He replied, "God bless you, my son, it will never do for you to think of leaving the hospital in your situation! You are more fit to enter than leave it." "Sir," said I, deeply grieved, "you promised that I should go in this ship!" He replied, "I was in hopes you would be able, but you are so sick that it will never do: you would not live to get outside of the Eddystone: four hundred are going; you will be crowded, and will die. I would be happy to discharge you, but we have had a hard time in raising you, and would be sorry to lose you now, through your own imprudence. You would never live to see America, and your blood would be on my head. There is another ship going in a week or two, and I am in hopes you will be strong enough to go—have patience." "Bnt, sir," said I, "that ship is going to Philadelphia, and I should be a great way from home." "No matter for that, you will be in your own country," said the doctor. "But all my acquaintance and townsmen are going in this ship, and she is going near my home, and if I do not go in her I shall never get home." "Uncle Laurence," and twenty others, were listening to our conversation, and tears ran down his manly face; and the reader can judge how it was with me. Uncle Laurence then said, "Doctor, I don't know but you may as well discharge him; and as I go in the same ship, I give my word that I will pay particular attention to him." "O well, then," said the good doctor, "I will venture to discharge him; I can trust him in your care, and hope he will do well: but if he dies, his blood must be upon his own head." "O, sir," said I, "The sea always agrees with me, and I believe I should gain faster on shipboard than here." That same day, we were guarded from the hospital to the prison!

When our company entered the prison yard, the first townsman who spoke to me was John B——r, a "*respectable*" young man, but would have been considerably more so if less intemperate and profane. "Why, d—n ye, Sherburne, are you alive? We heard you were dead. Why, I thought the d——l had got you before this time! We did n't know but you might go to heaven! Why, they said Sherburne was as crazy as the d——l down there in the hospital, and that he prayed like a minister. I did n't know but that you might have gone to heaven." I knew not that a creature in existence ever heard me pray; and if I had been detected in the grossest

villainy I could not have been more mortified. Alas! that such should be the depravity of human nature, as to think it shame to show reverence for God, or any regard as to the eternal welfare of the immortal soul! I hurried out of his sight as quick as possible.

The time now came to embark for our native land. All was life and joy on this happy occasion. Some had been absent six years. I felt quite revived at my prospects, and made out to walk a little with two canes, and had to be put on board. My Portsmouth friends released my good friend Laurence from his charge. The ship's crew had but little to do, for there were many smart sailors among the prisoners, and it was mere diversion for them to work the ship.

We had not been out many days before there was a revolution. His majesty allowed us only two-thirds of our provision, of which there was a great plenty on board. We Yankees were determined to have enough to eat; and as we had a number of native American officers, a plan was concocted, and at a certain signal, all were to rush on the quarter-deck, and seize the helm; and our officers were to inform the captain we had command of his ship. Their number being less than fifty, no resistance was made to four hundred men. All we wanted was a full allowance; and having obtained it, the ship was given up to Captain Humble. We had a long, though pleasant voyage. The ship was ordered to Boston; but, as there was a very large proportion of prisoners belonging to Marblehead, it was insisted by our friends that we should land at that place, Willis and myself among the rest.

Thus, by the mercy of God, after an eventful absence of fifteen months, we set foot once more on our dear native land. To me it was a theme of unceasing astonishment to call up in review the various changing scenes through which I had passed, since I first went on board the Greyhound. No high coloring has been attempted in these simple sketches: Simplicity and truth need not "the foreign aid of ornaments." Many were the shocks I have received in my wayward pilgrimage, but every shock has eventually tended to settle me.

It was now two years since I landed at Rhode Island from Charleston. I then had a guardian: now I had none; and what was worse, I was penniless. However, I remembered that the adventurers of the Greyhound had appointed an agent, a Mr. Foster, of Salem, where I found him. But he knew nothing about us personally, though our names had been sent to him. He was, therefore, very inquisitive, for Willis and I had entered the privateer, after she left Salem. During the conversation, who should enter the room but Lieutenant Tucker, of the Greyhound! It was some time before we recognized him, for his appearance was much more genteel now than formerly. From him we ascertained that nothing was known of our fate: it was supposed we were all lost at sea, a most natural conclusion. The Greyhound had taken a valuable prize, an English brig with a fine cargo, bound to Quebec, which was taken to Salem. The Greyhound was afterward captured, and taken to Halifax, but her prisoners, after a short confinement, were exchanged, and all got home safely. Our share of the prize was £63 sterling, each. Mine had been drawn by a power of attorney which I left with my mother. Willis' father had drawn his, so that nothing was

coming. Lieutenant Tucker and Mr. Foster, however, had the kindness to give us each two or three dollars to bear our expenses home.

We then took leave of our generous friends, and betook to our journey with pleasure indescribable. For a year and a quarter we had been companions in travel and suffering, and we never fell out by the way. With no company but ourselves, we took a full view of the eventful and sorrowful past. The gloomy scenes we had escaped afforded a pleasing offset to our anticipated joys of seeing kindred and friends once more. The light and shade of this picture were in striking and most delightful contrast.

To my mother, sisters, and brethren, I was as one rose from the dead; for, till recently, they had despaired of ever seeing me more. Some of my associates who were ahead of me, gave them information of my being on the way. This might be for the best; for though I did not reach my home to them unexpectedly, my poor mother was almost frantic with joy, and literally cried out, "This my son that was dead is alive again; he was lost and is found!" And so they all "began to be merry." It was a joyous time of smiles and tears! Tears! for my mother was yet a mourner for her first born son, Thomas. Alas! his fate was never known! Smiles! for her other son had returned, and my mother had "received him safe and sound."

My friend Willis tarried with me one night. In the morning I accompanied him to the wharf, where he found a coaster for Saco, four miles from Cape Porpoise, where he lived. We parted; and never again met!

Nothing could be more entertaining to my friends and brethren, than to hear Andrew tell his stories of his checkered life. In all this there may have been ambition and vanity. But men who have patience to read these pages, will remember that they were once boys.

But however interesting it might be to narrate my "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent, deadly breach," and of being "taken by the insolent foe," this business would not do to live by. My health was now good. I had ambition, and was still in the prime of youth. It became a question with me what I should do. To beg I was ashamed; to dig I had almost forgotten. It was two years since I had landed at Rhode Island, from Charleston. After a full deliberation, it was decided that I must needs try the sea again.

A brig named the *Scorpion*, was to sail for the West Indies, commanded by my good friend and tutor in Mill Prison, R. S. Tibbitts. This brig was soon ready for sea, and I left my mother and sisters again in tears. When out five days, we were descried by one of his most gracious majesty's frigates, the *Bee*, of sixteen guns, which came within a mile of us. We managed our vessel in a most masterly style, and finally escaped. This extraordinary chase and maneuvering must have been deeply interesting to a looker-on. It was my first voyage to the West Indies. We touched at Gaudaloupe and Montserrat. It was repugnant to my feelings to see the hungry and almost naked slaves sinking under their burdens, and suffering from the cruel scourges of their drivers. Some had iron collars round their necks, with four hooks, each fifteen to twenty inches long—one over each shoulder, one before, and one behind. Others had a heavy chain fastened to the leg; and sometimes two persons were chained together. Children

were entirely naked. Men had no clothing but a coarse apron, reaching a little above the knees; and females had nothing but an apology for a petticoat of coarse stuff. The women could balance a tub of water, or a large basket of fruit, or of bottles, without putting their hands to them. Having discharged our cargo, and taken the proceeds in West India produce, we sailed for Alexandria, Virginia. On approaching the coast of Virginia, we had a terrific gale. In the morning we saw three large ships within a few miles of us, and we soon perceived they had experienced hard times as well as ourselves. We had no doubt they were British men-of-war. They made chase, and gained on us fast. We got out our long oars, and rowed all day, and made prodigious efforts to get out of the way, flying for dear life, not taking time even to eat. Night coming on, and the wind increasing, we could not use the oars to advantage. We made all sail we could, however. At midnight we hove about, hoping to escape our pursuers. We did, indeed; but alas! they were not our only enemies; for at two o'clock we fell in with another of his most gracious majesty's ships, the *Amphion*, of forty guns. We were now standing directly for each other. As soon as we discovered her, we hove about; but all in vain, for we were within musket-shot! It was said of the ancient *Amphion*, that by the music of his harp he built Thebes, the city of the hundred gates. The music of the modern *Amphion* was not so charming, but it was certainly powerfully telling; for though she failed to bring us to by firing muskets, her heavy cannon did the work up most musically. To be within two days' sail of port, after all our hardships and imprisonment! and to find all our hopes so nearly accomplished! In a word, I had fallen into the hands of the enemy the third time, in addition to numerous shipwrecks! I had barely escaped with my life from two imprisonments, and now my prospects were darker than ever! It was now the middle of November, 1782, and about a year since my release from the *Fairy*, in Plymouth Sound. Thirteen of us (a representative number), were put on board the *Amphion*, and stowed in the cable tiers under two decks, where we found a hundred more of our countrymen who had fallen into their clutches. There we were, crowded almost to suffocation, with nothing to lie down on but cables. We might as well hope to sleep on a pile of split-wood. We remained in this select apartment for two miserable weeks, when we were overtaken by no small tempest, but finally reached New York. But, O horror of horrors! it was only to be put on board the floating Bastille—that thrice-cursed contrivance of fiends incarnate—the *Old Jersey Prison-Ship*! The very name is enough to send a chill of terror through the soul. It is one of the fittest types of the infernal regions on a medium scale that Satan could invent, if that which I call a type be not a branch of the same business in which devils are employed.

When I was imprisoned in the *Old Jersey*, it was toward the last of November, 1782, and I had just entered my eighteenth year. I now commenced a scene of suffering almost without a parallel. The ship was extremely filthy, and abounded with vermin. A large proportion of the prisoners had been robbed of their clothes. The ship was much crowded; the prisoners were low-spirited; it would have been a miracle if otherwise; and our provisions were horribly bad, and scanty. The beef was very salt,

the bread worm-eaten, and had been condemned in the British Navy. The bread (so-called for want of a name), had been so eaten by weevils, that one might crush it in his hand and blow it away. The prisoners were divided into messes, and each mess made a division among themselves of the provisions that fell to them. The beef, as it was called, was all put into a copper five feet square and four deep, and would fill it within a few inches. The copper was then filled with water, and the cover put on. Our fuel was green chesnut. The cook would light his fire at seven or eight in the morning. Sometimes he could not make the cauldron boil till twelve o'clock, and in stormy weather, it would take till three o'clock! I have known it not to boil during the whole day. It was

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

But it may be doubted whether "flesh of dog obscene," and Gipsy cookery, could out-do the meat in our celebrated "cauldron." It was like the kitchen of the infernal regions—if such a thing may be imagined. Yet bad as our food was, we could not have it without infinite trouble and vexation. This might be owing to the stupidity of the cooks, who were superseded by others in such cases. These unfortunate delays caused bitter complaints and heavy curses by the miserable, half-starved, emaciated, and imperious prisoners. Maddened with hunger each mess would take its meat, and divide it as it was. A murmur would be heard in every mess, and from every tongue. The cook was denounced; and perhaps declined any further service; another would volunteer, and in a few days, meet the same fate. There was a company of prisoners called "the working party," who brought water, fuel, provisions, etc. They, like the cooks, served a certain time, and had the privilege of being first exchanged as prisoners.

There were several hospital or prison-ships lying at the Wallabout during the Revolution—the *Whitby*, the *Scorpion*, the *Sirombolo*, the *Hunter*, and the *Frederick*; but the *Old Jersey* has acquired the most satanic renown in history. These Ships of Death were anchored about one hundred feet apart, and about the same distance from the beach. On both sides of Wallabout Bay, many human bones have been found. The late General Johnson, who resided in the vicinity all his lifetime, has often passed along the shore after a northeasterly storm, and "seen human skulls as thick as pumpkins in a field." He "examined the teeth, and found them those of young men." Nearly twelve thousand prisoners were poisoned, starved, or died of fevers on board of those prison-ships. It is probable that five or six thousand more died from ill-treatment and famine in the churches and sugar houses of New York, and at various naval stations. Those who were buried at the Wallabout, were sewed in their blankets. Those who died in the prisons of New York, were cast into the dead-carts at the prison doors, as they died, and were often stripped before they were buried in the pits prepared for that purpose. Many prisoners were barbarously exiled to the East Indies for life.

When I had been about a month on board, to my astonishment, my uncle, James Weymouth, who was captured with me at Charleston, S. C., was brought on board! He also had been on a voyage to the West Indies, and

was captured on his way home. It was with mingled sorrow and joy that we met on board this dismal ship. The Old Jersey was dismantled, and had no rudder or sails. The British ensign waved from a flag-staff at her stern. At ebb-tide the bottom of this infernal hulk could be seen; and a most dreary and revolting spectacle of horror it was. Mr. Weymouth was one of my best friends. I desired to place him on the list with Bowers, Fox, Tibbitts, and others, who bestowed so much care on me in Mill Prison, and on board the Ladies' Adventure. The British were at this time so strong in New York, and their vessels were so numerous, that they scoured our whole coast, and exceedingly annoyed our commerce. In the fore part of the winter, they captured the frigate Chesapeake, of about thirty guns, with about three hundred prisoners. About the time they were brought on board, the prison-ships were all excessively crowded. The prisoners from the Chesapeake, being fresh hands, and only a few hours at sea before they were captured, died very rapidly. The contrast between a healthful mode of living on land, and the horrors of the prison-ship, would, of course, be the more speedily fatal to those who had suffered hardships for the shortest time. I have described the bread and meat we had, which a dog would refuse to eat in good times. In addition to this salt meat and wormy bread, we had a mess of what was called bungoo, or mush, made of oat-meal and water, something like Yankee hasty-pudding, only it was not. This oat-meal was musty and bitter, and none who did not suffer from hunger as we did, could make out to eat it at all. Most of the prisoners, however, had some money when captured, and as there were boats alongside every day from the city, when the weather permitted, by this means soul and body were kept together a little longer, in the case of those who lived at all. As long as one's money lasted, he could have better fare than his most gracious majesty would allow. I had five or six dollars when captured, and used this pittance with the most rigid economy. Among the large quantities of provisions brought from the city, were livers of cattle, well boiled, chopped fine, and seasoned with pepper and salt, and filled into the small intestines of animals: a piece seven to nine inches long was sold for six cents. The most of my limited exchequer went for these meat puddings, and for bread.

In January, 1783, I was taken sick and sent from the Old Jersey on board of the Frederick hospital-ship. It was a most distressing time for myself and uncle, who had but a few dollars, and my money was now all gone. We were so much crowded that two sick persons had to lie in one bunk. I was put in with a young man named Wills, of Ipswich, Massachusetts. The bunk was set fore and aft, directly under the ballast-port, opposite the main hatchway. Wills was of a pleasant yet serious turn, and was persuaded he should die. My mind was confused and agitated, and occasionally deranged. My bed-fellow was running down very fast, though I was not at the time aware of it. For want of room, we were often obliged to lie athwart each other. I found the poor fellow very accommodating. He had his reason till he became speechless, and finally died, stretched over me! A death in that place excited little attention. Not a day passed without one or more deaths. I have seen seven who died in one night, drawn out and piled together on the lower hatchway of the Frederick. There were

about a dozen nurses for this ship for an average of one hundred sick. Whatever property the prisoners left, fell into their hands. If the deceased had a good head of hair, it was cut off and sold. The depravity of the human heart was as fully exhibited in these nurses as any other class of men. Some, if not all of them, were prisoners, and I believe they had some compensation from the British Government for their services. They would indulge in playing cards and drinking, while their fellows were thirsting for water and dying. Many of them were among the sick during the greater part of the day ; but at night, the hatches were shut down and locked ; and not the least attention was then paid to them, except by the convalescent, who were so frequently called upon, that they often relapsed and died, from over-exertion. After Mr. Wills, my bedfellow, was dead, I called the nurses to remove him, as his body lay across me, so that I could not relieve myself : but they gave me only hard words, and curses, and let him remain nearly an hour. It was a great mercy they did not take away the two blankets we had under us, a great-coat, and a little straw in a sack ; yet even with these I suffered extremely from cold. The reader will form some idea of my dreadful sufferings when I state, that I frequently toiled nearly all night by rubbing my hands and legs to keep them from freezing. Sometimes I would almost give up in despair, but again feel excited to renew my exertions. In consequence of these severe chills, I have worn a laced stocking for nearly thirty years. My bunk was directly against the ballast-port, which was not caulked ; and when there was a snow-storm, the snow blew through on my bed three or four inches deep. This was one advantage, as I could otherwise get no water to quench my thirst. A gill of very poor wine and twelve ounces of sour, musty bread, was the daily allowance for the sick. There was a small sheet-iron stove between decks, but the fuel was green and scarce ; but as there were always a number of peevish, surly fellows around it, I never had an opportunity to sit by it ; though I was generally lucky enough to get some one to lay a slice of bread on it for toasting, to put into my wine and water. We sometimes failed to get our wine for several successive days ; and though we had the promise of its being made up to us, the promise was seldom kept, as might be expected. With the little money my uncle gave me, I sent ashore by one of the nurses and bought a tin pint-cup, a spoon, a few oranges, and a pound or two of sugar ; but I question if I got the worth of my money. The cup, however, was of infinite service. We were always careful to get our cups full of water before the hatches were shut down for the night, though we often had great difficulty in getting even this small favor, as the water was not easily got out of the casks which were frozen up. At the close of the day, a dozen would apply for water at one time, and I was frequently obliged to plead hard to get my cup filled. My bread I could not eat, and gave it to those who brought me water. I have given them three days' allowance for one cup. It was necessary to use the strictest economy, restricting myself to a certain number of swallows, and make them very small ; but my thirst was so extreme, that I sometimes overrun my number. This finally became a fixed habit for many years ; and to this day I find myself counting my swallows.

For the honor of the good citizens of New York, I must not omit to tell

the reader how they supplied all the sick with a pint a-day of good Bohea tea, well sweetened with molasses. This, I have no doubt, saved the lives of hundreds. I knew no person on board of this hospital-ship, and owing to the severity of my illness, and occasional derangement, cannot give full details, which, indeed, would be revolting, on account of its almost incredible filthiness. My prevailing fear was that I should die; and that in consequence of my ingratitude and wickedness, hell would be my portion. I had frequently, in times of great distress, promised an amendment of life; and I now again prayed that God would spare me, and renewed my broken promises. It was God's good pleasure to raise me up again, so as to walk with difficulty, and I was returned to the Jersey prison-ship. As I went below into this abode of despair, language would fail to convey any idea of its melancholy aspect. My first object was to find my uncle. Alas! he was sick, and was required to return in the same boat in which I just came; and I could only be indulged in an interview of five minutes. Yet even this was an unspeakable treat to me. He seemed discouraged, and with tears bade me adieu, with little hope of ever meeting again. I shall let the reader judge my feelings. I found a lad, named Stephen Nichols, very sick and low-spirited. We had known, and were much attached to each other. He informed me of the fate of Mr. Davis, our gunner, and this added to our melancholy; and we stalked about the decks, lamenting our forlorn condition. In a few days orders came to remove all the prisoners from the Jersey to transport-ships, that the ship might be cleansed. As soon as we were removed, a heavy storm came on, and the ship being excessively crowded and wet, our plight was absolutely distressing. There was not room for each one to lie down on deck, and many took violent colds, myself among the rest. In a few days after we were all again transferred back to the Old Jersey, I was sent off again to a hospital-ship; and on descending the hatchway, I met my uncle Weymouth! Our joy at meeting again was equal to our despair when we parted some time before, yet it may well be believed there was bitterness enough in our cup of momentary pleasure. My uncle was depressed in spirit, but had his reason in his distressing illness, and it pleased God to continue my own reason. He slowly recovered.

It cannot be pleasing to the reader nor myself, to give these doleful details; yet it may not be unprofitable for the present generation to know the fearful sacrifices our fathers endured for our benefit. Nay, it is a duty to study all their sufferings, in these days of luxurious ease, and vain-glorious boasting. The trying scenes passed by these prisoners, were various and heart-rending. Here, for instance, near me, is one with his legs frozen; I have seen the toes and bottom of the feet fall off, and hang down by the heel! Two brothers, John and Abraham Hall, of the Scorpion's crew, were dying, as one lay across the other; yet this was unavoidable. The men who were near swore hard at John, while Abraham cried out for him to get off. John made no reply. In the morning he was dead, and his brother died the same day. Finally, there were but five out of our crew of thirteen; the rest left their bones here. Yet a larger portion of other crews died. I know of none belonging to the Scorpion now living, except myself. John Stone, of Limington, Maine, was one of them, but he has probably been dead many years.

While I was confined with my uncle on the second hospital-ship, we received the joyful news of peace! It would have been still more joyful for us if we were all prepared to leave this dreadful place. Large numbers were released from the Jersey some weeks before, on what terms, I never knew. It was exceedingly trying to our feelings to see our companions in suffering daily leaving us, till the ship was almost deserted, without knowing our own fate. However, we gained strength slowly. A cartel was soon sent from Rhode Island, to take home some from that State, and the commander of our hospital-ship had the humanity to use his influence to have us taken with them, and, to our unspeakable joy, he consented. When we left the hospital-ship, only seven or eight remained, and most of them were convalescent.

On our departure we had to sign some kind of agreement, with a promise to report ourselves at the commissary's office in Rhode Island. We now most willingly bade adieu to the villainous Old Jersey, and all her hospital-ships. Considering the time of the year, our passage through the Sound was favorable; and one morning before sunrise, we joyfully set our feet once more upon the land of liberty. According to promise, we gave our names at the commissary's office as prisoners from the Old Jersey. A trifling circumstance happened on the morning of my arrival, which made a deep impression on my mind. As we passed a bake-house, we saw a fine heap of burning coals just drawn from the oven. We were much chilled, and went in to warm ourselves: we had not had such a favor for the whole winter. The baker, who saw us warming, came running down the stairs in haste; but noticing two such odd figures, he suddenly halted on the stairs. Then he approached us slowly, and inquired if we were from the prison-ship. We told him we were. "Really," said he, "you look as if you want some friend! Are you not hungry? Come, go with me." So saying, he led us up stairs, where his family resided. I was so weak that I could hardly get up stairs, supporting myself like a child, by putting my hands on the steps. On entering the room we saw a beautiful young lady with a child on her lap. The room was handsomely furnished, and a nice looking woman was in attendance. "My dear," said the baker, "can't you give these men some breakfast? They have come from the prison-ship." "O yes," said the lady, with a very sympathetic and modest air; and immediately gave directions to the girl to make ready. The contrast between our present and former situation was so striking that I felt extreme embarrassment, and therefore had great reluctance in accepting the hospitality. "Come, sit down, sit down," said the gentleman, "and make yourselves as comfortable as you can: you must have had a hard time of it! You have been sick, but you have now got among your friends again!" "Sir," said I, "we are not fit to be where clean people are; we are troubled with vermin." "O! never mind, sit down, sit down," said he. The modest and friendly deportment of his charming lady deeply affected me, and my tears freely flowed. Instead of a haughty, disdainful air, which too many would have shown, on the introduction to a drawing-room of a couple of dirty fellows, she was in perfect contrast to all this prevalent pride. If I had not seen the tears in her eyes, I do not know that I should have shed any myself. I scarcely know of an event in all my checkered life that has made so in-

delible an impression. A thousand times I have said within my heart, "A thousand blessings rest upon thee!" I much regret that I do not know the name of our kind entertainers. I have never been in Rhode Island since; but if I were in the same street again, I believe I could point out the house, if it is still standing. Our breakfast was of chocolate, ham, eggs, and warm bread just from the oven. It was consoling that none were present at the table but ourselves, as it would have been very mortifying to persons in our situation. For months we had not made a comfortable meal: our appetites were keen: we were well nigh famished, and consequently, we were in great danger from over-eating. My uncle gave me a gentle jog to forbear; but as he continued eating, I had the politeness to keep him company. When he left off, I also quit. We could only say to our kind host and hostess, "We are quite obliged to you," without in the least doubting that we were as welcome as we were thankful.

The next thing was to get to Providence. We were moneyless; but the master of a packet agreed to take our hammocks which we brought from the hospital-ship. It was nearly night when we reached Providence. We had but little clothing, and rolling up our blankets for packs, and stringing them to our backs, we stepped on shore. In our forlorn condition, we had no thought of sleeping in a bed; and we were a hundred miles from home. We stalked up the street in Providence, wondering where we should find a lodging. Yet this anxiety was but trifling, compared to our exultation at the thought of being in the land of liberty, and beyond the reach of British tyranny. We had not walked twenty rods from the wharf, when a gentleman standing in the door of a drugstore hailed us. "Where are you from, friends?—from New York?" "Yes, sir." "Don't you want some refreshment? Stop in that gate, and go into the house." The gentleman met us in the kitchen with a bottle and a glass, and gave us a cordial. He then ordered some victuals on the table, and requested us to eat; which offer we were not slow to accept. We thanked our benefactor, and went on our journey. We had gone but a few rods, when a gentleman met my uncle, who was a little ahead of me, and viewed him closely. He then cast his eye on me, and having looked steadily for a moment, passed me. After going several rods, he turned quickly round, and followed me, putting a dollar in my hand, saying, "You are from New York—here, divide this between you." He turned in haste, and would hardly hear me say, "I thank you." I thought he seemed half inclined to give something to my uncle, when he met him, for he had his hands in his small clothes' pockets, but he did not. We walked on for half a mile: it was now sunset, and we thought of trying for a lodging, but did not expect more than to lie on the floor by a fire. I therefore knocked at a door, when a young woman appeared, looking quite astonished. "Madam, can we lie by your fire to-night?" inquired I. Without answering, she cried out, "Mother, I really believe these men came from the same place Jack Robinson did!" The old lady then came rushing into the entry with one or two well-grown girls, and began rapidly questioning us. After answering some of her questions, I began to urge some of my own; and the first was to know where this Jack Robinson lived; for, as soon as the girl mentioned his name, I had an impression that we should have good quarters for the night; and I

recollected a prisoner of that name, though I had no acquaintance with him. They then pointed to the house hard by. We almost broke away from the good woman and her girls, and called at Mr. Robinson's shop door. The good man came to the door himself, and as soon as we inquired if Jack Robinson lived there, the good old gentleman exclaimed, "God bless you! Why here is some more of them! Why, he is my dear son; come in, come in! Why, Jack has just got home: we thought he was dead, and never expected to see him again! Come in, you dear souls, come in!" The tears ran freely down his cheeks; his house was open to receive us, and his wife and daughters were equally friendly. Jack was as lively as a bird; and well he might be, for he had not been sick. When we were about to retire for the night, we requested that the carpet might be removed, that we might lie before the fire in our blankets. "O no, you must go to bed." We objected that we were not in a fit condition; and finally, the old gentleman consented that we should lie on the floor, but would not agree to have the carpet removed, as we desired. After breakfast next morning, we took leave of this happy family. Our progress was only about four miles that day, and on the next, but one; for the weather was cold, and we very sensibly felt the consequences of eating too freely. At Dr. Mann's tavern, his sons gave us some money. When we were within ten miles of Providence, we called at a red house on the left side of the road. Here we were allowed to stay all night, but were expected to *pay* for our entertainment. We found we could get horses at this place. The landlord, a wealthy farmer, had two sons, rather stupid, but fond of money. There were also one or two maiden ladies in the family, and a family of negroes. We plainly told them our situation, and that we only wished to lie by their kitchen fire. The landlady furnished us an economical supper: her generosity was quite in contrast with that of the baker, the apothecary, and the Robinson family. We bargained with the close old man and his sons, to take us to a certain village about twelve miles distant; but I am not able to say whether it was Walpole, Dedham, or Attleborough. The money we got from Dr. Mann's sons, went as part payment for our horse fare and scanty supper. After all the family had retired, however, the negroes began, in whispers, to be very inquisitive, as to whether they were to have their liberty, with others, at the close of the war. The old black woman went on to say how faithfully she had served her masser and missey, and how deblish covetous they were: "Dey would starve poor negro. Dey old masser and missey had money enough, but dey am too stingy to lay out a copper; and poor negro hab to steal bittles, or else dey would starve." The old woman granted herself the liberty to lay aside some provisions for herself and children's supper. When the family were asleep, she made us welcome to take supper with them, and we did not need urging.

The next day we mounted our horses and pursued our journey. I rode a small, gentle beast, but could not bear to have the animal go out of a walk. The old bachelor who went with us was in a hurry to return, and in the course of the day, gave my horse a clap, which started him into a brisk trot, which caused me to double down upon the saddle, and check the reins as quick as possible, for the severe jolting almost took my life. As soon as I recovered breath, I assailed the old fellow with such an avalanche

of hard words that he turned pale, and attempted no more to drive my horse.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the village. There had been a town-meeting that day, and as there were many in the town who did not live on the public road, there was no small curiosity manifested at seeing such queer objects as ourselves, pass through the street. None were intoxicated, yet it would be strange indeed if some of them were not merry, especially as this was the first town-meeting since the joyful news of peace. Among the crowd were many old men, who, for the last seven years, had assembled to talk of their country's adversity. They soon formed a circle round us, and were extremely inquisitive to know all about us, and how we had fared. We gratified their patriotic curiosity, while the bowl went round; but we cautiously avoided drinking, having already suffered so much from over-eating, after the long famine we endured while prisoners. At length an old patriot made a motion that a little contribution be made to assist us on our way home. A handful of silver change, amounting to about three dollars, was collected, and the landlord agreed to give us supper, and lodging in his bar-room.

On our way next day, we called at an elegant house in Roxbury, to warm and rest ourselves. The lady had a dinner-party from Boston, but she came out into the kitchen richly dressed, exclaiming, "Bless me! where did these poor creatures come from!" Then turning to us, "Why, you must be in a suffering condition! Don't you want something to eat?" Saying to the servant, "Do get some wine for them—get me some eggs; let them take an egg with a little wine: it will be comforting to their stomachs. They must have some victuals—girls do set the table." My uncle had a violent pain in one eye, and lost the sight of it for awhile. The good lady pitied him much, prescribed for him, and had it bound up. We feasted on roast-turkey, and other bounties, with which her table was loaded, and with many kind wishes, went on our way. At Boston, we received many attentions from Mr. Drown, a gentleman of about seventy-five, and a high whig. His estate had suffered much while the British were in Boston. The old gentleman said he "was born fifty years too soon, to see the glory of America." He did not suffer us to go penniless, and called on some of his friends to assist us, though we still had most of the money collected for us at the town-meeting.

We hired horses to take us on by short stages to Hampton Falls. Here I had to part with my uncle. He had a journey of twenty miles to Epping, and I had about fifteen miles to travel. My younger brother, Samuel, hearing that I was on the road, met me several miles from home, and brought me a horse; but I was still so weak that I could not bear to let him go faster than a walk.

Thus it pleased a merciful Providence to return me to my afflicted mother. She wept bitterly to see her poor emaciated son. She was still a mourner for Thomas. My dear sisters were all affection. When my brother, who took me into another room to divest me of my clothing, saw my bones projecting here and there, he fainted. I was now taken very ill, but had every attention. It was most surprising how I could have performed a journey of several hundred miles, so feeble and ill-clad as I was,

and in the depth of winter. But a reaction now took place, and I had a long and severe illness. In the spring, however, I began to amend very slowly.

In the spring of 1785, I made another voyage to the West Indies, in the sloop *Randolph*. We discharged our cargo at Trinidad, and on our return, touched at Barbadoes and St. Eustatia to purchase provisions, ours having been exhausted in our long passage, and we arrived in Portsmouth in November.

In the following spring, I made yet another voyage, in the ship *Lydia*, commanded by my old friend Captain Tibbits, to Lisbon, by way of Wilmington, N. C., where we took a cargo of lumber and turpentine. Nothing uncommon occurred till we reached the coast of Portugal. We stood along the coast under easy sail, not wishing to approach near the land. The Algerines, at this period, were committing depredations on our commerce. Not long before this, Captain O'Brien was taken by these pirates, with all his crew, and kept in slavery many years. We had good reason to be in fear of them, and kept a bright look out.

One night, about twelve o'clock, as I lay in my berth, I heard what seemed the distant sound of a human voice. At this time the captain was on deck talking. Listening again, I heard the voice again; and now felt greatly alarmed; and soon discovered that the watch on deck heard the same sound. The sound became more and more distinct, and neared us rapidly. We were greatly alarmed. It was now time to be up and doing. All hands were immediately on deck. There was no question that the sound came from an Algerine galley, within one hundred and fifty yards of us. She soon hailed us in different languages. Captain Tibbits, who had the helm, gave them evasive answers. Never were people more alarmed than we; never did a crew make sail quicker. We set our top-gallants, hauled our wind a little, and got out our studding-sails. By the time we could do this, our pursuer was within twenty yards of us! She feigned to be in distress, and designed to decoy us; for, having lain under the land without any sails set, she was not discovered by us in the daylight, while all our movements had been closely watched: and the manœver was, in sea phrase, to run athwart of our fore-foot. Being to the leeward, however, she had to depend on oars. The original design was doubtless to board us, but when we were likely to shoot by, to decoy us. Not a rag of sail did she show till she had completely gained our wake, and the chase was made with a full press of sail. But our ship was an excellent sailer, and soon began to leave her; and after a brief chase, finding she was no match for us, she took in sails, and the Algerine pirate was soon lost sight of. Thus by the mercy of God, we escaped murder or slavery. The next day we got into Lisbon, and reported the particulars. A government brig immediately went in pursuit; with what success, I never learned.

Among the numerous objects of interest, was the destruction of Lisbon by earthquakes. Our ship lay near a large castle surrounded by water, which was said to have been sunk by an earthquake; and our boat often passed over other sunken places. I also noticed tokens of those awful calamities on shore. What greatly astonished me, was the hundreds of wagon loads of fruits of all kinds piled up in the market square—grapes of many

varieties, figs, oranges, lemons, everything, in incredible abundance. Hundreds of females in companies were riding on jacks, with large hampers of fruit slung on each side, going to market. It was curious to walk through the market and see the great variety and abundance of fish. Fishermen had their families in boats, and I doubted whether many of them had any other habitation. In their boats they kept a small tub, with some gravel in it, and a small iron grate, on which they put coal, and cooked their fish in earthen pots. When they came from selling fish in the market, they would bring large water-melons in their arms, and eat them with stewed fish. They made free use of raw onions, some of which were as large as a common saucer, and only an inch and a half thick. I did not notice that they had any other vegetable, bread, or meat.

In one street, called "Rag Fair," all the shops were occupied by Jews who sold clothing. The moment one enters this odd-looking vicinage, his attention is arrested by the vociferations of these Israelites, standing in their shop-doors. They beckoned from both sides of the street, to inveigle a passenger inside. To effect this object, so dear to their hearts, all sorts of gestures and maneuvers are brought into play. When the door of any one of them is approached, he is beset and surrounded by a dozen of these shysters, all fully determined to drive a bargain. When any one succeeds in getting a person inside, he is shown articles in great variety; this, that, and the other, is urged on him: the goods are cheapened again and again. "Here, take this for so much," and it is next to impossible to get out of their clutches without buying something; and whatever it is, the buyer is done for. On leaving the shop he is sure to be seized by a dozen more, and happy is he, if he escapes their importunities, and gets into the street again with a whole skin. We often passed through this street, for no other object but to see those unmitigated sharpers display their peculiar cunning, and tricks of trade.

One evening about sunset, as I was going on board the ship, I saw about fifty men carrying a cable on their shoulders; and when a certain bell began to ring, a large number of them left their burdens to others, and for the space of a minute attended to their devotions, crossing themselves, and telling their beads. It was curious to notice how patiently the others stood under their heavy burden, until their fellows returned.

The streets were very narrow, but there was here and there an open square. At one of the largest in the city, in one corner, a wax statue of the Virgin was placed, about ten feet from the ground, inclosed in glass, and with the infant Saviour in her arms. All the Portuguese, gentle or simple, were careful to take off their hats when they passed on that side of the street where the image stood. As for me, having no proclivities of that sort, I took care to keep on the other side. One day a funeral procession came along, and having the curiosity to examine it, I stepped into a shoemaker's shop. Suddenly I found a fellow fumbling about my head with a long pole, with which he nearly uncapt me, and would have succeeded if I had not held it on, might and main. This caused the fellow to be more resolute, and I got some pretty hard thumps on my head. The man of the shop then gave me the hint to take off my hat, which I was not slow to do, when I knew the cause of his holy rage. I afterward ascertained

that it gave them great offense to remain covered in the presence of their sacred images, pictures, and what not. We live and learn, thought I.

On another occasion I noticed a large collection of people near a market-square. Drawing near, I observed a corpse on a bier, and a bald-headed friar standing at the head, in a tone of mock-solemnity, repeating over and over again a long sentence in some unknown tongue. On the stomach of the corpse, which was a female, was a large earthen basin. The bosom was bare, and just above the left breast, a deep wound had been inflicted with a large dagger. The priest and the Portuguese spectators looked sad, and a sad sight it was. One and another would drop some change into the basin, which contained about three dollars, which the priest appeared anxious to increase. We were informed that the husband of this woman committed the horrid deed, having suspected his wife's chastity; for she had been walking in the evening with another man. The husband had followed, and killed her with the dagger he had concealed in his coat-sleeve. The murderer then fled to the church, and put his finger in the key-hole, which act protected him! The use made of the money is for any intelligent reader to imagine.

But it is time to think of returning to my native land. We took part of a cargo at Lisbon, and sailed to St. Ubes for the remainder, and were conveyed off the coast with a number of other vessels, by a Portuguese frigate. On our passage homeward we had tempestuous weather. It was November. We were several times driven back by fierce winds; our sails were split, and we were out of fuel and provisions. Our caboose was carried overboard, whence we were in great danger of following. My boxes of chocolate and some other merchandise, which I took as an adventure at Lisbon, I could not sell to advantage, and so I had to keep it for a home market. This bad luck, however, saved us from absolute starvation, having become reduced to a quarter allowance; and we had a pint of chocolate twice a day, in consequence of my untoward luck in not being able to sell it! In bad weather we had to pump all the time, as the ship was heavily laden. Once she leaked so much that we despaired of freeing her, and soon expected to find ocean graves; but the same good, and gracious, and ever-watchful Providence, whose mercies had followed me all my days, in all my wanderings, and ingratitude, and forgetfulness of Him, had better things in store for me, and designed me for some useful purposes then to me unknown.

We reached the desired haven of Portsmouth, my native home, in safety, to the great joy of my surviving friends. My uncle Weymouth soon paid me a visit. He had not been at sea since his deliverance from the Old Jersey. To me it seemed a merciful Providence that I had been induced by the earnest entreaties of my uncle to abandon all thought of any future voyage, and settle down with him in the country on a farm, in New Hampshire.

The preceding narrative is not without a wholesome moral, while it affords many vivid pictures of an age of heroic suffering, in the cause of

Liberty. We may well wonder at our hero's strong propensity for sea-roving. While nearly all his early associates passed away "like the swift ships" on a tempestuous sea, he was spared to more useful ends. His tale of hardship and almost incredible suffering, is left not so much for imitation, as instruction and admonition. Not till he became weary in his long and vain chase of phantoms, did he give them up. His experience was of much value in after life, when he became a successful minister of the gospel. He died in 1831, at the age of seventy.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

CRUISE OF THE ESSEX,

A UNITED STATES FRIGATE, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER, MADE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, IN THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814, THE PERIOD OF THE

LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

THE three years' cruise of the United States Frigate Essex to the Pacific Ocean, in the last war with Great Britain, was one of the most remarkable enterprises in the history of the naval marine of this or any other nation. She was the first American man-of-war that ever weathered the storms of the Cape of Good Hope, the first that ever unfurled the star-spangled banner over the blue waters of the Pacific.

The journal of this cruise, by Captain Porter, the bold and skillful commander of the Essex, was published in two volumes in the year 1815, and is replete with novel and fascinating adventures. From it this narrative is mainly derived.

The Essex was a ship of considerable note in our navy. She was a small frigate of thirty-two guns, and was built in the year 1799. She was employed in the war with Tripoli; and in that with Great Britain, had the first successful combat with the enemy. This event occurred in the summer of 1812, when, after an engagement of eight minutes, off our Atlantic coast, his majesty's ship Alert struck her flag to the Essex, then under the command of Captain Porter. It is true that she was far inferior to the American; but so exaggerrated had become the opinion of the British prowess, that impossibilities were sometimes looked for, and hence the feebleness of her resistance excited surprise.

In the succeeding autumn, the Essex, Constitution, and Hornet were assigned to the command of Commodore Bainbridge. The last two were lying in the port of Boston, and the Essex in the Delaware. On the 26th of October, the last two got to sea; orders having been sent previously to Captain Porter, to rendezvous at Port Praya, in the island of St. Jago; and secondly at Fernando Noronha. Other places were also pointed out to him, until a time mentioned, when, if he failed to fall in with the other vessels, he was at liberty to follow his own discretion. As he did fail in his attempts, his independent action resulted in the memorable cruise which we here outline.

In obedience to instructions, Captain Porter left the capes of Delaware on the 23th of October, 1812. He had a very full crew, 319 officers and men,

and from the muster roll before us, it seems that they must nearly all have been natives of the United States, as is indicated by the names. Another fact is worthy of mentioning in this connection, as showing a custom of that day : out of the whole number, two hundred and eighty-eight had not any middle names, and of the thirty-one who had, eighteen were officers.

The vessel was well supplied with stores, and put in the best possible state for service. A double supply of clothing was provided, and fruit, vegetables, and lime juice, as anti-scorbutics. "We left the capes of the Delaware," says Porter, "with the wind from the northward, which gradually hauled around to the westward, blowing fresh, with thick weather, and it was with difficulty we were enabled to weather the dangerous shoals of Chincoteague. On the morning of the 29th, the wind hauled around to the westward, and increased to a gale. Got the ship under snug sail, and secured our masts by setting up the rigging, which, being new, had stretched considerably. The ship being very deep, we found her unusually laborious and uncomfortable : her straining, occasioned by her deep rolling, opened her water-ways, and kept the berth-deck full of water, damaged a great deal of our provisions stowed on it, and wet all the bedding and clothes of the crew ; found also the coal-hole full of water ; found a leak somewhere between the cutwater and stem, but in other respects found the ship tight ; for, after scuttling the birth-deck and bulk-head of the coal-hole, found we could easily keep her free by pumping a few minutes every two hours.

Previous to leaving the river, the crew had been put on allowance of half a gallon of water each man per day ; and being desirous of making our provisions hold out as long as possible, having views, at the same time, with regard to the health of the crew, I caused the allowance of the bread to be reduced one half, and issued in lieu of the remainder half a pound of potatoes, or the same quantity of apples. Every other article of provisions was reduced one third, excepting rum, of which the full allowance was served out raw to the cook of each mess (the crew being divided into messes of eight, and a cook being allowed to each), who were accountable for the faithful distribution of it. For the undrawn provisions the purser's steward was directed to issue due-bills, with assurances on my part that they should be paid the amount on our arrival in port. Orders were given to lose no opportunity of catching rain-water for the stock, of which we had a large quantity on board, every mess in the ship being supplied with pigs and poultry. The allowance of candles was reduced one half, and economy established respecting the consumption of wood and the expenditure of the ship's stores. Habits of cleanliness and care with respect to clothing were strongly recommended to the officers and crew. I now gave a general pardon for all offenses committed on board ; recommended the strictest attention to the discipline of the ship ; held out prospects of reward to those who should be vigilant in the performance of their duty ; and gave assurances that the first man I should feel myself under the necessity of punishing should receive three dozen lashes, expressing, however, a hope that punishment during the cruise would be altogether unnecessary. I directed, as a standing regulation, that the ship should be fumigated in every part each morning, by pouring vinegar on a red-hot shot, and confided to Lieuten-

ant Finch the superintendence of the berth-deck, in order to preserve it in a cleanly and wholesome state. Lime being provided in tight casks, for the purpose of white-washing, and sand for dry-rubbing it, and orders given not to wet it if there should be a possibility of avoiding it, a comfortable place was fitted up for the accommodation of the sick on the berth-deck; cleats were put up for the slinging as many hammocks as possible on the gun-deck; and orders given that no wet clothes or wet provisions should be permitted to remain on the berth-deck, or that the crew should be permitted to eat anywhere but on the gun-deck, except in bad weather. Having established the above and other regulations, as regarded the health and comfort of the crew, I exhorted the officers to keep them occupied constantly during working hours, in some useful employment, and directed that between the hours of four and six o'clock in the afternoon, should be allowed to them for amusement, when the duties of the ship would admit.

Prior to the pilot's leaving us, I caused him to deliver into my possession all letters which might have been given him by the crew, apprehensive that, from some accidental cause, they might have become possessed of a knowledge of our destination; they all however contained only conjectures, except one, the writer of which asserted, as he stated from good authority, that we were bound on the coast of Africa: as some of their conjectures were not far from being correct, I thought it best to destroy the whole of them, and forbid the pilot's taking any more without my consent. To the officers who were desirous of writing to their friends, I enjoined particularly not to mention the movements of the ship in any way."

On the 23d of November, the *Essex* crossed the equator. The ceremony of crossing the line was duly performed. "We were honored," says Porter, "by a visit from the gods of the ocean, accompanied by Amphitrite and a numerous retinue of imps, barbers, etc., in his usual style of visiting, and in the course of the afternoon all the novices of the ship's company were initiated into his mysteries. Neptune, however, and most of his suite, paid their devotions so frequently to Bacchus, that before the ceremony of christening was half gone through, their godships were unable to stand; the business was therefore intrusted to the subordinate agents, who performed both the shaving and washing with as little regard to tenderness as his majesty would have done. On the whole, however, they got through the business with less disorder and more good humor than I expected; and although some were most unmercifully scraped, the only satisfaction sought was that of shaving others in their turn with new invented tortures."

On the 27th, the *Essex* entered the harbor of Port Praya, in the Portuguese island of St. Jago. The town contained about three thousand inhabitants, of whom not over thirty were whites, the rest being negroes, slave and free. The soldiers numbered some 400 men; the officers were principally mulattoes, and their priest was an oily mannered gentleman of the negro race. The soldiers were generally naked from the waist upward, and in the whole place there were not five serviceable muskets. Most all of them were without any locks, their stocks broken off at the breech, their barrels tied into the stocks with a leather thong, or a cord made of the fibers of the cocoa-nut; and it was no uncommon thing to see a naked negro mounting guard, shouldering a musket barrel only. Their cavalry were in

a corresponding style, mounted on jackasses, and armed with broken swords.

The *Essex* remained several days getting on board refreshments and water. It is supposed that there had been collected on board not less than one hundred thousand oranges, together with a large quantity of cocoa-nuts, plantains, lemons, limes, casada, etc. Every mess on board were also supplied with pigs, sheep, fowls, turkeys, goats, etc., which were purchased very cheap; fowls at three dollars per dozen, and fine turkeys at one dollar each; many of the seamen also furnished themselves with monkeys and and young goats as pets, and when they sailed from thence, the ship bore no slight resemblance, as respected the different kind on board her, to Noah's ark.

On leaving the port they shaped their course to the southeast, with a view of deceiving the people of Praya, and impressing a belief that they were bound to the coast of Africa; when however they had got out of sight of the town, the ship's course was altered to a southwesterly direction.

"My chief care," says Porter, "was now the health of my people, and every means that could suggest themselves to my mind to effect this great object were adopted. The utmost cleanliness was required from every person on board, directions were given for mustering the crew every morning at their quarters, where they were strictly examined by their officers. It was recommended to them to bathe at least once a day, and the officers were requested to show them the example in so doing themselves; they were required, also, to use every means in their power to provide constant employment for the men under their control during working hours, and amusement for them during the hours of recreation, and to be particularly careful not to harass them by disturbing them unnecessarily during their watch below, and also to guard against any improper or unnecessary exposure to the weather; economy was recommended to the crew in the use of their supply of fruit, and permission was given to suspend it in the rigging and other airy parts of the ship, in nets made for the purpose, with a promise of the severest punishment to such as should be detected in stealing from others: with those precautions to procure exercise and cleanliness, with proper ventilations and fumigations, a young, active, healthy, and contented crew, a ship in good order for the service we were engaged in, well found with the best provisions, and the purest water, perfectly free from all bad taste and smell, I do not conceive why we should be in greater apprehension of disease originating on board now, than on the coast of North America. The clouds which overhung the atmosphere during the day, and nearly obscured the sun, served greatly to ameliorate the effects of its rays; a pleasant and steady breeze from the east contributed greatly to refresh the air; and sailing could not be more pleasant than was our passage toward the line. The landsmen on board were delighted with it, and the seamen felicitated themselves that it was not always the case at sea, 'or all the old women in the country—as they expressed themselves—would have been sailors.'"

On the 12th of December the *Essex* took her first prize. This was the British government packet *Nocton*, mounting ten guns, with a crew of thirty-one men. On board was found fifty-five thousand dollars in specie.

Taking this out of her, Porter put a crew of seventeen men on board, under Lieutenant Finch, and dispatched her for the United States; but she was re-captured on the route.

Two days after they made the island of Fernando de Noronha, where Captain Porter obtained a letter from Commodore Bainbridge, who had touched there, informing him that he would find the other vessels off Cape Frio, near the City of Rio Janeiro.

Fernando de Noronha was found to be well fortified, and its population consisted of a few miserable, naked Portuguese exiles, and as miserable a guard. No females were permitted to be on the island, as if to render this place of exile more horrible. Ten days later the Essex was off Cape Frio, on the Brazil coast; but no signs were seen of the Constitution or Hornet. Three days afterward, in fact, the Constitution gained her victory over the Java, off St. Salvador, some nine hundred miles north of Cape Frio. On the morning of the 29th, the Essex made another prize—it was the Elizabeth, an English merchant-vessel. Captain Porter, after some farther cruising on this coast, decided to run into the island of St. Catherines for water. They came to anchor on the 20th of January, 1813. This island is near the South American coast, some five hundred miles southerly from Rio Janeiro, and belongs to Portugal. "When the ship was anchored, I went on shore to fix on the watering place. We, in two days and a half, completed watering our ship. The officers and men, in the meantime, provided themselves with hogs, fowls, plantains, yams, and onions, in considerable quantities, from the boats alongside; but their anxiety to procure them, caused the Portuguese to take advantage of their necessities, and ask the most extravagant prices for everything, which some of our people had the folly to give, as if their stock of money was inexhaustible. This made my interference necessary, as those who were not disposed to squander their money were likely to go without refreshments. I first began by punishing a man for paying a dollar for a dozen of rotten eggs; and next would not permit the boats to sell, after they had come alongside, until the price of every article was established as follows: three fowls one dollar; nine water-melons for the same sum; one dollar for a turkey; and everything else in the same ratio. After this, I kept persons to observe and report to me such as paid improper prices; and by these means brought the market down to tolerably fair rates.

On the 21st, I dispatched Lieutenant Wilmer to the town of St. Catherines, in one of the ship's boats, accompanied by Lieutenant Gamble, Mr. Shaw, purser, Doctor Hoffman, and Midshipman Feltus. I directed Lieutenant Wilmer to wait on the governor, Don Luis Mauricio da Silva, with my respects, and to thank him for the civilities I had met with, and gave him orders to return if possible the same day. I gave orders to Mr. Shaw to endeavor to procure a supply of beef, flour, bread, and rum; to remain in town until it was ready, hire a vessel, and bring it down. The weather was squally, with heavy rains, when they started, as indeed was the case the whole time we lay here. I felt uneasy that the boat did not return in the evening, but hoped, as the weather had grown much worse, that they had determined on remaining that night; however, at two o'clock in the morning, Lieutenants Wilmer and Gamble came into my cabin almost naked,

and shivering with the wet and cold, and informed me that the boat had been upset in a squall; but that all hands had saved themselves, after having been four hours on her bottom. They fortunately were to windward of an island standing in the middle of the bay, where they drifted on shore and righted the boat. They lost all their clothes, as well as everything they had purchased in town, to the amount of six or seven hundred dollars, but were so fortunate as to find next day, among the rocks of the island, every article that would float. Lieutenant Wilmer informed me, that there would be great difficulties in procuring the articles required.

Next morning, Mr. Shaw came down with five puncheons of rum, fresh beef for two days, a quantity of onions, and a few bags of flour, which were all that could be procured. The beef was spoiled before it came on board, and we were obliged to throw it overboard; and shortly afterward, an enormous shark, at least twenty-five feet in length, rose alongside, with a quarter of a bullock in his mouth. It would be impossible to describe the horror that this voracious animal excited. Several of our seamen, and most of the officers, had been swimming alongside the evening previous. A man would scarcely have been a mouthful for him. When he first made his appearance, every one was impressed with a belief that it was a young whale.

During our stay here, we were constantly attended by an officer from the fort, who was indefatigable in his attentions toward us. His name was Sabine, and his rank was that of sergeant-major. I waited on the commander of the fort the day after I anchored. He was a very old man; his name was Don Alexander Jose de Azedido. He received me with great civility, and, as has been generally the case with the Portuguese, expressed great desire that our cruise might be successful. The fort has been erected about seventy years; there are mounted on it fifteen or twenty honey-combed guns of different calibers. Vegetation has been so rapid, that the walls of the fortress are nearly hid by the trees that have shot up in every part. The gun-carriages are in a very rotten state, and the garrison consists of about twenty half-naked soldiers. There is a church within the fortress; and, as a substitute for a bell, is suspended at the door, part of a broken crow-bar; and at the entrance of the commandant's apartments is the stocks (for the punishment of the soldiers), which, from their greasy, polished appearance, I have reason to believe are kept in constant use.

On the 25th of January, 1813, I got under weigh and proceeded to sea. We were clear of all the islands about four o'clock on the morning of the 26th. It was then necessary to decide promptly on my future proceedings, as our provisions were getting short; I called on the purser for a report of them, and found that we had but three months' bread at half allowance; there was no port on this coast where we could procure a supply, without the certainty of capture, or blockade (which I considered as bad); to attempt to return to the United States, at a season of the year when our coast would be swarming with the enemy's cruisers, would be running too much risk, and would be going diametrically opposite to my instructions. I was perfectly at a loss now where to find the commodore, as he had departed from his original intentions, and had already disappointed me at three rendezvous; the state of my provisions would not admit of going off St. Helena's to inter-

cept the returning Indiamen, nor would my force justify the proceeding; to remain, however, longer here, where I could get no supplies, would be a folly, and it became absolutely necessary to depart from the letter of my instructions; I therefore determined to pursue that course which seemed to me best calculated to injure the enemy, and would enable me to prolong my cruise: this could only be done by going into a friendly port, where I could increase my supplies without the danger of blockade, and the first place that presented itself to my mind, was the port of Conception, on the coast of Chili. The season, to be sure, was far advanced for doubling Cape Horn; our stock of provisions was short, and the ship in other respects not well supplied with stores for so long a cruise; but there appeared no other choice left for me, except capture, starvation, or blockade; this course, of all others, appeared to me also the most justifiable, as it accorded with the views of the honorable secretary of the navy, as well as those of my immediate commander. Before the declaration of war, I wrote a letter to the former, containing a plan for annoying the enemy's commerce in the Pacific Ocean, which was approved of by him; and prior to my sailing, Commodore Bainbridge requested my opinion, as to the best mode of annoying the enemy. I laid before him the same plan, and received his answer approving of the same, and signifying his intentions to pursue it, provided we could get supplies of provisions.

I calculated that it would not take me more than two months and a half to get round to Conception, where I was confident of procuring an abundant supply of jerked beef, fish, flour, and wine. I calculated, that the prizes we should make in the Pacific, would supply us with such articles of naval stores as we should require; and although there was considerable responsibility attached to the proceeding, and the undertaking was greater than had yet been engaged in by any single ship on similar pursuits, time did not admit of delay, and, immediately on getting to sea, I directed my course to the southward.

Before I proceed farther, however, it is necessary that I should say something of St. Catharines.

This island has been settled by the Portuguese about seventy years: the town which appears to be in rather a thriving state, is situated on that point of the island nearest the continent, and may contain about ten thousand inhabitants; here the captain-general resides. The houses are generally neatly built, and the country at the back of the town is in a state of considerable improvement. But nothing can exceed the beauty of the great bay to the north, formed by the island of St. Catharines and the South American Continent: there is every variety to give beauty to the scene; handsome villages and houses built around, shores which gradually ascend in mountains, covered to their summit with trees, which remain in constant verdure; a climate always temperate and healthy; small islands scattered here and there, equally covered with verdure; the soil extremely productive; all combine to render it in appearance, the most delightful country in the world. The people of this place appear to be the most happy of those who live under the Portuguese government, probably because the more they are distant from it, the less they are subject to its impositions and oppressions; still, however, they complain. There are two regiments of troops at St. Catharines:

if provisions are wanted for them, an officer goes to the houses of the peasantry, seizes on their cattle or grain, and gives them a bill on the government, for which they never receive payment. The peasantry are well clad, comfortable and cheerful in their appearance; the women are handsome and graceful in their manners; the men have the character of being extremely jealous of them, and I believe they have sufficient reason to be so.

As we proceeded southerly the cold began to be sensibly felt and woollen clothing to be more esteemed than it had been for some time past; the old jackets and trowsers that had been lying about the ship were carefully collected as some suspicions of my doubling Cape Horn had got among the crew.

I determined to make the best of my way round Cape Horn, and apprehensive of some difficulties in going through the Straits of Le Maire, I determined to go to the eastward of Staten Land.

On the 13th February at noon, I calculated that Cape St. Johns, the eastern port of Staten Land, bore South half West distant thirty five miles; and although the thickness of the weather prevented our seeing more than a mile ahead, a confidence of being able to see the land in sufficient time to haul-off to clear it, induced me to continue my run; breakers were discovered, bearing E.S.E. and S.E., distant about three-fourths of a mile, and in a few minutes afterward, the land appeared in the same direction; we consequently hauled on a wind to the eastward, and sounded in forty-five fathoms water. We had now approached so close to the breakers, with the hope of weathering them, that we had not room to wear; there was a tremendous sea running, the ship driving fore-castle under; no chance of weathering the land, which could now be seen ahead, bearing E. by N., running out in small lumps, and surrounded with dreadful breakers. Our only hope of safety was in getting the ship in stays; the mainsail was set with the utmost expedition, and we were so fortunate as to succeed: after getting the ship about, the jib and spanker were set, and the top-gallant-yards sent down; but, in a few moments, the jib was blown to pieces. My first impression was that we had been set by the currents to the westward, into the bay formed by the Cape St. Vincent and the coast of Terra del Fuego; and, as the gale was increasing, and night fast approaching, the thick weather continuing, the wind directly on shore, with a tremendous sea, I saw no prospect of saving the ship, but by carrying a heavy press of sail to keep off the lee shore, until the wind changed. We kept the lead constantly going, and found our soundings very regular at forty-five fathoms, rocky and coral bottom. After standing to the W.N.W. about an hour, the water began to grow very smooth, which could only be occasioned by a sudden change of the current; and whales appeared alongside the ship: this gave me hopes of being to the eastward of St. Vincent, and in the Straits of Le Maire; a sharp look-out was kept for the land, and at half past seven, to our unspeakable joy, the land was discovered ahead, and on both bows, distant about a mile. No doubts now remained, as to our being in the straits; I therefore directed the helm to be put a-weather, and made all sail to the southward, keeping the coast of Terra del Fuego close aboard, and as we undoubtedly had the first of the tide, we were swept through with great rapidity, and at nine o'clock we were clear of the straits.

The land we first made and attempted to weather, was Cape San Diego, on the coast of Staten Land : the appearance was dreary beyond description ; perhaps, however, the critical situation of the ship, the foaming of the breakers, the violence of the wind, and the extreme haziness of the weather, may (all combined) have served to render the appearance more dreadful ; but from the impression made by its appearance then, and from the description given by others, I am induced to believe, that no part of the world presents a more horrible aspect than Staten Land. The breakers appeared to lie about half a mile from the shore ; while we were standing off, the whole sea, from the violence of the current, appeared in a foam of breakers, and nothing but the apprehension of immediate destruction could have induced me to have ventured through it ; but, thanks to the excellent qualities of the ship, we received no material injury, although we were pitching our fore-castle under with a heavy press of sail, and the violence of the sea was such, that it was impossible for any man to stand without grasping something to support himself. Those only can have an idea of our tormenting anxiety and dread, from the time we discovered the breakers, until we made the land of Terra del Fuego, who have, like us, supposed themselves in danger of shipwreck, on a dreary, inhospitable, and iron-bound coast, inhabited only by savages, where there was scarcely a hope, that one of the crew would survive the fury of the storm and waves, or, even if he succeeded in getting on shore alive, only to fall a victim to the merciless inhabitants of this gloomy region ; nor can he conceive the excess of our joy in discovering the land, unless he, in an instant, has been snatched from the danger of destruction which seemed pending over him. Our fears and subsequent joys may, however, be more easily imagined than described. Had we been, as we supposed, to the northward of Cape St. Vincent, it would have required our utmost exertions, under the heaviest press of canvas, to have kept the ship from going on shore ; and the loss of a single spar, or the splitting of a top-sail, would have sealed our destruction. Our making the breakers in the manner we did, proved most fortunate, for had we passed through the straits without discovering the land (which would have been the case, had we been one mile farther north), I should have supposed myself to the east of Staten Land, and after running the distance which I believed necessary to clear Cape St. Johns, I should have steered a course that would have entangled us in the night with the rocks and breakers about Cape Horn ; and had this happened, thick and hazy as the weather continued, our destruction would have been inevitable, as we could not have seen the danger one hundred yards from the ship, even should we have been apprehensive, and on the look-out for it, which would not have been the case.

At nine o'clock we were clear of the Straits of Le Maire, and in that part of the ocean so celebrated and dreaded for the violent gales and tremendous and irregular seas which prevail. On the meridian of the 14th, the horizon was somewhat clear ; the wind moderate, from the westward ; the sun shining out bright ; and, with the exception of some dark and lowering clouds to the northward, we had every prospect of pleasant weather. The cape was now in sight, bearing north ; and Diego Ramiries bearing northwest ; and the black clouds before mentioned, served well to give additional horror to their dreary and inhospitable aspect. But so different was the tempera-

ture of the air, the appearance of the heavens, and the smoothness of the sea, to everything we had expected, and pictured to ourselves, that we could not but smile at our own credulity and folly, in giving credit to (what we supposed) the exaggerated and miraculous accounts of former voyages. But, while we were indulging ourselves in these pleasing speculations, the black clouds, hanging over Cape Horn, burst upon us with a fury we little expected, and reduced us in a few minutes to a reefed fore-sail, and close-reefed main-top-sail, and in a few hours afterward to our storm stay-sails. Nor was the violence of the winds the only danger we had to encounter; for it produced an irregular and dangerous sea, that threatened to jerk away our masts, at every roll of the ship. With this wind we steered to the southward, with a view of getting an offing from the land, in expectation of avoiding, in future, the sudden gusts, and the irregular seas, which we supposed were owing to violent currents, and confined to the neighborhood of the coast; but in this expectation we were much disappointed; for, as we receded from the coast, the unpleasantness of the weather, and the freshness of the gale, increased; and it was in vain that we hoped for that moderate and pleasant weather, which former navigators have generally experienced in the latitude of sixty degrees south, which we reached on the 18th. From the time we lost sight of the land, until this period, the gales blew hard from the northwest, accompanied with heavy rains, cold disagreeable weather, and a dangerous sea.

On the 24th, after experiencing a heavy gale from the N.W., I had the extreme satisfaction to find ourselves as far to the westward as eighty degrees; and as the wind shifted and blew from the S.W., I had no doubt of being able to effect our passage into the Pacific Ocean; and I took an opportunity of thanking my crew for their good conduct, during our boisterous and unpleasant passage around the cape; encouraged them to a continuance of it, by holding out prospects of indulgence to those who should so distinguish themselves; and, as some thefts had been committed, for which the perpetrators were then under the punishment of wearing a yoke, I gave a general pardon, on condition that the first offender brought to the gang-way should receive three dozen lashes.

It was with no little joy, we now saw ourselves fairly in the Pacific Ocean, and calculating on a speedy end to all our sufferings; every hour seemed to brighten our prospects and give us fresh spirits; and on the last of February, being in the latitude of fifty degrees south, the wind became moderate and shifted to the northward, the sea smooth, and every prospect of mild and pleasant weather. I consequently determined to replace the guns, and get the spars on the spar-deck; but before we had effected this, the wind had freshened up to a gale, and by noon had reduced us to our storm stay-sail and close-reefed main-top-sail; it, in the afternoon, hauled around to the westward, and blew with a fury far exceeding anything we had yet experienced, bringing with it such a tremendous sea, as to threaten us every moment with destruction, and appalled the stoutest heart on board. To attempt to convey an idea of the fury of this gale by description, would be fruitless; let it suffice to say, that it was rarely equaled, and I am sure never was exceeded. From the excessive violence with which the wind blew, we had strong hopes that it would be of short continuance; until, worn out with

fatigue and anxiety, greatly alarmed with the terrors of a lee-shore and in momentary expectation of the loss of our masts and bowsprit, we almost considered our situation hopeless; and to add to our distress, our pumps had become choaked by the shingle ballast, which, from the violent rolling of the ship, had got into them; the ship made a great deal of water, and the sea had increased to such a height, as to threaten to swallow us at every instant; the whole ocean was one continued foam of breakers, and the heaviest squall that I ever before experienced, had not equaled in violence the most moderate intervals of this tremendous hurricane.

The whole of the 1st and 2d of March, we anxiously hoped for a change, but in vain; our fatigues had been constant and excessive; many had been severely bruised, by being thrown, by the violent jerks of the ship, down the hatchways, and I was particularly unfortunate, in receiving three severe falls, which at length disabled me from going on deck; the oldest seaman in the ship had never experienced anything to equal the gale. We had done all in our power to save the ship (except throwing her guns overboard, which I reserved for the last extremity), and now patiently waited for the tempest to lull. It had already blown three days without abating; the ship had resisted its violence to the astonishment of all, without having received any considerable injury; and we began to hope, from her buoyancy, and other good qualities, we should be enabled to weather the gale. We had shipped several heavy seas, that would have proved destructive to almost any other ship; but, to us, they were attended with no other inconveniences, than the momentary alarm they excited, and that arising from the immense quantity of water, which forced its way into every part of the ship, and kept everything afloat between decks. However, about three o'clock of the morning of the 3d, the watch only being on deck, an enormous sea broke over the ship, and for an instant destroyed every hope. Our gun-deck ports were burst in; both boats on the quarters stove; our spare spars washed from the chains; our head-rails washed away, and hammock stanchions burst in; and the ship perfectly deluged and water logged, immediately after this tremendous shock, which threw the crew into consternation. The gale began to abate, and in the morning we were enabled to set our reefed fore-sail. In the height of the gale, Lewis Price, a marine, who had long been confined with a pulmonary complaint, departed this life, and was this morning committed to the deep; but the violence of the sea was such, that the crew could not be permitted to come on deck, to attend the ceremony of his burial, as their weight would have strained and endangered the safety of the ship.

When this last sea broke on board us, one of the prisoners, the boatswain of the *Nocton*, through excess of alarm, exclaimed, that the ship's broadside was stove in, and that she was sinking; this alarm was greatly calculated to increase the fears of those below, who, from the immense torrent of water that was rushing down the hatchways, had reason to believe the truth of his assertion; many who were washed from the spar to the gun-deck, and from their hammocks, and did not know the extent of the injury, were also greatly alarmed; but the men at the wheel, and some others, who were enabled by a good grasp to keep their stations, distinguished themselves by their coolness and activity after the shock; and I took this opportunity of advancing

them one grade, by filling up the vacancies occasioned by those sent in prizes, and those who were left at St. Catharines; rebuking, at the same time, the others for their timidity.

On the 5th of the month, having passed the parallel of Chili, our sufferings appeared at an end, for we enjoyed pleasant and temperate weather, with fine breezes from the southward; and we had a distant view of part of the Andes, which appeared covered with snow."

They were all in high spirits and in momentary expectation of falling in with some of the enemy's ships. On the 6th she anchored at Mocha a small uninhabited land off the coast of Chili, where some wild horses were shot for fresh meat.

"I now considered myself in a good position to meet vessels plying between Concepcion and Valparaiso; and as the health of the crew, and state of my provisions, or the distresses of the ship, did not yet render my going into port absolutely necessary, I determined to keep the sea awhile longer, in hopes of meeting some of the enemy's ships, and thereby obtain such supplies as would render it entirely unnecessary to make ourselves known on the coast, until we were about quitting it. From the 8th until the 11th, the weather continued foggy, and the winds light and baffling from the northward, which prevented us from making any headway, and during their continuation deprived us of all hope of discovering vessels. Nothing could now exceed our impatience. On the latter part of the 12th, light airs sprang up from the S.W., and the weather began to clear off slowly, and every eye was engaged in searching for a sail, as the fog moved to leeward. Nothing, however, was to be seen but a wide expanse of ocean, bounded on the east by the dreary, barren, and iron-bound coast of Chili, at the back of which the eternally snow-capt mountains of the Andes reared their lofty heads, and altogether presented to us a scene of gloomy solitude, far exceeding anything I ever before experienced."

The wind freshening up enabled the *Essex* to make sail to the northward for Valparaiso. They were disappointed in the appearance of the coast which had a wild desolate aspect, with no signs of inhabitants. It was skirted with a black gloomy rock against the perpendicular sides of which the sea beat with fury. On the 13th the *Essex* rounded the point of Angels, when in an instant the whole town of Valparaiso, shipping with their colors flying, and the forts burst out as it were from behind the rocks. "The scene presented to us," says Porter, "was as animated and cheerful as it was sudden and unexpected; and had I not hoisted English colors, I should have been tempted to run in and anchor. A moment's reflection induced me to believe, that, under existing circumstances, it would not be advisable to do so, as several large Spanish ships, with their sails bent, and in readiness for sea, were lying in the port; and as those vessels were, beyond doubt, bound to the northward, and in all probability to Lima, I concluded on keeping the sea a few days longer, to give them time to get out, in order that intelligence might not be given by them of an American frigate being in this part of the world."

The ship's head consequently was turned to the northward and she ran the town out of sight in an hour or so. Two days after she returned, went in and anchored. To the astonishment of Captain Porter, he now ascertained

that Chili had declared herself independent of Spain. He also learned that the Viceroy of Peru, had sent out cruisers against American shipping, and that his appearance in the Pacific was of the greatest importance to the American trade, which lay at the mercy of the English letters of marque, and of these Peruvian corsairs. This was cheering intelligence after the fatigues and disappointments of so many months. Capt. Porter waited upon the governor, Don Francisco Lastre, who welcomed him in the most friendly reception, and returned his visit with a numerous suite of officers. Many of these had never before seen a frigate, it being the first that since their recollection had entered their port. They were much pleased and astonished that "Anglo-Americans" could build, equip and manage ships of so large a size.

Agreeably to invitation, the officers of the Essex attended a party given by the governor, "where we found," says Porter, "a much larger and more brilliant assemblage of ladies, than we could have expected in Valparaiso. We found much fancy and considerable taste displayed in their dress, and many of them, with the exception of teeth, very handsome, both in person and in face; their complexion remarkably fine, and their manners modest and attracting. This was our first impression on entering a room, containing perhaps two hundred ladies, to whom we were perfect strangers. Minuets were introduced; country dances followed; and the ladies had the complaisance and patience to attempt with my officers, what they had never before seen in the country, a cotillion. The intricacies of their country dance were too great for us to attempt; they were greatly delighted in by those who knew them, and admitted a display of much grace. With their grace, their beauty of person and complexion, and with their modesty, we were delighted, and could almost fancy we had gotten amongst our own fair country-women; but in one moment the illusion vanished. The *ballas de tierra*, as they are all called, commenced: they consisted of the most graceless, and at the same time fatiguing movements of the body and limbs, accompanied by the most indelicate and lascivious motions, gradually increasing in energy and violence, until the fair one, apparently overcome with passion, and evidently exhausted with fatigue, was compelled to retire to her seat; her rosy cheeks and fair complexion disappeared in the large drops of sweet which ran trickling down her neck and breast, and were succeeded by the sallow tinge which nature had bountifully bestowed.

They daub themselves most lavishly with paint; but their features are agreeable, and their large dark eyes are remarkably brilliant and expressive; and were it not for their bad teeth, occasioned by the too liberal use of the *matti*, would, notwithstanding the Chilian tinge, be thought handsome, particularly by those who had been so long as we out of the way of seeing many women.

The *matti* is a decoction of the herb of Paraguay, sweetened with sugar, and sucked hot through a long silver tube; to the use of this beverage the Chilians are perfect slaves. The taste is agreeable, but it occasions terrible havoc among the teeth. We returned on board our ship, pleased with the novelties of a Chilian ball, and much gratified by the solicitude shown by every one to make our stay among them agreeable.

The customs of the inhabitants of this place differ so materially from our

own (and perhaps from those of every other people), that I cannot help noticing a few particulars that struck me as the most singular. At all their entertainments, the principal guest is placed at the head of the table, the host on one side of him, and the hostess on the other; and their principal business appears to be to cram him with a part of everything before him. This duty they are apt to perform most effectually, if he happens, like me, to be a stranger, and not aware of the variety of changes that are to be brought on, each one more and more inviting in their appearance and taste.

There is another practice at their balls or evening parties, which at first gave me some embarrassment. A very large silver dish, filled with sweet jelly, was presented to me by a servant, as well as a silver plate and fork; believing that the whole dish could not be intended for me, I attempted to take the plate; this the servant objected to; I then attempted to take the dish, but to this she also objected; I felt, however, certain that it was intended for me to eat in some way or other, and was determined to do it in that way which appeared the most natural and convenient; I therefore took from her the plate and fork, and helped myself to as much as I thought I should want. The eyes of all the company, however, were on me, and I perceived that I had made some mistake, which I was soon convinced of, for the servant brought another plate with a fork, which was handed with the sweetmeats around to the company, and each one made use of the same fork to take a mouthful, holding their heads carefully over the dish in order that nothing might fall from their mouths to the floor; the fork was then laid on the plate, and passed to the next. The *matti* is taken with as little regard to the delicacy or cleanliness. When the cup containing it is brought in, one of the company blows into it, through the silver tube, until a high froth is produced; it is then considered properly prepared. The same *matti* and tube is then passed around the room, and each one takes in turn a suck of it, with much apparent relish and delight; but, considering the rotten teeth and unsavoury breaths of the Chilians, there could not be a dose offered more repulsive to a delicate stomach, than this same frothy *matti*, served up in their style. It is also a practice for one glass of water, one spoon, or one cigar, to be served to the whole company, and one would almost be led to believe that they had a particular relish for the taste of each other's dirty mouths. A Chilian lady would be ashamed to be seen walking arm and arm with a gentleman; and their refinement is so great, that it is thought indelicate even to accept his hand in any way, except in dancing, when, to be sure, everything like delicacy is laid aside. They are, however, extremely hospitable and attentive to strangers; and if they have their peculiar customs, which seem strange to us, we no doubt have our own, equally deserving their animadversion."

"For more than a week the Essex was employed in victualing, and during this time an American whaler came in from the islands. According to the accounts of the master of this vessel, the American whalers, which had left home during a time of peace, lay entirely at the mercy of those of the enemy, several of which had sailed as regular letters of marque, and all of which were more or less armed. Many of the American vessels, as they often kept the sea six months at a time, were probably still ignorant of the war; and it was known that one of them, at least, had already fallen into

the hands of the English. As soon as imperfectly victualled, the ship went to sea, to profit by this intelligence.

On the 25th, the *Essex* fell in with the American whale ship, *Charles*, and learned that two other vessels, the *Walker* and *Barclay*, had been captured, a few days previously, off Coquimbo, by a Peruvian, with an English ship in company. Sail was made, in consequence, in the direction of Coquimbo, and, a few hours later, a stranger was seen to the northward. This vessel was soon ascertained to be a cruising ship, disguised as a whaler. She showed Spanish colors, when the *Essex* set an English ensign, fired a gun to leeward, and the *Charles* which remained in company, hoisted the American flag, beneath an English jack. The Spaniard now ran down, and, when about a mile distant, he fired a shot ahead of the *Essex*, which that ship answered by throwing a few shot over him, to bring him nearer. When close enough, the Spanish ship sent an armed boat to board the *Essex*, and it was directed to go back with an order for the cruiser to run under the frigate's lee, and to send an officer to apologize for the shots he had fired at an English man-of-war. This command was complied with, and the ship was ascertained to be the Peruvian privateer *Nereyda*, armed with fifteen guns, and with a full crew. The lieutenant, who now came on board, believing that he was on board of an English man-of-war informed Captain Porter that they were *cruising for Americans*; that they had already taken the *Walker* and *Barclay*; that the English letter of marque *Nimrod* had driven their prize-crew from on board the *Walker*; that they were then cruising expressly to look for the *Nimrod*, with the intention of obtaining redress; and that they had mistaken the *Essex* for the latter ship. It would seem that the Peruvians cruised against the Americans, under the impression that Spain, then so dependent on England for her existence, would declare war speedily against the United States, in consequence of the war declared by the latter against the King of Great Britain, which might legalize their captures.

An interview with the master of the *Walker* satisfied Captain Porter that the captured ships had been illegally seized; and hoisting American colors, he fired two shots over the *Nereyda*, when that vessel struck. Her crew were all sent on board the *Essex*, and the three ships stood in-shore to look into Coquimbo, in the hope of finding the *Nimrod* and the prizes, but without success. The next morning the entire armament of the *Nereyda*, with all her ammunition, shot, small arms, and light sails, were thrown overboard, and she was otherwise put in a condition to do no harm, when she was released. It is worthy of remark, that the guns of this vessel were of iron, while her shot of all descriptions were of copper; the abundance of the latter in that part of the world, rendering it cheaper than the metal usually employed for such purposes.

From the master and crew of the *Barclay*, Captain Porter obtained a list of such of the whaling vessels as they knew to be in the Pacific. It contained the names of twenty-three Americans, and of ten English ships. The former was probably the most correct, as his informants added that quite twenty Englishmen were thought to be in that sea. The latter were, in general, fine vessels of near four hundred tons burden, and, as has been said already, they were all more or less armed.

Captain Porter had now a double object ; to protect his countrymen and to capture the enemy. The latter were known to resort to the Gallipagos Islands, but he hesitated about striking a blow in that quarter, until he could be assured that the *Standard* sixty-four, had left Lima for England ; and, as he thought the prizes of the *Nimrod* and *Nereyda* would endeavor to go into that port, he determined to make the best of his way thither, in order to cut them off, as well as to reconnoiter.

In the meanwhile Captain Porter disguised his ship, which was done in such a manner as to conceal her real force and exhibiting in its stead the appearance of painted guns, etc., also by giving her the appearance of having a poop and otherwise so altering her, as to make her seem to be a Spanish merchant vessel.

"On the 28th of April, the ship was up with the island of San Gallan, when she hauled off to the northward and westward, with a view to cross the track of inward-bound vessels. The next day, three sail were made, standing for Callao. Everything was set to cut the strangers off, particularly the one nearest in, who had the appearance of the *Barclay*. The chase, however, would have escaped, had she not been becalmed when she doubled the point of San Lorenzo. At this moment the frigate was near a league distant, but, fortunately, she kept the breeze until she had got within a hundred yards of the enemy, when she lowered her boats, and took possession. The prize proved to be the *Barclay*, as had been expected. There was now a good opportunity of looking into the harbor, and finding that nothing had arrived from Valparaiso to disclose his presence in the Pacific, Captain Porter showed English colors, while the *Barclay* hoisted the American under the enemy's ensign. In this manner both vessels went into the offing, where the *Barclay* was given up to her proper officers, though most of her crew having entered in the *Essex*, and declining to rejoin the ship, her master preferred keeping in company with the frigate, offering to act as a pilot in searching for the enemy. With this understanding, the two vessels stretched off the coast, to the northward and westward. From the end of March until the middle of April, the *Essex*, with the *Barclay* in company, was standing across from the main toward the islands, and on the 17th, she made Chatham Island ; but no ship was found there. From this place the frigate went to Charles' Island, where she had the same want of success.

Both of these islands belong to the Galapagos group. Lieutenant Downes went ashore at Charles' Island and returned with several papers taken from a box which he found nailed to a post, over which was a black sign on which was painted *Hathaway's post-office*. They contained the information already received of the practice of whaling vessels touching there and cruising among the other islands for whales. From these papers information was obtained that in the June previous, six English whale ships had put in there on their way to the island of Albermarle, where they generally cruised for a year at a time. There were also letters from the commanders of three American whalers, showing that they had touched in there. Lieutenant Downes found near the post-office on this island several articles for such persons as might be left there in distress, and, besides a suit of clothes, tinder-box, and a barrel of bread, was left a cask of water. "This island is

mountainous (as are the whole group), and is covered with trees from fifteen to twenty feet in length, scattered with considerable regularity, as to distance and appearance, on the sides of the hills, which all have evident marks of volcanic origin; but what seems remarkable is, that every tree on the island, at least all that could be approached by the boat's crew on shore, and such as we could perceive by means of our perspectives, were dead and withered. These islands are all evidently of volcanic production; every mountain and hill is the crater of an extinguished volcano; and thousands of smaller fissures, which have burst from their sides, give them the most dreary, desolate, and inhospitable appearance imaginable. The description of one island will answer for all I have yet seen; they appear unsuited for the residence of man, or any other animal that cannot, like the tortoise, live without food, or cannot draw its subsistence entirely from the sea.

On the east side of the island there is a landing called Pat's Landing; and this place will probably immortalize an Irishman, named Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on this island, built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he generally exchanged for rum, or sold for cash. The appearance of this man, from the accounts I have received of him, was the most dreadful that can be imagined; ragged clothes, scarce sufficient to cover his nakedness, and covered with vermin; his red hair, and beard matted, his skin much burnt, from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manner and appearance, that he struck every one with horror. For several years this wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated, and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest grade to which human nature is capable.

We were little prepared to meet our second disappointment, in not finding vessels at Charles' Island, but consoled ourselves with the reflection, that we should now soon arrive at Albermarle, and that in Banks' Bay, the general rendezvous, we should find an ample reward for all our loss of time, sufferings, and disappointments; and as we had a fine breeze from the east, I made all sail, steering west from Charles' Island, to make the south head of the island of Albermarle, which was distant from us about forty-five miles, and in the morning found ourselves nearly up with it. When we had arrived within eight or nine miles of a point, which I have named Point Essex, the wind died away, and I took my boat and proceeded for the aforesaid point, where I arrived in about two hours after leaving the ship, and found in a small bay, behind some rocks which terminate the point, very good landing, where we went on shore, and to our great surprise, and no little alarm, on entering the bushes, found myriads of guanas, of an enormous size and the most hideous appearance imaginable. In some spots a half acre of ground would be so completely covered with them, as to appear as though

it was impossible for another to get in the space ; they would all keep their eyes fixed constantly on us, and we at first supposed them prepared to attack us. We soon however discovered them to be the most timid of animals, and in a few moments knocked down hundreds of them with our clubs, some of which we brought on board, and found to be excellent eating, and many preferred them greatly to the turtle.

We found on the beach a few seals, and one fine large green turtle. Several of the seals were killed by our men, and proved of that kind which do not produce the fur. Nothing can be more sluggish or more inactive than this animal while on the sand ; it appears incapable of making any exertions whatever to escape those in pursuit of it, and quietly waits the blow which terminates its existence. A small blow on the nose will kill them in an instant, but when they are in water, or even on the rocks, nothing can exceed their activity : they seem then to be a different animal altogether ; shy, cunning, and very alert in pursuit of their prey, and in avoiding pursuit, they are then very difficult to take. After trying in vain to catch some fish, we left the cove, and proceeded along the shore to the northward, with the expectation of finding another landing-place, but were much disappointed ; for, after rowing as far as Point Christopher, a distance of fifteen miles, we found the shore everywhere bound with craggy rocks, against which the sea broke with inconceivable violence. Multitudes of enormous sharks were swimming about us, and from time to time caused us no little uneasiness, from the ferocious manner in which they came at the boat and snapped at our oars ; for she was of the lightest construction, with remarkably thin plank, and a gripe from one of these would have torn them from her timbers ; but we guarded as much as lay in our power against the evil, by thrusting boarding pikes into them as they came up to us.

Perceiving a breeze springing up, I hastened on board where, on my arrival, I caused all sail to be made, and shaped my course for Narborough Island, which now began to show itself open with Point Christopher. I was in hopes that the breeze would carry us clear of the northern point of that island before day-light, in order that we might have the whole of the next day for securing our prizes in Banks' Bay, which lies between Narborough and the south head of Albermarle. To Banks' Bay the fishermen resort every year, between March and July, to take the whale, which come in there in great numbers at that season."

My anxiety was such that I was induced to dispatch Lieutenant Downes to take a look around the point of Narborough and reconnoiter the bay ; for the ship had been swept by the current during the night, into Elizabeth Bay.

At one o'clock in the morning, Lieutenant Downes returned to the ship, which he was enabled to find by means of flashes made from time to time by us, and reported that he did not arrive at the north point of Naborough or Turtle's Nose, until near sundown, and that he could perceive no vessels in the bay ; but observed, at the same time, that the weather was hazy, and as the bay is about thirty-five miles from side to side, and about the same depth, it was possible for vessels to have been there without his being able to observe them.

The winds continued light and a-head, and the current strong against us,

and it was not till the afternoon of 23d that we were enabled to weather Narborough. On doubling the point of Narborough, our yards were completely manned by seamen and officers, whose anxiety had taken them aloft, all examining strictly every part of the bay, but could discover no vessels; at length the cry of *sail ho!* and shortly afterward another, seemed to electrify every man on board, and it seemed now as if all our hopes and expectations were to be realized; but in a few minutes those illusory prospects vanished, and as sudden dejection, proceeding from disappointment, took place; for the supposed sails proved to be only white appearances on the shore. Still, however, we did not despair. Lieutenant Downes was dispatched to reconnoiter, and returned to the ship at one o'clock in the morning; and, to complete our disappointment, reported that he had seen no vessels.

Early the next morning I took a boat and explored the basin which I found of surpassing beauty, with everything that could be desired to afford perfect security for a ship of the largest size. From the basin we proceeded to the watering place about half a mile distant. On the side of a rock at this place we found the names of several English and American ships cut, whose crews had been there; and but a short distance from thence was erected a hut, built of loose stones, but destitute of a roof; and in the neighborhood of it were scattered in considerable quantities the bones and shells of land and sea tortoises. This I afterward understood was the work of a wretched English sailor, who had been landed there by his captain, destitute of everything, for having used some insulting language to him. Here he existed near a year on land tortoises and guanas, and his sole dependence for water was on the precarious supply he could get from the drippings of the rocks; at length, finding that no one was likely to come to take him from thence, and fearful of perishing for the want of water, he formed a determination to attempt at all hazards getting into Banks' Bay, where the ships cruise for whales, and with this view provided himself with two seal skins, with which, blown up, he formed a float; and, after hazarding destruction from the sharks, which frequently attacked his vessel, and which he kept off with the stick that served him as a paddle, he succeeded at length in getting alongside an American ship early in the morning, where his unexpected arrival not only surprised but alarmed the crew; for his appearance was scarcely human; clothed in the skins of seals, his countenance haggard, thin, and emaciated, his beard and hair long and matted, they supposed him a being from another world. The commander of the vessel where he arrived felt a great sympathy for his sufferings, and determined for the moment to bring to punishment the villain who had, by thus cruelly exposing the life of a fellow-being, violated every principle of humanity; but from some cause or other he was prevented from carrying into effect his laudable intentions, and to this day the poor sailor has not had justice done him."

The Essex continued passing from island to island, without meeting with anything, until her crew was aroused by the cheering cry of "*sail ho!*" on the morning of the 29th. A ship was made to the westward, and, soon after, two more a little further south. Chase was given to the first vessel, which was spoke under English colors, about nine A. M. She proved to be the British whale ship *Montezuma*, with one thousand four hundred barrels

of oil on board. Throwing a crew into the prize, the *Essex* next made sail after the two other ships, which had taken the alarm, and endeavored to escape. At eleven A. M., when the frigate was about eight miles from the two strangers, it fell calm, and the boats were hoisted out and sent against the enemy, under Mr. Downes, the first lieutenant. About two P. M., the party got within a mile of the nearest ship, when the two strangers, who were a quarter of a mile apart, hoisted English colors, and fired several guns. The boats now formed, and pulled for the largest ship, which kept training her guns on them as they approached, but struck without firing a shot, just as the boarders were closing. The second vessel imitated her example, when attacked in the same manner.

The prizes were the *Georgiana* and the *Policy*, both whalers; and the three ships, together, furnished the *Essex* with many important supplies. They had bread, beef, pork, cordage, water, and among other useful things, a great number of Galapagos tortoises."

"Those extraordinary animals, the tortoises of the Galapagos, properly deserve the name of the elephant tortoise. Many of them were of a size to weigh upward of three hundred weight; and nothing, perhaps, can be more disagreeable or clumsy than they are in their external appearance. Their motion resembles strongly that of the elephant; their steps slow, regular, and heavy; they carry their body about a foot from the ground, and their legs and feet bear no slight resemblance to the animal to which I have likened them; their neck is from eighteen inches to two feet in length, and very slender; their head is proportioned to it, and strongly resembles that of a serpent; but, hideous and disgusting as is their appearance, no animal can possibly afford a more wholesome, luscious, and delicate food than they do; the finest green turtle is no more to be compared to them, in point of excellence, than the coarsest beef is to the finest veal; and after once tasting the Galapagos tortoises, every other animal food fell greatly in our estimation. These animals are so fat as to require neither butter nor lard to cook them, and this fat does not possess that cloying quality, common to that of most other animals; and when tried out, it furnishes an oil superior in taste to that of the olive. The meat of this animal is the easiest of digestion, and a quantity of it, exceeding that of any other food, can be eaten without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. But what seems the most extraordinary in this animal, is the length of time that it can exist without food; for I have been well assured, that they have been piled away among the casks in the hold of a ship, where they have been kept eighteen months, and, when killed at the expiration of that time, were found to have suffered no diminution in fatness or excellence. They carry with them a constant supply of water, in a bag at the root of the neck, which contains about two gallons; and on tasting that found in those we killed on board, it proved perfectly fresh and sweet. They are very restless when exposed to the light and heat of the sun, but will lie in the dark from one year's end to the other without moving; in the day-time, they appear remarkably quick-sighted and timid, drawing their head into their shell on the slightest motion of any object; but they are entirely destitute of hearing, as the loudest noise, even the firing of a gun, does not seem to alarm them in the slightest degree, and at night, or in the dark, they appear perfectly blind.

The Georgiana had been built for the service of the English East India Company, and having the reputation of being a fast vessel, Captain Porter determined to equip her as a cruiser, with the double purpose of having an assistant in looking for the enemy, and possessing a consort to receive his own crew in the event of any accident occurring to the Essex. This ship was pierced for eighteen guns, and had six mounted when taken. The Policy was also pierced for the same number, and had ten guns mounted. The latter were now added to the armament of the Georgiana, which gave her sixteen light guns. All the small arms were collected from the prizes and put in her, her try-works were taken down, and other alterations made, when Mr. Downes was placed in command with a crew of forty-one men. By this arrangement, it was believed that the Georgiana would be fully able to capture any of the English letters of marque, known to be cruising among the islands. In consequence of these changes, and the manning the two other prizes, notwithstanding several enlistments, the crew of the Essex was reduced to two hundred and sixty-four souls, officers included. On the 8th of May, the Georgiana sixteen, Lieutenant Commandant Downes, hoisted the American pennant, and fired a salute of seventeen guns.

It being uncommonly fine weather, Captain Porter seized the opportunity of repairing his own ship, by means of the stores obtained from the enemy. The rigging was overhauled and tarred down, many new spars were fitted, and the ship was painted in the middle of the Pacific, the enemy furnishing the means."

A few trials, as soon as the ships made sail, proved that the Georgiana could not hold way with the Essex, and that her reputation, as a fast vessel, was unmerited. Still, as she had been relieved from much of her lumber, she outsailed the other ships and hopes were entertained of her being made useful. Accordingly, on the 12th, she parted company, with orders to cruise against the enemy, and to rendezvous at different places on the coast, as well as at various islands, in a regular succession as to time. The separation was not long, however, the Georgiana looking into Charles' Island, in quest of English vessels, at a moment when the Essex happened to be there on the same errand.

The Georgiana was now sent to Albermarle Island, Captain Porter having reason to suppose that a particular ship of the enemy was in that quarter. The chaplain, having been allowed to make a short scientific excursion in boats, fell in with a strange sail on returning, and the Essex immediately went to sea in quest of her. But a cruise of several days was fruitless; and the ship continued passing among the islands, in the hope of falling in with something. An attempt to get across to the continent was defeated by the lightness of the winds and the strength of the westerly currents; and on the 25th of May, the Essex was still in the neighborhood of Charles' Island.

On the afternoon of the 28th, however, a sail was made ahead, and a general chase was given, the Policy, Montezuma, and Barclay being all in company. At sunset, the stranger was visible from the frigate's deck. By distributing the vessels in a proper manner, the chase was in sight next morning; and after a good deal of maneuvering, the Essex got alongside of her, and captured the British whaler Atlantic, of three hundred and fifty-

five tuns, twenty-four men, and eight eighteen-pound carronades. This ship, however, was pierced for twenty guns.

Another strange sail had been made while in chase of the *Atlantic*, and she was pursued and overtaken in the course of the night. This ship was the *Greenwich*, of three hundred and thirty-eight tuns, ten guns, and twenty-five men. Both the *Atlantic* and *Greenwich* had letters of marque, and being fast ships, were extremely dangerous to the American trade in the Pacific. When the *Essex* took these vessels, every officer but the captain, the chaplain, captain's clerk, and boat-swain, were out of her, either in boats, or in prizes; the first having been lowered in a calm to chase, and left to be picked up by the *Montezuma*, when a breeze struck the frigate."

The captain of the *Greenwich* had taken a good stock of Dutch courage, and had made preparations to fire into the *Essex*, when a shot from the latter so intimidated him that he hove to and surrendered. The captain of the *Atlantic* was an American from Nantucket where he had a wife and family. "On his first coming on board the *Essex*, he expressed his extreme pleasure in finding as he supposed we were an English frigate in those seas. He informed me that he had sailed from England under convoy to the Java frigate, and had put into Port Praya a few days after the *Essex*, an American frigate, had left there; and that the Java had sailed immediately in pursuit of her, and that it was the general belief the *Essex* had gone around the Cape of Good Hope. He parted with the Java after crossing the line, and on his arrival at Conception heard she had been sunk off Bahia by the American frigate *Constitution*. On inquiry respecting the American vessels in the South Seas, he informed me that about Conception was the best place to cruize for them, for he had left at that place nine of them in an unprotected and defenseless state, and entirely at a loss what to do with themselves; that they were almost daily arriving there, and that he had no doubt, by going off there, we should be enabled to take the most of them. I asked him how he reconciled it to himself to sail from England under the British flag, and in an armed ship, after hostilities had taken place between the two countries. He said he found no difficulty in reconciling it to himself, for, although he was born in America, he was an Englishman at heart. This man appeared the polished gentleman in his manners, but evidently possessed a corrupt heart, and, like all other renagades, was desirous of doing his native country all the injury in his power, with the hope of thereby ingratiating himself with his new friends. I permitted him to remain in his error some time, but at length introduced to him the captains of the *Montezuma* and the *Georgiana*, who soon undeceived him with respect to our being an English frigate. I had felt great pity for the last two gentlemen, and had made the evils of war bear as light on them as possible, by purchasing of them, for the use of the crew, their private adventures, consisting of slop-clothing, tobacco, and spirits, for which they were sincerely grateful; but to this man I could not feel the same favorable disposition, nor could I conceal my indignation at his conduct: he endeavored to apologize away the impression his conduct had made, by artfully putting the ease to myself; and, with a view of rendering him easy, as I did not wish to triumph over the wretch, I informed him that I was willing to make some allowances for his conduct.

After the capture of the *Greenwich*, I informed her commander, John Shuttleworth, as well as Obediah Wier, of the *Atlantic*, that I felt every disposition to act most generously toward them. Shuttleworth was however so much intoxicated, and his language so insulting, that it was with difficulty I could refrain from turning him out of my cabin. Wier was more reserved during my presence there; but, duty requiring me on deck, he, in the presence of some of the officers, used the most bitter invectives against the government of the United States; and he, as well as Shuttleworth, consoled themselves with the pleasing hope, that British frigates would soon be sent to chastise us for our temerity in venturing so far from home.

The next day I let them feel that they were dependent entirely on my generosity, which was greater than they either deserved or expected, and this haughty Englishman, who would wish to have terrified us with the name of a Briton, and this renegade, who would have sacrificed the interests of his country, were now so humbled by a sense of their own conduct, and of what they merited, that they would have licked the dust from my feet had it been required of them to do so.

Our fleet now consisted of six sail of vessels, without including the *Georgiana*. On board of the last captured vessels I put a sufficient number of men to fight their guns, giving lieutenant M'Knight charge of the *Atlantic*, and, for want of sea-officers, I put lieutenant Gamble of the marines in charge of the *Greenwich*. Volunteers continued to offer from the captured vessels, and my whole effective force in those seas now consisted of the *Essex*, mounting forty-six guns, and two hundred and forty-five men; *Georgiana*, sixteen guns, and forty-two men; *Atlantic*, six guns, and twelve men; *Greenwich* ten guns, and fourteen men; *Montezuma*, two guns, and ten men; *Policy*, ten men—making in all, eighty guns, and three hundred and thirty-three men; together with one midshipman and six men on board the *Barclay*. My prisoners amounted in number to eighty; but as I had divided them among the different ships, giving them full allowance of provisions, on condition of their giving their assistance in working, we found them as useful as our own men in navigating the prizes; so that our whole number, including the prisoners, amounted to four hundred and twenty, and all in good health, with the exception of some of the prisoners, who were slightly affected with the scurvy.

It seems somewhat extraordinary, that British seamen should carry with them this propensity to desert even into merchant vessels, sailing under the flag of their nation, and under circumstances so terrifying; but yet I am informed, that their desertion while at Charles' Island has been very common, even when there was no prospect whatever of obtaining water but from the bowels of the tortoises. This can only be attributed to that tyranny, so prevalent on board their ships-of-war, which has crept into their merchant vessels, and is there aped by their commanders. Now, mark the difference. While the *Essex* lay at Charles' Island, one-fourth of her crew was every day on shore, and all the prisoners who chose to go; and I even lent the latter boats, whenever they wished it, to go for their amusement to the other side of the island. No one attempted to desert, or to make their escape; whenever a gun was fired, every man repaired to the beach, and no one was ever missing when the signal was made."

Captain Porter now shaped his course for the mouth of the Tumbez on the northern coast of Chili where he anchored on the 19th of June.

"As soon as they had got within two leagues, the leading vessel hove to and sent in a boat, on board of which was Mr. Downes. By this arrival an account of the movement of the Georgiana was obtained.

While cruising near James' Island, Mr. Downes had captured the British whale ships, the Catharine, of two hundred and seventy tons, eight guns and twenty-nine men, and the Rose, of two hundred and twenty tons, eight guns, and twenty-one men. These two vessels were taken with no resistance, their masters having come on board the Georgiana, without suspecting her character. After manning his prizes, Mr. Downes had but twenty men and boys left in the Georgiana, when he chased and closed with a third whaler, called the Hector, a ship of two hundred and seventy tons, twenty-five men, and eleven guns, though pierced for twenty. At this time, Mr. Downes had also fifty prisoners, most of whom he was compelled to put in irons, before he brought the Hector to action. When within hail, the latter ship was ordered to haul down her colors, but refused, and the Georgiana opened a fire upon her. A sharp combat followed, when the Hector struck, with the loss of her main-topmast, having had most of her standing and running-rigging shot away. She had also two men killed, and six wounded.

After manning the Hector, Mr. Downes had but ten men left in the Georgiana; and, including the wounded, he had seventy-three prisoners. The Rose being a dull ship, he threw overboard her guns, and most of her cargo, and parolling his prisoners, he gave her up to them, on condition that they should sail direct for St. Helena. As soon as this arrangement was made, he made sail for Tumbez, to join the Essex.

The little fleet now amounted to nine sail, and there was an opportunity to make new arrangements. The Atlantic being nearly one hundred tons larger than the Georgiana, as well as a much faster ship, besides possessing, in a greater degree, every material quality for a cruiser, Mr. Downes and his crew were transferred to her. Twenty guns were mounted in this new sloop-of-war; she was named the *Essex Junior*, and manned with sixty men. The Greenwich was also converted into a store-ship, and all the spare stores of the other vessels were sent on board her. She was also armed with twenty guns, though her crew was merely strong enough to work her."

On first anchoring at Tumbez the governor came aboard to pay his respects. "Although their appearance was as wretched as can well be imagined, policy induced me to show them every attention; and, to impress them with a belief of my friendly disposition and respect, I gave them a salute of nine guns on their coming on board; and while they remained with me, which was until the next day, I paid every attention to them in my power, although their contemptible appearance, which frequently excited the risibility of my crew, made me sometimes blush for my guests. They left me with assurances of the most friendly disposition on their part, and the most pressing invitation for me to go to Tumbez, which I promised to do in the course of a day or two. The next day I visited the town or hamlet. It is situated about six miles from the river's mouth, on the left bank of the first rising ground you meet with; from thence to the mouth of the river the land is all low, similar to that of the Mississippi, covered with rushes,

reeds, and mangroves, and here and there, on the most elevated parts, are to be found the huts where the natives have settled themselves, for the purpose of cultivating the soil, which produces, in great abundance, cocoa, corn, plantains, melons, oranges, pumpkins, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, etc. Their houses are formed of reeds, covered with rushes, open at all sides, and having the floor elevated about four feet from the earth, to protect them from the alligators, which are here numerous and of enormous size. One of them fifteen feet in length, and of the most hideous appearance, I killed with a musket ball.

The inhabitants of Tumbez gave me the most friendly reception, every where invited me into their huts, where hogs, dogs, fowls, jackasses, men, women, and children, were grouped together, and from whence, in a few minutes, I was always glad to make my escape, from the innumerable swarms of fleas with which they were infested; and the house of the governor was no more exempt from this plague than those of the plebeians, of which his wife and naked children bore innumerable testimonies, in the large red blotches on their necks and bodies. The men of this place seem to be of the lowest class of those who call themselves civilized; and the women, although of fine forms, animated, cheerful, and handsome countenances, are destitute of all that delicacy, the possession of which only can render the female lovely in our eyes."

"On the 30th, the fleet sailed, the Essex and Essex Junior keeping in company, with all the carpenters at work at the latter. On the 4th of July, a general salute was fired, principally with the guns and ammunition of the enemy. On the 9th, the Essex Junior parted company, bound to Valparaiso, with the Hector, Catharine, Policy, and Montezuma, prizes, and the Barclay, recaptured ship, under convoy.

As soon as out of sight of the other ships, the Essex, Greenwich and Georgiana steered to the westward, with an intention of going among the Galapagos. On the 13th, three sail were made off Banks' Bay, all on a wind, and a good deal separated. The Essex gave chase to the one in the center, which led her down to leeward, leaving the Greenwich and Georgiana a long distance astern and to windward. While the frigate was thus separated from her prizes, one of the strangers tacked, and endeavored to cut the latter off, but the Greenwich hove-to, got a portion of the people out of the Georgiana, and bore down boldly on her adversary; while the Essex continued after the vessel she was chasing, which she soon captured. The ship was the English whaler Charlton, of two hundred and seventy-four tons, ten guns, and twenty-one men. Throwing a crew into her, the frigate immediately hauled her wind.

It was now ascertained from the prisoners, that the largest of the strange ships was the Seringapatam, of three hundred and fifty-seven tons, fourteen guns, and near forty men; and the smallest, the New Zealander, of two hundred and fifty-nine tons, eight guns, and twenty-three men. The Seringapatam had been built for a cruiser, and she was probably the most dangerous vessel to the American trade to the westward of Cape Horn. Captain Porter felt a corresponding desire to get possession of her, and was much gratified with the bold manner in which the Greenwich had borne down on her. This ship was under the command of a very young officer, but he had

the advice of one of the sea-lieutenants, who was under suspension, and who behaved with great gallantry and spirit on this occasion. Closing with the *Seringapatam*, the *Essex* being a long distance to leeward, the *Greenwich* brought her to action, and after a few broad-sides, the English ship struck. Soon after, however, and before possession could be taken, she made an attempt to escape by passing to windward, in which she was frustrated by the perseverance of the *Greenwich*, which vessel kept close on the enemy's quarter, maintaining a spirited fire, for the number of men on board. As the *Essex* was coming up fast, the *Seringapatam* finally gave up the attempt, and running down to the frigate, again submitted.

In this affair, as in that of the boats, and in the capture of the *Hector* by the *Georgiana*, the officers and men engaged merited high encomiums for their intrepidity and coolness. The *Greenwich*, after obtaining the hands from the *Georgiana*, did not probably muster five-and-twenty men at quarters, and the *Seringapatam* was much the better ship. The *New Zealander* was taken without any difficulty.

The *Seringapatam* had made one prize, her master having turned his attention more to cruising than to whaling. On inquiry, notwithstanding, it was found that he had adopted this course in anticipation of a commission, having actually sailed without one. When this fact was ascertained, Captain Porter put the master in irons, and he subsequently sent him to America to be tried. Finding himself embarrassed with his prisoners, Captain Porter gave them up the *Charlton*, and suffered them to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, under their parole. He then took the guns out of the *New Zealander*, and mounted them in the *Seringapatam*, by which means he gave the latter ship an armament of twenty-two guns, though, as in the case of the *Greenwich*, her people were barely sufficient to work her.

On the 25th of July, the *Georgiana* was dispatched to the United States, with a full cargo of oil. In making up a crew for her, an opportunity was found of sounding the feelings of the men whose times were nearly expired, and it was ascertained that few wished to profit by the circumstance. As soon as the vessels separated, the *Essex*, with the *Greenwich*, *Seringapatam*, and *New Zealander* in company, shaped her course for Albermarle Island. On the morning of the 28th, another strange sail was discovered; but as she had a fresh breeze, and the frigate was becalmed, she was soon out of sight. When the wind came, however, the *Essex* ran in a direction to intercept the stranger; and the next morning he was again seen, from the mast-head, standing across the *Essex's* bow, on a bowline. As the wind was light, recourse was now had to the drags, and the ship got within four miles of the chase, which was evidently an enemy's whaler. The stranger becoming alarmed, got his boats ahead to tow, when Captain Porter sent a gig and whale-boat, with a few good marksmen in them, under Acting Lieutenant M'Knight, with orders to take a position ahead of the chase, and to drive in her boats, but on no account to attempt to board. This duty was handsomely executed, though the boats had great difficulty in maintaining their position within musket-shot, as the enemy got two guns on the fore-castle, and kept up a warm discharge of grape.

At 4 P. M., the ships were little more than a league apart, perfectly becalmed, and Captain Porter ordered the boats into the water, to carry the

stranger by boarding. As the party drew near, the enemy commenced firing, but intimidated by their steady and orderly approach, he soon lowered his ensign. The boats were about to take possession, when a breeze from the eastward suddenly striking the English ship, she hauled up close on a wind, hoisted her colors again, fired at the gig and whale-boat as she passed quite near them, and went off, at a rapid rate, to the northward. The party attempted to follow, but it was sunset before the *Essex* got the wind, and, disliking to leave her boats out in the darkness, she was compelled to heave to, at nine, in order to hoist them in. The next morning the chase was out of sight.

This was the first instance, since her arrival in the Pacific, in which the *Essex* had failed in getting alongside of a chase that she did not voluntarily abandon. It produced much mortification, though the escape of the enemy was owing to one of those occurrences, so common in summer, that leave one ship without a breath of air, while another, quite near her, has a good breeze.

On the 4th of August, the ships went into James' Island and anchored. Here Captain Porter made the important discovery that a large portion of his powder had been damaged in doubling Cape Horn. Fortunately, the Seringapatam could supply the deficiency, though, in doing so, that ship was rendered nearly defenseless."

On this island Captain Porter lost a most promising young officer by a disgraceful practice. Without his knowledge two of his officers met on shore at daylight to engage in a duel and at the third fire Mr. Cowan fell dead. His remains were buried the same day in the spot where he fell, and the following inscription was placed over his tomb:

Sacred to the memory
OF LIEUT. JOHN S. COWAN,
Of the U. S. Frigate *Essex*,
Who died here anno 1813,
Aged 21 years.

His loss is ever to be regretted
By his country ;
And mourned by his friends
And brother officers.

"On the morning of the 20th August, got under way ; but, prior to my leaving the place, I buried a letter for Lieutenant Downes, in a bottle at the head of Mr. Cowan's grave, and a duplicate of the same at the foot of a finger-post, erected by me, for the purpose of pointing out to such as may hereafter visit the island the grave of Mr. Cowan ; and, with a design of misleading the enemy, I left in a bottle suspended at the finger-post, the following note :

The United States frigate *Essex* arrived here on the 21st July, 1813, her crew much afflicted with the scurvy and ship-fever, which attacked them suddenly, out of which she lost the first lieutenant, surgeon, sailing-master, two midshipmen, gunner, carpenter, and thirty-six seamen and marines.

She captured in this sea the following British ships, to-wit: Montezuma, Policy, Atlantic, Catharine, Rose, Hector, Charlton, Georgiana, Greenwich, Seringapatam, and New Zealander; but, for want of officers and men to man them, the four last were burnt; the Rose and Charlton were given up to the prisoners.

The Essex leaves this in a leaky state, her foremast very rotten in the partners, and her mainmast sprung. Her crew have, however, received great benefit from the tortoises and other refreshments which the island affords. Should any American vessel, or indeed a vessel of any nation, put in here, and meet with this note, they would be doing an act of great humanity to transmit a copy of it to America, in order that our friends may know of our distressed and hopeless situation, and be prepared for worse tidings, if they should ever again hear from us," etc.

Two days later, the vessels reached Banks' Bay, where the prizes were moored and the Essex sailed in a short cruise alone on the 24th.

"After passing among the islands, without meeting anything, a sail was discovered on the morning of 15th of September, apparently lying to, a long distance to the southward and to windward. The Essex was immediately disguised, by sending down some of the light yards, and the ship kept turning to windward, under easy sail. At meridian, the vessels were so near each other, that the stranger was ascertained to be a whaler, in the act of cutting in. He was evidently drifting down fast on the frigate. At 1 P. M. when the ships were about four miles apart, the stranger cast off from the whales, and made all sail to windward. As it was now evident that he had taken the alarm, the Essex threw aside all attempts at disguise, and pursued him, under everything that would draw. By 4 P. M. the frigate had the stranger within reach of her guns, and a few shot well thrown, brought him down under her lee. This ship was the Sir Andrew Hammond, of three hundred and one tons, twelve guns, and thirty-one men; and she proved to be the vessel that had escaped, in the manner previously related. Fortunately, the prize had a large supply of excellent beef, pork, bread, wood, and water, and the Essex got out of her an ample stock of those great necessities. On returning to Banks' Bay with her prize, the ship shortly after was joined by the Essex Junior, on her return from Valparaiso. By this arrival, Captain Porter discovered that several enemy's vessels of force had sailed in pursuit of him; and having by this time captured nearly all the English whalers of which he could obtain intelligence, he determined to proceed to the Marquesas, in order to refit, and to make his preparations for returning to America. He was urged to adopt this resolution, also, by understanding from Mr. Downes, that the government of Chili no longer preserved the appearance of amity toward the United States, but was getting to be English in its predilections."

In summing up the important services rendered by the Essex in coming into the Pacific, Captain Porter says: "In the first place, by our captures, we have completely broken up that important branch of British navigation, the whale-fishery of the coast of Chili and Peru, as we have captured all their vessels engaged in that pursuit except the aforesaid ship Comet. By these captures we have deprived the enemy of property to the amount of two and a half millions of dollars, and of the services of three hundred

and sixty seamen that I liberated on parole, not to serve against the United States until regularly exchanged. We have effectually prevented them from doing any injury to our own whale-ships, only two of which have been captured, and their captures took place before our arrival. Shortly after my appearance in those seas, our whale-ships, which had taken refuge at Conception and Valparaiso, boldly ventured to sea in pursuit of whales, and on the arrival of the *Essex Junior* at Valparaiso, four of them had returned there with full cargoes. The expense also of employing the frigate *Phæbe*, the sloops of war *Raccoon* and *Cherub*, and their store-ship, should also be taken into the estimate of the injury we have done them ; for it is evident that they would not have been sent into the Pacific had it not been for the appearance of the *Essex* there, as for many years past they have employed no ships of war in this part of the world, nor were those sent until they had heard of our arrival at Valparaiso.

It appears by my estimate, that the balance against the British, occasioned by our coming into this sea, is five million one hundred and seventy dollars ; for there cannot be a doubt that all our whale-ships would have been captured, had we not effectually prevented it by the capture of all of theirs.

We have also taken ten prize-ships. Those now in company are as follows : *Essex Junior*, twenty guns ; *Greenwich*, twenty guns ; *Seringapatam*, twenty-two guns ; *New Zealander*, ten guns ; and *Sir Andrew Hammond*, ten guns. We have dispatched two ships for America to-wit : *Georgiana* and *Policy*, and have three, the *Montezuma*, *Catharine*, and *Hector* safely moored under the batteries of Valparaiso. All these vessels are copper sheeted and fastened and in a state to proceed to the most distant part of the world, some of the remarkably fast sailors and all superior ships."

On the 24th of October they discovered the island of *Rooahooga*, one of the Washington group of the *Marquesas Islands*. This group consists of three Islands, viz : *Rooahooga*, or *Jefferson Island* ; *Rooapooah*, or *Adams' Island*, and *Novaheevah*, or *Madison Island*.

"Its aspect, on first making it, was little better than the barren and desolate islands we had been so long among ; but on our nearer approach the fertile valleys, whose beauties were heightened by the pleasant streams and clusters of houses, and intervened by groups of the natives on the hills inviting us to land, produced a contrast much to the advantage of the islands we were now about visiting—indeed the extreme fertility of the soil, as it appeared to us after rounding the southeast point of the island, produced sensations we had been little accustomed to, and made us long for the fruits with which the trees appeared everywhere loaded.

On rounding the southeast part of the island we saw a canoe coming off to the ship with eight of the natives, one of whom was seated in the bow with his head ornamented with some yellow leaves, which at a distance we supposed to be feathers. They approached us very cautiously, and would not venture alongside until we had run very close in. We had a native of the island of *Otaheite* on board, who enabled them, but with apparent difficulty, to comprehend our wishes, and who gave them repeated assurances of our friendly disposition. They frequently repeated to us the word *taya*, which signifies friend, and invited us to the shore. Their bodies were entirely

naked, and their chief ornament consisted in the dark and fanciful lines formed by tattooing, which covered them. On their leaving us I bore away for several other canoes which were lanchd from the different coves with which the coast was indented, but nothing could induce them to come near the ship. I was anxious to procure some refreshments, but more so to obtain a knowledge of a people with whom the world is so little acquainted. One of the canoes displayed a white flag: I caused a similar emblem of peace to be exhibited, and after waiting some time, perceiving that they were fearful of coming alongside, I caused two boats to be manned and armed, and proceeded toward them. I soon approached them, and directed the Otaheitan to inform them that we were friendly disposed, and were willing to purchase of them the articles they had to sell, which consisted of hogs, plantains, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, etc., and through the same medium informed them that I should proceed to the shore, and there remain as a hostage for their safety. Some of them went off to the ship, but the greater number followed me to the shore, where they were collected in groups, armed with their spears and war-clubs, to receive me, and collecting in considerable numbers from every quarter. I went close in with my boat, where I made an exchange of pieces of iron hoops and other articles for their ornaments and fruits. In a few minutes the spears and war-clubs were laid aside, and swarms of natives swam off to me loaded with the produce of the island: all seemed greatly to rejoice that we had so precious an article to offer them as pieces of old iron hoops, which were held in such high estimation that good sized pigs were purchased for a few inches. Some, to express their joy, were seen dancing on the beach with the most extravagant gestures, while others expressed the pleasure they felt by shouting and clapping their hands. But notwithstanding this friendly intercourse, it was very evident that they had strong suspicions of us. They always approached the boat with the greatest awe and agitation, and in every instance, where articles were presented to them, they shrunk back with terror, and retreated to the shore with the utmost precipitation. One among them, however, ventured to raise himself by the side of the boat, and perceiving a pistol lying in the stern sheets, showed an evident desire to possess it. It was with some difficulty I could make him let go his hold of the boat; and to intimidate him I presented the pistol at him; but it produced no other effect than joy, as he immediately held out both his hands to receive it, from which I concluded that they were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms.

After leaving these friendly people I proceeded for the frigate, where I found the traffic with the canoes that had gone off, had been conducted with much harmony. Some of them I passed very close to on their return, and the natives on board them expressed their extreme satisfaction by expressions of the most extravagant joy. One of them in the fullness of heart, said he was so glad he longed to get on shore to dance. On rejoining the ship, I was informed by the officers that the natives who had been on board, had expressed much surprise at the sight of the goats, sheep, dogs, and other animals, but what seemed most to astonish them, was one of the large Galapagos tortoises: it seemed as though they could not sufficiently feast their eyes on it; and to view it more at their ease they stretched themselves at full length on the deck around it; and this appeared to be their general

practice when they wished to view leisurely any object that excited their attention, a practice which seems to bespeak the natural indolence of this people.

The men of this island are remarkably handsome ; of large stature and well proportioned : they possess every variety of countenance and feature, and a great difference is observable in the color of the skin, which for the most part is that of a copper color : but some are as fair as the generality of working people much exposed to the sun of a warm climate. The old men (but particularly the chiefs) are entirely black ; but this is owing entirely to the practice of tattooing with which they are covered all over, and it requires a close inspection to perceive that the blackness of their skin is owing to this cause ; and when the eye is once familiarized with men ornamented after this manner, we perceive a richness in the skin of an old man highly tattooed comparable to that which we perceive in a highly wrought piece of old mahogany : for, on a minute examination, may be discovered innumerable lines curved, straight, and irregular, drawn with the utmost correctness, taste and symmetry ; and yet apparently without order or any determined plan. The young men, the fairness of whose skin is contrasted by the ornaments of tattooing, certainly have, at first sight, a more handsome appearance than those entirely covered with it ; and in a short time we are induced to think that tattooing is as necessary an ornament for a native of those islands as clothing is for a European. The neatness and beauty with which this species of ornament is finished, served greatly to surprize us, and we could not help believing that they had among them tattooers by profession, some of them no doubt, equal in celebrity to M'Alpin and other renowned tailors of America, for we afterward discovered that the most wealthy and high class was more fully and handsomely tattooed than those of an inferior station, which is a sufficient evidence that tattooing has its price.

The young girls, which we had an opportunity of seeing, were as I before observed, handsome and well formed ; their skins were remarkably soft and smooth, and their complexions no darker than many brunettes in America celebrated for their beauty. Their modesty was more evident than that of the women of any place we have visited since leaving our own country. Nakedness they cannot consider offensive to modesty ; they are accustomed to it from their infancy. I find no difficulty in believing, that an American lady, who exposes to view her face, her bosom, and her arms, is as modest and virtuous as the wife of a Turk, who is seen only by her husband ; or that a female of Washington's Group, who is seen in a state of nature, may be as modest and virtuous as either. That they have a high sense of shame and pride, I had afterward many opportunities of observing."

At daylight next morning they bore up for Noaheevah or Madison's Island, where they put into a beautiful bay and came to an anchor. This harbor was named by Captain Porter, Massachusetts Bay. Here he was soon joined by the *Essex Junior*, which vessel had parted company to cruise, when he believed himself sufficiently secure to commence a regular overhauling of the ships.

Cooper, in his *Naval History*, says, "the situation of the *Essex* was sufficiently remarkable, at this moment, to merit a brief notice. She had been the first American to carry the pennant of a man-of-war round the Cape of

Good Hope, and now she had been the first to bring it into this distant ocean. More than ten thousand miles from home, without colonies, stations, or even a really friendly port to repair to, short of stores, without a consort, and otherwise in possession of none of the required means of subsistence and efficiency, she had boldly steered into this distant region, where she had found all that she required, through her own activity and having swept the seas of her enemies, she had now retired to those little-frequented islands to refit, with the security of a ship at home. It is due to the officer, who so promptly adopted, and so successfully executed this plan, to add, that his enterprize, self-reliance and skill, indicated a man of bold and masculine conception, of great resources, and of a high degree of moral courage ; qualities that are indispensable in forming a naval captain."

When the *Essex* stood into the land a boat came off from the shore with three white men in her, one of whom to Captain Porter's great astonishment proved to be John M. Maury an American midshipman, who had left the United States on furlough in a merchant ship. He had been left here by the master of the vessel to gather sandal wood while the ship was gone to China. As it was supposed the war would prevent the return of the ship, Mr. Maury and his party were received on board the frigate. Wilson, one of them, was an Englishman by birth. He had been many years in these islands and with the exception of a cloth around his loins was completely naked. His body was all over tattooed and in every respect except color he had become an Indian. He assisted Captain Porter as interpreter, and without his aid he would have succeeded badly on the island.

Captain Porter landed with a party of marines and sailors. "The drum appeared to give them much pleasure ; and the regular movements of the marines occasioned much astonishment. They said they were spirits or beings of a class different from other men. I directed them to be put through their exercise ; and the firing of the muskets occasioned but little terror, except among the women, who generally turned away their faces and covered their ears with their hands. The men and boys were all attention to the skipping of the balls in the water ; but at every fire all habitually inclined their bodies, as if to avoid the shot, although behind the men who were firing. After remaining a short time with them, I distributed among them some knives, fish-hooks, etc., which they received with much apparent pleasure ; but no one offered, like the natives of the other island, anything in return.

Observing the mountains surrounding the valleys to be covered with numerous groups of natives, I inquired the cause, and was informed that a warlike tribe residing beyond the mountains had been for several weeks at war with the natives of the valley, into which they had made several incursions, and had destroyed many houses and plantations, and had killed, by cutting around the bark, a great number of bread-fruit trees.

I inquired if it were possible to get a message to them ; and was informed that notwithstanding they were at war and showed no quarter to each other, there were certain persons of both tribes, who were permitted to pass and re-pass freely and uninterrupted from one tribe to another : such for example as a man belonging to one tribe who had married a woman belonging to the other. I inquired if any such were present ; and one being pointed out to

me, I directed him to proceed to the Happahs and to tell them that I had come with a force sufficiently strong to drive them from the island : and if they presumed to enter into the valley while I remained there, I should send a body of men to chastise them ; to tell them to cease all hostilities so long as I remained among them ; that if they had hogs or fruit to dispose of, they might come and trade freely with us, as I should not permit the natives of the valley to injure or molest them. To the natives of the valley—who listened attentively and with apparent pleasure to the message sent to the Happahs—I then addressed myself, and assured them that I had come with the most friendly disposition ; that I wanted nothing from them but what I paid for : that they must look on us as brethren : and that I should protect them against the Happahs should they again venture to descend from the mountains. I directed them to leave at home their spears, slings, and clubs—their only weapons of war—in order that we might know them from the Happahs ; and told them that I should consider all as my enemies who should appear armed in my presence. All listened with much attention : their spears and clubs were thrown on one side. My attention was soon drawn to an object, which at the moment had presented itself. A handsome young woman, of about eighteen years of age, her complexion fairer than common, her carriage majestic, and her dress better and somewhat different from the other females, approached. Her glossy black hair, and her skin were highly anointed with the cocoa-nut oil, and her whole person and appearance neat, sleek, and comely ; on inquiry who this dignified personage might be, I was informed that her name was *Piteenee*, a granddaughter to the chief, or greatest man in the valley, whose name was *Gattanewa*. This lady, on whose countenance was not to be perceived any of those playful smiles which enliven the countenances of the others, I was informed was held in great estimation, on account of her rank and beauty, and I felt that it would be necessary, from motives of policy, to pay some attentions to a personage so exalted. She received my advances with a coldness and hauteur which would have suited a princess, and repelled everything like familiarity with a sternness that astonished me.

Gattanewa, the chief of the Tayehs, the tribe who inhabited this valley, I was informed at the time of my landing, was at a fortified village, which was pointed out to me, on the top of one of the highest mountains. The manner of fortifying those places, is to plant closely on end, the bodies of large trees, of forty feet in length, and securing them together by pieces of timber strongly lashed across, presenting on the brow of a hill, difficult of access, a breast-work of considerable extent, which would require European artillery to destroy. At the back of this a scaffolding is raised, on which is placed a platform for the warriors, who ascend by the means of ladders, and thence shower down on their assailants spears and stones.

When the ship was moored, the shore was lined with the natives of both sexes ; but the females were most numerous, waving their white cloaks or *caloes* for us to come on shore. The boats were got out, and proceeded to the shore, where on landing, they were taken complete possession of by the women, who insisted on going to the ship, and in a short time she was completely filled by them, of all ages and descriptions, from the age of sixty years to that of ten ; some as remarkable for their beauty, as others for their

ugliness. The ship was a perfect Bedlam from the time of their arrival until their departure, which was not until morning, when they were put on shore, not only with whatever was given them, but with whatever they could lay their hands on.

The object of the greatest value at this as well as all the other islands of this group, is whales' teeth. No jewel, however valuable, is half so much esteemed in Europe or America, as is a whale's tooth here: I have seen them by fits laugh and cry for joy, at the possession of one of these darling treasures. Some idea may be formed of the value in which they are held by the natives, when it is known that a ship of three hundred tons burden may be loaded with sandal-wood at this island, and the only object of trade necessary to procure it, is ten whales' teeth of a large size; and for these the natives will cut it, bring it from the distant mountains, and take it on board the ship; and this cargo in China, would be worth near a million of dollars. I have seen this sandal-wood, that is so highly esteemed by the Chinese;—indeed their infatuation for it, falls little short of that of the natives for whales' teeth—it does not appear capable of receiving a high polish, nor is its color agreeable; the odor arising from it is pleasant, and the principal uses to which the Chinese are said to apply it, is to burn it in their temples, and to extract from it an oil, which is said to be of great value."

In a short time Gattanewa, the chief, came on board of the *Essex*. Most of the warriors they had seen were highly ornamented with plumes and were attired in all the gew-gaws of savage splendor. They generally carried a black and highly polished spear or a club richly carved and their bodies were elegantly tattooed. "What was my astonishment then," says Porter, "when Gattanewa presented himself; an infirm old man of seventy years of age, destitute of every covering or ornament except a clout about his loins, and a piece of palm leaf tied about his head: a long stick seemed to assist him in walking; his face and body were as black as a negro's, from the quantity of tattooing, which entirely covered them, and his skin was rough, and appeared to be peeling off in scales, from the quantity of kava (an intoxicating root) with which he had indulged himself. Such was the figure that Gattanewa presented; and as he had drank freely of the kava before he made his visit, he appeared to be perfectly stupid. After he had been a short time on deck, I endeavored to impress him with a high opinion of our force; and for this purpose assembled all my crew: it scarcely seemed to excite his attention. I then caused a gun to be fired, which seemed to produce no other effect on him, than that of pain; he complained that it hurt his ears; I then invited him below, where nothing whatever excited his attentions, until I showed him some whales' teeth: this roused the old man from his lethargy, and he would not be satisfied, until I had permitted him to handle, to measure and count them over and over, which seemed to afford him infinite pleasure. After he had done this repeatedly, I put them away; and shortly afterward asked him if he had seen anything in the ship that pleased him; if he did to name it and it should be his: he told me he had seen nothing which had pleased him so much as one of the small whales' teeth; which on his describing, I took out and gave to him: this he carefully wrapped up in one of the turns of his clout; begging me not to inform any person that he had about him an article of so much value: I

assured him I should not; and the old man threw himself on the settee and went to sleep. In a few minutes he awoke, somewhat recovered from his stupidity, and requested to be put on shore: he, however, previous to his departure, wished me to exchange names with him, and requested me to assist him in his war with the Happahs: to the first I immediately consented. He told me they had cursed the bones of his mother, who had died but a short time since: that as we had exchanged names, she was now my mother, and I was bound to espouse her cause. I told him I would think of the subject, and did not think it necessary to make any farther reply to the old man's sophistry.

Captain Porter now unbent the sails of the Essex and sent them on shore; landed his water casks with which he formed a complete inclosure: the ship was hauled close within the beach and they began to make their repairs. A tent was erected and the whole placed under a guard of marines. In the meanwhile the Happahs descended in a large body into the valley and destroyed an immense number of the bread-fruit trees. They sent word that inasmuch as the Americans had not opposed them they believed they were cowards and that they should visit their camp and carry off their sails. Before proceeding to extremities, Captain Porter thought he could try and frighten them out of their hostile notions. As Gattenewa made daily applications for assistance, Captain Porter at length told him that if his people would carry a heavy gun, a six pounder up to the top of a high mountain which he pointed out to him he would send men up to work it and drive away the Happahs who still kept possession of the surrounding hills. This was unanimously agreed to by every man in the valley. On the gun being landed he caused a few shot to be fired over the water first with ball and then with grape shot, which last particularly so delighted those simple folks that they hugged and kissed the gun and laid down beside it and caressed it with the utmost fondness.

"While the natives were employed with their darling gun, I occupied myself in forwarding as much as possible the ship's duty. No work was exacted from any person after four o'clock in the afternoon; the rest of the day was given to repose and amusement. One fourth of the crew being allowed after that hour to go on shore, there to remain until daylight next morning. Everything went on as well as I could have wished, and much better than I could possibly have expected. The day after the gun was moved for the mountains, the chief warrior of the Tayehs named *Mouina*, was introduced to me. He was a tall, well shaped man of about thirty-five years of age, remarkably active, of an intelligent and open countenance, and his whole appearance was prepossessing. He had just left the other warriors in the fortified village, and had come down to request me to cause a musket to be fired—which he called a *bouhi*—that he might witness its effects. Several individuals of the tribe of the Happahs were at that moment about the camp, and I was pleased at the opportunity which was afforded me to convince them of the folly of resisting our fire-arms with slings and spears. I fired several times myself at a mark to show them that I never failed of hitting an object the size of a man. I then directed the marines to fire by volleys at a cask, which was soon like a riddle.

Mouina appeared much pleased with the effect of our musketry; and

frequently exclaimed, *mattee, mattee!* killed, killed! The Happahs, who were present however, replied that nothing could persuade their tribe, that *bouhies* could do them the injury that we pretended: that they were determined to try the effects of a battle, and if they should be beaten, that they would be willing to make peace; but not before. I informed them that they would not find me so ready to make peace after beating them, as at present; and that I should insist on being paid for the trouble they might put me to. Seeing that these strange people were resolutely bent on trying the effect of their arms against ours, I thought that the sooner they were convinced of their folly the better. Indeed it became absolutely necessary to do something; for the Happahs present informed me that their tribe believed that we were afraid to attack them, as we had threatened so much, without attempting anything; and this idea, I found, began to prevail among those of our valley, which is called the valley of *Tieuhoy*, and the people *Havouhs*, *Parques*, *Hoattas*, etc., for the valley is subdivided into other valleys by the hills, and each small valley is inhabited by distinct tribes, governed by their own laws, and having their own chiefs and priests.

On the 28th October, Gattanewa, with several of the warriors, came to inform me that the gun was at the foot of the mountain, where I had directed it to be carried, and that it would have reached the summit by the time our people could get up there. I informed them that, on the next morning at daylight, forty men, with their muskets, would be on shore and in readiness to march; and as I supposed it would be impossible for our people to scale the mountains, when incumbered with their arms, I desired them to send me forty Indians for the purpose of carrying their muskets, and an equal number to carry provisions as well as ammunition for the six pounder, which they promised me should be done, and every arrangement was made accordingly, and the command of the expedition given to Lieutenant Downes.

On the morning of the 29th the party being on shore, consisting chiefly of the crew of the Essex Junior and the detachment of marines, each man being furnished with an Indian to carry his arms, and spare Indians to carry provisions and other articles, I gave the order to march. About eleven o'clock I perceived that our people had gained the mountains and were driving the Happahs from height to height, who fought as they retreated, and daring our men to follow them with threatening gesticulations. A native, who bore the American flag, waved it in triumph as he skipped along the mountains—they were attended by a large concourse of friendly natives, armed as usual, who generally kept in the rear of our men. Mouina alone was seen in the advance of the whole, and was well known by his scarlet cloak and waving plumes. In about an hour we lost sight of the combatants and saw no more of them until about four o'clock, when they were discovered descending the mountains on their return, the natives bearing five dead bodies slung on poles.

Mr. Downes and his men soon afterward arrived at the camp, overcome with the fatigue of an exercise to which they had been so little accustomed. He informed me that on his arrival near the tops of the mountains, the Happahs, stationed on the summit, had assailed him and his men with stones and spears; that he had driven them from place to place until they had taken refuge in a fortress, erected in a manner before described, on the brow

of a steep hill. Here they all made a stand, to the number of between three and four thousand. They dared our people to ascend this hill, at the foot of which they had made a halt to take breath. The word was given by Mr. Downes to rush up the hill; at that instant a stone struck him on the belly and laid him breathless on the ground, and at the same instant one of our people was pierced with a spear through his neck. This occasioned a halt, and they were about abandoning any farther attempt on the place: but Mr. Downes soon recovered, and finding himself able to walk gave orders for a charge. Hitherto our party had done nothing. Not one of the enemy had, to their knowledge, been wounded. They scoffed at our men, and exposed their posteriors to them, and treated them with the utmost contempt and derision. The friendly natives also began to think we were not so formidable as we pretended: it became, therefore, absolutely necessary that the fort should be taken at all hazards. Our people gave three cheers, and rushed on through a shower of spears and stones, which the natives threw from behind their strong barrier, and it was not until our people entered the fort that they thought of retreating. Five were at this instant shot dead; and one in particular, fought until the muzzle of the piece was presented to his forehead, when the top of his head was entirely blown off. As soon as this place was taken all further resistance was at an end.

It was shocking to see the manner the friendly natives treated such as were knocked over with a shot; they rushed on them with their war clubs and soon dispatched them: then each seemed anxious to dip his spear into the blood, which nothing could induce them to wipe off—the spear, from that time, bore the name of the dead warrior, and its value, in consequence of that trophy, was greatly enhanced.

Gattanewa was astonished at our victory which, to him, seemed incredible; and the number of dead which they had borne off as trophies had far exceeded that of any former battle within his recollection: as they fight for weeks, nay for months sometimes, without killing any on either side, though many are, in all their engagements, severely wounded. The Tayehs had, however, a short time before our arrival, lost one of their priests of the greatest note, who had been killed by an ambuscade of the Happaes; and this circumstance had occasioned a taboo of the strictest nature to be established, which was now in full force and continued as long as we remained on the island.

I am not acquainted with the ceremony of laying on these tabbooes, which are so much respected by the natives. They are, however, laid by the priests, from some religious motive. Sometimes they are general, and affect a whole valley, as the present; sometimes they are confined to a single tribe; at others to a family, and frequently to a single person. The word *tabboo* signifies an interdiction, an embargo, or restraint; and the restrictions during the period of their existence may be compared to the lent of Catholics. They have tabooed places, where they feast and drink kava—tabbooed houses where dead bodies are deposited, and many of their trees, and even some of their walks are tabooed.

But, to proceed in my narrative: the Tayehs had brought in the bodies of the five men killed in storming the fort. We met with no loss on our side or on that of our allies. We had two wounded, and one of the Indians

had his jaw broke with a stone. The dead Happahs I was informed were lying in the public square, where the natives were rejoicing over them. I had been informed by the whites, on my arrival, and even by Wilson, that the natives of this island were cannibals : but, on the strictest inquiry, I could not learn that either of them had seen them in the act of eating human flesh. In conversing with Gattanewa on the subject, he did not hesitate to acknowledge that it was sometimes practiced. He said they sometimes eat their enemies. I found it difficult to reconcile this practice with the generosity and benevolence which were leading traits in their character. They are cleanly in their persons, washing three or four times a day : and also in their mode of cooking and manner of eating ; and it was remarked, that no islander was known to taste of anything whatever, until he had first applied it to his nose, and if it was in the slightest degree tainted or offensive to the smell, it was always rejected. How then can it be possible that a people so delicate, living in a country abounding with hogs, fruit, and a considerable variety of vegetables, should prefer a loathsome putrid human carcass, to the numerous delicacies their valleys afford ?

I proceeded to the house of Gattanewa, which I found filled with women making the most dreadful lamentations, and surrounded by a large concourse of male natives. On my appearance there was a general shout of terror ; all fixed their eyes on me with looks of fear and apprehension. I approached the wife of Gattanewa, and required to know the cause of this alarm. She said now that we had destroyed the Happahs they were fearful we should turn on them : she took hold of my hand, which she kissed, and moistened with her tears : then placing it on her head, knelt to kiss my feet. She told me they were willing to be our slaves, to serve us, that their houses, their lands, their hogs, and everything belonging to them were ours ; but begged that I would have mercy on her, her children, and her family, and not put them to death. It seemed that they had worked themselves up to the highest pitch of fear, and on my appearance with a sentinel accompanying me, they could see in me nothing but the demon of destruction. I raised the poor old woman from her humble posture, and begged her to banish her groundless fears, that I had no intention of injuring any person residing in the valley of Tieuhoy : that if the Happahs had drawn on themselves our vengeance, and felt our resentment, they had none to blame but themselves. I had offered them peace ; but they had preferred war ; I had proffered them my friendship, and they had spurned at it. That there was no alternative left me. I had chastised them, and was appeased. I then exhorted the wife of Gattanewa to endeavor to impress on the minds of every person the necessity of living on friendly terms with us ; that we were disposed to consider them as brothers ; that we had come with no hostile intentions toward them, and so long as they treated us as friends we would protect them against all their enemies. The old woman was all attention to my discourse as delivered through Wilson the interpreter ; and I was about proceeding when she requested me to stop. She now rose and commanded silence among the multitude, which had considerably augmented since my arrival, and addressed them with much grace and energy in a speech of about half an hour ; exhorting them, as I understood, to conduct themselves

with propriety, and explaining to them the advantages likely to result from a good understanding with us. After she had finished, she took me affectionately by the hand, and reminded me that I was her husband.

All alarms now were subsided. I inquired for Gattacewa, and was informed that he was at the public square rejoicing over the bodies of the slain, but had been sent for. I proceeded for the place and met the old man hastening home. He had been out from the earliest dawn, and had not broken his fast. He held in one hand a cocoa-nut shell, containing a quantity of sour preparation of the bread-fruit, which is highly esteemed by the natives, and in the other a *raw* fish, which he occasionally dipped into it as he ate it. As soon however as Wilson gave him to understand that the practice of eating raw fish was disagreeable to me, he wrapped the remainder in a palm leaf, and handed it to a youth to keep for him until a more convenient opportunity offered for indulging himself. On my way to the square I observed several young warriors hastening along toward the place armed with their spears, at the ends of which were hung plantains, bread-fruit, or cocoa-nuts, intended as offerings to their gods; and on my approach to the square, I could hear them beating their drums and chanting their war-songs. I soon discovered five or six hundred of them assembled about the dead bodies, which were lying on the ground.

We had but little opportunity of gaining a knowledge of the language of these people while we remained among them; but from the little we became acquainted with, we are satisfied that it is not copious; few words serve to express all they wish to say; and one word has oftentimes many significations; as for example, the word *motee* signifies *I thank you, I have enough, I do not want it, I do not like it, keep it yourself, take it away, etc.* *Mattee* expresses every degree of injury which can happen to a person or thing from the slightest harm to the most cruel death. Thus a prick of the finger is *mattee*, to have a pain in any part is *mattee*; *mattee* is to be sick, to be badly wounded is *mattee*, and *mattee* is to kill or be killed, to be broke (when speaking of inanimate objects), to be injured in any way, even to be dirtied or soiled is expressed by the word *mattee*. *Motakee*, with slight variation of the voice, signifies every degree of good, from a thing merely tolerable, to an object of the greatest excellence; thus it is, *so, so good, very good, excellent*: it signifies the qualities and disposition of persons; thus they are *tolerable, likely, handsome, or beautiful,—good, kind, benevolent, generous, humane.* *Ke-heva*, which signifies *bad*, is as extensive in its use as *motakee*, and, by suitable modulations of the voice, has meanings directly opposite. This is the case with many other words in their language; indeed, with all we became acquainted with. *Kie-kie* signifies *to eat*, it also signifies *a troublesome fellow*.

The hogs of this island are generally of a small and inferior breed, but there are many as large and as fine as those of any part of the world. According to the traditions of the natives, many generations ago, a god named Haïi visited all the islands of the group, and brought with him hogs and fowls, which he left among them. Haïi was, no doubt, some navigator, who, near four centuries ago, by their reckoning left the aforesaid animals among the natives. Our accounts of voyages made into this sea do not extend so far back, and even if they did, we should be at a loss to know him from the name given to him by the natives. We found it impossible for them to pro-

nounce our names distinctly, even after the utmost pains to teach them, and the most repeated trials on their part. They gave me the name of *Opotec*, which was the nearest they could come to Porter. Mr. Downes was called *Onou*; Lieutenant Wilmer, *Wooreme*; Lieutenant M^cKnight, *Muckeetie*, and the name of every one else underwent an equal change. These names we were called by and answered to so long as we remained with them; and it is not improbable that we shall be so called in their traditionary accounts. If there should be no other means of handing our names down to posterity it is likely we shall be as little known to future navigators as *Havii* is to us. The natives call a hog *bouarku*, or rather *Pouarku*; and it is likely that they still retain the name nearly by which they were first known to them. The Spaniards call a hog *porca*, giving it a sound very little different from that given by the natives of these islands; and as the Spaniards were the earliest navigators in these seas, there is scarcely a doubt that they are indebted to one of that nation for so precious a gift.

The cocoa-nuts grow in great abundance in every valley of the island, and are cultivated with much care. This tree is too well known to need a description; yet the mode used to propagate it may not be uninteresting. As the cocoa-nuts become ripe, they are carefully collected from the tree, which is ascended by means of a slip of strong bark, with which they make their feet fast a little above the ankles, leaving them about a foot asunder; they then grasp the tree with their arms, feet, and knees, and the strip of bark resting on the rough projections of the bark of the tree, prevents them from slipping down: in this manner, by alternately shifting their feet and hands, they ascend with great apparent ease and rapidity the highest tree.

The *tarra* is a root much resembling a yam, of a pungent taste, and excellent when boiled or roasted. The sugar-cane grows to an uncommon size here. The only use they make of it is to chew and swallow the juice.

The *kava* is a root possessing an intoxicating quality, with which the chiefs are very fond of indulging themselves. They employ persons of a lower class to chew it for them and spit it into a wooden bowl; after which a small quantity of water is mixed with it, when the juice is strained into a neatly polished cup, made of a cocoa-nut shell, and passed round among them: it renders them very stupid and averse to hearing any noise: it deprives them of their appetite, and reduces them almost to a state of torpor: it has the effect of making their skin fall off in white scales; affects their nerves, and no doubt brings on a premature old age. They applied the word *kava* to everything we eat or drank of a heating or pungent nature as rum or wine; pepper, mustard, and even salt.

The bread-fruit tree of this island grows with great luxuriance, in extensive groves, scattered through every valley. It is of the height of fifty or sixty feet, branching out in a large and spreading top, which affords a beautiful appearance and an extensive shade from the rays of the sun; the trunk is about six feet in circumference; the lower branches about twelve feet from the ground; the bark soft, and on being in the slightest degree wounded exudes a milky juice, not unpleasant to the taste, which, on being exposed to the sun, forms an excellent bird-lime, and is used by the natives as such, not only for catching birds, but a small kind of rat with which this island is much infested. The leaves of this tree are sixteen inches long and

nine inches wide, deeply notched, somewhat like the fig leaf. The fruit, when ripe, is about the size of a child's head, green, and divided by slight traces into innumerable six sided figures. This fruit is somewhat elliptical in its shape, has a thin and delicate skin, a large and tough core, with remarkably small seeds situated in a spongy substance between the core and the eatable part, which is next the rind. It is eaten baked, boiled or roasted; whole, quartered, or cut in slices, and cooked; either way was found exceedingly palatable, was greatly preferred by many to our soft bread, which it somewhat resembled in taste, but was much sweeter; it was found also very fine, when cut into slices and fried in butter or lard. It keeps only three or four days, when gathered and hung up; but the natives have a method of preserving it for several years, by baking, wrapping it up in leaves, and burying it in the earth: in that state it becomes very sour, and is then more highly esteemed by them than any other food. The bread-fruit tree is everything to the natives of these islands. The fruit serves them and their hogs for food throughout the year, and affords large supplies to be laid up for a season of scarcity. The trees afford them an agreeable and refreshing shade; the leaves are an excellent covering for their houses; of the inner bark of the small branches they make cloth; the juice, which exudes, enables them to destroy the rats which infest them; and of the trunk of the tree they form their canoes, many parts of their houses, and even their gods. Describe to one of the natives of Madison's Island a country abounding in everything that we consider desirable, and after you are done he will ask you if it produces bread-fruit. A country is nothing to them without that blessing, and the season for bread-fruit is the time of joy and festivity: the season commences in December, and lasts until September, when the greatest abundance reigns among them.

On the first of November, *Mowattaeah*, a chief of the *Happahs*, and son-in-law to *Gattanewa*, came, accompanied by several others of his tribe with the white handkerchief which I had sent them, to treat with me for a peace. I received him with mildness, and gently expostulated with them on their imprudence, in having insisted on hostilities with me. They expressed the utmost regret for their past folly, and hoped that I would allow them in future to live on the same friendly terms with me as *Gattanewa* and his people, stating their willingness to comply with everything I should exact from them in reason. I informed them that as I had offered them peace, and they had rejected it, and had put me to the trouble of chastising them, it was proper that we should receive some compensation. We were in want of hogs and fruit, and they had an abundance of them, and I wished them to give me a supply, once a week, for my people, for which they should be compensated in iron and such other articles as would be most useful to them. *Gattanewa* and many of his tribe were present, and appeared charmed with the terms offered to the *Happahs*; said they would henceforth be brothers, and observing that I had not yet presented my hand, took it affectionately and placed in that of *Mowattaeah*. After a short silence *Mowattaeah* observed that we must suffer much from the rain in our tents, as they did not appear capable of securing us from the wet. Yes, said *Gattanewa*, and we are bound to make the *Hekai*—a title which they all gave me—and his people comfortable while they remain with us. Let every tribe be at peace with him,

build a house for their accommodation, and the people of the valley of *Tieuhoy* will show them the example by building one for the residence of *Opotee*—Porter. This proposal met with general applause, and the people were immediately dispatched to prepare materials for erecting the fabric next day, at which time the Happaes promised to bring in their supply, and the day after to construct their house. In the course of the day, the other chiefs of the Happaes came in with their flags and subscribed to the terms proposed, and in less than two days I received envoys from every tribe in the island, with the exception only of the warlike tribes of *Typees*, of the valley of *Viechee*, and the *Hatecaahcottwohos*, in the distant valley of *Hannahow*; the first confiding in their strength, valor, and position; the others in their distance and numbers for their protection. The first had always been victorious in all their wars and the terror of their enemies; the others were their firm allies; neither had they ever been driven; they had been taught by their priests to believe that they never would be, and it was their constant boast that they had ever kept their valley free from the incursions of an enemy.

All agreed to the terms proposed; supplies were brought in by the tribes in great abundance, and from this time for several weeks, we rioted in luxuries which the island afforded. To the principal persons of the tribes I always presented a harpoon, it being to them the most valuable article of iron, and to the rest scraps of iron hoops were thrown, in which they took much delight.

Agreeable to the request of the chiefs I laid down the plan of the village about to be built; the line on which the houses were to be placed was already traced by our barrier of water casks; they were to take the form of a crescent, were to be built on the outside of the inclosure, and to be connected with each other by a wall twelve feet in length and four feet in height; the houses were to be fifty feet in length, built in the usual fashion of the country, and of a proportioned width and height.

On the 3d November, upward of four thousand natives, from the different tribes, assembled at the camp with materials for building, and before night they had completed a dwelling house for myself and another for the officers, a sail loft, a coopers' shop, and a place for our sick, a bake house, a guard house, and a shed for the sentinel to walk under; the whole were connected by the walls as above described. We removed our barrier of water casks, and took possession of our delightful village, which had been built as if by enchantment.

It seems strange how a people living under no form of government that we could ever perceive, having no chiefs over them who appear to possess any authority, having neither rewards to stimulate them to exertion nor dread of punishment before them, should be capable of conceiving and executing, with the rapidity of lightning, works which astonished us; they appear to act with one mind, to have the same thought, and to be operated on by the same impulse; they can be compared only to the beaver, whose instinct teaches them to design and execute works which claim our admiration.

Some time after this I sent a messenger to the *Typees* to know if they wished to be at peace with us. In two days he returned and was desired by the *Typees* to tell Gattanewa and all the people of the valley of *Tieu-*

hoy that they were cowards—that we had beat the Happahs because the Happahs were cowards; that as to myself and my people, we were white lizards, mere dirt. We were, said they, incapable of standing fatigue, overcome by the slightest heat and want of water, and could not climb the mountains without Indians to assist us and carry our arms; and yet we talked of chastising the Typees, a tribe which had never been driven by an enemy, and as their gods informed them were never to be driven.

I now inquired of Gattanewa the number of war canoes which he could equip and man; he informed me ten, and that each would carry about thirty men, and that the Happahs could equip an equal number of equal size; he told me it would be six days before they could be put together and got in readiness; but if I wished it his people should set about it immediately. I directed them to do so, and dispatched a messenger to the Happahs directing them to prepare their war canoes to be in readiness to go to war with the Typees, and await my further orders. I gave them as well as the Tayehs to understand that it was my intention to attack them both by sea and by land, and that I should send a large body of men in boats and a ship to protect the landing of them and the war canoes, and that the remainder of the warriors of both tribes must proceed by land to attack them in the part where they were most assailable. I now conceived the design of constructing a fort, not only as a protection to our village and the harbor, but as a security to the Tayehs against further incursions. I had for some time past intended leaving my prizes here as the most suitable place to lay them up, and this fort would give them additional security.

Assisted by the Indians I began the construction of a fort which was completed on the 14th; all worked with zeal, and as the friendly tribes were daily coming in with presents, all joined in the labor. The chiefs requested that they might be admitted on the same footing as the Tayehs, and everything promised harmony between us; they would frequently speak of the war with the Typees, and I informed them I only waited for their war canoes to be put together and launched.

On the 19th November, the American flag was displayed in our fort, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from the artillery mounted there, and returned by the shipping in the harbor. The island was taken possession of for the United States, and called Madison's Island, the fort, Fort Madison, the village, Madison's Ville, and the bay, Massachusetts Bay.

A few days after this I took a party of sailors and marines in some boats and went some eight miles from our anchorage to examine a fine bay. We landed near a village at the mouth of a beautiful rivulet. On landing, many of the natives came to the beach, who seemed disposed to treat us in the most friendly manner; but apprehensive of being troubled by their numbers I drew a line in the sand at some distance about the boats, and informed them they were *tabboed*, and as an additional security to us, I caused all the arms to be loaded and ready for service on the first alarm, and sentinels placed over them. Shortly after this the chief came down to invite me to the public square, the general place in all their villages for the reception of strangers. Shortly after our arrival the women and girls assembled from all quarters of the town, dressed out in all their finery to meet us; they were here free from all the restraints imposed by the *tabboos* and were abundantly

anointed with the oil of the cocoa-nut, and their skins well bedaubed with red and yellow paint, as was their clothing; some were also smeared with greenish paint, the object of which I found on inquiry, was to preserve the fairness and beauty of the skin, and indeed of this they seemed to take particular pains, every one of them being furnished with a kind of umbrella, formed of a bunch of palm leaves, to shield them from the effects of the sun: their care and attention in this particular had rendered them far superior in point of beauty to the females of our valley, and the difference was so striking as to make them appear a distinct people. Some of the girls, probably in compliment to us, or to render themselves more attractive in our eyes, cleansed themselves (by washing in the stream) of their oil and paint, threw aside their bedaubed clothing, and soon appeared neatly clad in cloth of the purest white; and I can say, without exaggeration, that I never have seen women more perfectly beautiful in form, features, and complexion, or that had playful innocence more strongly marked on their countenances or in their manners; all seemed perfectly easy and even graceful, and all strove by their winning attentions, who should render themselves most pleasing to us. The girls formed a circle round us, and those of a more advanced age were seated outside of them; the men showed us every kind attention, and strove to convince us of their friendship by bringing us cocoa-nuts, and cooking for us hogs and bread-fruit after their manner, which were found excellent.

A daughter of Gattanewa was among them; she was the wife of the chief who had met us on our arrival; she seemed no less friendly disposed than her husband, and embraced me as her father, reminding me frequently that from the exchange of names I had become such; from her filial affection she bestowed on me a bountiful supply of the red and yellow paint with which she was covered, and insisted on my sending away my boats and people and remaining with them until the next day, and no excuse that I could offer for my return to the ship would satisfy her; they all joined in her solicitations, and, as an inducement for me to remain, promised me the choicest mats to sleep on and the handsomest girls in the village to sing me to sleep. After our repast all the women joined in a song, which was accompanied by the clapping of hands; it lasted near half an hour, and was not unmusical. I inquired the subject of it, and was informed by Wilson that it was the history of the loves of a young man and a young woman of their valley: they sung their mutual attachment and the praises of their beauty; described with raptures the handsome beads and whales' teeth ear rings with which she was bedecked, and the large whale's tooth which hung from his neck. They afterward joined in a short song which they appeared to compose as they sung, in which I could plainly distinguish the words *Opootee, tie ties, peepees*, etc. (Porter presents beads, etc.), after which they strove in various ways who should most amuse us, the men in dancing, the girls in playing scratch cradle (an amusement well known in America), at which they are more dextrous than any other I ever met with.

Our time passed rapidly with these kind people, and the evening approached before we were aware of it. It became necessary to hasten to the ship, and we bade them farewell, with a promise that we should shortly return and bring with us a larger supply of *peepees* and other *tie ties*, so much desired by them.

On the 27th November I informed the Tayehs and Happaahs that I should next day go to war with the Typees, agreeable to my original plan. The Essex Junior sailed in the afternoon, and I proceeded next morning, at three o'clock, with five boats, accompanied by ten war canoes, blowing their conches as a signal by which they could keep together. We arrived at the Typee landing at sunrise, and were joined by ten war canoes from the Happaahs; the Essex Junior soon after arrived and anchored. The tops of all the neighboring mountains were covered with the Tayeh and Happaah warriors, armed with their spears, clubs, and slings; the beach was covered with the warriors who came with the canoes, and who joined us from the hills; our force did not amount to a less number than five thousand men. I had brought with me one of those whom I had intended to employ as ambassadors; he had intermarried with the Typees and was privileged to go among them; I furnished him with a white flag and sent him to inform the Typees that I had come to offer them peace, but was prepared for war; that I only required that they should submit to the same terms as those entered into by the other tribes, and that terms of friendship would be much more pleasing to me than any satisfaction which I expected to derive from chastising them. In a few minutes after the departure of my messenger he came running back, the picture of terror, and informed me he had met in the bushes an ambuscade of Typees, who, regardless of his flag of truce, which he displayed to them, had driven him back with blows, and had threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them; and in an instant afterward we had a confirmation of his statement in a shower of stones which came from the bushes. To remain still would have proved fatal to us; to have retreated would have convinced them of our fears and our incapacity to injure them; our only safety was in advancing and endeavoring to clear the thicket, which I had been informed was of no great extent.

We advanced a mile or more when we came to a small opening on the bank of a river, from the thicket on the opposite side of which we were assailed with a shower of stones, when Lieutenant Downes received a blow which shattered the bone of his left leg, and he fell. We had left parties in ambush in our rear, which we had not been able to dislodge, and to trust him to the Indians alone to take back was hazarding too much. The Indians began to leave us; all depended on our own exertions, and no time was to be lost in deliberation. I therefore directed Mr. Shaw with four men to escort Lieutenant Downes to the beach; this with the party I had left for the protection of the boats reduced my number to twenty-four men. As we continued our march the number of our allies became reduced, and even the brave Mouina, the first to expose himself, began to hang back; while he kept in advance, he had, by the quickness of his sight, which was astonishing, put us on our guard as the stones and spears came, and enabled us to elude them, but now they came too thick even for him to withstand.

We soon came to the place for fording the river; in the thick bushes of the opposite banks of which the Typees, who were here very numerous, made a bold stand, and showered on us their spears and other missiles. We endeavored in vain to clear the bushes of the opposite banks with our musketry. The stones and spears flew with augmented numbers. Finding that we could not dislodge them, I directed a volley to be fired, three cheers

to be given, and to dash across the river. We soon gained the opposite bank and continued our march, rendered still more difficult by the underwood, which was here interlaced to that degree as to make it necessary sometimes to crawl on our hands and knees to get along. We were harassed as usual by the Typees for about a quarter of a mile through a thicket which, at almost any other time, I should have considered impassable. On emerging from the swamp we felt new life and spirits; but this joy was of short duration, for on casting up our eyes, we perceived a strong and extensive wall of seven feet in height, raised on an eminence crossing our road, and flanked on each side by an impenetrable thicket, and in an instant afterward were assailed by a shower of stones, accompanied by the most horrid yells.

Finding we could not dislodge them, I gave orders for pushing on and endeavoring to take it by storm: but some of my men had by this time expended all their cartridges, and there were few who had more than three or four remaining. This discouraging news threw a damp on the spirits of the whole party; without ammunition our muskets were rendered inferior to the weapons of the Typees, and if we could not advance, there could be no doubt we should be under the necessity of fighting our way back; and to attempt this with our few remaining cartridges, would be hazarding too much. Our only safety now depended on holding our ground until we could procure a fresh supply of ammunition, and in reserving the few charges on hand until it could be brought to us. I mentioned my intentions to my people, exhorted them to save their ammunition as much as possible, and dispatched Lieutenant Gamble with a detachment of four men to the beach, there to make a boat and proceed to the Essex Junior for a fresh supply. My number was now reduced to nineteen men; there was no officer but myself; the Indians had all deserted me except Mouina; and to add to our critical and dangerous situation, three of the men remaining with me were knocked down with stones. Mouina begged me to retreat, crying *mattee! mattee!* The wounded entreated me to permit the others to carry them to the beach, but I had none to spare to accompany them. I saw no hopes of succeeding against the natives, so long as they kept their stronghold; and determined to endeavor to draw them out by a feint retreat, and by this means to gain some advantage. For to return without gaining some advantage would, I believed, have rendered an attack from the Happaes certain. I communicated my intentions; directed the wounded to be taken care of; gave orders for all to run until we were concealed by the bushes, and then halt. We retreated for a few paces, and in an instant the Indians rushed on us with hideous yells. The first and second which advanced were killed at the distance of a few paces, and those who attempted to carry them off were wounded. This checked them, they abandoned their dead and precipitately retreated to their fort. Not a moment was now to be lost in gaining the opposite side of the river. Taking advantage of the terror they were thrown into, we marched off with our wounded. Scarcely had we crossed the river before we were attacked with stones; but here they halted, and we returned to the beach much fatigued and harassed with marching and fighting, and with no contemptible opinion of the enemy we had encountered or the difficulties we should have to surmount in conquering them.

On my arrival I found the boat which had been missing, together with a reinforcement of men from the Essex Junior, and a supply of ammunition. I was desirous of sounding the Typees before I proceeded to further extremities, as also to impress our allies with the idea that we could carry all before us. They told my messenger to tell me that they had killed my chief warrior—for such they supposed Mr. Downes to be—that they had wounded several of my people, and compelled us to retreat. They knew their strength and the numbers they could oppose; and held our bouhies in more contempt than ever, they frequently missed fire, rarely killed, and the wounds they occasioned were not as painful as those of a spear or stone; and, they added, they knew they would prove perfectly useless to us should it come on to rain. They dared us to renew the contest; and assured us they would not retreat beyond where we had left them.

Overcome with fatigue and discouraged by the formidable appearance of their fortress, my men also fatigued and disheartened from the number of wounded, I determined to leave them for the present, but meditated a severe punishment for them. The Happahs had now descended the hills with their arms; the Shouemes appeared on the other side, and “the Typees have driven the white men,” was the constant topic of conversation. We were still but a handful and were surrounded by several thousand Indians; and although they professed friendship, I did not feel safe. I therefore directed everybody to embark and proceed to the Essex Junior, anxious to know the state of Lieutenant Downes.

The next day I determined to proceed with a force which I believed they could not resist, and selected two hundred men from the Essex, the Essex Junior, and from the prizes.

In the evening I caused the party to be sent on shore and determined to go by land. We had a fine moonlight night, and I hoped to be down in the Typee valley long before daylight, and to take them by surprise. I directed the party sent in advance to halt as soon as they had gained the top of the mountain until I came up with the main body. There I intended encamping for the night, should our men not be able to stand the fatigue of a longer march. Several gave out before we reached the summit, which we did in about three hours, with great difficulty; but after resting a short time, and finding ourselves refreshed, the moon shining out bright, and our guides informing us (though very incorrectly) that we were not more than six miles from the enemy, we again marched. Several Indians had joined us, but I had imposed silence on them, as we were under the necessity of passing a Happah village, and was fearful of their discovering us, and giving intelligence to the Typees. Not a whisper was heard from one end of the line to the other; our guides marched in front, and we followed in silence up and down the steep sides of rocks and mountains, through rivulets, thickets, and reed breaks, and by the sides of precipices which sometimes caused us to shudder. At twelve o'clock we could hear the drums beating in the Typee valley accompanied by loud singing, and the number of lights in different parts of it induced me to believe they were rejoicing. I inquired the cause, and was informed by the Indians they were celebrating the victory they had obtained over us, and calling on their gods to give them rain in order that it might render our bouhies useless. We soon arrived at the pathway

leading from the top of the mountain into the valley; but the Indians told us that it would be impossible to descend it without day-light; that the mountain was almost perpendicular, and that in many places we should be under the necessity of lowering ourselves down with great caution, and that it would be even necessary for them to assist us in the day-time to enable us to get down with safety. I concluded that it would be most advisable to wait for day-light before we attempted to descend. We were in possession of the pathway to the valley, and could prevent the Happahs from giving them any intelligence of us; we were on a narrow ridge running between the valleys of the two tribes and well situated to guard against surprise and defend ourselves from an attack from either; and what added to the convenience of our situation, we had a stream of water not far distant.

After placing guards we laid down on our arms. I had fallen into a dose when an Indian came to inform me that it was coming on to rain very heavy, and as he expressed himself would *mattee! mattee! bouhie*. This appearance of rain caused loud shouts of joy in the Typee valley and drums were beating in every quarter. I cautioned my men about taking care of their arms and ammunition; but from the violence of the rain, which soon poured down in torrents, I had little hopes that a musket would be kept dry or a cartridge saved. Never, in the course of my life, did I spend a more anxious or disagreeable night, and I believe there were few with me who had ever seen its equal. A cold and piercing wind accompanied the deluge, for I can call it nothing else, and chilled us to the very heart; without room to keep ourselves warm by moving about, fearful of stirring, lest we might be precipitated into eternity down the steep sides of the mountains, for the ridge had now become so slippery we could scarcely keep our feet—we all anxiously looked for morning, and the first dawn of day, although the wind and rain still continued, was a cheering sight to us, notwithstanding our apprehensions for the fate of the ammunition and the conditions of our muskets. We were all as perfectly wet as though we had been under water the whole time, and we scarcely entertained a hope that a single cartridge or musket had escaped. The Indians kept exclaiming that our muskets were spoilt, and anxiously wished us to retreat in time; but notwithstanding my fears on the subject, I endeavored to impress them with a belief that water could do them no injury. As soon as it was light enough I went among my men and inquired into the state of their arms and ammunition. The first had escaped better than I had any reason to hope; but of the latter more than one half was wet and unfit for service.

The Happah village lay on one side of the mountain, as I before observed, the Typee on the other, and when it was light enough to see down into the valley of the latter we were astonished at the greatness of the height we were elevated above them, and the steepness of the mountain by which we should have to descend to get to them. A narrow pathway pointed out the track, but it was soon lost among the cliffs. The Indians informed me that in the present slippery state of the mountain no one could descend, and as our men were much harassed with fatigue, overcome with hunger, shivering and uncomfortable, I determined to take up my quarters in the Happah valley until next day to enable us to refresh, and I hoped by that time the weather would prove more favorable. The chief soon arrived, and I com-

municated to him my intentions, directing him to send down and have houses provided for us, as also hogs and fruit, all of which he promised should be done. Before I left the hill I determined by firing a volley to show the natives that our muskets had not received as much injury as they had expected, as I believed, under their impressions, at that moment, the Happahs would not have hesitated in making an attack on us, and to avoid any difficulties with them I thought it best to convince them we were still formidable. I had other motives also for firing, the Tayehs and Happahs, I knew, would accompany us into the Typee valley; and as I had put off our descent until the next day, I concluded that it would be best to give them timely notice of our approach, that they might be enabled to remove their women and children, their hogs, and most valuable effects; for although I felt desirous of chastising them for their conduct, I wished to prevent the innocent from suffering, or the pillage and destruction of their property by the Indians who accompanied us. I accordingly directed my men to assemble on the ridge and to fire a volley; the Typees had not until then seen us, nor had they the least suspicion of our being there. As soon as they heard the report of our muskets, and discovered our numbers, which, with the multitude of Indians of both tribes who had now assembled, was very numerous, they shouted, beat their drums, and blew their war conches from one end of the valley to the other: and what with the squealing of the hogs, which they now began to catch, the screaming of the women and children, and the yelling of the men, the din was horrible.

After firing our volley, which went off better than I expected, we descended, with great difficulty, into the village of the Happahs, and were shown into the public square. Around this place were several vacant houses which had, in all appearance, been vacated on our account: in these I quartered my officers and men, assigning to each ship's crew their abode. The Happahs assembled about us, armed with their clubs and spears; and the women, who had at first crowded round us, now began to abandon us. Everything bore the appearance of a hostile disposition on the part of the Happahs: our friends the Tayehs cautioned us to be on our guard. I directed every one to keep their arms in their hands, ready to assemble at a moment's warning. I now sent for their chief and required to know if they were hostilely disposed. I told him it was necessary we should have something to eat, and that I expected his people to bring us hogs and fruit, and if they did not do so I should be under the necessity of sending out parties to shoot them and cut down their fruit trees, as our people were too much fatigued to climb them. I also directed that they should lay by their spears and clubs. No notice being taken of these demands, I caused many of their spears and clubs to be taken from them and broken, and sent parties out to shoot hogs, while others were employed in cutting down cocoa-nut and banana trees until we had a sufficient supply.

The chiefs and the people of the Happah tribe now became intimidated and brought the baked hogs in greater abundance than were required; friendship was re-established, and the women returned. When night approached, proper lookouts were placed, fires made before each house: those of the tribe of Tayehs remained with us, the Happahs retired. All not on guard devoted themselves to sleep, and at daylight, next morning, we equally

divided our ammunition, and the line of march was formed. All had put their arms in a good state for service, and all were fresh and vigorous; each being supplied with a small quantity of provisions for the day.

On ascending the ridge, where we had passed such a disagreeable night, we halted to take breath, and view, for a few minutes, this delightful valley, which was soon to become a scene of desolation. From the hill we had a distant view of every part, and all appeared equally delightful. The valley was about nine miles in length and three or four in breadth, surrounded on every part, except the beach, where we formerly landed, by lofty mountains; the upper part was bounded by a precipice of many hundred feet in height, from the top of which a handsome sheet of water was precipitated, and formed a beautiful river, which ran meandering through the valley and discharged itself at the beach. Villages were scattered here and there; the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees flourished luxuriantly and in abundance; plantations laid out in good order, inclosed with stone walls, were in a high state of cultivation, and everything bespoke industry, abundance, and happiness—never in my life did I witness a more delightful scene, or experience more repugnance than I now felt for the necessity which compelled me to punish a happy and heroic people.

A large assemblage of Typee warriors were posted on the opposite banks of the river (which glided near the foot of the mountain) and dared us to descend. In their rear was a fortified village, secured by strong stone walls; drums were beating and war conches were sounding in several parts, and we soon found they were disposed to make every effort to oppose us. I gave orders to descend; Mouina offered himself as our guide, and I directed him to lead us to their principal village: but finding the fatigue of going down the mountain greater than I expected, I gave orders to halt before crossing the river, to give time for the rear to close, which had become much scattered, and that all might rest. As soon as we reached the foot of the mountain we were annoyed by a shower of stones from the bushes, and from behind the stone walls; but as we were also enabled to shelter ourselves behind others, and being short of ammunition I would not permit any person to fire.—After resting a few minutes I directed the scouting parties to gain the opposite bank of the river, and followed with the main body.

We were greatly annoyed with stones, and before all had crossed, the fortified village was taken without any loss on our side. Their chief warrior and another were killed, and several wounded—they retreated only to stone walls situated on higher grounds, where they continued to sling their stones and throw their spears. Three of my men were wounded, and many of the Typees killed before we dislodged them; parties were sent out in different directions to scour the woods, and another fort was taken after some resistance; but the party, overpowered by numbers, were compelled to retreat to the main body after keeping possession of it half an hour. We were waiting in the fort first taken for the return of our scouting parties—a multitude of Tayehs and Happahs were with us, and many were on the outskirts of the village seeking for plunder: Lieutenant M'Knight had driven a party from a strong wall on the high ground, and had possession of it, when a large party of Typees, which had been lying in ambush, rushed by his fire, and darted into the fort with their spears: the Tayehs and Hap-

pahs all ran, the Typees approached within pistol shot, but on the first fire retreated precipitately, crossing the fire of Mr. McKnight's party, and although none fell, we had reason to believe that many were wounded. The spears and stones were flying from the bushes in every direction, and although we killed and wounded in this place great numbers of them, we were satisfied, from the opposition made, that we should have to fight our whole way through the valley.

It became now necessary to guard against a useless consumption of ammunition the scouting parties had returned, and some had expended all their cartridges; I exhorted them to be more careful of them, and after having given them a fresh supply, forbid any firing from the main body, unless we should be attacked by great numbers. I now left a party in this place, posted in a house, with the wounded, and another party in ambush behind a wall, and directed Mouina to lead us to the next village; but before marching I sent a messenger to inform the Typees that we should cease hostilities when they no longer made resistance, but so long as stones were thrown I should destroy their villages. No notice was taken of this message. We continued our march up the valley, and met in our way several beautiful villages, which were set on fire, and at length arrived at their capital, for it deserves the name of one. We had been compelled to fight every inch of ground, as we advanced, and here they made considerable opposition; the place was however, soon carried, and I very reluctantly set fire to it.

The beauty and regularity of this place was such, as to strike every spectator with astonishment, and their grand site, or public square, was far superior to any other we had met with; numbers of their gods were here destroyed, several large and elegant new war canoes, which had never been used were burnt in the houses that sheltered them; many of their drums, which they had been compelled to abandon, were thrown into the flames, and our Indians loaded themselves with plunder, after destroying bread-fruit and other trees, and all the young plants they could find; we had now arrived at the upper end of the valley, about nine miles from the beach, and at the foot of the water-fall above mentioned; the day was advancing; we had yet much to do, and it was necessary to hasten our return to the fort first taken, where we arrived after being about four hours absent, leaving behind us a scene of ruin and desolation. I had hoped that the Typees had now abandoned all further thoughts of resistance; but on my return to the fort I found the parties left there had been annoyed the whole time of my absence; but being sheltered from the stones and short of ammunition, they had not fired on the enemy.

This fort was situated exactly half-way up the valley; to return by the road we descended the hill would have been impossible, it became therefore necessary to go to the beach, where I was informed that the difficulty of ascending the mountains would not be so great; many were exhausted with fatigue, and began to feel the cravings of hunger, and I directed a halt, that all might rest and refresh themselves. After resting about half an hour I directed the Indians to take care of our wounded: we formed the line of march and proceeded down the valley, and in our route destroyed several other villages, at all of which we had some skirmishing with the enemy.

At one of those places, situated at the foot of a steep hill, they rolled enormous stones down, with a view of crushing us to death, but they did us no injury. The number of villages destroyed amounted to ten, and the destruction of trees and plants and the plunder carried off by the Indians is almost incredible. The Typees fought us to the last, and even at first harassed our rear on our return; but parties left in ambush soon put a stop to any further annoyance. We at length came to the formidable fort which checked our career on our first day's enterprise, and although I had witnessed many instances of the great exertion and ingenuity of these islanders, I never had supposed them capable of contriving and erecting a work like this, so well calculated for strength and defense.

There are but three entrances into this valley, one on the west, which we descended, one on the east, and one from the beach. No force whatever had before dared to attack them on the west, on account of the impossibility of retreating, in case of a repulse, which they calculated on as certain. The passage on the east led from the valley of their friends, and that from the beach was guarded by fortresses deemed impregnable, and justly so against any force which could be brought against them unassisted by artillery. On viewing the strength of this place I could not help felicitating myself on the lucky circumstance which had induced me to attack them by land, for I believed we should have failed in an attempt on this place.

On my arrival at the beach I met Tavee and many of his, the Shoueme tribe, together with the chiefs of the Happahs. Tavee was the bearer of a white flag and several of the same emblems of peace were flying on the different hills around his valley; he was desirous of knowing whether I intended going to their valley, and wished to be informed when he should again bring presents, and what articles he should bring: he inquired if I would still be his friend and reminded me that I was Temaa Typee, the chief of the valley of Shoueme, and that his was Tavee. I gave him assurances of my friendship, requested him to return and allay the fears of the women, who, he informed me, were in the utmost terror, apprehensive of an attack from me. The chiefs of the Happahs invited me to return to their valley, assuring me that an abundance of everything was already provided for us, and the girls, who had assembled in great numbers dressed out in their best attire welcomed our return with smiles, and notwithstanding our wet and dirty situation—for it had been raining the greater part of the day—convinced us by their looks and gestures that they were disposed to give us the most friendly reception.

Gattanewa met me on the side of the hill as I was ascending: the old man's heart was full, he could not speak; he placed both my hands on his head, rested his forehead on my knees, and after a short pause, raising himself, placed his hands on my breast, exclaiming, Gattanewa! and then on his own said, Apotee, to remind me we had exchanged names.

When I had reached the summit of the mountain, I stopped to contemplate that valley which, in the morning, we had viewed in all its beauty, the scene of abundance and happiness—a long line of smoking ruins now marked our traces from one end to the other; the opposite hills were covered with the unhappy fugitives, and the whole presented a scene of desolation and horror. Unhappy and heroic people! the victims of your own

courage and mistaken pride, while the instruments of your own fate, shed the tears of pity over your misfortunes, thousands of your countrymen—nay, brethren of the same family—triumphed in your distresses !

I shall not fatigue myself or the reader by a longer account of this expedition ; we spent the night with the Happahs, who supplied us most abundantly, and next morning, at daylight, started for Madison's Ville, where we arrived about eight o'clock, after an absence of three nights and two days, during which time we marched upward of sixty miles, by paths which had never before been trodden but by the natives. Several of my stoutest men were for a long time laid up by sickness occasioned by their excessive fatigue, and one (Corporal Mahan of the marines) died two days after his return.

The day of our return was devoted to rest ; a messenger was, however, dispatched to the Typees informing them I was still willing to make peace, and that I should not allow them to return to their valley until they had come on terms of friendship with us. The messenger on his return informed me that the Typees on his arrival, were in the utmost consternation ; but that my message had diffused the most lively joy among them : there was nothing they desired more than peace, and they would be willing to purchase my friendship on any terms. He informed me that a flag of truce would be sent in next day to know my conditions.

On the arrival of the Typee flag, which was borne by a chief accompanied by a priest, I informed them that I still insisted on a compliance with the conditions formerly offered them, to-wit, an exchange of presents and peace : with myself and the tribes who had allied themselves to me. They readily consented to these terms, and requested to know the number of hogs I should require, stating that they had lost but few, and should be enabled to supply us abundantly ; I told them I should expect from them four hundred, which they assured me should be delivered without delay. Flags were now sent to me again from all the tribes in the island, even the most remote and inconsiderable, with large presents of hogs and fruit, and we had never at any time since we had been on the island experienced such abundance.

Peace now being established throughout the island, and the utmost harmony reigning, not only between us and the Indians, but between the different tribes, they mixed with one another about our village in the most friendly manner, and the different chiefs with the priests came daily to visit me. They were all much delighted that a general peace had been brought about, that they might now all visit the different parts of the island in safety ; and many of the oldest men assured me that they had never before been out of the valley in which they were born. They repeatedly expressed their astonishment and admiration that I should have been enabled to effect so much in so short a time, and that I should have been able to extend my influence so far as to give them such complete protection, not only in the valley of Tieuhoy, but among the tribes with which they had been at war from the earliest periods, and had heretofore been considered their natural enemies. I informed them that I should shortly leave them and should return again at the expiration of a year. I exhorted them to remain at peace with one another, and assured them that if they should be at war on my return, I should punish the tribes most in fault. They all gave me the

strongest assurances of a disposition to remain on good terms, not only with me and my people, but with one another.

I now was enabled to make little excursions occasionally into different parts of the valley, and visit the natives at their houses, which was what I had not been enabled to do heretofore, as my various occupations had kept me much confined to our village. On these occasions I always met the most hospitable and friendly reception from the natives of both sexes. Cocoa-nuts and whatever else they had were offered me, and I rarely returned home without several little tie-ties as a token of their regard. I generally took with me seeds of different descriptions, with which I was provided, such as melons, pumpkins, peas, beans, oranges, limes, etc., together with peach stones, wheat and Indian corn, which were planted within the inclosures, in the most suitable places for them, the natives always assisting in pulling up the weeds and clearing the ground for planting them. The nature of the different kinds of vegetables and fruit that each kind of grain would produce was explained to them, and they all promised to take the utmost care of them and prevent the hogs from doing them any injury. I directed them not to pull any of the fruit until they had consulted Wilson to know if they were ripe. Among all the seeds that were sown there was none which gave them so much pleasure as the wheat, which they called *maïé*, which is the name they gave the bread-fruit; they would not believe, however, at first that it was from this grain we made our bread (which they also called *maïé*, but sometimes potato) until I had ground some of the grain between two stones, and showed them the flour, which produced from them the most joyous exclamations of *maïé ! maïé ! maïé !* and all began to clear away spots for sowing the grain, and bringing me leaves and cocoa-nut shells, begging that I would give them some to take home to plant.

I endeavored to impress them with an idea of the value of the seeds I was planting, and explained to them the different kinds of fruit they would produce, assuring them of their excellence, and as a farther inducement to them to attend their cultivation, I promised them that, on my return, I would give them a whale's tooth for every ripe pumpkin and melon they would bring me; and to the chiefs of the distant tribes, to whom I distributed the different kinds of seeds, I made the same promise. I also gave them several English hogs of a superior breed, which they were very anxious to procure. I left in charge of Wilson some male and female goats, and as I had a number of young Galapagos tortoises, I distributed several among the chiefs, and permitted a great many to escape into the bushes and among the grass.

In one of those excursions, I was led to the chief place of religious ceremony of the valley. It is situated high up the valley of the Havvov, in a fine grove, and I regret extremely that I had it not in my power to make a correct drawing of it on the spot, as it far exceeds in splendor everything of the kind described by Captain Cook, or represented in the plates which accompany his voyage.

Some time previous to this I had been tabooed at my request by Gattawewa; this gave me the privilege of visiting and examining all their places of religious worship, and I now took advantage of my right in going into the grove among the gods, accompanied by the attendants on the place.

Wilson could not accompany me there, and I was not enabled to make inquiry on many subjects; but observing that they treated all their gods with little respect, frequently catching them by their large ears, drawing my attention to their wide mouths, their flat noses, and large eyes, and pointing out to me, by signs, all their other deformities, I told Wilson to inform them I thought they treated their gods very disrespectfully—they told me that those were like themselves, mere attendants on their divinity, as they were on the priest; that I had not yet seen their greatest of all gods, that he was in a small house, which they pointed out, situated at the corner of the grove; and on my expressing a desire to see him, after a short consultation among themselves, they brought him out on the branch of a cocoa-nut tree, when I was surprised to find him only a parcel of paper cloth secured to a piece of a spear about four feet long; it in some measure resembled a child in swaddling cloths, and the part intended to represent the head had a number of strips of cloth hanging from it about a foot in length; I could not help laughing at the ridiculous appearance of the god they worshiped, in which they all joined me with a great deal of good humor, some of them dandling and nursing the god, as a child would her doll.

I endeavored to ascertain whether they had an idea of a future state, rewards and punishments, and the nature of their heaven. As respects the latter they believed it to be an island, somewhere in the sky, abounding with everything desirable; that those killed in war and carried off by their friends go there, provided they are furnished with a canoe and provisions, but that those who are carried off by the enemy, never reach it unless a sufficient number of the enemy can be obtained to paddle his canoe there, and for this reason they were so anxious to procure a crew for their priest, who was killed and carried off by the Happahs. They have neither rewards nor punishments in this world, and I could not learn that they expected any in the next—their religion, however, is like a plaything, an amusement to them, and I very much doubt whether they, at any moment, give it a serious thought; their priests and jugglers manage those matters for them; what they tell them they believe, and do not put themselves to the trouble of considering whether it is right or wrong. They are very credulous, and will as readily believe in one religion as another. I have explained to them the nature of the Christian religion, in a manner to suit their ideas; they listened with much attention, appeared pleased with the novelty of it, and agreed that our God must be greater than theirs. Our chaplain Mr. Adams endeavored to collect from one of their priests some notions of his religion, and among other things inquired of him whether, according to their belief, the body was translated to the other world or only the spirit; the priest, after a considerable pause, at length replied, that the flesh and bones went to the earth, but that all within went to the sky: from his manner, however, the question seemed greatly to embarrass him, and it appeared as though a new field was opened to his view.

Besides the gods at the burying-place, or *morai*, for so it is called by them, they have their household gods, which are hung round their necks, generally made of human bones, and others, which are carved on the handles of their fans, on their stilts, their canes, and more particularly on their war clubs; but those gods are not held in any estimation, they are sold, exchanged, and

given away with the same indifference as any other object, and indeed the most precious relics, the skulls and other bones of their relations, are disposed of with equal indifference.

When we were at war with the Typees, the Happahs and Tayehs made a strict search in the houses of the enemy for the skulls of their ancestors, who had been slain in battle (knowing where they were deposited); many were found, and the possessors seemed rejoiced that they had recovered from the enemy so inestimable a relic. Dr. Hoffman seeing a man with three or four skulls strung round his waist, asked him for them, and they were given up immediately, although they had belonged to his father, brother, or some near relation. Next day several appeared at the village with the skulls to traffic for harpoons. A very old man came to the village as a representative from one of the tribes, and wishing to make me a present and having nothing else to give me, took from his neck a string of bones cut in the form of their gods, and assured me they were the bones of his grandmother.

In religion these people are mere children; their morais are their baby-houses, and their gods are their dolls. I have seen Gattanewa with all his sons, and many others sitting for hours together clapping their hands and singing before a number of little wooden gods laid out in small houses erected for the occasion, and ornamented with strips of cloth; they were such houses as a child would have made, of about two feet long and eighteen inches high, and no less than ten or twelve of them in a cluster like a small village; by the side of this were several canoes, furnished with their paddles, seines, harpoons, and other fishing apparatus, and round the whole a line was drawn to show that the place was tabooed; within this line was Gattanewa and others, like overgrown babies, singing and clapping their hands, sometimes laughing and talking, and appeared to give their ceremony no attention; he asked me if the place was not very fine; and it was on this occasion that he tabooed me, in order to give me an opportunity of approaching the gods and examining them more closely. The whole ceremony of *tabooing* me consisted in taking a piece of white cloth from the hole through his ear, and tying it around my hat as a band: I wore this badge for several days, and simple as it was, every one I passed would call out *taboo*, and avoid touching me. I inquired the cause of this ceremony of Gattanewa, and he told me he was going to catch tortoise for the gods, and that he should have to pray to them several days and nights for success, during which time he should be tabooed and dare not enter a house frequented by women.

Tattooing among these people is performed by means of a machine made of bone something like a comb with the teeth only on one side; the points of the teeth are rubbed with a black paint made of burnt cocoa-nut shell ground to powder, and mixed with water; this is struck into the flesh by means of a heavy piece of wood which serves the purpose of a hammer; the operation is extremely painful and streams of blood follow every blow, yet pride induces them to bear this torture, and they even suffer themselves to be tied down while the operation is performing in order that their agony may not interrupt the operator. The men commence tattooing as soon as they are able to bear the pain; they begin at the age of eighteen or nineteen

and are rarely completely tattooed until they arrive at the age of thirty-five. The women begin about the same age; they have only their legs, arms, and hands tattooed—which is done with extraordinary neatness and delicacy—and some slight lines drawn across their lips. It is also the practice with some to have the inside of their lips tattooed, but the object of this ornament I could never find out, as it is never seen unless they turn out their lips to show it. Every tribe in the island, I observed, were tattooed after a different fashion, and I was informed that every line had its meaning, and gave to the bearer certain privileges at their feasts. This practice of tattooing sometimes occasions sores which fester and are several weeks before they heal; it however never produces any serious consequences, or leaves any scars behind.

On the 9th December I had all my provisions, wood, and water on board, my decks filled with hogs, and a most abundant supply of cocoa-nuts and bananas, with which we had been furnished by the liberality of our Nooa-heevan friends, who had reserved for us a stock of dried cocoa-nuts, suitable for taking to sea, and were calculated for keeping three or four months.

I now found it necessary to stop the liberty I had heretofore given to my people, and directed that every person should remain on board and work late and early to hasten the departure of the ship; but three of my crew determined on having a parting kiss, and to obtain it, swam on shore at night; they were caught on the beach and brought to me. I immediately caused them to be confined in irons, and determined to check any farther disobedience of my orders by the most exemplary punishment. I next morning caused them to be punished severely at the gangway, and set them to work in chains with my prisoners: this severity excited some discontent and murmurings among the crew, but it effectually prevented a recurrence.

Nooaheevah had many charms for a sailor, and had part of my crew felt disposed to remain there, I knew they would not absent themselves until the moment before my departure. This affair had, however, like to have ended seriously; my crew did not see the same motives for restraint as myself, they had long been indulged, and they thought it now hard to be deprived of their usual liberty: one kiss now was worth a thousand at any other time; they were restless, discontented, and unhappy. The girls lined the beach from morning until night, and every moment importuned me to take the taboos off the men, and laughingly expressed their grief by dipping their fingers into the sea and touching their eyes, so as to let the salt water trickle down their cheeks. Others would seize a chip, and holding it in the manner of a shark's tooth, declared they would cut themselves to pieces in despair; some threatened to beat their brains out with a spear of grass, some to drown themselves, and all were determined to inflict on themselves some dreadful punishment if I did not permit their sweethearts to come on shore. The men did not bear it with so much good humor: their situation, they said, was worse than slavery."

On the 12th Commodore Porter, having the Essex and Essex Junior ready for sea, sailed for the coast of South America to cruise against the enemy. Previous to leaving he had the remainder of the prizes warped in under the guns of the fort. The command of the fort was given to Lieutenant Gam-

ble, of the marines, who had under him Messers. Feltus and Clapp, two of the midshipmen, and twenty-one men. Captain Porter's object in leaving these vessels was to secure the means of future repairs to his ships, and to avoid an unnecessary detention, he gave Lieutenant Gamble orders to leave the island in five and a half months if he should not hear from him in the meantime.

The Essex had no sooner disappeared than the savages began to show a turbulent disposition. This was for the time quieted. Soon after one of the men was drowned and four deserted in a whaleboat. In April a part of the men mutinied and sailed away in the Seringapatam. In May the natives attacked them and killed midshipman Feltus and three of the men and severely wounded another. The whole party was now reduced to eight individuals of whom only four were fit for duty. With these Mr. Gamble got to sea in the Sir Andrew Hammond and went into the Sandwich islands where he was soon after captured by the Cherub. He there learned the fate of the Essex, which on the last of March, after a bloody and long sustained battle with the British ships Phœbe and Cherub, in the neutral harbor of Valparaiso, had surrendered. The action had been fought under great disadvantages with a far superior force of the enemy, and with a bravery that reflected great credit upon Captain Porter: indeed he refused to surrender until his principal officers, and more than one half of his crew, had been killed or wounded. Just before going into the action a squall of wind had carried away the main topmast of the Essex, so that Captain Porter could not maneuver his vessel. She therefore lay completely in the power of the enemy who could choose his own position and distance and with his guns of longer reach pour in the shot upon his crippled antagonist, without the latter having the shadow of a chance of a successful defense.

Thus terminated this enterprising and singular cruise. Its end was as disastrous as its commencement had been fortunate; and its whole history was romantic and highly creditable to the spirit, resources and self-reliance of the master mind who originated and carried it into execution.

Captain Porter was a native of Boston, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1780, so that at the time of starting on this eventful cruise he was but thirty-two years of age. On the termination of the war in 1815 he was appointed a naval commissioner, and performed the duties of that office until 1821. Subsequently, in relation to an insult offered the American flag at Forado, in Porto Rico, of which he was cognizant, he obliged the authorities of the place to make a due apology. He had no orders to do so; and consequently was suspended for six months by a court-martial. He thereupon resigned his commission and joined the Mexican navy. In 1829, President Jackson appointed him minister to Constantinople, where he rendered his country most valuable aid, in the formation of treaties. He died in 1843, at the age of sixty-three years.

Captain Porter was the author of the celebrated motto, "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights." On his return from his celebrated cruise, he was everywhere received with the highest honors. Congress and the several States gave him a vote of thanks, and by universal acclamation he was called "*the Hero of the Pacific.*"

THE WISE AND HEROIC CONDUCT OF J E H U D I A S H M U N :

AS SHOWN IN SAVING FROM DESTRUCTION AND IN ESTABLISHING ON A FIRM BASIS

THE AMERICAN COLONY OF LIBERIA.

Among the subjects that have attracted the consideration of statesmen and philanthropists of our time, that of African Colonization has been conspicuous. Many of our ablest and purest men have regarded this as the only practicable means to effect the ultimate regeneration of a degraded class of our population; and also as the mode by which the whole continent of Africa will eventually have opened to it the blessings of Christian civilization.

Among those names connected with the early history of the American colony of Liberia, is that of Jehudi Ashmun. He it was that in its darkest hour saved it from utter extermination, and by the exercise of masterly abilities in his agency of six years' duration, gained the reputation of having been one of the most remarkable of men. In the midst of the varying circumstances of difficulty and danger, he exhibited most conspicuously every variety of quality and talent that could be called for—military skill and courage, political sagacity and address, all of which were united to such a spirit of self-sacrifice that finally his life became the forfeit of his devotion.

Mr. Ashmun, was born in April, 1794, in Champlain, New York. His parents were respectable people in moderate circumstances. He was educated at the University of Vermont, and for a while was a Professor of Classical Literature in a Theological Seminary at Hampden, in Maine. He also received a license to preach.

The subject of foreign missions had taken a deep hold of his thoughts and it was his ultimate design to devote his life to that department of labor. The elements of intellectual strength are generally mingled in the human character with ardent feelings and powerful passions. The talents which render men capable of great and noble actions, may, if perverted, cover them with all the disgrace and infamy of crime. Ashmun was naturally self-confident, proud, ambitious. His imagination was warm, his passions ardent, his sensibility extreme. His religious sentiments at this time, were deeply tinged with a romantic enthusiasm. In allusion to this period, he some years after observed: "My genius and habits, much of the time, were decidedly of the ascetic cast. I determined not only to forsake the gay, but

even the civilized world, and spend my life among distant savages. And from long dwelling on this prospect, and naturally directing my inquiries and reading by it, I came to acquire a passion for the sacrifice."

Ashmun eventually moved to Washington City, where he took charge of the *Theological Repertory*, a monthly publication, the only one of a religious character then published south of New York. The capacity he evinced as editor at once gained the attention of leading minds, especially as shown in an elaborate review of the second Annual Report of the American Colonization Society.

The introduction to this Review is in the following words :

"Never perhaps, in the history of man, has an object affording equal scope for the exercise of Christian benevolence, been found capable of engaging in its support such a compass and variety of powerful motives as that of the American Colonization Society. Though in itself this object is simple and definite, and to superficial observation, of limited and even questionable utility, the beneficial consequences of its success gradually unfold to the mind, on a rational investigation of its nature, and may be traced up to the highest pitch of moral magnificence."

"It is an opinion," he farther along adds, "which we believe is built on incontestible grounds, that an African colony in order to answer any benevolent design, must have for its basis the promotion of the Christian religion—first within the colony itself, and subsequently by means of the colony among the contiguous tribes." From this period, the subject of African colonization engrossed the thoughts of Ashmun, and he devoted all his leisure to the preparation of the life of Rev. Samuel Bacon, one of the pioneers in that cause. The work when issued was judged a production of signal ability; but it failed in a mercantile sense, and, in connection with the want of patronage for the *Repertory*, involved him in pecuniary embarrassments. The periodical also failed through mismanagement and other causes over which he had no control. In settling the affairs of the *Repertory* suspicions became attached to him, which the busy tongue of detraction was not slow to reiterate. Few conditions are more perplexing to a noble, sensitive mind than now became his. He was awakened from every bright dream of the future, by the calls of importunate creditors to satisfy delinquencies for the past. Friends, too, began to desert him, and looked upon him with reproachful disappointment at not coming up to their expectations; for, meritorious so ever as one's efforts may be, so blinded is the public generally, that it judges only of merit by success. Reserved both by inclination and habit on matters of private concern, he perhaps sometimes was silent, when he should have made explanation; and while acting in his integrity, forgot what discretion would have dictated, as due to the opinions of others. But he bowed his head to no useless sorrow. He was calm, uncomplaining, and active. He knew that to seek sympathy, is generally to lose in respect more than is gained in compassion; and that for a wounded spirit, the only remedy is divine. No mortal eye can penetrate those deep and secret places of the heart, where griefs spring up and are nourished from the very fountains of life.

As introductory to the new and important field in which the abilities of Ashmun shone so conspicuously, we give a sketch of the origin and progress of the Colony of Liberia to the period when his history became merged in it.

Dr. Fothergill, a member of the Society of Friends in England, first suggested, and Granville Sharp first executed the project of colonizing free men of color in Africa, by founding, in 1787, the Colony of Sierra Leone. The same year the philanthropic Dr. Wm. Thornton of Washington proposed to conduct a company of free colored emigrants from the United States to Africa, but circumstances beyond his control frustrated his design. The subject was discussed in the Legislature of Virginia early in the present century, and the General Government requested by that body to aid in the selection and acquisition of territory adapted to the purposes of the contemplated colony.

But the establishment of the American Colonization Society resulted less from political motives, than from Christian benevolence. Long before the formation of the Colonization Society, there were generous souls in Virginia, and probably in other parts of the South, touched with a tender and affecting charity toward the people of color. And in a future world the fact may stand revealed, that from the sacred retirements of a few devout ladies in Virginia, emanated a spirit of zeal and charity in behalf of the afflicted Africans, which has widely spread; inspired ministers and statesmen with an almost divine eloquence in their cause.

The American Colonization Society was founded in Washington City, in December, 1816. The patriotic and pious from various parts of the country, united in its organization. Among the original members of this society were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Randolph, and others of the most eminent statesmen from all parts of our country, North and South. They could not close their eyes upon these prominent facts:

That the slavery of two millions of colored persons in the Southern portion of this Union was under the exclusive control and legislation of the slaveholding States—each having the sole right of regulating it within its own limits.

That the two hundred thousand colored persons scattered throughout the Union and legally free, enjoyed few of the advantages of freedom.

That there were powerful causes operating to frustrate all efforts to elevate very considerably men of color in this country, which could not exist to prevent their elevation in a separate community from the whites.

That the success of any measures for the good of this race, must depend in a great degree upon the union of the wise and pious from every State and section of the country.

That Africa was inhabited by fifty to one hundred millions of uncivilized and heathen men, and that to render, as far as practicable, the elevation of her exiled children conducive to the deliverance and salvation of her home population, was required alike by philanthropy and piety.

In view of these facts, what humanity and benevolence to the colored race suggested, was embodied in the constitution of the American Colonization Society. It was expected that the operations of this Society, would unfetter and invigorate the faculties, improve the circumstances, animate the hopes and enlarge the usefulness of the free people of color; that by awakening thought, nullifying objections, presenting motives convincing to the judgment, and persuasive to the humanity of masters, they would encourage emancipation; that in Africa their results would be seen, in civil-

ized and Christian communities; in the substitution of a lawful and beneficial commerce for the abominable slave trade; of peaceful agriculture for a predatory warfare; knowledge for ignorance; the arts that refine for vices that degrade; and for superstitions vile, cruel and bloodstained, the ennobling service and pure worship of the true God. It was believed that the fellowship of the North with the South, in African colonization would tend powerfully to produce just opinions on the subject of slavery, and prepare for the removal of the evil without endangering the integrity and peace of the Union.

In the year 1818, the American Colonization Society sent out as agents Messrs. Ebenezer Burgess and Samuel G. Mills, to ascertain if suitable territory could be obtained on the western coast of Africa for the proposed colony. They visited Sierra Leone, the Gambia and Sherbro, and their report encouraged the Society to proceed in its enterprise. Mr. Mills died on the return voyage.

In 1820, the first band of colonists of the Society sailed for the coast of Africa. It consisted of eighty-eight emigrants under the charge of Rev. Sam'l Bacon, J. P. Bankson and Dr. S. A. Crozier, as agents. They landed on the Island of Sherbro, where, in the course of a few weeks, the climate and exposure brought on a disease by which all the agents and one quarter of the emigrants perished. Early the next year, 1821, the second expedition was sent out with a small number of emigrants who remained at Sierra Leone until suitable land should be obtained for the site of the intended colony. They were joined there by the surviving emigrants of the preceding year. Finally, by great skill and perseverance, a valuable tract of land was obtained of the native chiefs, including Cape Montserado, as a site for the first settlement. This purchase was made by Capt. Robt. F. Stockton of the U. S. Navy, and Dr. Eli Ayres, the chief agent of the Colonization Society. The colonists, in the beginning of the next year, removed from Sierra Leone to a small and unhealthy island on the mouth of Montserado River. The natives evinced much duplicity and a determination, if possible, to expel them from the country. In a contest with them, the storehouse took fire and most of the provisions and utensils of the colony were destroyed. In July of this year, 1822, the little band, having endured great trials and hardships, were enabled entirely to abandon the island and plant themselves beneath their own humble dwellings in the Cape. At this period their agent, Dr. Ayres, had been compelled to depart for the United States, leaving the colonists in charge of one of their own number as a general superintendent. Few and destitute, and exposed to the treachery of savage foes, far away from the abodes of civilized men, this feeble company patiently awaited the arrival of those aids and supplies which their necessities demanded.

Such was the condition of affairs, when Mr. Ashmun, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Cape Montserado, in Liberia, early in August of this year (1822). He was at this period in his twenty-ninth year. He had been sent out in the brig *Strong*, chartered by the managers of the Colonization Society, in charge of fifty-three emigrants; eighteen of these were native Africans, who having been stolen from their own country, had been delivered over to the Society to return them to their native soil. His instructions were that

in case he should return in the brig to report the condition and prospects of the colony ; but that if Dr. Ayres was absent, he should remain and temporarily assume the duties of agent. Finding that Dr. Ayres had left, Ashmun remained and took charge of the colony. He summoned all his energies, surveyed rapidly the field of labor, and deferred not an hour the commencement of his work.

It is believed Mr. Ashmun was impelled to leave his country, rather by a desire to realize from commercial operations, the means of discharging heavy debts, which, should he continue in America, he saw it impossible soon to pay, than by any expectation of occupying the station which Providence destined him to fill with such distinguished honor and success. That he felt for the cause of African Colonization an ardent affection, and hoped essentially to promote it, is certain. But his thoughts were directed to a plan of extensive trade, which he imagined might prove of some advantage to himself, while it contributed to conciliate and civilize the Africans, and to augment the resources and facilitate all the operations of the Society. The information he would obtain by a visit to the African coast, must, he concluded, enable him to judge of proper measures for effecting his object ; and on his return, all the details of the plan might be satisfactorily adjusted with the various parties concerned. He regarded the scheme probably at the time of his departure, as something of an adventure, since it does not appear that he had submitted it to the consideration of the managers of the Society.

Cape Montserado, elevated from seventy-five to eighty feet above the sea, forms the abrupt termination of a narrow tongue of land, in length thirty-six miles, and from one and a half to three miles in breadth ; bounded on the south-west by the ocean, and on the north-east by the Rivers Montserado and Junk.

The site chosen for the original settlement (now Monrovia Liberia), is two miles from the point of the Cape. This site, and a large portion of the peninsula, was covered with a lofty and dense forest, entangled with vines and brushwood ; the haunts of savage beasts, and through which the barbarians were accustomed to cut their narrow and winding pathways to the coast. When Mr. Ashmun arrived, a small spot had been cleared, and about thirty houses constructed in a native style. The rainy season was at its height ; the public property had been chiefly consumed by fire ; some of the settlers already on the ground, were but imperfectly sheltered ; and for those just arrived, no preparation had been made ; the settlement had no adequate means of defense, while the chiefs of the country could no longer conceal their hostile designs. The whole population of the settlement, including the emigrants by the Strong, did not exceed one hundred and thirty ; of whom thirty-five only were capable of bearing arms. A comprehensive system of operations was immediately commenced, to relieve the wants and improve the condition of the infant colony, and afford security against the dangers to which it was exposed.

As hostile demonstrations soon became manifest, the colonists prepared to fortify themselves. Within a few days after the arrival of Mr. Ashmun, a fortified tower was planned and commenced, and a particular survey taken of the military strength and means of the settlers. Of the native Americans, twenty-seven, when not sick, were able to bear arms ; but they were wholly

untrained to their use, and capable, in their present undisciplined state, of making but a very feeble defense indeed. It was soon perceived that the means as well as an organized system of defense were to be originated, without either the materials or the artificers usually considered necessary for such purposes.

The little town was closely environed, except on the side of the river, with the heavy forest in the bosom of which it was situated—thus giving to a savage enemy an important advantage of which it became absolutely necessary to deprive him, by enlarging to the utmost, the cleared space about the buildings. This labor was immediately undertaken, and carried on without any other intermission, than that caused by sickness of the people, and the interruption of other duties equally connected with the safety of the place. But the rains were immoderate and nearly constant.

In addition to these fatiguing labors, was that of maintaining the nightly watch;—which, from the number of sentinels necessary for the common safety, shortly became more exhausting than all the other burdens of the people. No less than twenty individuals were every night detailed for this duty, after the 31st of August.

On the 25th of August, Mr. Ashmun experienced the first attack of fever. Sickness soon commenced among the company of recent emigrants, and prevailed so rapidly, that on the 10th of September, of the whole number, only two remained in health. Mr. Ashmun was enabled to maintain a difficult struggle with his disorder, for four weeks; in which period, after a night of delirium and suffering, it was not an unusual circumstance for him to be able to spend an entire morning in laying off and directing the execution of the public works. About the first of September, the intercourse between the settlement and the people of the country had nearly ceased.

Mrs. Ashmun was prostrated, by a far more serious attack than the one experienced by her husband. Protected from the rain only by a thatched roof, "on a couch, literally dripping with water," that devoted young wife continued to sink under the most malignant of fevers, until the 15th of September, when she expired. It was in November before Ashmun sufficiently recovered to resume his labors. He soon learned that the chiefs were still secretly plotting the destruction of the colony. They met in war council, and while some few of them were friendly to the colonists, the voices of the majority prevailed, and it was resolved to exterminate them. Through a friendly chief, Ashmun was informed of all their movements and designs. He informed the belligerents, that he was apprised of their wishes, and that if they persisted in their hostile plans, they would learn what it was to make war with Americans.

On the 7th of November, word was brought him that a combined attack would be made upon the settlement within four days. No time was to be lost. Everything was done to put their forces in a posture of defense, and to inspirit the men that could be. "A coward," exclaimed Ashmun, "it was hoped did not disgrace their ranks; and as the cause was emphatically that of God and their country, they might confidently expect His blessing and success, to attend the faithful discharge of their duty." On the 8th an examination by Mr. Ashmun of their locality showed that a path to their fortification, had been overlooked, and thus an avenue of attack was afforded their enemies. Men were instantly posted along it, and instructed to keep vigilant

watch. On Sunday, the 10th, the colonists assembled for worship. A messenger broke in upon their devotions, with the tidings that the enemy, in full force, had crossed Montserado River, and were actually within a few miles of them. That night these men slept on their arms. The watch was instructed to keep their posts till sun-rise; but, in defiance of orders, the picket-guard left their station at early dawn. The consequences almost proved fatal. They had no sooner deserted their places than the enemy came upon them. They fired a volley of musketry, at the distance of sixty paces, shot down several of the colonists, and then rushed forward with spear in hand to take possession of the post. Some out-houses, and their contents fell into the enemy's hands. This proved most fortunate. For, bent on plunder, the natives, instead of following up their success, turned aside to ransack the buildings, which afforded the colonists time to recover from their surprise and prepare for action. They seized their guns and poured upon the natives a raking, murderous fire. The savages began soon to recoil, and the colonists regained the western post that had fallen into the enemy's hand, in the beginning of the action, when they brought a long nine-pounder to rake the whole line of the enemy. Imagination can scarcely figure to itself a throng of human beings in a more capital state of exposure to the destructive power of the machinery of modern warfare! Eight hundred men were here in line, shoulder to shoulder, in so compact a form that a child might easily walk upon their heads from one end of the mass to the other, presenting in their rear a breadth of rank equal to twenty or thirty men, and all exposed to a gun of great power, raised on a platform, at only thirty to sixty yards distance! Every shot literally spent its force in a solid mass of living human flesh! Their fire suddenly terminated. A savage yell was raised, which filled the dismal forest with a momentary horror. It gradually died away; and the whole host disappeared.

On the part of the settlers, it was soon discovered that considerable injury had been sustained. One woman who had imprudently passed the night in the house first beset by the enemy, had received thirteen wounds, and been thrown aside as dead. Another, flying from her house with her two infant children, received a wound in the head, from a cutlass, and was robbed of both her babes; but providentially escaped. A young married woman, with the mother of five small children, finding the house in which they slept surrounded by savage enemies, barricaded the door, in the vain hope of safety. It was forced. Each of the women then seizing an axe, held the irresolute barbarians in check for several minutes longer. Having discharged their guns, they seemed desirous of gaining the shelter of the house previous to reloading. At length, with the aid of their spears, and by means of a general rush, they overcame their heroine adversaries, and instantly stabbed the youngest to the heart. The mother, instinctively springing for her suckling babe, which recoiled through fright, and was left behind, rushed through a small window on the opposite side of the house, and fortunately gained the lines, unhurt, between two heavy fires.

It never has been possible to ascertain the number of the enemy killed or disabled on this occasion; but it is estimated to have been about one hundred and fifty. The offensive effluvia from the numerous dead bodies in the adjacent forest soon became intolerable.

Though victorious, they were by no means in an enviable position. Immediately after the action, their intrenchments were compressed, so as not to embrace so much area of ground, but to admit of greater concentration of their forces. This being done, they began to reflect upon their condition. It was deplorable enough—shut out from all help, in the midst of a numerous and barbarous people, and destitute of means either to advance or to recede. Then, too, what were they to do for provisions? They had not two weeks' supply. Amid this gloom and depression, a day of thanksgiving and prayer was appointed and scrupulously observed. In this severe strait, relief for their most pressing wants was afforded by a small purchase from a Liverpool vessel that happened to touch at the Cape.

Exasperated by their recent defeat, the natives combined in greater force for another attack. Early on the morning of the 2d, the works were again attacked simultaneously on both sides with great fury, when a few rapid, well-aimed discharges of artillery drove them back in confusion and dismay. In another quarter they rallied for the assault. To shield themselves from the guns, they fell flat on their faces, behind some projecting rocks, and large ant hills. Then suddenly they arose and again rushed to the charge. This was repeated several times, with disastrous results to themselves. No sooner did they become exposed than they fell in heaps, by the balls of the guns. They then fled around an eminence, with a view of attacking the southern posts which were undefended. Their design was discovered, and the colonists immediately occupied that station. Soon as the enemy came in full view, their guns were opened upon them with the same effect as before, and they at length gave way on all sides. Thus, the colonists were again victorious. They lost several valuable men, however, in the action. Ashmun himself had several balls through his clothes, but was not hurt.

The natives showed great skill and bravery in this attack; their plan of assault was the very best that they could have devised. It was certainly sustained and renewed with a resolution that would not disgrace the best disciplined troops. But they were not fully apprised of the power of well served artillery. None of the kings of this part of the coast are without cannon. But to load a great gun, is with them the business of half an hour, and they were seriously disposed to attribute to sorcery the art of charging and firing these destructive machines from four to six times in the minute.

The result of this action disheartened the foe, and animated for a moment the hopes of the colonists. But the situation of the latter was most distressing. The small number, still more reduced—no aid near—provisions scanty, so that for six weeks they had been on an allowance of meat and bread; the sufferings of the wounded, relieved by little surgical knowledge, less skill and no proper instruments, indescribable; and on an equal distribution of the shot among the guns, not three rounds remaining to each! "We cried unto God," says Mr. Ashmun, "to send us aid, or prepare us, and the Society at home, for the heaviest earthly calamity we could dread."

On the following night, an officer at one of the stations, alarmed by some movement in the vicinity, discharged several muskets and large guns, and this circumstance was the means of bringing relief to the almost despairing settlement.

The British colonial schooner, *Prince Regent*, laden with military stores,

and having on board Major Laing, the celebrated African traveler, with a prize crew commanded by Midshipman Gordon, and eleven seamen of his British majesty's sloop-of-war *Driver*, was at this time passing the Cape, on her way to Cape Coast Castle, when her officers, arrested by the sound of cannon at midnight from the shore, resolved to ascertain the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance. No sooner did they learn the truth, and behold a little company of brave men contending for their lives against the leagued forces of nearly every barbarous tribe on that part of the coast, than they generously offered all the aid in their power. By the influence of Captain Laing, the chiefs were bound to a truce, and to refer all matters of difference between them and the colony, to the judgment of the Governor of Sierra Leone; while Midshipman Gordon, with eleven seamen, voluntarily consented to remain, and see that the agreement was preserved inviolate. As the chiefs had no just grounds of complaint, the provision for a reference was never afterward recollected. The *Prince Regent* left at the colony a supply of ammunition, and took her departure on the 4th of December. From that hour the foundations of the colony were laid in a firm and lasting PEACE.

And who was he, that "*single white man*," on that distant forest-clad shore, unbroken in spirit, though bowed beneath the heavy hand of sorrow and sickness, casting fear to the winds, directing and heading by day and night, a feeble, undisciplined, dejected, unfortified band of thirty-five emigrants, against whom the very elements seemed warring, while a thousand to fifteen hundred armed savages were rushing to destroy them? Who was he, that, in reliance on God for wisdom and might, imparted such skill and courage to this little company,—so ordered every plan and guided every movement, that the fierce foe retired panic struck before them, and they stood rescued and redeemed from impending destruction?

Was he a veteran soldier, inured to danger, familiar with suffering, and bred amid scenes of battle and blood? Was he there adorned by badges of military honor, conscious of a reputation won by deeds of "high emprise," and stimulated to valor by hopes of glory and fears of disgrace?

That was no tried, no ambitious soldier. He was a young man, bred to letters, of retired habits, educated for the ministry of Christ, unknown to fame,—the victim of disappointment, burdened with debt, and touched by undeserved reproach. He had visited Africa in hope of obtaining the means of doing justice to his creditors; and impelled by Humanity and Religion, had consented, without any fixed compensation, to give, should they be required, his services to the colony. He found it in peril of extinction. He hesitated not. He failed not to redeem his pledge. He gathered strength from difficulty, and motive from danger. No thronging and admiring spectators cheered him; no glorious pomp and circumstance were there to throw a brightness and a beauty even upon the features and terrors of death. He stood strong in duty, covered by the shield of Faith. His frame shaken by disease; the partner of his life struck down by his side; amid the groans of the afflicted and in the shadow of Hope's dim eclipse, he planned and executed, with the ability of the bravest and most experienced general, measures which saved the settlement, and secured for Liberty and Christianity, a perpetual home and heritage in Africa.

The agitations of this sanguinary conflict, were succeeded by the ravages of disease and the gloom of death. Within four weeks from the time of the departure of the Prince Regent, the graves were closed over Midshipman Gordon and eight out of the eleven seamen who remained with him. The conduct of these generous Englishmen, deserves to be remembered forever. Hardly had they stepped on the African shore, to assist a few humble, distressed, but brave men, to whom they were bound only by the common ties of humanity, from whom they could expect no reward, and who might have perished almost unobserved, when they fell, and were borne in the arms and amid the lamentations of those whom they came to relieve, to the place of the dead.

Mr. Ashmun's health being injured by excessive exertion, about the 16th of December he relapsed into a slow, constant fever, which at first resisted all ordinary remedies, and left him no hope of recovery. As a last resort, a strong potion was administered in which was a large spoonful of calomel. A distressing salivation ensued when the fever left him.

It was in the middle of February before Ashmun was able to resume the active duties of his station. He saw that every possible exertion was required to prepare for the approaching season of rains. With the exception of the store-house, there was but one shingled roof and frame house in the settlement. Many of the cabins were without floors, covered with thatch, affording but an imperfect shelter. The war had for months occupied wholly the attention of the colonists, and deranged all their habits of industry and private affairs.

"We long," said Mr. Ashmun at this time in a letter to the board, "for an arrival from home. Our provisions are short; but we have some tobacco, and the country abounds in cattle, goats, fowls and vegetables, which tobacco, will always buy in almost any quantities. Our last barrel of salted provisions is to be opened next Saturday. But we do not complain. God has not, and will not fail to be our provider. I have only to regret, that the war has put back our improvements nearly or quite a whole year. But I firmly believe the work of fighting is over, and that future emigrants will enjoy without molestation, all the fruits of their industry." To the secretary of the Society, on the 20th of February, he wrote:—"Divine Providence has, since my last, been gradually dispersing the clouds which then overhung us. My health is nearly restored. I stand a monument of God's mercy, and behold the graves of fifteen white persons around me; all of whom have died since I landed on the Cape."

On the 5th of March, he wrote,—"*I have said, in several letters, that I thought myself recovering. But I am now convinced that, in this climate, it is vain to expect to recover the health I enjoyed in America: certainly impossible for me, in my present situation, to be anything else but a sick man. It is not my nature to complain with too much facility. But think you see a young man formed for society, separated almost entirely from the civilized and Christian world; his constitution broken with a fever of six months; his only earthly comforter snatched away; mingling for months together his own groans and sighs with those of the sick, wounded, and dying; almost for weeks together pained with the sight of the corpses of the whites who had undertaken to reside here for our protection; the complaints of the*

colonists, a statement of their wants, their application for a thousand things with which it is impossible to supply them, constantly presenting themselves; every public work to be planned and superintended; the movements of the natives to be closely watched, and their hostile designs to be provided against; provision made by trade, etc., for the subsistence of the people; for their shelter against the approaching rains; and a ceaseless anxiety to lay the foundation of the colony in a way that will not be detrimental to its future prosperity; the books to be kept and correspondence carried on; think, of all this falling upon an individual, and say, can he recover his wonted health of body or strength of mind? I might go on enumerating other causes of my feeble and crazy state of health, but it is painful to have said what I have."

An account of the suffering state of the settlement, from the pen of Mr. Ashmun, in the *Sierra Leone Gazette*, with information derived from other sources, induced the commander of the *Cyane*, Captain Robert Trail Spence, though his health was impaired, and his crew enfeebled by a cruise of twelve months in the West Indies, to adopt efficient measures for the relief and safety of the colony.

He saw the importance of leaving an armed vessel on the coast, and by the most energetic exertion, the hull of an old, abandoned schooner, the *Augustine*, was fitted for sea and manned by a crew of twelve men, under Lieut. Dashiell, to guard this coast, and render the colony every possible aid in any exigency. Capt. Spence, on his arrival with the *Cyane*, directed a large portion of his crew to assist for twenty days in the building of an ammunition house for the agent, and a stone fortress. In the midst of his benevolent exertions, the fever attacked his men so fiercely that he was obliged to abandon the colonists, and the surgeon of his ship, Dr. Dix, and forty of his men, fell victims to the deadly climate.

Mr. Richard Seaton, the first clerk of the *Cyane*, consented, with the approbation of Captain Spence, to remain as assistant to Mr. Ashmun, who saw, that alone and with health impaired, it was impossible to fulfill the numerous and arduous duties of the agency.

On the 21st of April, Mr. Ashmun, "worn down with cares and fatigue," having organized the laboring force, and obtained the consent of Mr. Seaton to superintend the public works, sailed in the *Augusta* for Settra Kroo, two hundred miles south-eastward, for the purpose of conveying thither forty Kroomen (who had given three weeks' labor for their passage), and conciliating the regards of the native chiefs of the country. During his absence of twenty-one days, nothing escaped his observation; he examined the features of the coast, visited and ascertained the dispositions of several tribes, and having engaged twenty-five Kroomen as laborers, and made some purchases of valuable articles from the natives and the English factory at Sesters, he returned to the Cape on the 13th of May.

"One century ago," he wrote, "a great part of this line of coast was populous, cleared of trees, and under cultivation. The native towns are numerous, but not large. The people raise their own rice, cassada, and palm oil; and procure their guns, powder, clothes, tobacco, knives, cooking utensils, and luxuries from French slave-traders. We saw at least three vessels of this description.

Every tribe visited on this trip, declared by its prince or head man, its intention to preserve with us a good understanding, and to trade freely to the colony. The particulars of our late war, especially the result of the two engagements, have been reported far and near, and given to the colony a character for strength and invincibility, which must in different ways contribute greatly to its advantage."

On the return of Ashmun, the colonists were found to have continued their labors, under the direction of one of their own number; while Mr. Seaton had experienced a severe attack of the fever of the climate; and which terminated a few weeks later in his too filling an African grave.

Aware of the dangers of the settlement, the managers of the Society had, early in the preceding winter, determined to dispatch a reinforcement of emigrants, with stores, under the direction of Dr. Ayres, whose improved health now permitted him to resume his duties as principal agent and physician in the colony, a station which he had filled prior to the arrival of Mr. Ashmun in Africa. This gentleman embarked at Baltimore with sixty-one colored passengers, on the 16th of April, and arrived at Cape Montserado on the 24th of May. Such an accession to the numbers and resources of the colony, could not fail to confirm the hopes and resolution of the earlier settlers who had so long borne up against want, and malevolence, and misfortune.

Notwithstanding his many pressing engagements, and the illness which had so severely afflicted him nearly up to this time, Mr. Ashmun had neglected no opportunity of transmitting to the managers of the Colonization Society, an account of his proceedings, with all such facts and statements, as he thought might aid their deliberations, and light the way to measures best suited to promote the permanent welfare of the colony.

He was earnest in his requests, that education, not only in letters and science, but in morals and religion, should be esteemed of vital importance. In a letter forwarded by the Cyane, after enumerating sundry improvements which he designed to make, he observes: "Our little school is kept in operation, but it is a feeble affair. Our poor liberated captives [alluding to little children, that had been taken from a slaver and sent to the colony] work hard and cheerfully, but receive little instruction. My heart often bleeds for them and others in similar circumstances. When can you send out an accomplished and pious schoolmaster? Permit me to say a word about a minister of the Gospel. We are starving for want of the able, regular administration of the word and ordinances. Does not *even the colony* deserve the attention of some Missionary Society? Let it be considered that zealous ministers, catechists, etc., residing in the town, may bestow any part of their time and labors on the heathen. They may open schools on the opposite side of the river, which will immediately be partially filled with heathen youth and children. They may form in town a missionary family. The people of this part of the coast have no inveterate anti-religious prejudices to prevent their attending every Sabbath or oftener, to hear the Divine word."

"I wish," continues Mr. Ashmun, "to afford the board a full view of our situation, and of the African character. The following incident I relate, not for its singularity, for similar events take place, perhaps, every month

in the year; but it has fallen under my own observation, and I can vouch for its authenticity: King Boatswain, our most powerful supporter and steady friend among the natives (so he has uniformly shown himself), received a quantity of goods in trade from a French slaver, for which he stipulated to pay young slaves. He makes it a point of honor to be punctual to his engagements. The time was at hand when he expected the return of the slaver. He had not the slaves. Looking round on the peaceable tribes about him, for her victims, he singled out the Queahs, a small agricultural and trading people, of most inoffensive character. His warriors were skillfully distributed to the different hamlets, and making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping occupants, in the dead of night, accomplished, without difficulty or resistance, the annihilation (with the exception of a few towns) of the whole tribe. Every adult man and woman was murdered; every hut fired; very young children *generally* shared the fate of their parents. The boys and girls alone were reserved to pay the Frenchman."

It has been stated already, that, from the first, Mr. Ashmun proposed, as one great object of his voyage, to ascertain the resources, and make particular observations on the trade of Africa; and to establish under the sanction and auspices of the Colonization Society, regular commercial intercourse between that country and the United States.

His letters to the secretary of the Society, from the Capes of Virginia, and from Fayal, contain some of his thoughts on the subject. In September, soon after his arrival in Africa, his opinions and plans were more fully developed, and communicated from time to time to the board of managers.

On his way to Africa, at Fayal, he had judged it necessary to purchase a small quantity of supplies, and give in payment drafts on the United States Government and the Society. Observing, on his arrival, the destitution of the colony, he obtained goods to the amount of fourteen hundred dollars, for which was taken in payment, an order on the Society, payable at the end of six months. In his letter of advice, he suggested that the Society could either pay for these goods, and thus realize all the profits to be derived from them, or should he be appointed agent, and receive (as other agents had done) a year's salary in advance—the whole or such portion as the Society should choose, might be applied in payment. He did not, however, conceal his desire, that the obligation should be assumed by the Society, and that his salary (should there be one) might go to the extinction of his debts in the United States.

Unfortunately, he stood not now in the clear light of public confidence. The malign eye of suspicion was upon him. The managers of the Society participated in the general distrust. He had left the country without offering apology or explanation to those who were dissatisfied with his management of the Repertory; feeling no obligation to unvail his private affairs, and cherishing too much respect for his own integrity, to volunteer in its defense, suspicions, which were at first, from misapprehension, indulged against him, borrowed shape and distinctness from the imagination—grew by time, and at length, gained with many, the weight of certainty and truth.

On the 24th of May, Dr. Ayres had returned to the colony as principal agent, both of the Government and Society. By dispatches that came with

him, Mr. Ashmun had the mortification to learn, that his drafts, both on the Government and Society, had been dishonored ; that neither had made any appropriation for his benefit ; that he had been appointed to no agency by the Government ; that the Society had invested him with no authority ; but while it gratefully acknowledged his services, and engaged liberally to reward them, had left the amount of his compensation, for the past, undetermined ; and for the future, a matter for negotiation with the principal agent.

In June, he was appointed assistant agent, by the board, though it is not probable he received knowledge of the fact until late in the fall, when soon after Dr. Ayres left the station, and the colonial management once more devolved upon his hands. Again at the head of affairs, he thus wrote ; " We are now one hundred and fifty strong, all in health, have about fifty houses, including three stores, and a heavy substantial stone tower, fourteen feet high, mounting six pieces of ordnance. We have a good frame house, surrounded with a piazza. Harmony, and a good degree of industry, at present prevail. Thus you see, that we are prepared to go on and fulfill the anxious wishes of the friends of the cause, in relation to the cultivation of the lands, and the formation of a regular moral and happy society."

Never, perhaps, in the whole annals of pioneer civilization, was an active participant more needed to the success of a mission, than was Ashmun to that of African Colonization.

The presence of Dr. Ayres diminished, for a time, the cares and responsibilities of Mr. Ashmun, who, considering how uncertain was the time he might remain in Africa, resolved to add as much as possible to his stock of general knowledge, and prepare himself for any change in his fortunes. Though he perceived that the tide was fast ebbing with him toward an ocean dark and unexplored, he knew that " wisdom is more precious than rubies," and whatever vicissitudes or dangers might await him, of whatever else he might be deprived, he would retain her incomparable treasure.

Amid the perplexity and uncertainty of his affairs, he summoned his intellectual powers to their highest efforts. Probably, during no equal period of his life, did he pursue his studies with more enthusiasm or success, than from the arrival of Dr. Ayres, in May, 1823, to his departure in December of the same year. The following rules for conduct, dated September, 1823, indicate the principles which animated, and the spirit that then sustained him :

1. Never to be guilty of a *meanness* which my most virtuous and spirited children (should I be blessed with children possessing these qualities) would blush to see published to the world as a part of a parent's biography.

2. Never, unless compelled by poverty, to accept of a situation, or engage in an occupation which experience or observation have taught me would cramp the exercise of abilities, either natural or acquired.

3. To study and avail myself of a quick sense of propriety, in all matters small or great, of morality, judgment, manners, dress and business.

4. To build on my own foundation, and to study none but the most perfect examples, living or dead.

5. To prefer the society of dead authors of eminence, to that of living actors, of simple mediocrity.

6. To regard the contracting of a debt, as a mortgage of personal liberty and moral principle. (John Basilworth II, of Russia, affixed a brand of infamy on such as contracted debts they could not pay, and sent them into banishment.)

7. To avoid exposing myself to the degradation of espousing measures, which the situation of a weaker or more ignorant man may give him the power to defeat.

8. Never to assert, without being able to prove to a candid and sensible man, my proposition : never to advise unless sure that the neglecter of my counsel will repent his folly.

9. Never to talk without the undivided attention of all to whom I address my discourse.

10. Always to utter my sentiments with precision and propriety—even should it cost me some previous reflection ; and never begin an expression without bringing it to a perfect close.

11. Let me search after truth, and contract such an affection for it as to endure in my mind no rival prejudices, or opinions, *on any* subject whatever.

12. To run the risk of being candid, open, sincere ; and abandon utterly the friendship and confidence of any civilized man base and depraved enough to attempt to gain an undue advantage of these qualities.

13. Never to commence an enterprise without being well assured of its utility ; and having undertaken, never to abandon it unaccomplished.

14. To do whatever I undertake in the best possible manner,—always allowing for the time and means I can employ on the object.

15. To acquire a style of writing and expression, of conception and feeling—of manners and deportment, which, destitute of servility, locality and mannerism, shall pass current among the best ranks of people of all professions and in all countries.

16. To continue my inquiries and reflections on whatever subject may engage them, until either my information is perfectly exact, or the means of extending it exhausted.

17. To vitiate no one of the appetites so far as to render it necessary to health, to mental vigor, or bodily ease, to continue the indulgence.

18. To be rigorously exact in keeping my pecuniary accounts ; that I may not appear mean in my disbursements.

19. To turn every portion of my time to good account.

20. To have as little connection as possible with the conceited, the overbearing, the pedantic, the blustering ; and finally, with all who are incapable of measuring and esteeming solid acquirements and intellectual superiority, even when sheltered from the vulgar stare by a plain and unassuming external demeanor.

21. In my estimation of others, let ignorance, when no opportunity has been had to remove it, be treated with kindness and indulgence ; where it co-exists with a wish and effort to remove it, let it command my favor and assistance ; where it is accompanied with the contented complacency of the fool whom it debases, let it make me blush for the heart of a brute in the form of a human being ; but, when with swaggering pretensions either to knowledge or respect on some other grounds, it merits an equal share of the profoundest contempt and detestation.

To conclude,—I fully believe in a particular providence regulating and ordering the conduct and purposes of men; so as to leave the voluntary agent accountable. We shall be instruments to fulfill the Divine purposes *volentes volentes*. If wickedness succeed for a time, it prospers by the Divine decree, and can only proceed a given number of links in its chain."

For more than twelve months, Mr. Ashmun had been on the continent, enduring every conceivable hardship and privation. Twice had the colony been on the verge of annihilation—a fate which was only averted by his heroic devotion and superior wisdom. Yet its friends at home were disposed to murmur. His drafts, protested, were returned to him. To aggravate his situation, some of the men began to show a spirit of insubordination. Twelve of the number united in open mutiny, and tried to carry others with them, upon which Ashmun gave the following public notice: "There are in the colony, more than a dozen healthy persons, who will receive no more provisions out of the public store, till they earn them." This, it was hoped would induce them to return to duty. Such was not the case. All restraint was thrown off, and they became more openly clamorous. The rations of the mutineers were thereupon stopped, upon which they assembled at the agency house, and stirred up quite an uproar, threatening to drive the agent out. Gaining nothing by this, they proceeded to the house of the commissary who was then giving out the regular rations. They rushed upon him, when each seized a portion of the provision and made off. Ashmun addressed them, with a dignified circular, setting forth in firm tones their conduct, and warning them against a persistence therein. This had the desired effect. The better disposed returned to duty, and the others being deserted, were awed into acquiescence.

Other events also transpired of great utility to the colony. In February, the United States ship *Cyrus* brought to their assistance a reinforcement of one hundred and five emigrants, mostly from Virginia. During the voyage, universal health prevailed among the crew, so that when they were landed, much was expected from their buoyant vigor; that contrasted advantageously enough with the worn down colonists. These hopes, however, were soon dampened. The emigrants were to a man soon prostrated with the fever that almost invariably attacked the unacclimated stranger. Provisions again gave out. Of rice, which was an essential article of food, to all, and almost indispensable to the sick, they scarcely had a pound. To these distresses, were added those of mutiny and anarchy. Uneducated and without even the remotest conceptions of relative duties, they were not slow to lay the blame of their sufferings upon Mr. Ashmun, whose authority the most reckless began openly to throw off. It soon became necessary to reduce the daily rations, giving to each man but half allowance, which in no way tended to allay the excited feelings of the mutineers. Ashmun assembled the colonists and delivered to them an appropriate address, couched in tones of firmness and decision.

Though this was not without good effect, so general had become the spirit of insubordination, that it was some time before the united co-operation of the colonists could be secured. In the midst of these efforts for the good of all. Ashmun's name had been handled somewhat roughly, by some journalists at home; and his conduct was a theme of censure. Their vindi

cation mortified him very much. Things were in this state when he started on a visit to the Cape De Verde Islands, to regain his health, a measure made absolutely imperative by a complication of infirmities which had reduced him to a mere wreck. Before embarking he met with a serious accident. In endeavoring to pull a decayed tooth, an artery was cut. Profuse bleeding followed. While enfeebled from loss of blood, and trying to make his way to the vessel, he was robbed of what he had. A paper was left on the Cape, stating, that he had spent the prime of his life in the service, aiming to do his duty, claiming to have kept the board correctly informed of the condition of affairs, disavowing any misuse of funds, or the reception of remuneration, save a slight gratuitous present—asserting that more than all the profits accruing from his traffic with the natives had been applied to the wants of the colony, and declaring that “whoever named that barter after his absence except to his advantage was an *ingrate*, who thrusts his viper sting into the bosom which has nourished his existence.”

Ashmun was now in the depths of misery. He was so weakened from the loss of blood that had flowed from him for a whole day, that he could scarcely move! Indeed his life was despaired of. The colony too was in a distracted condition, and his name abused among his countrymen.

At this period, an armed schooner, the *Porpoise*, had been dispatched from the United States to the coast of Africa, for the purpose of furthering the schemes of colonization. In July, 1824, she anchored in Porto Praya Harbor in the Cape De Verde Islands, soon after the arrival of Mr. Ashmun, who immediately went on board. There he met Mr. Gurley, who had been sent out by the Colonization Society to examine into the affairs of the colony. This gentleman afterward became his biographer, and, in his *Life of Ashmun*, thus speaks of the impression he made upon them at the time :

“There was that in his presence and aspect, which once seen, is never forgotten. The officers of the ship who were strangers to him, felt that he was an extraordinary man. In his whole appearance were blended dignity and humility. The serene light of reason, of goodness, of meekness, softened the stateliness of sorrow, and threw a charm on the grandeur of his storm-shaken, but self-sustained spirit. His soul seemed refreshed by tidings from his native land, and his social affections to gush forth, pure and simple, as those of childhood, from the deeply-stirred fountains of his heart. His remarks on the colony, showed an extensive and thorough knowledge of its interests, and the tone and manner in which they were delivered, left it hardly possible to doubt that they were among the most precious objects of his affection. The feelings expressed in his countenance were particularly observable, varying, as less or more intense, the light and shade, so that his features, as was said of those of a great poet, like “a beautiful alabaster vase, were only seen to perfection, when lighted up from within.” Nothing was detected betraying a single motive or purpose which it was not honor to avow; and the recollection that Satan himself is sometimes transformed into an angel of light, alone could guard the judgment against the instant admission of his integrity.

At our second interview, the proceedings of the board and government were developed, and the object of the special mission fully explained. He was told what representations of his conduct had been received from the

colony, and that confidence in his character and administration had given way before the corroding power of suspicion, and the multiplied insinuations and allegations directed against both. 'I will accompany you to the Cape,' said he; 'my long and familiar acquaintance with the affairs of the colony may enable me to render you some aid in effecting the arduous duties of your mission.' As he spoke, you marked the show of an unalterable purpose not to abandon a cause for which he had sacrificed everything but life; you admired the elevation of his soul above all selfish considerations, towering like an eagle against the storm and the thunder-cloud, and already catching glimpses of the purity and brightness of the heavens. But his moral greatness was ordinarily sober and grave, as though it had felt unkindness, been touched by grief, and stood a solitary monument amid ruined hopes.

My favorable impressions of Mr. Ashmun's character, received at our interview, were deepened by each successive conversation, inquiry, and reflection on our passage; nor should I have hesitated to predict confidently, that not a shadow of evidence existed, to substantiate the charges that had been urged against him. The prediction would have been verified. There was no evidence. Not a man in the colony dared to accuse him of an unwise or an unworthy action. Every individual of the least standing, was examined personally by me on the subject; and the result was, to my mind, moral demonstration, that no man could more faithfully, more disinterestedly, more resolutely, have fulfilled the duties of his station. The clouds that had darkened his reputation, arose from the low grounds of ignorance and the putrescent ingredients of malice, and the light of an investigation that revealed the sources of their origin, dispelled them forever."

On the 13th of August, they safely reached Cape Montserado. Ashmun found the condition of affairs somewhat improved. The rebellious spirit seemed greatly quieted, and a partial supply of provisions had temporarily relieved their distress. Everything now looked well; hospitals were built; religious exercises attended to; schools opened, and on all sides progress was seen. The condition of the colony was transmitted to the board in an early report. It was unsatisfactory. Their judgments warped by undue suspicions, and blinded by prejudice, they began to look around for a proper person, to assume the management of affairs. But before the selection was made, "confirmation strong as holy writ," of Ashmun's efficiency was received. Everything underwent a great change, in an almost incredible short space of time. Positive evidence came to hand, that the colony was prospering, beyond all precedent; laws were enacted, buildings erected, moral sentiments infused, schools opened, and the truths of religion successfully proclaimed. It was just prior to this time that he was given an opportunity to reply to the slanderous allegations that had been made against him in connection with the Repertory, and which had much to do with the change of opinion on the part of the board. We have alluded elsewhere to the unfortunate differences which arose between him and others, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of the Repertory. These differences had their origin, principally, if not entirely, in misapprehension. A public notice, however, had been sent forth on the cover of that work, after Mr. Ashmun's departure from the country, charging him, by implication at least, with a breach of trust. Though this publication was early and deeply regretted

by some who lent it their sanction, others still retained the sentiments which dictated it, and to these sentiments as the main source must be traced, the suspicion and distrust of Ashmun which so long infected the mind of the board and of the community in which they resided. A respectable individual at this time frankly communicated the charges which existed against him, and he therefore felt required by duty to the cause in which he was engaged, as well as to himself, to meet and refute them. The conclusion of this letter to the board, is inserted to show how deep were his feelings on this occasion, and how eloquently he could express them :

“ However lightly the accusations in question may have been resolved on and published, the deed has drawn after it no trivial consequences. To have robbed an individual who is known to have the sensibilities of a man, of so great a share of his peace as I have suffered and must, would, if truly weighed, be regarded as something ; to shake, for a season, and perhaps till the grave shall hide them from me forever, the confidence of two venerable parents, on whose names calumny never before dared to affix a stain, and who would sooner follow their nine children to the grave, than believe that one of them could disgrace it ; to blast, for a season, at least, the fond hopes of one of the most respectable and numerous families in the United States ; to poison, with suspicion, the minds of a numerous connection of beloved and confiding friends, in half the States of the Union ; to place me as an insulated being in the midst of the lower creation, bound to no part by the ties of a sincere respect ; to injure the valued, and in some sense, sacred cause in which I have sacrificed much and hazarded more, by curtailing my usefulness and weakening the bonds of mutual confidence between my employers and myself—between me and the colonists ;—thus to tie up, for months, from efficient exertion, the hands of a young man, whose advantages have been many, and whose obligations to be useful are felt to be imperious ; these are some of the actual fruits of that publication : the end of it, is yet to be awaited. The board have seen on what grounds that tremendous responsibility has been incurred. As a dispensation of heaven, I accept it with penitence for the punishment of my sins. As far as it has been the work of man, I protest against it with all the abhorrence and force which its character inspires. And I have done it in language which must have its weight ; because it is the language of truth—of truth which, whoever lives, will see every opening circumstance in future to corroborate and establish. On leaving the United States, I formally assigned all the uncollected arrears of the Repertory to pay its debts. Availing myself, from conscientious motives, of no insolvent laws, I delivered up every dollar of disposable property I had, in proportionate shares, to my creditors. The compensation I received as agent of your board, was so applied ; also a large edition of the *Life of Bacon*, which I have been mortified to learn, has not answered my expectations in the sales, and consequently left a larger unsettled balance, to be otherwise paid, than I anticipated. I do not allow myself to cherish a bitter feeling toward any man living. * * I shall, I hope, never trouble your respectable body with a similar detail ; and most probably, let the whole matter slumber in silence, till a higher power shall call it up for a final decision before an unerring tribunal.”

The next report of Ashmun was warmly received, and his suggestions at

once acted upon. He now began to experience those delightful thrills of satisfaction, incident to a just appreciation of laborious and well-meant efforts. In the spring of 1825, the number of the colonists was increased by the accession of over sixty settlers from the United States. Ashmun clearly saw the advantages to be derived from agricultural pursuits. To promote this branch of healthful industry, he wrote some elaborate articles for the *Liberia Farmer*, which, however, were not published at the time. With a view of advancing farming interests, and directing the minds of emigrants to that pursuit, he purchased a vast tract of country, lying on the Montserado and St. Paul rivers, of which final possession was taken, and everything went on thrivingly. Of this and all other transactions, Ashmun was careful to keep the board accurately advised. No longer was any distrust entertained toward him. The board met and unanimously recommended that he be continued, at the head of affairs in Liberia, intrusted with the full prerogatives of chief colonial agent. Thus, after treading a bleak Zahara, without an Oasis to cheer his vision, standing alone self-exiled from his native land, facing danger, toil, affliction and death—no company but the ghost of his murdered reputation—he suddenly found himself under a cloudless sky, the recipient of merited fame, and an acknowledged benefactor of his race. Ashmun now exercised almost paternal authority over the natives, into whose good graces he had completely ingratiated himself. He was anxious to establish the colony upon a basis that would not be easily overturned or shaken—a basis upon which it would grow and develop so as not only to be a credit to the founders and the nation, but a model for those who hereafter should undertake schemes of colonization. He wished under the broad banner of civil liberty, and under religion's consecrated seal, to establish a republic every way worthy the name. With the passing years, his anxiety became more than ever intense; for, as he felt the sands of life ebb away, the necessity of devoting the remaining portion of his days to the work became to him more apparent. Of his genius, heroism, prudence, and energy, the present Republic of Liberia stands an imperishable monument.

One thing caused him great anxiety. This was the slave trade. Vessels still engaged in the traffic, though the guns of the colonists frowned upon them. "The purchase money," said he, in July, 1825, "has, during this week been landed in our waters to the incalculable detriment of the colony, and disgrace, shall I say, of our American Government. The colony only wants the right, it has the power, to expel this traffic to a distance, and force it at least to conceal some of its enormities." Soon after this, he began to think of enlarging the limits of the colony. The coast from Trade Town to Cape Monnt was explored, with a view to bringing that portion of the country in colonial possession. About this time, also, an English vessel was captured by a Spanish slaver at Monrovia. Under the supposition that many slaves were on board of the Spaniard, Ashmun determined to rescue them. With a small force, he proceeded against the Spanish factory which was taken without bloodshed: several slaves also were liberated. This was followed by the breaking up of two other slave factories, by Ashmun, whose antipathy toward that odious traffic was firm and deep-rooted.

So far as the colony was concerned, it was now no longer an experiment. In January, he thus wrote concerning their prospects: "Our town begins to

assume the appearance of a beautiful little commercial West India sea-port, and certainly has one of the most delightful situations on the face of the globe. In beauty and grandeur of prospect, no station on the coast is half so charming or half so commanding. It would, I am confident, prove to the members of your board an ample remuneration for much of their disinterested labors for Africa, to make a single visit to their colony, and see a well organized, improving and Christian society, founded by their hands."

At the same time, preparations were made for sending a large number of emigrants from the United States, and to increase the supply of books and stationery, needful for the success of the schools. These valuable accessions arrived in due time, and thus things continued to look well. A printing-press, and a missionary, two important levers of civilization, also arrived, amid the liveliest satisfaction. From these harbingers of peace, Ashmun hoped the greatest results. As these accessions came over, the limits of the colony continued to enlarge—spreading the lines of civilization and contracting those of barbarism and ignorance. One of the greatest nests of the slave-traffickers was at Trade Town. Ashmun resolved on its destruction. A Spanish vessel was there awaiting her cargo of slaves—not having her full number collected. Ashmun ordered what they had to be given up, and the vessel to leave, assuring them that in case of refusal, the whole town would be destroyed. This warning was not heeded. He then sent word to a French brig-of-war, by which the slaver was speedily captured. This transaction liberated several hundred slaves. The nest at Trade Town, however, was not broken up. Till this was done, Ashmun desired no pause. Two vessels on voyages of slave-traffic soon after arrived: the factories were all the time in full blast. Ashmun determined to stop the nefarious business. With no great number of troops, a vigorous attack was made upon the town. Considerable resistance was offered by the Spaniards, who drew up on the beach and gave them a warm reception. They succeeded in effecting their entrance into the place without heavy loss. The next day, Ashmun vainly tried to settle all differences without violence. The slaves were rescued, placed on board, and the town set on fire. The flames spread with great rapidity. Scarce had the last troops embarked, when, communicating to the magazine, the flames ignited six hundred casks of powder, and Trade Town was instantly blown to atoms. The destruction of this place, Ashmun hoped, would have an influence favorable to the suppression of the slave-trade, but several prominent natives leagued with the slavers to establish the iniquitous traffic on its old footing. Ashmun learned also that quite an armament of Spanish vessels, resolving to maintain Trade Town as a port for their business, were near with a show of fight. Upon this, he immediately ordered the erection of strong fortifications, in close proximity to the town, overlooking the vessels in the roadstead. He also sent word to the secretary of the navy, that a sufficient force to overawe the slavers was indispensable on the coast. His own unbounded influence with the native chiefs, however, proved requisite to the task of holding them in check.

Ashmun had now been several years in Africa. The colony was established and maintained principally through his own great exertions. Five stations were placed on a solid basis. Education was prospering, and commercial interests being regulated. Never, perhaps, had so much, under cir-

cumstances so singularly embarrassing, been accomplished by one man. His most ardent aims had been gratified—for he had established the colony on an unimperishable basis. Peacefully now might he fold his arms, in the last quiet sleep of the grave, feeling that “well done,” would be whispered to his soul.

A celebrated writer has remarked, “that the greatest obstacle to the improvement of the world is that prevailing belief of its improbability, which dampens the exertions of so many individuals; and, that in proportion as the contrary opinion becomes general, it realizes the event which it leads us to anticipate. Surely, if anything can have a tendency to call forth in the public service the exertions of individuals, it must be an idea of the magnitude of that work in which they are engaged, and a belief of the permanence of those benefits which they confer on mankind by every attempt to inform and enlighten them. As in ancient Rome, therefore it was regarded as a mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic; so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race; and that, in the moral world, as well as the material, the farther our observations extend, and the longer they are continued, the more shall we perceive of order and design in the universe.”

These remarks will certainly apply to Ashmun in his early efforts at African Colonization. Not only was the scheme looked upon as improbable and visionary, but he was himself, as we have seen, the victim of prejudice and cruel mistrust. But, not despairing of a cause, in the furtherance of which he felt well assured he had the smiles and protection of heaven, he persevered until one by one the difficulties began to give way. His eminent success in founding the Colony of Liberia, elicited the high praise of all parties. Warm champions came to the rescue of colonization, whose practicability they thus saw demonstrated. Able pens were wielded, and eloquent voices were raised in its behalf.

Amid these auspicious indications, Ashmun was gratified by the arrival, on the 11th April, 1826, of nearly a hundred emigrants from South Carolina, and others shortly after from Georgia, bringing with them over two hundred re-captured Africans. He had for some time manifested an inclination to return to his native land. Soon after the above arrival, feeling that it was an interesting period of his labors, he thus wrote to the board: “I am at length reluctantly compelled, by a sense of duty to the colony, to relinquish my intention, so long indulged and so fondly cherished, of visiting the United States the present season. The arrival of so large a company at so late a period of the dry season—the absence of my colleague—the multiplicity of arduous and delicate duties, devolving on an agent in consequence of the recent extension of our settlements, the very expensive improvements commenced, and *nearly* but not *quite* completed, are motives for remaining to which I dare not oppose private inclination or any probable good which might grow out of my return to the United States. Mr. Howley has intimated to me his opinion of the impropriety of the step at the present time, and I confess that the report just received of the untiring and laborious struggle in which all the active friends of the cause in America are the present year engaged in its behalf, has affected me with no slight feeling of self reproach, for

having so lightly determined myself to quit even for a season the important post of duty, assigned to me. My friends, I fear, will do little justice to these motives ; but I shall apologize to them in the best way I can—and put up with the accusation. I know they will accuse me of having trifled with their feelings, by exciting expectations which my present determination is obliged bitterly to disappoint.”

Much as he wished again to see the loved scenes of his youth, private enjoyments, in this, as in every other instance, were sacrificed for the public duties of his high mission. About this time, a friendly schooner was blown ashore, and almost completely wrecked. The provisions with which she was laden, were much needed by the colonists. Their loss reduced them to the necessity of purchasing, at a high price, such articles as they were obliged to have. Nor was this the only loss. Ashmun was exposed to a four hours rain, while trying to save the vessel, which resulted in a severe fever, and rheumatism that brought him to death's door. For three weeks he suffered the most acute, agonizing pains and burning fevers. Soon after his recovery, a treaty of peace was concluded with the refractory chiefs, at Trade Town, by which mutual protection and encouragement were guaranteed by both parties. Hostilities now began between two of the native tribes, which Ashmun vainly tried to reconcile. His efforts, however, kept both of the belligerent parties on good terms with the colonists, which was the prime object of his mediation in the matter.

At this time, he established an infirmary for the benefit of the sick and disabled, which went into operation under happy auspices, that insured the best results. The public schools, also, were re-organized, and put more efficiently to work. To secure that economy among the emigrants so essential to success and prosperity, he also recommended that such goods and commodities, as were shipped by the United States, should be exchanged for the native products, as being much the cheapest, and easier procured. To internal improvements, too, he gave considerable attention, and put a good force to clearing the Montserado River, so as to render it more navigable and better adapted to facilitate the operations of commerce. In this way, his genius and devotion were always actively on the alert for the benefit of the colony. Nothing conducive to a spirit of industrious enterprise, and progressive refinement was neglected. Several military companies were also organized, as a defense against any depredations or unforeseen emergencies that might occur. The stations had increased to eight in number, and each was more efficiently organized than before. While all this had been accomplished, remarkable as it may seem, such were the administrative talents of Ashmun, that nearly all the expenses had been defrayed by the internal workings of the colony, independent of exterior aid. In fact, the last year's operations developed a profit of several thousand dollars. Elated at his success, Ashmun left no means untried to maintain his hard-earned fame, and ascendant advantages. Industrial pursuits and education he looked upon as subjects of primary interest, in the enlightenment of Africa. Farms were opened, and the natives incited to their tillage. To the subject of schools, he continued his earnest attention. This he looked upon as being one of the most important objects of his mission. “Whether,” says he, “we regard such schools as a cheap means of extending the power of the colony—

as the most effectual instruments of civilizing the continent—as a noble exercise of Christian philanthropy, or the best expression of Christian piety—(and the object, I think, is susceptible of either of these views)—no work connected with the rearing of the colony, is, in my opinion, more desirable. I think it nearly capable of moral demonstration, that the African tribes may be civilized without expulsion from their chosen settlements and villages, and without that fearful diminution of their population, which has, from causes that do not exist here, as in regard to the Indians of America, accompanied the march of civilization in that hemisphere.” By this time, through the active exertions of the colonists, not only were all things working well immediately at home, but the interior of the country was explored with reference to enlarging the colonial boundaries. The population they found was of an active, enterprising sort, and had made considerable progress in agriculture.

Early in the year 1828, a United States vessel reached Liberia, with over one hundred more emigrants. This arrival found Ashmun in the midst of perplexing engagements. Several vessels were in port, the affairs of which demanded his personal consideration. Such an accumulation of labor, he said, “I never felt pressing on me before. Days and nights were too short. But I dispatched, previous to the 25th, three of the vessels, when another arrived from Sierra Leone, with special claims on my attention.” In addition to this, a piratical Spanish vessel menaced the coast in a threatening manner, that required of Ashmun the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out upon her movements.

Soon after this, he visited, in person, all the principal native chiefs of the vicinity, giving assurance of his good will to them. From excessive fatigue incident to this combination of arduous duties, he was attacked by a severe fever, from the effects of which he suffered for some time. His embarrassments were magnified also, by the sickness of the recently-arrived emigrants, among whom there was not a single well man. After awhile, however, things began to mend, and prospects to materially brighten up again. In February, he thus wrote: “For the last four days, my strength has returned almost as rapidly as it went. But I hope the event will advertise the board, that the constitution of their agent here is not to be depended on—and that a most probable item of intelligence may very shortly be, that he too is numbered with the departed. May provision be made accordingly. For myself, alone, the event has no appalling features—but to leave the colony, to quit a field of labor forever, in which so little is yet done and so much ought to be done—here I fear will be the distressing pang of dying. But the colony depends, I am persuaded, on the life of no one or ten individuals; and it is a vanity I do not indulge, that it has any such dependence on my own. But it is a field of labor in which if better workmen are not employed, I wish to be myself so long as with the Divine blessing I can do any good.”

These thoughts, that he was approaching his final rest, were verified. He soon became so much enfeebled, that his physician gave his written opinion that the only hope for his life was in his return to the United States. On the 28th of March, he embarked on board of a vessel, and left Africa forever. Never were greater tokens of respect shown by any community on

taking leave of their head. Nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Monrovia, men, women and children, were out on the occasion, and nearly all of them parted from him in tears. He suffered so intensely on the voyage, that it was doubtful if he should survive to reach his native land. He arrived at New Haven, Connecticut, where he continued to sink until he expired, August 25, 1828, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

On the next day, a large concourse of the citizens of New Haven, and of the neighboring towns, united in a solemn tribute of respect to his memory, and attended his remains to the grave. The assembly had already filled the Central Church, to which the body of the deceased was conveyed, and the minister of Christ just concluded his humble supplications to the God of all mercy and consolation, when a venerable, solitary female entered the congregation, and with a look which told what her tongue might in vain have essayed to speak, approached the corpse. It was the mother of Ashmun! Every heart in that vast assembly beat fainter, as they beheld this aged matron, who had traveled for several days and nights from a remote part of the country, in the hope of embracing her living son, pressing her lips, and her heart upon the coffin which concealed all that remained of that son in death, forever from her sight.

The discourse of the Rev. Leonard Bacon, on this occasion, was a just and eloquent defense of the spirit that animates the martyrs to a great and good cause, and under the power of which Ashmun had sacrificed his life in the service of Africa. "His example (said the preacher) shall speak. There have been men whose names are as way-marks; whose examples, through successive ages, stir the spirits of their fellow-men with noble emulation. What has been done for God, and for the souls of men, and for the cause of wretched human nature, by the luster which gathers around the name of David Brainerd. How many lofty spirits has the simple history of his toils and sorrows kindled and roused to kindred enterprise. Other names there are, which beam from age to age with the same glory. Howard, Clarkson, Swartz, Mills,—what meaning is there in such names as these. Our departed friend will add another to that brilliant catalogue. He takes his place

‘Amid th’ august and never dying light
Of constellated spirits who have gained
A name in heaven by power of heavenly deeds.’

Let us praise God for the light of his example, which shall never be extinguished, and which, as it beams on us, shall also beam on our children moving them to deeds of godlike benevolence.

‘Praise! for yet one more name with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness.’

We have come to his grave. A simple, but beautiful monument, erected by the managers of the American Colonization Society, in the church-yard of New Haven, bears the name of Ashmun. This monument may perish, but that name never. It is engraven on the heart of Africa. In his person, Mr. Ashmun was tall—his hair and eyes light—his features regular and cast in the finest mould—his manners mild, yet dignified—and in his counte-

nance an expression of the gentlest affections softened the lineaments of a lofty, firm, and fearless mind."

Liberia, since having been placed on a firm basis through the exertions of Mr. Ashmun, has prospered beyond all example. It now extends along the Guinea Coast for a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, with an average breadth of forty miles inland. It consists of Liberia proper, and Maryland in Liberia, the latter being that part south of Cape Palmas. The country has been all purchased from time to time by the American Colonization Society, and its climate greatly improved, although it is deadly to whites, by a systematic drainage and clearance of the woods. Until the year 1848, Liberia remained a dependency upon the United States. In that year, it was formed into an independent republic, and as such was recognized by Great Britain and France. Its government is upon the same model as that of the United States, consisting of a president, a vice president, and two houses of congress.

The natural resources of Liberia are immense. Cotton is natural to the soil of which it produces two crops a year. Coffee thrives well, and the sugar-cane grows luxuriantly. Its annual exports, principally of tropical productions, amount to over half a million of dollars. The population of the Republic of Liberia, in 1850, was two hundred and fifty thousand, of whom fifty thousand speak the English language. A thirst for education has been awakened among the surrounding native tribes, for four hundred and five hundred miles; many of them send their children to be educated in the republic. The Liberians have built for themselves about thirty churches, possess numerous schools and printing presses. More than twenty thousand natives have requested to be taken under the protection of the state, while not less than one hundred thousand live on its territory and three hundred and fifty thousand are bound to it by treaties to abolish the slave-trade. At different times ten buildings, erected by slave-traders for the storage of slaves have been burned down by the Liberians, and hundreds of their fellow creatures therein confined liberated; and they at all times afford a refuge for the weak and the oppressed. The adjoining English colony of Sierra Leone is far inferior to Liberia having but about one quarter of its population, and as yet remaining a dependency upon the English crown.

Monrovia is the capital of Liberia. It has a population of about twelve thousand; beside this there are twenty other towns and villages in the territory. It is said to be a beautiful thriving American-like town, with handsome churches, elegant private residences, imposing business stores of brick on almost every street; all indicating, the most complete development of the amplest resources of mind and body on the part of its citizens.

The men of color who have migrated to Liberia have felt the influences of enterprise and freedom, and are improved alike in their condition and character. Those who were slaves become masters; those who were once dependent have become independent; once the objects of charity, they are now benefactors, and the very individuals who, a few years ago, felt their spirits oppressed and incapable of high efforts and great achievements, now stand forth conscious of their dignity and power, sharing in all the privileges and honors of a respected, a free and a Christian people.



The Texan Prisoners of Mier drawing the Fatal Beans.

Drawing the white beans signified exemption—drawing the black,—*death!* Soon after the lottery the doomed were separated from the others, and about dark, executed. They fell bravely, with their latest breath calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon their murderers; and exclaiming, that for the glory of their country they had fought, and for her glory they were willing to die!

NARRATIVE
OF THE
MIER EXPEDITION:

WITH A HISTORY OF THE SURVIVORS WHO WERE IMPRISONED IN THE

CASTLE OF PEROTE, IN MEXICO.

THE Texas Revolution was a remarkable exhibition of American character. For nine years a population of twenty thousand of our people successfully contended against a nation of eight millions. It was a bloody struggle, marked by many thrilling episodes, illustrating the coolest bravery in peril, and the manliest fortitude in adversity.

The history of the Mier Expedition well exhibits the character of those heroic people, as given by Thomas J. Green, one of the Texan officers, who subsequently published his journal of its events, and from which this article is derived.

In the year 1842, the Mexicans having twice invaded Texas, marking their course by the usual atrocities of that half-savage people, President Houston, in September, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers to "rendezvous at Bexar, pursue the enemy into Mexico, and chastise him for his insolence and wrongs." By November, some twelve hundred Texans assembled at Bexar, and were placed under the command of General Somerville. Through various causes this force was dwindled down to a few hundred men, with which Somerville after much delay marched to the Rio Grande, the Mexican forces under General Woll retreating before them. Then Somerville abandoned all the objects of the campaign, alleging that "he thought it imprudent to remain longer, as the enemy might concentrate." He started for home, accompanied by his staff and a few over two hundred men, leaving behind three hundred and four of his Texan companions in arms, who, having come to fight, determined to be gratified at all hazards.

This little band elected Colonel William S. Fisher commander, and descended the Rio Grande, part in barges and part on land. Colonel Thomas J. Green held the office of commander of the flotilla and right wing of the forces. On the 21st of December, they arrived in the vicinity of Mier, next to Matamoras, the most important town on the Rio Grande. As the place was then destitute of troops for its defense, they marched into it without molestation. According to the customs of war, and which, moreover, their own destitute condition warranted, they made requisition upon the alcalde for various stores of provisions, clothing, arms, etc. This was acceded to, upon which the troops retired from the place, carrying with

them to their camp below the city the *alcalde*, as a hostage for the performance of the agreement. Under various pretexts its fulfillment was delayed until on the 25th, when news came that seven hundred Mexicans, with two field-pieces, commanded by Ampudia and Canales, had arrived on the opposite or right bank of the river. The Texans crossed over to give them battle, upon which they retreated into Mier.

Two of the most efficient of the Texan spies unfortunately had been made prisoners. One of these was the afterward much noted Captain Samuel H. Walker. On being interrogated by Ampudia as to the numbers and intentions of the Texans, with the threat of death if he told falsely, Walker replied, "that his life was in the general's hands, but that it was neither their *habit* nor *nationality* to lie;—that the force of the Texans was about three hundred men." "They surely have not the audacity to pursue and attack me in town," rejoined Ampudia. "Yes, general," said Walker, "you need not have any doubts on that point; they will pursue and attack you in —!"

The Texans continued in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, when night closed in upon them, just as they had reached the outskirts of Mier. The night being dark and drizzling with rain, the men were ordered to sit and protect their rifles from the damp until the general position of the enemy could be learned. This was done, when, after some little skirmishing, the Mexican outposts were carried, and the Texans fought their way by degrees in the direction of the military square, making openings through the adobe walls of the houses by crowbars. All night long the battle was kept up, and many a Mexican fell before the unerring rifle of those frontiersmen. When day dawned they were in the very heart of the city, with the loss of only one man killed and two wounded, having beaten all opposition, and being strongly posted in some adobe houses.

"In less than an hour," says Green, "after daylight opened upon us, their artillery was silenced and deserted, and the enemy had recourse to the house-tops, from whence they ventured to pour down upon the houses we occupied volleys of musketry. In the many thousand cartridges discharged at us, an occasional one would take effect, and we had some valuable men killed and several wounded. In this situation, some of our best rifles and surest shots were brought into play, and they not permitted to fire except with dead rest and sure aim. This explains why a large majority of their killed and wounded were shot in the head and breast, the only part exposed in firing at us. However, to obtain a better position for some of our picked riflemen, holes were made in the roofs of the houses we occupied, through which they ascended, and in that position we soon cleared all the houses within reach. Thus the battle continued until 12 m., and it was perfectly clear, from the manner in which their fire had slackened in every quarter, that they were badly crippled. One movement more on our part was necessary to complete the victory, and that was by commanding the public square, their stronghold.

About this time, a column of the enemy charged down a street upon the north of the building we occupied. Colonel Fisher, being at that point, threw himself, with some twenty men, suddenly into the street, and received their fire, which severely wounded several of his men, cutting off also the

ball of his right thumb. They effectually returned their fire, when the party fled. Up to this time, for the last six hours, the artillery nearest us had been silenced, and no one of the enemy dared approach it. It had already, as we were afterward told, proved the death of fifty-five out of their sixty choice artillery company. To get it out of our reach, they had recourse to throwing a lasso over it from behind a corner, and dragging it off. Just about this time, they were blowing a charge in different directions. The writer was in the upper end of the buildings nearest the square, when he received information that Colonel Fisher was wounded: hastening to where he was, he found him vomiting from the effects of his wound. At this juncture, in the midst of victory, we date our misfortunes.

Dr. Sinnickson, one of the eight men who had been taken prisoners over the Alcantra, having been brought to General Ampudia's headquarters, was put upon his examination as to our force, etc.;—it, however, corroborated Walker's statement. In General Ampudia's staff, as surgeon-general, was Dr. Humphries, a Scotchman by birth, formerly surgeon in the Texan army. The surgeon-general knew Dr. Sinnickson in Brazoria, and as soon as he communicated the fact to the Mexican officers, the cunning Canales and Carasco suggested, as a last alternative, that their old deception of a *white flag* should be tried upon us. At this time, so badly were they whipped, that we were told by Walker, Lusk, and other prisoners, tied at Ampudia's headquarters, that the officers' horses were saddled, and held each by the bridle, and that the gate of the churchyard upon the Matamoras road was opened, and every preparation was being made for flight, when Dr. Sinnickson was started to us with a white flag. Walker and others, who had been prisoners since the day previous, had witnessed the battle from where they were confined, knew the enemy was badly beaten, and knew their condition too well for either of them to be sent in to us. Dr. Sinnickson, having just been taken prisoner, and knowing but little of the condition of the enemy, had no chance to communicate with the other prisoners, and on this account, as well as from his being surgeon in our army, he was selected to bring in the flag to us. At the time he started with it, the other prisoners believed it was for the purpose of asking terms from us, nor were they undeceived in this particular until they saw a portion of our men marching into the public square to lay down their arms.

Dr. Sinnickson was ordered by General Ampudia to say to the Texan commander "that he had one thousand seven hundred regular troops in the city, and eight hundred fresh troops near by from Monterey, which would be up in a few minutes; that it was useless for him to contend longer against such odds, and that, if he would surrender his forces, they should be treated with all the honors and considerations of prisoners of war; and that our men should not be sent to Mexico, but kept upon the frontier until an exchange or pacification was effected;—and that, if these terms were not acceded to, we should be allowed no quarter."

Some few moments elapsed between Dr. Sinnickson's first communication with Colonel Fisher, and the astounding information which was communicated to our men, that it was a demand for us to surrender, for up to this time a general impression prevailed that they were asking terms of us. When this information was communicated to our men, it was promptly met

by a general burst of disapprobation, "that they never would surrender their arms."

Colonel Fisher sought an interview with General Ampudia. During his absence, such good use was made of the time by those in favor of fighting it out, that on his return not over twenty of the whole number were in favor of surrendering. Says Green : Colonel Fisher formed the different companies in the street, to communicate the result of his interview with the Mexican commander, which was a reiteration of his former promises, and he concluded by saying, that, "I have known General Ampudia for years—know him to be an honorable man, and will vouch for his carrying them out ; that if you are willing to accept of these terms, you will march into the public-square and give up your arms, or prepare for battle in five minutes ; that, in any view of the case, your situation is a gloomy one, for you cannot fight your way out of this place to the Rio Grande, short of a loss of *two thirds* or perhaps the *whole* ;—but if you are determined to fight, I will be with you, and sell my life as dear as possible." This speech was a deathblow to all farther prospect of fighting, for it at once determined half of the men to surrender, who instantly separated from the remainder, and moved off in the direction of the square.

Now a scene commenced which defies description. In the countenances of those whom Colonel Fisher's speech did not induce to surrender, were disappointment, sorrow, rage ; many shed tears, some swore, while others maintained a sullen determination, which showed that they were prepared for the worst. Those who marched off with the intention of surrendering, showed in their countenances that they believed the act would purchase their lives. They did not pass Reese and Pearson's companies, which were still formed nearest the square, without a shower of imprecations upon their heads. "Go !" said one ; "I hope you may never enjoy the sight of your country and liberty again !" "Go," added another, "you — cowards ! and rot in chains and slavery !" and such like anathemas, which, from their solemn truths, seemed to fall heavily upon their spirits, for they returned no answer, but marched into captivity in silent obedience. In a feeling of rage and contempt, which I was far from controlling, I pursued this party several steps, determined to exhaust the last shot of my repeater upon them, and take the consequences. Here I was met by an old friend, whose head was frosted by seventy winters ; he addressed me in a tone of feeling and friendship, that not only disarmed me of my intention, but possessed me of another feeling which absorbed my whole soul. I believed that we would be sacrificed, felt that I could stand it, and longed to see whether the others could. Under this feeling, I broke my arms upon the pavement, and said to them, "Now we will see who can stand shooting the best." In a few minutes I went into the square, where I found a group of officers in front of several companies of infantry. Among this group was the Mexican surgeon-general, Dr. Humphries, who knew me in Texas : he advanced and spoke to me cordially. I asked him to show me General Ampudia, which he did. Unhooking my naked sword-belt, I advanced and delivered it to him, announcing myself at the same time. I remarked to him, that, "having opposed the surrender in vain, I was prepared either for the prison or to be shot, and was perfectly indifferent in the choice." He received me

kindly, and replied, that "he appreciated the feelings of the brave—but mine was the fate of war; that his house and friendship were mine, and that he hoped I would consider myself his guest, and call upon him freely for any service in his power." I thanked him for his personal good feelings, and turned to look for the party who had preceded me, and found their rifles laid out in a row upon the ground, and two or three officers counting their *catskin and tiger-tailed pouches* with an indifference which showed they knew nothing of their value. This was a melancholy sight, from which I was relieved by some one calling to me from the iron grating of a window about forty yards distant. I approached the window, and found about one hundred of our men jammed into a small filthy room; and the man who was calling to me wished me to "keep an eye upon the disposition of their arms, for," said he, "we find too late that you were correct, and if we can get hold of our '*tools*' once more, we will go it with a looseness." Thus soon did their repentance commence, and long will it continue.

The balance of our men, as their arms were delivered up, were thrust into two other rooms, each distant from the other sixty or eighty steps. General Ampudia invited Colonel Fisher and myself to his headquarters, on the opposite side of the square adjoining the church. In this room was seated at a table the cunning Canales, drawing up the "Articles of Capitulation," which were soon after imposed upon us for what they did not contain.

The aggregate number of Texans engaged in the battle was two hundred and sixty-one; our loss being ten killed, twenty-three badly and several slightly wounded. The aggregate number of the Mexican forces engaged was twenty-three hundred and forty. Their loss was between seven and eight hundred killed and wounded. We were informed at Matamoras by the United States consul and several American and English gentlemen, who had it in confidence from the Mexican officers, that their loss exceeded eight hundred in killed and wounded. Their official report to the war department of the amount of ammunition expended in the battle was nine hundred cannon cartridges and forty-three thousand musket cartridges, besides three hundred rockets, etc., while ours was between fourteen and fifteen hundred of every description. There never has existed, in any age, a nation who understood so well as the Texans this important matter, "never to shoot without killing;" and this will explain why a larger proportion than one to two of our shots took effect in this battle.

With the permission of General Ampudia, I visited the church that evening to see our wounded, and carried them a quantity of bandages. Doctors Sinnickson, Brennem, and Shepherd were then attending them. All appeared to be cheerful, though most of them were badly and several mortally wounded. I have never yet seen a calamity so great befall Texans as to prevent their making fun; and upon inquiry as to how they were off for rations, they replied, "O! we have plenty of brains, general." In the same building, one hundred and thirty-six of the enemy's wounded were stretched out on the floor, many of whom had been shot in the head, and their brains had oozed out, from the size of a marble to that of one's fist. It was a horrible sight, but will explain what our fun-making wounded

meant. The enemy were mostly wounded in the head and breast, a large portion of whom died the first night.

Thus ended the battle of Mier, which, in its moral and political consequences to our country, was a glorious triumph. It was there that the people of Texas demonstrated the practicability of conquering and holding that rich valley against immense odds. It was there that the people of Texas pursued and fought them nine to one, killing treble their own number, and proving themselves invincible to everything but duplicity and treachery; and it was there that the Texan made the *sound* of his rifle and *death* synonymous terms throughout Mexico.

On the 31st of December, General Ampudia took up his line of march for the City of Mexico, *via* Matamoras, with his prisoners. They were strongly guarded by artillery behind, and before and on each side by cavalry and infantry with fixed bayonets. The men were hurried along at a rapid rate, suffering greatly from fatigue and want of water. The first night they encamped opposite Comargo. Their blankets had been stolen from them, a bleak norther was blowing, and when their scanty fires had burned down, they raked away the burning coals, and laid in piles in the ashes to keep themselves warm.

The next day, New Year's day, 1843, they entered Comargo, where commenced the grand menagerie show of the prisoners, which was continued during their zig-zag march of one thousand five hundred miles in Mexico. They were paraded through the town and around the public-square under the ringing of bells, firing of guns and crackers, and the *vivas* of the populace. Little boys and girls preceded them, displaying long rolls of paper with bombastic mottoes—"Glory to the brave Canales—Eternal honor to the immortal Ampudia," etc.

Continuing their march, they were the next night herded in a cow-pen, like so many cattle. The fun-makers, to complete the character, dropped down upon all-fours, bowed their necks, pawed up the dirt, and lowed like bulls, to the no small astonishment of their captors. The next night, their lodgings being a sheep-pen, the comedians had a new character to play, and it is certain they "bleated more like sheep than any sheep in all Mexico." It was of much importance to their captors to get cow-pens to put the captives in, and they were often resorted to on the march, for, being walled with lofty pickets, they were the more easily guarded.

On nearing Matamoras many of the prominent citizens came out to meet General Ampudia, and to congratulate him upon his victory. "Among these," says Green, "were two of our acquaintances, *Tom* and *Esau*. These gentlemen, now of so much consequence as to ride three leagues in a coach to congratulate General Ampudia upon his *splendid victory*, were General Sam Houston's two barbers, so well known to the public of Texas. Tom treated us with marked attention, spoke of his prospects in that country, his intended nuptials, invited us to the wedding, and said that General Ampudia was to stand godfather on the occasion. He remarked to General Ampudia, upon meeting him, in our presence, 'Well, general, *I told* you, before leaving Matamoras, that when you met these gentlemen you would catch it!'"

The next day, January 9th, they marched to Matamoras. Says Green :

"Many women and girls came out with joyous countenances to meet their husbands and sweethearts; but, alas! for them, they had experienced the effects of the Texan rifles at Mier, and they returned with heavy hearts and bitter lamentations. A triumphal arch was thrown across the principal street through which we passed at every hundred yards; and, to make the grand pageant as imposing as possible, soldiers were stationed upon each side of the street, about thirty feet apart, and what they lacked in soldiers they made up for the occasion by placing soldier-clothes upon citizens. Our men followed slowly and solemnly up one street and down another, to give the populace full opportunity to gaze at and heap upon them dirty epithets, of which their language is so copious. Among the populace were a number of negroes, who had absconded from Texas; these were among the foremost in their abusive epithets, and our men, without the power of punishing such insolence, would gnash their teeth in rage."

In the march from Matamoras, Colonels Fisher and Green, Dr. Shepherd, Adjutant Murry, S. C. Lyon, and the interpreter, Daniel Drake Henrie, were each furnished with a horse, placed under an escort of a company of cavalry, and sent on their route in advance of the main body. These officers were generally treated with kindness. At Monterey, which they reached on the 22d of January, they remained six days inmates of the family of Colonel Bermudez, a fine hospitable old gentleman, with several beautiful daughters. "These amiable ladies," says Green, "to beguile our heavy hours, would sing and play upon the guitar and piano for us, and at evenings would invite the élite of the city, some of them doubtless coming to see us Texans, whom they would introduce as '*muy valiente*,'—very brave. At these evening coteries, we would endeavor to appear as if nothing had happened to us, and join in the dance as lightsome as any. The ladies would say, 'What wonderful people you must be! here you are, prisoners in a foreign land, having already passed many dangers, and you must expect to fall into hands who will treat you unkindly—for all Mexicans are not what they should be—and still you appear as if nothing had befallen you.'

How delightful it is to witness the salutations of Mexican female friends! they trip across the room to meet each other with a gait superior to that of our women, and, instead of grasping the hand, they embrace with a bewitching, gossamer, ethereal touch, which cannot properly be described. In their ball-dress they look like winged creatures. Most of the Mexican dances are exceedingly beautiful; there is a luxury in the music, and a fascinating swing in their women peculiarly winning. Nothing can exceed the grace of their quadrilles and contra-dances. Their fandango is a lively operation, mostly danced by the more common people, in which the gentleman leads his partner to the center of the room; here they move face to face, the gentleman beating his feet against the floor in admirable time to the music, while the lady faces him in a regular monotonous hitch-up and back-down step, as uniform as the oscillation of a pendulum. Thus it is kept up until each party is relieved by some other groups."

On the 28th, Colonel Fisher and party, under escort, started for Saltillo, where they arrived on the 30th. The main body of the prisoners, under charge of Colonel Canales, with six hundred infantry and cavalry, arrived at Saltillo on the 5th of February, but not until they had all got one hun-

dred and twenty miles, to the hacienda Salado, which was on the 10th, did any chance offer for private communication between the Texan officers and men. The latter were highly elated, and a plan was at once formed to charge their guards at daybreak the next morning, and make a bold stroke for liberty. The plot was successfully put into execution the next morning, but too late for the assistance or the benefit of the officers, who had been sent on with their escort, and had gotten nearly a mile from the place when the event took place. Green thus narrates the circumstances :

"The 11th of February should be an ever memorable day in the history of Texan liberty, alike honorable to the country for the spirit in which that glorious movement was planned and executed. As our men advanced farther into the country, the more oppressive became the conduct of those under whose charge they were. On sundry occasions, the Mexican soldiers had been permitted to beat several of them. This was in such gross violation of our articles of capitulation, and afforded such a precious foretaste of 'Mexican magnanimity,' that they determined not to let slip this last opportunity of regaining their liberty; and the prospect of having their officers with them in their glorious enterprise determined the blow. Among the privates foremost in the charge, as well as in bringing about the result—and to their lasting honor we record their names—were Dr. R. F. Brennem, S. H. Walker, J. D. Cooke, Colonel William F. Wilson, Patrick Lyons, and others. The officers were generally in favor of the attempt; and at the appointed time, the lamented Cameron, with a quiet coolness peculiar to him in trying emergencies, raised his hat, and giving it a gentle flourish in the air, said, in a distinct tone, a little mixed with his Highland brogue, 'Well, boys, we will go it!' Thus saying, and suiting the action to the word, he grappled one of the sentinels at the inner door of their prison-yard, while S. H. Walker seized the other. It was the work of an instant to upset and disarm these, and get possession of the outer court, where the arms and cartridge boxes were guarded by one hundred and fifty infantry. These men were quickly driven out or made to surrender; and while our men were arming themselves and securing ammunition, the cavalry had formed in front of the outer gate, which was also guarded by the company of 'Red-Caps.' In passing through the gate to charge this company and the cavalry, poor Doctor Brennem and Patrick Lyons fell, and several others were wounded. That portion of the cavalry which was mounted quickly fell back beyond the reach of our fire, while the 'Red-Caps' retreated round the main wall of the buildings to the south, through the gate into the court-yard, which our party had just before left. A portion of our men pressed around to force this gate, believing still that we were in our quarters. Here Captain Fitzgerald received his death-wound, and John Stansbury, quite a boy, had his left eye shot out. The company of 'Red-Caps' soon capitulated, and gave up their arms: the only condition which our men required of Colonel Barragan, in releasing them, was, that our wounded should be treated kindly.

We had three killed—Dr. Brennem, Lyons, and Rice. Captain Fitzgerald and John Higgerson were mortally wounded, and died soon after; and Captain J. R. Baker, privates Stansbury, Hancock, Trehern, and Harvey, wounded. The enemy's loss was nine or ten killed, and many more badly

wounded. From the difficulty of getting arms in the commencement of the action, it was not possible that more than one half of our two hundred and fourteen men, with the exception of those who fought with brickbats, could have been engaged.

Thus it was that the Texans gave the world another evidence of their superiority over the Mexicans, when one hundred unarmed men charged three hundred with arms, beat them, disarmed them, and then turned them loose as harmless things."

By ten o'clock A. M., the Texans, to the number of one hundred and ninety-three, mounted their horses, and took up their line of march homeward, leaving their wounded behind. They proceeded on for a day or two without especial molestation, when their leader, Captain Edwin Cameron, was influenced against his better judgment, to leave the main road and take to the mountains. Had they continued as they started, there is no doubt but that they would have got out of the country in safety, as it was subsequently ascertained that the Mexicans were not in sufficient force in that quarter to make any effectual opposition. Once in the mountains, their troubles commenced. The country was too rough for their horses, water was very scarce, and they made but little progress. On the night of the 14th, they encamped in a deep gorge of the mountains. The next morning they found water, the first they had seen in twenty-four hours. At this spot, they determined to kill their fattest horses, jerk the meat, and then proceed on foot. So, having stationed sentinels upon the peaks of the highest adjoining mountains, they led their horses down into the ravine and commenced the mournful task. In doing so, no language can describe the feelings of these bold men—men who, in battle, had slain their scores of Mexicans without winking—when they stood with unsheathed knives beside their faithful animals, they found that their bursting hearts had unnerved their arms. Many turned from the effort and wept, while others, as much affected, performed the bloody deed in conscientious duty to their families, their country and liberty. The lamentable groans of the poor horses, as the keen steel would press to the heart's core, were distressingly painful to hear. Some, in the agonies of death, would squeal and flounder, while others would seem to look upon their masters in deep sorrow, and press against the fatal blade. This never to be forgotten scene was the work of a portion of this day, as some built scaffolds with fire underneath to dry the meat, while others butchered, and some went with gourds still deeper into the ravine for water. At three o'clock P. M., the water was so nearly exhausted that the men could not fill their gourds, when the march was recommenced. At ten o'clock P. M., they encamped in a deep ravine without water."

They continued on for two or three days in a northerly course, suffering terribly for want of water, until the 17th, when, being unable to travel any farther, they halted in a deep valley. The sun was pouring down upon them with intense power. To screen themselves from its blistering rays, they scattered themselves over the spot, spread their blankets upon thorn-bushes, and got underneath them. Water! water! was the all-pervading cry. In the delirium of consuming fires they sought—

"The roughest berry on the rudest hedge."

Some were chewing and eating negro-head and prickly-pear leaves, to produce moisture in their mouths, but these astringents greatly aggravated their sufferings; while others, with tongues so parched and swollen that they could not close their mouths, were scratching in the shade of bushes for cool earth to apply to their throats and stomachs; yet, even yet, their sufferings were to be increased. Wild delirium seized upon those who had most freely used the astringent plants, and in their last agony they had recourse to their own urinary secretion. This was drinking living fire! and this they knew, for many were men of education; but still they drank and drank! Several expired, and all prayed for death to relieve them. The phosphate of lime contained in this liquid produces a consuming agony far worse than death without it.

In the meantime, so slow had become their progress, that the Mexicans had time to rally and gather a large force to intercept them. That evening the fires of the Mexican cavalry camp were discovered in advance, illuminating the heavens. When the day dawned, the Texans were scattered, exhausted, and having thrown away their arms from mere inability to carry them, they had no other resource but to surrender to a force which, had they kept the original road, they could easily have beaten.

Now began the return march to Solado. Their captors tied them in pairs with cords of rawhide. These were exchanged at San Antonio for handcuffs. Notwithstanding this precaution, the Mexicans showed great apprehension lest another charge would be made upon them, for they would not allow the Texans to stand up in camp. Under all these cruelties, the men bore up with astonishing fortitude. They received their irons with smiles, promised a fair remuneration the first opportunity, and concluded the evening's entertainment by telling old tales and singing, to the utter astonishment of their captors.

On the 25th of March, they arrived at Solado, when the melancholy intelligence was received that they were to be *decimated*, and each tenth man shot. Full particulars of the bloody drama which ensued are thus given by Green: "It was now too late to resist this horrible order. The men were closely ironed and drawn up in front of all their guards, with arms in readiness to fire. Could they have known it previously, they would have again charged their guards, and made them dearly pay for this last perfidious breach of national faith. It was now too late! A manly gloom and a proud defiance pervaded all countenances. They had but one alternative, and that was to invoke their country's vengeance upon their murderers, consign their souls to God, and die like men.

The decimator, Colonel Domingo Huerta, who was especially nominated to this black deed, had arrived at Solado ahead of the men. The 'Red-Cap' company were to be their executioners—those men whose lives had been so humanely spared by the Texans at this place on the 11th of February. The decimation took place by the drawing of black and white beans from a small earthen mug. The white ones signified *exemption*, and the black *death*. One hundred and fifty-nine white beans were placed in the bottom of the mug, and seventeen black ones were placed upon the top of them. The beans were not stirred, and had so slight a shake that it was perfectly clear they had not been mixed together. Such was their anxiety

to execute Captain Cameron, and perhaps the balance of the officers, that first Cameron, and afterward they, were made to draw a bean each, from the mug in this condition.

As the gallant Cameron stepped up, he said, with his usual coolness : 'Well, boys, we have to draw ; let's be at it !' So saying, he thrust his hand into the mug, and drew out a white bean. Next came Colonel Wm. F. Wilson, who was chained to him ; then Captain Wm. Ryan, and then Judge F. M. Gibson, all of whom drew white beans. Next came Captain Eastland, who drew the first black one, and then followed the balance of the men. They all drew their beans with that manly dignity and firmness which showed them superior to their condition. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say, 'Boys, this beats raffling all to pieces !' another, 'This is the tallest gambling scrape I was ever in !' and such like remarks. None showed change of countenance ;—and as the black beans failed to depress, so did the white fail to elate. The knocking off the irons from the unfortunate alone told who they were. Poor Robert Beard, lying upon the ground near by exceedingly ill, and nearly exhausted from his forced marches and sufferings, called his brother William, who was bringing him a cup of water, and said, 'Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place ; I want to die.' The brother, with overwhelming anguish, replied, 'No, I will keep my own place ; I am stronger and better able to die than you.' These noble youths drew clear, but both soon after died, leaving this last Roman legacy to their venerable parents in Texas. Several of the Mexican officers who officiated in this cruel violation of their country's faith, expressed great dissatisfaction thereat, and some wept bitterly. Soon after, the fated were placed in a separate courtyard, where, about dark, they were executed.

Several of the men were permitted to visit the unfortunate previously to the execution, to receive their dying requests. Poor Major Cocke, when he first drew the fatal bean, held it up between his fore-finger and thumb, and with a smile of contempt, said, 'Boys, I told you so ; I never failed in my life to draw a prize !' and then he said to Judge Gibson, 'Well, Judge, say to my friends that I died in grace !' The judge, much affected at this last sad parting, showed it from his tears. The major replied, 'They only rob me of forty years,' and then sat down and wrote a sensible and dignified letter of remonstrance to General Waddy Thompson, the United States Minister in Mexico ; and, knowing that his remains would be robbed of his clothes after his death, drew off his pantaloons, handed them to his surviving comrades, and died in his under-clothes.

Poor Henry Whaling, a native of Indiana, and one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, with as bright a look as ever lighted man's countenance, 'Well, they don't make much off me, any how ; for I know I have killed twenty-five of the yellow-bellies ;' then demanding his dinner, in a firm tone, he continued, 'They shall not cheat me out of it,'—and ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after was launched into eternity ! The Mexicans said that this man had the biggest heart of any they ever saw. They shot him fifteen times before he expired.

Poor Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that he was 'perfectly willing to meet his fate : that for the glory of his country he fought,

and for her glory he was willing to die;' and, turning to the officer, said: 'After the battle of San Jacinto, my family took one of your prisoner youths, raised and educated him, and this is our requital.'

Edward Este spoke of his fate with the coolest indifference, and said that he would rather be shot than dragged along in this manner.

Cash said, 'Well, they murdered my brother with Colonel Fannin, and they are about to murder me.'

J. L. Jones said to the interpreter, 'Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country.'

Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death, but for her own honor he implored her never to lay down her arms until the most ample reparation and her unconditional freedom should be secured. He said, 'I know that some have thought me timid, but, thank God, death has no terrors for me.'

Major Robert Dunham said 'he was prepared to die, and would to God that he had a chance to do the same thing over again; that he gloried in the demonstration they had made, which showed Texans without arms to be more than equal to Mexicans with them.'

James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate, and said, 'I am prepared.'

Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge the murder, while their flowing tears and bursting hearts, invoking heaven for their witness, responded nobly to the call.

They one and all invoked their country to do both them and herself justice. Captain Cameron, in taking leave of these brave men, and particularly of Turnbull, a brother Scotchman, with whom he had been in many dangers, wept bitterly, and implored the officers to execute him and spare his men.

Just previous to the firing they were bound together with cords, and their eyes being bandaged, they were set upon a log near the wall, with their backs to their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance; that 'they were not afraid to look death in the face.' This he refused, and, to make his cruelty as refined as possible, fired at several paces, and continued the firing from ten to twelve minutes, lacerating and mangling these heroes in a manner too horrible for description.

The interpreter, who was permitted to remain with them to the last, says that 'fifteen times they wounded that iron-nerved soul, Henry Whaling;' and it would seem that Providence had a special care in prolonging his existence, that he might demonstrate to his enemies the national character they had to contend with; for he gritted his teeth at and defied them in terms of withering reproach, until they placed a gun to his head and blew his brains against the wall. Such was the effect of this horrible massacre upon their own soldiers, who were stationed as a guard upon the wall above, that one of them fainted, and came near falling over, but was caught by his comrades. During the martyrdom of these noble patriots, the main body of the men were separated from them by a stone wall of some fifteen feet in

height, and heard their last agonized groans with feelings of which it would be mockery to attempt the description."

After this horrible tragedy, the main body of the Texans were marched on the road to the City of Mexico, a distance of five hundred miles. Their sufferings were dreadful. Many died on the journey; others, too worn down to travel, were left in hospitals on the route, from which miserable sinks few ever returned. Among the incidents of their journey, the following is given by Green:

"After thirty days' march, they arrived at the village of Huehuetoca, seven leagues from the City of Mexico, where they were all crowded together in a room too small to admit of their lying down, and into which not a breath of air could enter when the door was closed. In a very little time the air became so impure, from the exhaustion of the oxygen, that the candles went out, and respiration became exceedingly difficult. The men in vain appealed to the guards at the door to let in fresh air, and when death the most cruel stared them wholesale in the face, as a last alternative, they had recourse to cutting holes in the door with their pocket-knives, and alternately breathing at these small orifices.

This was, indeed, as the Mexican soldiers called it, *la noche triste*,—"the sad night." Their march of many leagues the day before, through an insufferable dust, a burning sun, the want of food and water, and then at night not even space sufficient of the stone floor to lie upon, and a suffocating atmosphere to breathe, was not their full measure of woe. About eight o'clock at night, a menial murderer, with a pair of epaulettes upon his shoulders, and a guard of about a dozen men, under broad-brimmed hats, arrived with orders from the tyrant, Santa Anna, to shoot their leader, the bold and beloved Captain Ewin Cameron.

The next morning, after the men were marched for the City of Mexico, he was taken out in the rear of the village to the place of execution. A priest, the usual attendant of Mexican executions, was in waiting, and when Cameron was asked if he wished to confess to the father, he promptly answered, 'No! throughout life I believe that I have lived an upright man, and if I have to confess, it shall be to my Maker.' His arms were then tied with a cord at the elbows and drawn back, and when the guard advanced to bandage his eyes, he said to his interpreter: 'Tell them, No! Ewin Cameron can now, as he has often before done for the liberty of Texas, look death in the face without winking!' So saying, he threw his hat and blanket upon the ground, opened the bosom of his hunting-shirt, presented his naked breast, and gave the fatal command—"Fire!"

Arrived in the City of Mexico, the major part of the Texans were placed at most disgusting employments. Some were driven forth into the streets with sticks and bayonets by brutal overseers, as scavengers of filth too horrible to contemplate. Others, heavily ironed, were placed at work upon the pavement in front of the archbishop's palace. Disease and death rapidly thinned their numbers. The survivors, naked and emaciated, were eventually consigned to the dungeons of Perote and San Juan d' Ulla. Few of them escaped, many died, and the remainder were liberated in the latter part of the year 1844, through the intervention of Governor Shannon, the then United States Minister in Mexico.

As the reader has been previously informed, Colonel Green's party had got fairly started on their journey on the morning of the rising of the prisoners at Salado. They however were fully apprised of the event by the discharge of the musketry, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the Mexican cavalry and infantry scampering in every direction, hither and thither, leaving clouds of dust behind them. Then, after a little pause, borne upon the still morning air, came loud shouts of victory from the Texans.

"At this time," says Green, "a lieutenant came up at full speed, with orders from Colonel Barragan to Captain Romano, to shoot us and come immediately to his assistance. Both his countenance and actions showed determination to execute the order. He ordered his men to reprime their *escopetas* and make ready, which was instantly done. This was a critical moment, and it was necessary to be met with coolness and promptness on our part. Colonel Fisher and myself asked him, 'if he was most bound to obey the orders of Governor Ortega, to take us to Mexico, or any subsequent order of Colonel Barragan;' and that we expected 'we were in the hands of a gentleman and soldier, not a murderer.' His eyes were instantly lowered to the pommel of his saddle; and his countenance underwent hesitation, change and satisfaction in as many seconds, when he raised himself in his stirrups, and, proudly clapping his hand upon his bosom, ordered the interpreter to say to the gentlemen, 'that they *are* in the hands of a *gentleman* and a *soldier*, and that *I* will carry out Governor Ortega's orders.' Thus saying, our horses' heads were wheeled toward Mexico, and we were forced on, at full speed, by the lancers on each side of us."

By very rapid traveling, the prisoners reached San Luis Potosi on the 23d, where their number was augmented by sixteen of their companions, who, having remained behind at Salado, were again taken into captivity.

In their journey through the country, they were subjected to more or less of brutality from their guards and from the people. "The only compassion we met," says Green, "was in the countenances of the females. In my intercourse with the world, I have had frequent occasion to observe that women were better than men; in Mexico this observation is forced upon you at every village."

Some amusing incidents occurred on the route. "On one occasion," says Green, "a Mexican officer asked us where our musicians were? We answered, 'We are all musicians in Texas.' 'Upon what instrument do you perform?' 'Upon the rifle,' we answered—when suddenly the muscles of their faces would elongate from the pleasant to the most inexpressible blank. On this and similar occasions, when we would quiz them—and we let no opportunity pass for so doing—they would always come to the conclusion that we were a strange people.

It has been said that 'a Texan is born with a rifle in his hand,' and with equal truth it may be said, that 'the Mexican is born with a rope in his,' for at every Mexican settlement we noticed the children, from knee high and upward, with little ropes, catching the ducks and chickens. It appeared to be their only amusement; and they would throw them with remarkable certainty. The old roosters and drakes, that had been often taken in this manner, seemed to know how useless it was to attempt escape, and would squat to receive the rope when they saw it coming. In Mexico, the

lasso is used for catching every animal, from a wild bull to the tamest dunghill fowl; nor is its use unknown in recruiting their '*volunteers*' for the army. Our comrades used to say, that 'these blanketed, pepper-eating fellows would not believe a thing was caught unless it was done with a rope.'"

In about a month's continuous traveling, the party reached the famous Castle of Perote, the place of their destination, situated about one hundred miles east of the City of Mexico, on the road to Vera Cruz. They entered in by a winding entrance, crossed a drawbridge over the great moat, and passed through an archway into a large plaza in front of the prisoners' quarters. The bugle's blast, the roll of drums, and the din of arms and the clank of chains, which then saluted their ears, opened their eyes to the reality of imprisonment. There they met, in rags and chains, fifty of their countrymen, who had been kidnapped from their homes in Bexar, Texas, early in the preceding autumn.

The Castle of Perote is celebrated in Mexican history. It is built in an elevated valley between mountains in the vicinity of the lofty Orazabo, with its beautiful conical peak rising to the heavens and crowned with perpetual snow. Although one hundred miles from the coast, it is seen from vessels far out at sea, long before the intervening low-lands rise in view. The nearness of the castle to the snow-covered mountains, its altitude, and its shaded position such that the sun's rays reach it but for a few hours in the day, renders it an extremely cold place. It is quadrangular in form, and occupies about twenty-six acres of ground. It is built principally of volcanic stone. The main wall is sixty feet in height. Within it is a ditch or moat some twenty feet in depth and two hundred feet in width. Inside of the moat are the main buildings, containing soldiers' barracks, workshops, stables, cells for the prisoners, etc. The center is a paved courtyard or plaza, five hundred feet square, used as a military parade-ground. The walls are defended by eighty pieces of artillery. The whole works were the labor of many years, and cost several millions of dollars; and but for the late improvements in the art of war it would be impregnable. Such is the great prison-house of Mexico, in which many a Texan, after dwindling out a miserable existence in chains and slavery, in rags and hunger, has at last perished, far from home and friends.

Before the prisoners were ironed, they had the privilege of walking about certain parts of the castle for three days. The time was well spent in examining the place, estimating its strength, etc. Near the cells occupied by the Bexar men were the rooms of the Mexican chain-gang, convicts guilty of every species of crime, and almost without an exception sunk to the very lowest depths of human degradation. One of these fellows boasted that "it was the fourth time he had been imprisoned for rape, and it would not be the last;" another, clapping his hand upon his breast, in the proudest tone, said, "I am no *ladrone* (thief); I am placed here for murder!" In Mexico, murder is considered more honorable than theft, though the majority would steal the value of a pin. The most genteel man among these convicts was in for killing a priest, who was caught kissing his wife. He had been in good circumstances, but in killing a priest, such was the influence of the church, that all his money could not save him. His wife followed him to prison, with a devotion not uncommon among the women of

Mexico. He was a tall, graceful man, about thirty-five years of age, and his keen black eye and Roman nose bespoke a temper fierce as a lion; nor did they belie him. His first act in chains was to beat one of the turnkeys severely for treating him as if he were merely a common prisoner.

"In the next room," says Green, "and to the right of our Bexar prisoners, myself and fifteen companions of the Mier men were lodged. At six o'clock in the evening, all the prisoners were counted and turned into their respective cells, where they remained until six the next morning, when the doors were again opened. At nine o'clock, we were, as usual, counted, and turned over to the officer of the new guard; at which time our men were made first to take the filth out of the castle in handbarrows, and after that to pack in stone and sand to repair the fortification. The stone they had to pack from over a mile and a half from the mountain; the sand a shorter distance. In the performance of this labor, our men, being chained in pairs by the ankle with large log-chains, and only about four feet between them, had to walk very close together, and on each hand was a file of guards with fixed bayonets to keep them in order.

At nine o'clock of the fourth day after our incarceration, the Mier men were ordered to stand aside to receive their chains, a full tun of which had been brought out and laid in a heap, with a corresponding quantity of cumbersome, rudely-made clevises to fit around the ankles. Here stood the fat old officer in charge, a Captain Gozeman, who, from the immense protuberance of his abdominal region, our boys dubbed 'Old Guts.' This genius was exceedingly civil at times. He desired Colonel Fisher and myself to make choice of our chain; but, in fact, there was no choice between them, the lightest weighing about twenty pounds—and, even if there had been any difference, neither of us was in a temper to make the choice. I felt that placing those irons upon me would make Mexico greatly my debtor, which some day I would cancel with most usurious interest. We held out each a foot, the one a right and the other a left, and the son of Vulcan riveted us together, as though we had been a pair of unbroken oxen just being introduced to the yoke. It is the habit of soldiers, in walking together, to step at the same time with their right feet, and then with their left; but these chains subverted this well-established and strictly-observed custom, as, one being chained by the right and the other by the left ankle, those even and odd had to move together, or they would pay the penalty by a severe jerk. Colonel Fisher and myself being first ironed, we laughed at the 'jewelry,' as the boys called the chains, but it was the laugh of a consuming vengeance. We started to our cells, and upon reaching our apartment, we looked out for the means of breaking so large a chain. Texans are a most ingenious people, and are usually equal to the emergency.—We soon found means to accomplish our purpose.

Our companions, in turn, were all ironed, and many were the devices they resorted to in order to free themselves from their chains when not in the presence of the officers. In that horribly cold place, sleeping upon the cold pavement, and with the still colder iron for your bedfellow, is no very enviable situation. Some would bribe the blacksmith to make them leaden instead of iron rivets, which, when blackened with charcoal, had much the appearance of iron, while they could be easily taken out and reheated.

One *medio* would buy a leaden rivet; and for some time this *ruse* was practiced. Frequently, however, when the officers would enter our cells, they would find our comrades without chains, and as suddenly every fellow would jump to his 'jewelry,' and clamp it on with a magic celerity, which entirely bewildered the senses of the officers, and then as suddenly put on a demure, inoffensive countenance, after the manner of school-boys cutting up their juvenile antics upon the sudden appearance of the pedagogue. Our old friend with the large corporation, after much fretting about our not wearing the 'jewelry,' told the governor 'that it would take as many black-smiths to keep us ironed as there were Texans in the castle.' "

Fisher and Green being officers were excused from labor. The time, however, passed heavily, and the coldness of their quarters and the want of proper food so affected their health, that the surgeon ordered their irons to be taken off, when they had full liberty to walk about the castle uncontrolled. The anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto approaching, the prisoners made preparations to celebrate the event. They purchased a few gallons of *vino masca*, a quantity of ass's milk, and several dozens of eggs, and such egg-nogg was compounded "as never before was seen or drank under the nineteenth degree of north latitude. We went around to the prison rooms, and summoned all hands to attend the thanksgiving. When these noble fellows stood round the bowl in rags, with their 'jewelry' riveted upon their ankles, brought up and tied around the waist with a cord hanging in a graceful festoon between each pair, the sight filled my heart to overflowing. Though the body was oppressed, they looked like caged lions, and every face bespoke the invincible spirit of a freeman."

Various toasts were drank amid cheers and songs. Daniel Drake Henrie gave his best ditties with unusual eloquence—"Long, long Ago," "The Soldier's Tear," etc. "Thus," continues Green, "we were getting along swimmingly, when our liberty-shouts rose high above the walls of the prison, and alarmed our keepers. They supposed that we intended to swallow them and take the castle. When our fat captain came round with the guard to know the cause of the riot, we told him it was a mode we had in our country of celebrating our *saints' days*, and hoped he would not disturb us in our worship, as we did not disturb him in his. He replied, '*Bueno, senor*;'—Very well, sir,—and started, when we gave the wink to Trimble. Upon this, Trimble squared himself, rolled his eyes over in their sockets, twisted his head 'clean round' on his shoulders, and gave a whoop that beat the best of owls."

The prisoners were very much troubled with vermin. The first business of the morning was louse-hunting. Usually several dozen of these disgusting vermin were discovered upon each of the men. At times, when one of these animals showed himself particularly fleet on foot, he was captured and saved for the *races*—for the Texans soon fell into the customs of the place. Says Green: "This very delicate pursuit of louse-racing has long been known in Mexican prisons as one of the very few amusements of those dull regions. The races come off in the following manner: The Mexican prisoners draw a circle upon a beef's hide about eighteen inches in diameter, inside of which they draw a smaller one, and in the center of this they make a *holy cross*—even to this vile purpose is that emblem of purity

prostituted ! The racers are placed on the outside of the inner ring, and the one that first crosses the double ring, and arrives at the holy goal, wins the stakes. We have witnessed the most ludicrous scenes around these pools.

As the tiny animals start, their owners become as much excited, doubtless, as those of Fashion and Boston at their great race. They jump and climb over each other to get a better view : it is, 'Hurra for the white,' and 'Well done for the red,' and many such expressions, accompanied with the most antic capers, each countenance being expressive of different degrees of hope and despair, according to the locality of their respective coursers. On these funny occasions, we have stood off to watch the countenances of the parties interested, and have witnessed grimaces which would have shaken the pencil from the hand of Hogarth. The only thing comparable to it are the negroes around a cock-pit, on a Whitsuntide in North Carolina or Virginia, a festival of ancient fashion in those good old States, where the negroes are as free of constraint as were the slaves of Rome on their *Saturnalia*.

The Texan prisoners thus simplified this mode of racing : they drew a charcoal circle upon a plank, in the center of which the racers were turned loose, at a given signal, and the one that 'first crosses the black ring is the winner.' "

Green, growing wearied with confinement, and fully imbued with the great American desire, *i. e.*, to improve his condition, determined to escape or perish in the attempt. The project required caution, coolness, and calculation. He made known his determination to Captain Reese, who agreed to join him in the enterprise. Their first plan was to escape, by scaling the walls, and they had all their arrangements perfected to that end, when they learned that in one of the prison rooms which contained thirty-six of their countrymen, a few lion-hearted fellows had determined also to make the attempt. They had commenced the operation of going through an eight feet wall ; Green and Reese thought it best to join them, and all escape together. Green says :

"Our arched cells were twenty feet wide by seventy long, with a door at one end opening in the castle, and a loophole at the other opening upon the outside, underneath which is the great moat. This loophole is a small aperture, upon the outside about four by twelve inches, and gradually widening through the eight feet wall upon the inside to about two feet. Could we have pursued this aperture by widening it, our labor would have been less ; but soon we found, from the hard character of the stones, and the secure fastenings immediately around the hole, difficulties which, with our poor means of operating, were impossible to surmount. We consequently struck off to the left, leaving these difficulties entirely to our right, and prepared to bore through the solid masonry.

To avoid discovery, both from the sentinel at the door and the officers when they came in the room upon inspection, a careless rap upon the door or post by our lookout man, was sufficient for our operator in the hole to *lie low*. These men engaged in the work alternately, as only one at a time could operate, and he was secreted by the shutter inclosing the loophole, and blankets carefully hung about it. The labor was extremely tiresome,

as the hole had to be made horizontally through the wall, and consequently required the operator to lay upon his abdomen, and rest upon his elbows, which position, after a few hours, became very painful. After making his tour, he would gather up the fragments of stone and mortar which his labor had detached, and bury them under some loose stone and brick in the floor. As the quantity thus buried would raise the pavement too high, it would be taken out under our blankets, and emptied into the *comun*—privy.

The tools with which we operated were narrow, inferior carpenter's chisels—the Mexican tools were generally of an inferior kind, which our carpenters would bring from the shop. As a water-drip will wear away the hardest granite, so the breach in the wall, in the course of a few weeks, gradually grew deeper under our incessant labor. This work was principally accomplished by drilling holes into the stone and mortar with a chisel and prying off small pieces; and frequently, after a day's hard labor, not more than a hatful could be disengaged. The greatest difficulty, however, was, that as the hole grew deeper, it grew smaller, and the position of the operator rendered it next to impossible to avoid this difficulty; so that when the hole reached the outside of the wall, it had a funnel shape, the outer end being reduced to ten by fourteen inches. On the first day of July, the hole had been drilled down to a thin shell on the outer side, which could be easily burst out, after the final preparation was made for leaving.

For some weeks previous to our escape, those who intended to go were busily engaged, every safe opportunity, in completing their arrangements—fixing their knapsacks, saving all the bread they could procure, laying aside every cent to purchase fat bacon and chocolate. We considered it imprudent to start with less than two weeks' rations each, as we calculated to be all of that time in the mountains before venturing into a settlement to replenish our stores.

It was considered the safest plan, after getting out of the castle, to pair off, and not more than two or three go together, as, the smaller the company, the more easily they could secrete themselves, the whole not being sufficient to carry on either offensive or defensive operations to advantage. Under this arrangement, I had selected Dan. Drake Henrie, mainly on account of his speaking the language of the country.

Several, who had previously determined to come, from prudential motives, now declined it, as they considered, and very rightly, that getting through the walls of the prison was the least difficult part of the undertaking. To escape several hundred miles through an enemy's country, speaking an unknown tongue, was a difficulty which could not be too cautiously weighed. If retaken, all calculated to be shot; and we farther calculated the chances of success greatly against reaching our country in safety.

Knowing President Santa Anna's personal hostility to myself, and believing that all he wanted was some reasonable pretext for having me shot, I believed it was worth my life to be recaptured, and the chances of escaping were ten to one against me. Sixteen of our number finally determined to make the effort.

I left a note upon my table for President Santa Anna, in which I stated, that, 'not having been trusted upon my parole, which neither the love of life nor fear of death could have induced me to forfeit, and the climate of Perote

not suiting my health, I should, for the present, retire to one in Texas more congenial to my feelings.'

At half past five o'clock, I took leave of my friends, and a sad parting it was. Most of those who remained, believed it was a voluntary sacrifice of ourselves, and few believed it possible for us to escape. I never shall forget that hour. As we grasped each other's hands, many believing it for the last time, the big tear filled the eyes of those brave men, and they wished me success with an utterance which showed their hearts were overflowing.

At six o'clock, we heard the turnkey, with his ugly load of securities clanking their dull music to the blast of many bugles in the great plaza. It was a moment of intense excitement, as a discovery of one man out of his place would blow up the whole plot. At seven o'clock, we commenced our final preparations before emerging from the room. This was to remove the shell of the wall yet upon the outside, then to make one end of the rope fast inside of the room, and pass it through, by which we would have to let ourselves down to the bottom of the moat. When this was done, it was found that the breach was too small upon the outside to admit of any but the smallest of our men passing through it; and it required two hours' hard work to scale some pieces of stone and mortar from one side of it, so as to permit the larger ones to pass. This required until nine o'clock.

All things being now ready, John Toowig first got into the breach, and, feet foremost, drawing his bundle after him, inch by inch, squeezed out, and let himself down, hand over hand, about thirty feet, to the bottom of the moat. The depth and smallness of the hole rendered this operation exceeding slow. Another and another followed, and at half past twelve, after three and a half hours' hard labor, all of the sixteen had safely landed.

I found much difficulty in passing through, though I was now reduced from one hundred and sixty pounds, my usual weight, to one hundred and twenty. The gradual funnel shape of the breach made it like driving a pin into an augur-hole, for the deeper we went, the closer the fit. The smallest of us having gone through first, for fear that the largest might hang in the hole and stop it up, it now came to Stone's turn, who was a large man. He hung fast, and could neither get backward nor forward. In this situation, being wedged in as fast as his giant strength could force him, our friends on the inside of the room, who had been assisting us, had to tie ropes to his hands, and draw him back. This operation was very like drawing his arms out of his body, but did not satisfy him. 'I have a wife and children at home,' said he, 'and I would rather die than stay here any longer: I will go through, or leave no skin on my bones.' So saying, he disrobed himself: his great exertion, causing him to perspire freely, answered nearly as well for the second effort as if he had been greased, and he went through after the most powerful labor, leaving both skin and flesh behind.

John Young, if anything, was a larger man than Stone, but was much his junior in years; he was as supple as a snake, and no Roman gladiator ever exhibited more perfectly-formed muscles; nor was his determined temper in bad keeping with his physical conformation. He was the last who came out; and while the balance of us sat under the side of the wall, we feared that it would be impossible for him to get through. Presently, with

the aid of a dim sky above us, we saw his feet slowly protruding, then his knees, and when he came to his hip-joints, here for many minutes he hung fast. When this part of his body was cleared, the angular use of his knees gave him additional purchase to work by; but still our boys said, 'Poor fellow! it will be hardly possible for him to get his muscular arms and shoulders through.' We sat under him in an agony of feeling not to be described, while he ceased not his efforts. His body was now cleared to his shoulders, but still he hung fast. Having the full purchase of his legs, he would writhe, first up and down, and then from side to side, with herculean strength; and when he disengaged himself, if it was not like the drawing of a cork from a porter-bottle, it was with the low, sullen, determined growl of a lion."

As the castle bell tolled half past twelve, the whole party were in the open common outside of the castle. Here they divided into pairs, and after shaking hands and wishing each other good luck, they separated, each pair endeavoring to make the best way it could to the country a thousand miles distant on the other side of the Rio Grande.

Colonel Green and "Dan" (Dan. Drake Henrie) started in the direction of Vera Cruz, following on the main road. In about an hour they were overtaken by Reese and Toowig, and the four kept on in company. Near daylight, they left the road, and for safety turned off to the right and made for the mountains. In a short time they had ascended so far as to leave all the settlements far below. At daybreak, they selected a dark cove and laid down to rest. Just before sundown, they started again and traveled all night, and the next morning again stopped to rest through the day. This course was followed for several days.

With the assistance of a map and pocket compass, they ascertained their general course, but the almost bottomless ravines and inaccessible mountains succeeded so rapidly that their progress was slow and fatiguing beyond all expression. It was in the midst of the rainy season, and they were wet continually, which, in the lofty altitude they were traveling, occasioned intense suffering from the cold. The rain, too, made the sides of the mountains almost as slippery as soap. Weak from their long confinement in prison, and sore and stiff from cold and rains, they frequently slipped and fell with great violence. One dark night, they had a most narrow escape, which Green thus details:

"Our course was over an excessively broken country, alternate mountains and valleys of exceeding height and fearful depth. Briers, thornbushes, and sharp stones impeded our progress, and made the labor of the foremost much the most difficult. Accordingly, we alternately took the lead. When it came to my turn to lead, we fell into a path comparatively level, which we pursued several hundred yards, carefully keeping the end of my walking-stick always ahead of me about two feet, feeling the way. At length I felt no bottom, and from habit stopped as quick as thought, not making another step, at the same time speaking to my companions behind to halt. Stooping down where I stood, with my walking-cane I reached as far as my arm would allow, but still I found no bottom; and, after laying down and straining our eyes, we discovered the appearance of tree-tops far below us. Changing our course, we felt our way down a steep descent of at least one

mile to a valley, the creek through which washed the base of the dangerous precipice we had just escaped. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! One step more, myself, then Reese, and then Dan would have fallen a thousand feet!—for no alarm from the foremost would have reached the next—leaving no one on earth a knowledge of our destiny!"

When they looked back upon their narrow escape, they likened it to the "Valley of Death." Daylight found them again, as usual, lying under their wet blankets in some thick bushes. From the distance and general course traveled, they believed themselves not far from the City of Jalapa. The next night they heard the ringing of the city bells. Having understood that the city lay in a valley between two mountains, which were then plainly discernible in the light moonlight, they understood for the first time their precise locality.

At first they thought to avoid the city by leaving it to the right; but the more they tried to avoid it, the thicker seemed the settlements—so they concluded to enter the town and play their game boldly. By Indian file they passed up one street and down another, under their broad-brimmed *ranchero* hats, their shoulders covered by their blankets. To the frequent "*¿quien viva?*" of the sentinels they made no reply, but continued silently on. The town was swarming with dogs, which, as if knowing they were strangers, kept up a continual barking as they moved on. At daylight they secreted themselves on an insulated conical mound of several hundred feet in height in the outskirts of the city, where they remained all day hid in the weeds. At dusk, they again went into the town and took up their quarters with an old and faithfully tested Mexican, Don ——. As they entered his house, they found his good *senora* preparing a warm supper, "with a most delightful toddy mixed." Our narrator continues:

"Here we remained five days, and were treated with a kindness by these good people we never shall forget. Mexican women are kind-hearted to a degree, which makes their goodness contrast singularly with the vices of the men. Our feet and legs were bathed and poulticed; and we sent out and purchased good shoes, and all the paraphernalia of the mountain *ranchero*, preparatory to our farther journey. At ten o'clock of the sixth night, the Don said to us, 'Prepare to follow me, and ask no questions.' We did so, and he led us through the city into a dark valley about two miles off; where, after telling us to hide in the bushes, he went about one hundred yards farther down the hollow, and bringing a shrill whistle, a tall, well-made, active man, about thirty-five years of age came to him. A very few words passed between them, they having been together the night previous, and perfected all arrangements. The moon shone bright; they came in the direction of where we were concealed in the shade of some bushes, and called to us to come forth. 'This man,' said the Don, 'you must follow—but ask no questions. My express ahead will complete every arrangement for you in Vera Cruz, and be under no alarm as to the result—this man knows his business.' Both the place and circumstances wore much the air of mystery: it looked like 'treason, stratagem,' and murder; and to our question, 'Might not this fellow betray us for the reward?' 'No,' said the Don; 'I have looked to that. 'He,' pointing to our conductor, 'is the most noted robber and murderer in Mexico, and is in more danger of losing

his head than you. He dare not show himself to the authorities.' Thus saying, we took affectionate leave of the generous Don, he returning to the city, and we following our silent conductor down the hollow.

Silently, in single file, we moved on ; and in a dismal-looking place, in a second ravine, we came upon his companion, holding by the bridle five mules and horses. A whistle and the answer told that all was right. The head man placed a bridle into each of our hands without saying a word, then drew from his goat-skin bag a bottle, out of which he drank, to satisfy us that it was not poison, and passed it to us—we all drank and returned it. Stowing it carefully away, he turned to the east, and placing the fore-finger of his right hand perpendicularly across his lips, which was a caution for silence, pointed in the direction he faced, and gave the sign to mount. We mounted, and followed on a narrow winding path, leading through deep ravines and broken cliffs, until daylight, not one word passing between us during this long ride. At the appearance of day he turned off the trail, and went into the hollow of a mountain covered with thick shrubbery. Here he dismounted, and giving us the sign, we did the same. Placing by our side his goat-skin bags filled with provisions and a gourd of water, he told us that night, precisely at eight o'clock, he would return, and we must answer a particular whistle, which he then made. So saying, he and his comrades led away the horses and mules. After eating, we laid ourselves upon the ground, and slept soundly until near night.

At eight o'clock P. M., we heard the preconcerted whistle, and answered it, when our robber guide approached, with the never-failing caution of his fore-finger across his lips. He made the sign to follow, which we did, and after winding through a very rough tract for about a mile, another whistle and its response discovered to us his companion holding our animals.

At the given sign we mounted, and followed this night, as we had done the last, under that dead silence, which made our journey the more oppressive. Our rugged and winding way through the mountains, which caused us frequently, in the same hour, to travel to every point of the compass, showed that our conductor knew the country well. Our faithful animals, so well used to that mountainous region, were astonishingly sure-footed. Frequently, in passing around almost perpendicular cliffs, in paths exceedingly stony and frightfully narrow, with a dark abyss on the one hand and a perpendicular mountain on the other, the thought of our animals stumbling would make our hair stand on end. Those, however, who are used to these paths seem not to apprehend danger, and they have the utmost confidence in their animals, which pick their way with a loose rein, and seem to know the necessity of a sure foothold.

Nearly the whole of this night we rode in a heavy rain, and for two hours in the most tremendous storm. About one hour before daylight, we approached the Rio Antigua, near the *Puente Nacional*, and across the great road leading from Vera Cruz to the capital. Keeping the river to our right, we traveled through a flat marshy bottom until daylight, when we were told to 'dismount and lay low.' We had been drenched the whole night with cold rain, and had now to repose in water ankle deep, which covered the bottom. Excessive fatigue soon brought sweet sleep to us, from which we were aroused at noon by the known whistle of our guide.

He had under his blanket a delightfully-cooked chicken, eggs, and *torillas*, smoking hot, which showed that he was in the vicinity of his accomplices. We never enjoyed a meal better. After we had finished eating, he threw around his shoulders his dark-colored *serape*, and, with his usual sign of silence, disappeared through the bushes.

Everything in this life is good by comparison. We had slept several hours, and a sumptuous meal made us feel vastly more comfortable; but, yet, we were deprived of our desert, for Dan could neither sing 'Long, long Ago,' nor 'The Soldier's Tear.' After whispering to one another our anecdotes, we slept several hours more, when our well known whistle again started us. Our guide approached and beckoned us to follow him. After winding through the boggy bottom half an hour, we came to an unoccupied hut, built of bamboos, and covered with palm leaves. Here he told us we might sleep this night, as he must rest his horses; that he had some friends at hand, and if any alarm should be given, we must disappear in the thick bushes near by.

In a short time he again returned, with a new friend, a long gray-bearded, though athletic old man. This old man greeted us very kindly, with many professions of devotion to our interest, and from his signs we readily recognized him to be a brother in the same cause as our guide. We gave him two dollars to procure us supper, and, after an absence of an hour, he returned with one smoking hot, which we the more enjoyed, as our clothes were now measurably dry. The old man lived in the immediate neighborhood, and, true to his promises, he and his family kept a close watch over us that night and the next day.

At sundown our horses were brought up, and an additional one for the old gray-headed man, with all his traveling paraphernalia, showed that he meant to see us safe through our journey. This veteran, with all the pride of many years, mounted upon a gay, plaited-tailed charger, rode ahead of the party. He was a man of ready words and many compliments; next to him came our head man, of much less address, who knew that our greatest difficulty was yet to be encountered. This night we met frequent companies of smugglers and robbers, but the gray-bearded old man passed them with as much ease of address as one could speak to his neighbor upon a court-green. We would follow in our dark robber costume without saying a word, and doubtless passed as citizens in the same trade.

Our course still lay down the River Antigua, and on the personal estate of Santa Anna, through a dense forest of large trees, many of which were new to our northern raising. It was necessary that the Antigua should be crossed before reaching Vera Cruz, and the only practicable point for doing so was at the small town of the same name near its mouth. This place, which we entered about ten o'clock at night, has for many years been noted for smuggling. Vessels anchor off the mouth of this river, under pretense of getting fresh water, which affords them an excellent opportunity to carry on the contraband trade. The wide and dense bottom which lay upon each side of this river, interspersed with circuitous paths, known only to smugglers and robbers, affords ample shelter for this illicit trade. Here, our old man was well acquainted; and when we entered the town, he drew up his horse opposite a store, with a light burning on the counter, where a Mexi-

can cavalry officer was writing at the desk. He whispered to us not to dismount; that he would go in and buy some cheese and crackers for our supper, and 'see how the land lay.'

Upon entering the house, he appeared to be well acquainted, and rolled out his salutations with his usual volubility. The cavalry officer first addressed him, 'Who are those upon their horses in the street? I have been sent here with my troop these two weeks, with orders to send every foreigner without passports to the Castle of San Juan d' Ulloa. Do you know that sixteen of those daring Texans have escaped from the Castle of Perote, and several of them are yet abroad?' Before the old man had time to reply, the officer added, 'As soon as I finish this note, I will examine their papers.'

The old man, with his ready wit, replied, 'They have all got passports, and from the English minister at that, and they are going home,' at the same time setting a large tumbler of *aguardiente* before the officer, with many compliments. He drank to the venerable old man, and resumed his writing in much hurry, so as to examine our passports.

The old man continued talking with his usual volubility, and threw another dollar upon the counter for more brandy, and before the note was finished, the officer had to stop and take another drink. Watching his opportunity, the old man slipped out into the street, and spoke to the head robber to 'put off in haste, and cross the ferry as soon as possible,' while he would stay and drink with the officer. The ferry was at the other end of the town, about four hundred yards distant, and we made as little delay in reaching it and getting into the boat as possible. We had barely started from the store before the officer came into the street to examine our papers, when the old man remarked that he expected we would wait for him at the ferry. The old man now feigned to be highly excited with drink, and mounting his fiery horse, swept by them as though he could not control the animal. He reached the ferry just as we were getting into the boat, and the shortest explanation showed the necessity of our hurry.

The old man had no sooner spoke to our head robber than he threw his lasso over the limb of a tree, and ran back to meet the officer. He knew that one minute of time was of the last importance to us; and meeting the officer about one hundred yards from the ferry, he said, 'They are waiting for us,' and drawing his bottle of *aguardiente* from his goat-skin bag, he passed it to the officer; then he took a drink with a long speech of salutations, and begged the officer to let him pass it to his guards. This was acceded to, and it gained us those few minutes of time necessary to our liberty. When they arrived at the ferry, we were half way across; the old man appeared in a towering passion, and bawled out to us, 'to stop upon the other bank until he came over;' he then turned to the officer and said, 'Senor, you need not trouble yourself farther about these foreigners: *I'll vouch* for their passports; but if you would rather, you can go over with me and examine for yourself.' In the meantime, while the boat was returning, the bottle was freely passed between them, the old man feigning both to drink and to be drunk. It was no sham with the officer, for by the time the boat returned for them, he was willing to take the old man's word for our passports.

As soon as we had crossed, we put off in the direction of Vera Cruz, and stopped upon the roadside to wait for our good old friend, and to keep a bright look-out who was with him. In a few minutes the boat recrossed, and we discovered that only one passenger was in it; and as the old man galloped to where we waited him, he proudly clapped his hand upon his breast and said, 'It is useless for young boys to try their wits upon me; I have been too long in the service.'

The old fellow strutted to and fro, and recounted the adventure with the self-satisfaction of a Wellington after the battle of Waterloo. He finished his speech by turning to us and saying, 'Now, *caballeros*, you have but one more danger before you, and trust this old head for that.' So saying, we moved on."

They were now within fifteen miles of Vera Cruz, which was reached without any farther incidents of note. There they were secreted in a secure place until an opportunity was afforded, two weeks later, to escape in an American vessel to New Orleans. Several of their companions had been recaptured; among these was the herculean John Young, who had fallen over a precipice in the mountains, badly crippling himself.

We close this narrative with Green's account of their leave-taking with their robber guides, and the consternation among the Mexicans in the Castle of Perote on the discovery of their escape.

"After we had been safely ensconced in our hiding-place, our three faithful guides came to take leave of us. They did so in the most feeling manner. The gray-bearded old man made the valedictory. He congratulated us upon our extreme good luck in falling into the hands of '*honorable men*,' for, said he, 'as humble as your apparel appears to be, you must know that there are thousands in this country who would murder you for that dirty jacket,' pointing to the one I had on. 'I thank God,' said he, 'that as long as I have worn this gray beard, I have never once forfeited my word of honor.'

During this speech, he strutted across the room with the utmost self-satisfaction, slapping his hand upon his bosom whenever he spoke of a *man of honor*. We then drew from the waistband of our pantaloons several ounces of gold, which we had been careful to keep dark until now, and distributed among them as a gratuity over and above their contract. We thought this precaution would seal their allegiance, as we had been often told that the *most honest* collectors of customs in Mexico will say to the importer, 'That, as thin as is a doubloon, no man can see through it.' When they saw the gold come forth from its hiding-place, a look of surprise was exchanged; and when they fingered the yellow stuff, their countenances beamed with renewed devotion to our interest.

We certified, in writing, that they had been true and faithful to us, and the tall dark-skinned robber, after kissing the paper, carefully stored it in a secret place under his shirt. Upon taking leave, the old man, after several facetious jokes, 'how we would surprise our sweethearts when we reached home,' embraced us with a Mexican hug, both long and short. In Mexico, one's regard for another is graduated in proportion to the length and the strength of the embrace. Thus each of these robbers embraced us, and thus we returned it: for if we found in all Mexico the most fearless devo-

tion to our interest while in our misfortunes, it was in these three robber guides.

Let us now for a moment look into our late prison abode at the Castle of Perote.

On the night of our escape, and the next morning up to the time of counting the prisoners, as might have been expected, our companions were under the most excited apprehension, not only on our account, but also as to what the discovery might cost them. Under this excitement, everything remained quiet as usual, for no one in the castle except themselves knew a word of it. At nine o'clock next morning, 'Guts' and the new guard came around to the prison rooms with the sharp and often-repeated order, '*a-formen—a-formen.*' This order was well understood by our countrymen; it meant 'to form,' and that in front of the prison doors, as usual, for inspection, in the morning; but still, believing every moment gained would increase our chances of success, and determining to favor us as much as possible, they held back, and were slow to come out of the cells: some making one excuse, and others another. 'Guts' raved and stormed at their tardiness; he went into the cells in person to look where the absent were, and found them not; he inquired of the balance, and received from one in answer, 'Perhaps they are at the *comun*'; and from another, 'They may be at the *tienda.*' These places were sent to and thoroughly searched, but still they were not to be found. Our boys would repeat among themselves, 'We will put them off to the last moment, for every minute will enable our comrades to get deeper and deeper into the mountains.'

During all this time, 'Guts' swelled and raved: 'Where are they?' he thundered out to the interpreter. 'Well, Van,' one of them said to Van Ness, 'it is no use to put it off any longer; let him have it.' Van replied, '*Diez y seis faltan*'—sixteen deficient. 'Where have they gone to, and how did they all get off?' bawled 'Guts,' in a still louder tone. '*¿Quién sabe?*'—who knows? was the reply.

Here commenced the greatest possible row; the whole castle was immediately alarmed—officers and soldiers turned out—the governor came forth with death-like horror upon his countenance—officers and guards flew all over the castle; examined every nook and corner—the top walls—went round the great moat, but still did not discover the breach, the hole having been so carefully stopped with a blanket. The last place where they thought of looking was in the prison cells, and after much useless search, one of the officers pulled back the small shutter in the center room which covered the loophole, and found, to his inexpressible horror, our breach obliquing to the left.

'Who could have thought these daring Texans would have undertaken such a task? They surely are akin to the devil. This castle has stood for these hundred years, and no one ever dared such a thing before.' These, and many such exclamations of wonder and astonishment, burst forth from men, women and children, officers, soldiers, and culprits; for they all, from the governor to the smallest child, came to satisfy themselves of what their astonishment mixed up with miracle.

Our old comrades were doubly ironed, and guarded with increased vigilance. The officers now thought that nothing was impossible with Texans;

and one of my friends, writing from the castle, said that 'they even believe that we will escape in a letter.'

While the best informed Mexicans will admit our superiority in war, both in daring and the use of arms, the more uninformed entertained the most strange notions of us. Many believe that we have a magic power; others believe us to be northern barbarians, of one of two tribes of white Indians, who form the connecting link between mankind and the other world—imps. The Texan, in fact, is looked upon by them with far more astonishment than was the Kentuckian, who said he was *sired* by a steamboat and came out of a penitentiary."

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE

OF

A M O S L A W R E N C E ,

THE MODEL MERCHANT AND CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST, WHO, FROM AN HUMBLE BEGINNING, BECAME ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN AMERICA, AND REMARKABLE FOR HIS ENLARGED BENEVOLENCE—HE HAVING GIVEN AWAY, IN THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE, MORE THAN SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

It sometimes happens that the death of a good man, instead of bringing his usefulness to an end, as is commonly the case, only serves to augment that usefulness, by greatly enlarging the number of those whose characters are formed upon the model his life has presented. While men, whose chief distinctions lie in their goodness, remain among the living, their influence is ordinarily limited within the sphere of their personal associations; but when such men die, if the story of their usefulness has been at all a memorable one, its publication at once, and largely, widens their field of influence. Their example is no longer bounded by the narrow limits of their parish or town, but extends often to distant countries, to places the most remote, to hearts everywhere that can be moved by the narration of simple and single-hearted goodness, of unostentatious benevolence, or of munificent generosity.

The life of Amos Lawrence is illustrative of this truth. Few men have ever used their stewardship more wisely than he; few or none, whose fortunes were wholly the fruit of their own enterprise and labor, ever gave away so much in charities, both public and private, as Mr. Lawrence; and yet, the good he did with his abundant means, while living, is probably much less than the good which will result, now that he is departed, from the recorded probity, conscientiousness and goodness of his daily life.

On the 22d of July, 1775, Samuel Lawrence, the father of Amos, was married at Groton, a small village thirty or forty miles from Boston, to Susannah Parker. The young bridegroom was then a soldier in the army of the Revolution, and his marriage was necessarily a hasty one. When hostilities first commenced, he was a subaltern officer in the Groton company of minute men. The morning of the 19th of April, 1775, General Prescott, whose residence was in the town, rode rapidly down the street of Groton to the homestead of the Lawrences, crying out, "Samuel, notify your men—the British are coming!" In three hours, these minute men, scattered over seven miles of country, were on their march to Cambridge. At the battle of Bunker Hill, these Groton men gave a good account of themselves, particularly their veteran captain, Farwell, who was shot through the body

and taken off for dead. When the indignant captain heard himself so reported by those who were bearing him from the field, he broke out, "*It aint true!*—dont let my poor wife hear of this; I shall live to see my country free," and so he did. Young Lawrence carried off, as his trophies from the battle-field, two holes in his beaver hat, drilled by the same bullet which plowed a furrow, from front to rear, through his hair, beside a contusion on his arm from a spent grape-shot. He afterward served as adjutant to General Sullivan, who was in command in Rhode Island; was next in service near New York, and subsequently returned with his regiment to Cambridge, in Massachusetts.

While on a short leave of absence, from this latter station, his marriage took place; his mother having given it as her opinion that in the event of anything fatal happening to her son, "it would be better for the youthful Susannah to be Sam's widow, rather than Sam's forlorn damsel."

While the marriage ceremony was in progress, the half-wedded husband was summoned by the clangor of the alarm-bell, to join his regiment. Within the hour, he was hastened away from his wife to fulfill his military duties. His case was certainly a hard one, and so his colonel seemed to have thought, for he allowed him to return to Groton to his wife, to rejoin his regiment within three days, at Rhode Island. After this short furlough, husband and wife saw nothing more of each other for the next half year. Once after a battle, in which his friends knew he must have been engaged, but before it was known who had been killed or who had escaped, the anxious mother said to the agitated wife, "She did not know but Sam was killed." The possibility of such an event took away her strength, and she fell prostrate upon the floor. He had indeed been in great peril, but the desperate efforts of a company of blacks, together with the fleetness and strength of his horse, had saved him from capture. Soon after this, he passed a few days with his friends, not to be with them again till the autumn of the next year, when he retired from the army to be with his Susannah in her first confinement. This was the termination of his military services.

His religious character may be inferred from the fact, that for many years, and until his death, he was a deacon in the Congregational Church, in Groton. As a citizen, he discharged the duties of the magistracy with fidelity and success. For thirty-three years, he was trustee of the academy in his native town, which, in gratitude to him and his son, now bears the family name. Such was the father of Amos Lawrence.

Of his mother, Mr. Lawrence always spoke in the strongest terms of veneration and love. Her form, bending over the bed of her children in silent prayer, when about leaving them for the night, was among their earliest recollections. She was a woman well fitted to rear a family through the troubled times in which she lived. To the kindest affection, she united energy and decision of character, and in her household enforced that strict and unhesitating obedience, which she regarded as lying at the foundation of all success in the education of children. Her hands were never idle, as may be supposed, when it is remembered that in those days, throughout New England, in addition to the cares of a farming establishment, much of the material for clothing was manufactured by the inmates of the family.

Amos Lawrence, the second son of his parents, was born at Groton, the

22d day of April, 1786. His constitution was naturally a feeble one, which in childhood, often kept him from the district school, near his father's house, where he acquired the first rudiments of knowledge. From this small vestibule of learning, he was transferred to the academy not far distant, where he concluded, at the rather premature age of thirteen, his school education.

He then went from learning to trading, and soon penetrated the mystery of a New England country store. He learned to sell rum and brandy by the puncheon and by the pint; cloth by the bale and the yard; tobacco in kegs and tobacco in plugs; together with tea-kettles, molasses, silks, gimblets, indigo, grindstones, rhubarb, school-books, etc. Superadded to these multifarious duties, was that of acting as a kind of a dispensatory clerk, to the medical profession of Groton, and the neighboring towns, who looked to this store of James Brazier for the replenishment of their exhausted saddle-bags.

During this apprenticeship of young Lawrence, and for many years after it was customary, throughout New England, for clerks and apprentices, journeymen and employers, to prepare ardent spirits in some form, to be drank in the middle of the afternoon. In common with the other clerks of the establishment, he partook of the pleasant beverage, until he found himself longing for the stimulus, as the hour for serving it approached, when he had the resolution to abandoned the dangerous habit. Many years afterward, he wrote to a young friend, respecting this incident in his life, as follows: "In the first place, take this for your motto, at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going *just right*, or a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in the Groton stores, for some years before and after myself, no one else, to my knowledge, escaped the bog or slough; and my escape, I trace to the simple fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite.

We five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc., with biscuit—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished, by my appetite, of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble, if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors, I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During that whole period, I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers.

I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it then, and even now have in my drawer a superior Havana cigar, given me, not long since, by a friend, but only to smell of. I have never in my life smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that was before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right*, am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position, as well as that of numerous connections sprung up around me."

After leaving school and going into the store, he writes on another occa-

sion : "There was not a month passed before I became impressed with the opinion, that restraint upon appetite was necessary to prevent the slavery I saw destroying numbers around me. Many and many of the farmers, mechanics, and apprentices, of that day, have filled drunkards' graves, and have left destitute families and friends."

Few other details of his seven years' apprenticeship can now be gathered. On the 22d of April, 1807, Mr. Lawrence became of age. One week later, he was seen on his way to Boston, with twenty dollars in his pocket, his seven years' experience, and his good principles, as his only capital with which to begin the business of life. After a brief clerkship in Boston, he commenced business for himself, in December, 1807, in a small store, in what was then known as Cornhill, having a Lancaster youth, by the name of Henry Whiting, for his only clerk. This lad afterward became better known as Brigadier-General Whiting, of the United States Army. The pecuniary condition of the Lawrence family, at this time, was not promising. Speaking of this period, he says : "I was then, in the matter of property, not worth a dollar. My father was comfortably off as a farmer, somewhat in debt ; with, perhaps, four thousand dollars. My brother, Luther, was in the practice of law, getting forward, but not worth two thousand dollars ; William had nothing ; Abbott, a lad just fifteen years old, at school ; and Samuel, a child seven years old."

This stout-hearted father, with "perhaps four thousand dollars," but "somewhat in debt," with four other sons and three daughters to provide for, voluntarily mortgaged his small farm, that he might loan the proceeds to his son. The history of this transaction is creditable to both. Forty years afterward, Mr. Lawrence wrote as follows upon the back of the original mortgage deed : "My honored father brought to me the one thousand dollars, and asked me to give him my note for it. I told him he did wrong to place himself in a situation to be made unhappy, if I lost the money. He told me *he guessed I wouldnt lose it*, and I gave him my note. The first thing I did was to take four per cent. premium on my Boston bills (the difference then between passable and Boston money), and sent a thousand dollars in bills of the Hillsborough Bank to Amherst, New Hampshire, by my father, to my brother Luther, to carry to the bank and get specie, as he was going there to attend court that week. My brother succeeded in getting specie, principally in silver change, for the bills, and returned it to me in a few days. In the meantime, or shortly after, the bank had been sued, the bills discredited, and in the end, proved nearly worthless. I determined not to use the money except in the safest way ; and therefore loaned it to Messrs. Parkman, in whom I had entire confidence. After I had been in business, and had made more than a thousand dollars, I felt I could repay the money, come what would of it ; being insured against fire, and trusting nobody for goods. I used it in my business, but took care to pay off the mortgage as soon as it would be received. This incident shows how dangerous it is to the independence and comfort of families, for parents to take pecuniary responsibilities for their sons in trade, beyond their power of meeting them without embarrassment. Had my Hillsborough bank notes not been paid as they were, nearly the whole amount would have been lost, and myself and family might probably have

been ruined. The incident was so striking, that I have uniformly discouraged young men, who have applied to me for credit, offering their fathers as bondsmen; and, by doing so, I have, I believe, saved some respectable families from ruin. A young man who cannot get along without such aid, will not be likely to get along with it."

How the young merchant got on in his new business, without capital, may in part, be guessed at from what he wrote years afterward to a friend: "I practiced upon the maxim, '*Business before friends*,' from the commencement of my course. During the first seven years of my business in this city, I never allowed a bill against me to stand unsettled over the Sabbath. If the purchase of goods was made at auction on Saturday, and delivered to me, I always examined and settled the bill by note or by crediting it, and having it clear, so that, in case I was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for my boys; thus keeping the business before me, instead of allowing it to *drive me*."

Another extract referring to certain regulations adopted in the house where he boarded, may also throw some light upon his early course as a successful business man. "The only rule I ever made was, that after supper, all the boarders who remained in the public room should remain quiet at least one hour, to give those who chose to study or read, an opportunity of doing so without disturbance. The consequence was, that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in the town. The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation, went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theater, sometimes to other places, but, to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation; while a majority of the other class sustained good characters, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations."

Certain other principles by which Mr. Lawrence governed his conduct in business, are worthy the notice and imitation of young men. He writes: "I adopted a plan of keeping an accurate account of merchandise bought and sold each day, with the profit as far as practicable. This plan was pursued for a number of years, and I never found my merchandise fall short in taking an account of stock, which I did as often, at least, as once in each year. I was thus enabled to form an opinion of my actual state as a business man. I adopted, also, the rule always to have property, after my second year's business, to represent forty per cent. at least more than I owed; that is, never to be in debt more than two and a half times my capital. This caution saved me from ever getting embarrassed. If it were more generally adopted, we should see fewer failures in business. Excessive credit is the rock on which so many business men are broken. I made about fifteen hundred dollars the first year, and more than four thousand the second. Probably, had I made four thousand the first year, I should have failed the second or third year. I practiced a system of rigid economy, and never allowed myself to spend a fourpence for unnecessary objects until I had acquired it."

In rather less than a year after the name of Amos Lawrence had appeared in Cornhill, his young clerk, whose vocation seemed to lie in the direction of gunpowder and musketry, rather than in that of Manchester goods, left his clerkship vacant for a successor, whose vocation, after events went to show,

lay about equally toward commerce, cotton-spindles, and diplomacy. On the 8th of October, 1808, Abbott Lawrence, late minister to England, took down the shutters of his brother's store for the first time. In one of Mr. Lawrence's letters, he speaks of his new clerk as follows: "In 1808, he came to me as my apprentice, bringing his bundle under his arm, with less than three dollars in his pocket (and this was his fortune); a first rate business lad he was; but like other bright lads, needed the careful eye of a senior to guard him from the pitfalls that he was exposed to."

But few details of Mr. Lawrence's life from this time to the year 1814 are now known. In 1811 (June 6), he thought himself sufficiently prosperous to take to himself a wife. Her name was Sarah Richards, the daughter of Giles Richards, whose machinery for the manufacture of cards for wool was one of the earliest examples of that aptitude for mechanical inventions, by which the New England mind, in later years, has so honorably distinguished itself. We learn from his correspondence that no man was ever more domestic in his tastes or was better satisfied with the refined enjoyments and pleasures of home. A few days after the birth of a daughter, he writes to a friend:

"I am the richest man, I suppose, on this side of the water, and the richest, because the happiest. On the 23d, I was blessed by the birth of a fair little daughter; this, as you may well suppose, has filled our hearts with joy. . . . I wish you were a married man, and then (if you had a good wife) you would know how to appreciate the pleasures of a parent. I have lately thought more than ever of the propriety of your settling soon. It is extremely dangerous to defer making a connection until a late period, for a man is more and more in danger of not forming one, the longer he puts it off; and any man who does not form this connection, grossly miscalculates in the use of the means, which God has given him, to supply himself with pleasures in the downhill journey of life." He concludes by enjoining his friend, that Mrs. L—— has her eye on a wife for him—and after describing her accomplishments, remarks: "that the only objection to her, so far as he has observed, is that she has a few thousand dollars in cash; but this, however, might be remedied, for after furnishing a house, the balance might be given to her relations, or to some public institution."

Six years after the Groton boy had first begun to do business for himself, he made a change in the proprietorship of the store, which he describes as follows: "On the first of January, 1814, I took my brother Abbott into partnership on equal shares, putting fifty thousand dollars, that I had then earned, into the concern. Three days afterward, the 'Bramble News' came, by which the excessive high price of goods was knocked down. Our stock was then large, and had cost a high price. He was in great anguish, considering himself a bankrupt for at least five thousand dollars. I cheered him by offering to cancel our co-partnership indentures, give him up his note, and at the end of the year give him five thousand dollars. He declined the offer, saying I should lose that, and more beside, and as he had enlisted, would do the best he could. This was in character, and it was well for us both. We still continue mercantile business under the first set of indentures, and under the same firm, merely adding, '& Co.,' as new partners have been admitted."

In about a year from the formation of this auspicious partnership, peace was declared between this country and Great Britain; soon after which the junior member of the firm took passage on the first vessel that sailed from Boston to Liverpool. He carried with him the following written advice from his elder brother, which will help to illustrate the moral principles upon which Mr. Lawrence habitually acted :

"My dear brother, I have thought best, before you go abroad, to suggest a few hints for your benefit, in your intercourse with the people among whom you are going. As a first and leading principle, let every transaction be of that pure and honest character that you would not be ashamed to have appear before the whole world, as clearly as to yourself. In addition to the advantages arising from an honest course of conduct with your fellow-men, there is the satisfaction of reflecting within yourself, that you have endeavored to do your duty; and, however greatly the best may fall short of doing all they ought, they will be sure not to do more than their principles enjoin. It is, therefore, of the highest consequence, that you should not only cultivate correct principles, but that you should place your standard of action so high as to require great vigilance in living up to it. In regard to your business transactions, let everything be so registered in your books, that any person, without difficulty, can understand the whole of your concerns. You may be cut off in the midst of your pursuits, and it is of no small consequence that your temporal affairs should always be so arranged that you would be in readiness. If it is important that you should be well prepared in this point of view, how much more important is it that you should be prepared in that which relates to eternity.

While here, your conduct has been such as to meet my entire approbation; but the scenes of another land may be more than your principles will stand against. I say, *may be*, because young men, of as fair promise as yourself, have been lost by giving a small latitude (innocent in the first instance) to their propensities. But, I pray the Father of all mercies to have you in his keeping, and preserve you amid temptations."

In a subsequent letter, is found this additional advice: "My next and constant direction will be to keep a particular watch over yourself, that you do not fall into any habits of vice; and as a means of preserving yourself, I would most strictly enjoin that your Sabbaths be not spent in noise and riot, but that you attend the public worship of God. This you may think an unnecessary direction to you, who have always been in the habit of doing so. I hope it may be; at any rate, it will do no harm."

Amid the growing cares of his largely increased mercantile operations, Mr. Lawrence continued to find his chief solace and enjoyment in the bosom of his family. His evenings were passed at home, and urgent must have been the call which could then have drawn him from his fireside. So much did the interests of his little household transcend all other interests, in his regards, that he watched, on one occasion, by the side of a sick child, for an entire fortnight, day and night, and then had the satisfaction of witnessing its recovery, though physician and friends had pronounced it hopeless.

These domestic qualities of Mr. Lawrence were soon to be subjected to one of the severest of earthly trials. In the spring of 1818, Mrs. Lawrence

was troubled with a cough, which speedily became so obstinate as to induce her to make trial of the pure air of her husband's native place. Within two or three months, he, in turn, was seized with an alarming illness, which brought her to his side. After a few weeks' watching, and when the husband's life was despaired of, the wife was seized with hemorrhage from the lungs. It seemed likely that their journey of life would terminate together, but HE that controls such things had determined differently. Mr. Lawrence slowly and imperfectly regained his health; and on the 14th of January, 1819, closed the eyes of her whom, a little more than seven years before, he had taken as his companion till death should part them.

Previous to this bereavement, his constitution had been greatly shattered, but after this event, his sense of loss and mental depression became such that he was induced to make trial of a change of scene and occupation by a protracted visit to the Middle States and Virginia. On his return, with health somewhat improved, he sought to direct his mind from painful reminiscences, by devoting himself with increased ardor to his business. By pursuing this course, aided by the judicious sympathy and kindness of his brother Abbott, and his family, with whom he now resided, his mind regained its tone, his health was restored, and he was again the efficient and successful man of business.

In April, 1821, Mr. Lawrence was married to Mrs. Nancy Ellis, widow of the late Judge Ellis, of Claremont, N. H., and daughter of Robert Means, Esq., of Amherst, in the same State. The same year, he was elected as representative from Boston to the legislature, which was the only occasion on which he served in a public legislative body. About this time he gave the subjoined valuable advice in a letter to Hon. Frederick Walcott, of Connecticut, whose son was then a clerk in his employ, and subsequently became his partner. "H—— will have much leisure in the evening, which, if he choose, may be profitably devoted to study; and we hope he will lay out such a course for himself, as to leave no portion of his time unappropriated. It is on account of so much leisure, that so many fine youths are ruined in this town. The habit of industry once well fixed, the danger is over. Will it not be well for him to furnish you, at stated periods, an exact account of his expenditures? The habit of keeping such an account will be serviceable, and if he is prudent, the satisfaction will be great, ten years hence, in looking back and observing the process by which his character has been formed."

From the passage by Congress of the tariff of 1824, the firm of which Mr. Lawrence was the senior partner, became largely engaged in domestic manufactures. To them, perhaps, more than any other single establishment, is New England indebted for the success of that system of manufacturing industry which, in multiplying so vastly her material wealth, has also demonstrated the compatibility of female labor in factories, with intelligence, self-respect, and many of the refinements of life, on the part of such operatives. Mr. Lawrence watched with great solicitude, the progress of Lowell and other manufacturing towns, not only in the increase of wealth, but also in morals, religion, and the facilities for instruction and education. Churches, libraries, hospitals, in these communities, found in him a munificent friend, and it was with feelings of exultation, both as a patriot and a manufacturer, that he could point an intelligent stranger to the industry of Manchester

without its vice, to the ingenuity of Birmingham, without its suffering and disease.

For the thirty-eight years previous to his death, Mr. Lawrence was in the habit, annually, of noting down the amount of his property, both as a guide to himself and, in case of his death, as a means of facilitating the settlement of his estate. In the little memorandum book where these statements were recorded, occurs, under date of January 1, 1826, the following entry: "I have been extensively engaged in business during the last two years, and have added much to my worldly possessions; but have come to the same conclusion in regard to them that I did in 1818. I feel distressed in mind that the resolutions then made have not been more effectual in keeping me from this *over-engagedness* in business. I now find myself so engrossed with its cares, as to occupy my thoughts, waking or sleeping, to a degree entirely disproportioned to its importance. The quiet and comfort of home, broken in upon by the anxiety arising from the losses and mischances of a business so extensive as ours, and, above all, that communion which ought ever be kept free between man and his Maker, is interrupted by the incessant calls of the multifarious pursuits of our establishment. Property acquired at such sacrifices as I have been obliged to make the past year, costs more than its worth; and the anxiety of protecting it is the extreme of folly."

A year later he writes as follows: "The principles of business laid down a year ago, have been very nearly practiced upon. Our responsibilities and anxieties have greatly diminished, as also have the accustomed profits of business; but there is sufficient remaining for the record of our labor to impose on us increased responsibilities and duties, as agents who must, at last, render an account. God grant that mine be found correct."

On the first of January, 1828, after giving an account of his pecuniary circumstances, he writes: "The amount of property is great for a young man under forty-two years of age, who came to this town when he was twenty-one years old, with no other possessions than a common country education, a sincere love for his own family, and habits of industry, economy, and sobriety: under God, it is these same self-denying habits, and a desire I always had to please, so far as I could without sinful compliance, that I can now look back upon and see as the true ground of my success. I have many things to reproach myself with; but among them is not idling away my time, or spending money for such things as are improper. My property imposes upon me many duties, which can only be known to my Maker. May a sense of these duties be constantly impressed upon my mind; and by a constant discharge of them, God grant me the happiness at last of hearing the joyful sound, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Few letters of Mr. Lawrence, previous to the year 1828, seem to have been found by his biographer; but from that time to his death, his correspondence, particularly with his children, is mostly preserved, and fills many volumes. His advice, about this time, to his second son, then at school at Andover, is deserving the attention of other parents. He writes: "Get the habit firmly fixed, of putting down every cent you receive and every cent you expend. In this way you will acquire some knowledge of the

relative value of things, and a habit of judging and of care which will be of use to you during all your life. Among the numerous people who have failed in business, within my knowledge, a prominent cause has been a want of system in their affairs, by which to know when their expenses and losses exceeded their profits. This habit is as necessary for professional men as for a merchant, because, in their business, there are numerous ways to make little savings, if they find their income too small, which they would not adopt without looking at the detail of all their expenses. It is the habit of consideration I wish you to acquire; and the habit of being accurate will have an influence upon your whole character in life."

While Mr. Lawrence was most solicitous that his children should acquire just principles, as the most important of all earthly possessions, he did not under-value the worth of graceful and amiable manners. To his eldest son, then at school in France, he writes: "I beseech you to consider well the advantages you enjoy, and to avail yourself of your opportunities to give your manners a little more care and polish; for you may depend upon it, manners are highly important in your intercourse with the world. Good principles, good temper, and good manners, will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important are good principles. Without these, the best manners, although for a time very acceptable, cannot sustain a person in trying situations. Do not omit the opportunity to acquire a character and habits that will continue to improve during the remainder of life. At its close, the reflection that you have thus done, will be a support and stay worth more than any sacrifice you may ever be called on to make in acquiring these habits."

Little is known, with certainty, of the extent of Mr. Lawrence's charities previous to the year 1829. Up to this time, he had kept no account of his benefactions, whether large or small. It can hardly be doubted, however, that his liberality was as great then, in proportion to his means, as it was known to be during the last twenty-three years of his life. On the same page with the estimate of his property in 1830, is the following memorandum: "With a view to know the amount of my expenditures for objects other than the support of my family, I have, for the year 1829, kept a particular account of such other expenses as came under the denomination of charities, and appropriations for the benefit of others, not of my own household, for many of whom I feel under the same obligation as for my own family." His son and biographer says: "This memorandum was commenced on the first of January, 1829, and is continued until December 30, 1852, the last day of his life. It contains a complete statement of his charities during that whole period, including not only what he contributed in money, but also all other donations, in the shape of clothing materials, books, provisions, and his custom was to note down the cost value of the donation, after it had been dispatched; whether in the shape of a book, a turkey, or one of his immense bundles of varieties to some poor country-minister's family, 'as large,' as he says in addressing one, 'as a small hay-cock.' Two rooms in his house, and sometimes three, were used principally for the reception of useful articles for distribution. There, when stormy weather or ill health prevented him from taking his usual drive, he was in the habit of passing hours in selecting and packing up articles which he considered suit-

able to the wants of those he wished to aid. On such days, his coachman's services were put in requisition to pack and tie up 'the small hay-cocks,' and many an illness was the result of over-exertion and fatigue in supplying the wants of his poorer brethren. These packages were selected according to the wants of the recipients, and a memorandum made of the contents. Most of them contained substantial articles for domestic use, and were often accompanied by a note containing from five to fifty dollars in money.

The distribution of books was another mode of usefulness to which Mr. Lawrence attached much importance. In his daily drives, his carriage was well stored with useful volumes, which he scattered among persons of all classes and ages, as he had opportunity. These books were generally of a religious character, while others of a miscellaneous nature were purchased in large numbers, and sent to institutions or individuals in remote parts of the country.

Old and young, rich and poor, shared equally in these distributions; and he rarely allowed an occasion to pass unimproved, when he thought an influence could be exerted by the gift of an appropriate volume. While waiting one day in his carriage with a friend, in one of the principal thoroughfares in the city, he beckoned to a genteelly dressed young man who was passing, and handed him a book. Upon being asked whether the young man was an acquaintance, he replied, 'No, he is not; but you remember where it is written, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' 'A barrel of books,' is no uncommon item found in his record of articles almost daily forwarded to one and another of his distant beneficiaries."

While Mr. Lawrence was thus doing good, in many quiet and unostentatious ways, and while his means for doing this good were rapidly augmenting, under the successful efforts of himself and other New England capitalists, to build up in her midst a great manufacturing community, the hand of God was laid heavily upon him, depriving him suddenly of health, and of the capacity for fulfilling many of the duties of an active commercial life. On a very warm day of June, 1831, while in his counting-room, Mr. Lawrence drank too freely of cold water; soon after he was seized with a violent and alarming illness, by which the function of the stomach seemed to have been destroyed, and which for a time threatened his life. Though he lived for more than twenty years after this affliction, his life continually hung upon a thread.

What the feelings of Mr. Lawrence were at this time, when his days were apparently drawing to a rapid close, will be seen from these extracts from two letters, one to his son in Europe, and the other to his honored mother. "In that dread hour when I thought that the next perhaps would be my last on earth—my thoughts resting upon my God and Saviour, then upon the past scenes of my life, then upon my dear children,—the belief that their minds are well directed, and that they will prove blessings to society, and fulfill in some good degree, the design of Providence in placing them here, was a balm to my spirits that proved more favorable to my recovery than any of the other remedies. May you never forget that every man is individually responsible for his actions, and must be held accountable for his opportunities!"

To his mother he wrote: "During that period in which I considered my recovery as hardly probable, my mind was calm, and while in review of the past, I found many things to lament; and in contemplation of the future, much to fear, but more to hope, I could find no other words in which to express my thoughts, than the words of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' All the small distinctions of sects and forms dwindled into air, and seemed to me more worthless than ever. The cares and anxieties of the world did not disturb me, believing it to be of small moment whether I should be taken now, or spared a few years longer."

For many weary months, Mr. Lawrence was confined as an invalid to the seclusion of home; but instead of making his ill-health an apology for self-indulgence, he finds occasion for it to widen the field of his benevolence, and to deepen his conviction of the necessity of doing all in his power for the benefit of his fellow-men.

In speaking of some application for aid from a charitable institution, he writes to his son: "I think you will find great advantage in doing this part of your duty upon a system which you can adopt; thus, for instance, divide your expenses into ten parts, nine of which may be termed for what is considered necessary, making a liberal calculation for such as your situation would render proper, and one part applied for the promotion of objects not directly or legally claiming your support, but such as every good citizen would desire to have succeed. This, I think, you will find the most agreeable part of your expenses; and if you should be favored with an abundance of means later in life, you may enlarge your appropriations of this sort, so as to be equal to one tenth of your income. Neither yourself nor those who depend upon you, will ever feel the poorer. I believe the rule might be profitably adopted by many who have small means; for they would save more by method, than they would be required to pay."

To the same general purport, is a letter written about the same time to his second son, at Andover: "It is one of my privileges, not less than one of my duties, to be able thus to minister to the comfort of a circle of very dear friends. I hope you will one day have the delightful consciousness of using a portion of your means in a way to give you as much pleasure as I now experience. Your wants may be brought within a very moderate compass; and I hope you will never feel yourself at liberty to waste on yourself such means as by system and right principles, may be beneficially applied to the good of those around you. Providence has given us unerring principles to guide us in our duties of this sort. Our first duty is to those of our own household, then extending to kindred, friends, neighbors (and the term 'neighbor' may, in its broadest sense, take in the whole human family), citizens of our State, then of our country, then of the other countries of the world."

A subsequent letter, written soon after the preceding, speaks of some of the causes of his success in business. "The secret of the whole matter was, that we had formed the habit of promptly acting, thus taking the *top of the tide*, while the habit of some others was to delay until about half-tide, thus getting on the flats; while we were all the time prepared for action, and ready to put into any port that promised well. I wish, by all these remarks, to impress upon you the necessity of qualifying yourself to

support yourself. The best education that I can secure, shall be yours, and such facilities for usefulness as may be in my power, shall be rendered; but no food to pamper idleness or wickedness, will I ever supply willingly to any connection, however near. I trust I have none who will ever misuse so basely anything that may come to them as a blessing."

The great end for which Mr. Lawrence seems to have lived is thus expressed in a letter to his daughter: "The tenure of my life seems frail; still it may continue longer than the lives of my children; but whenever it shall please God to call me hence, I hope to feel resigned to his will, and to leave behind me such an influence as shall help forward the timid and faint-hearted in the path of duty."

During the summer and autumn of 1832, and the early months of 1833, it seemed probable that he would regain his health, and be able to resume the active duties of life. But this hope proved fallacious. While he was restored to such a measure of health as to be able to ride his horse almost daily (on which occasion he was constantly accompanied by some of the city clergy, without much regard, however, to the denomination to which they belonged), his liability to a relapse was constant. Bad news, annoying occurrences, anxiety of mind, or a slight cold, would so impair his digestion, as to reduce his strength to the lowest point. It was this unusual sensitiveness of constitution which ultimately induced Mr. Lawrence to adopt that peculiar system of diet which he practiced for the last sixteen years of his life. His food was simple in kind and limited in quantity. To avoid all temptation to excess, his meals were taken apart from those of his family, after having been scrupulously weighed. In a letter to President Hopkins, of Williams College, he says: "If your young folks want to know the meaning of epicurianism, tell them to take some bits of coarse meal bread (one ounce and a little more), soak them in three gills of coarse meal gruel, and make their dinner of them and nothing else; beginning very hungry, and leaving off more hungry. The food is delicious, and such as no modern epicurianism can equal."

Under all the perplexities and discouragements arising from shattered nerves and impaired health, his correspondence continues to show the eminently conscientious, as well as practical character of his mind. To his son in the country, he writes: "I want you to analyze more closely the tendency of principles, associations, and conduct, and strive to adopt such as will make it easier for you to go right than to go wrong. The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse. Gluttony, tobacco, and intoxicating drinks, are not less dangerous to the latter, than loose principles, bad associations, and profligate conduct, are to the former. Look well to all these things."

A letter to a young friend is also characteristic: "When you get married, do not expect a higher degree of perfection than is consistent with mortality, in your wife. If you do, you will be disappointed. Be careful, and do not choose upon a theory either. I dislike much of the nonsense and quackery that is dignified with the name of intellectual among people. Old fashioned common-sense is a deal better. . . . There was a part of Boston which used to be visited by young men out of curiosity, when I first came here, into which I never set foot for the whole time I remained a

single man. I avoided it, because I not only wished to keep clear of the temptations common in that part, but to avoid the appearance of evil. I never regretted it; and I would advise all young men to strengthen their good resolutions by reflection, and to plant deep and strong the principles of right, and to avoid temptation, as time gives them strength to stand against it."

Of the same character is the advice, as to marriage, which he gives to another young friend: "Take care that fancy does not beguile you of your understanding, in making your choice: a mere picture is not all that is needful in the up-and-down hills of life. The arrangements of the household and the sick-room, have more in them to fasten upon the heart, than all the beauties and honors of the mere gala days, however successfully shown off. Be careful, when you fish, to get a heart, a soul, and a body; not the show of a body that has mere vitality."

As years rolled over his head, Mr. Lawrence's conviction of his indebtedness to the instruction and example of his now widowed and venerable mother, seems, from his correspondence, to have been greatly deepened. Writing to his sister, under date of October 25, 1835, he says: "My thoughts this morning have been much engaged with my early home. I conclude it best to embody them in part, and send them forward to add (if they may) a token of gratitude and thankfulness to that dear one who is left to us, for her care of our early days, and her Christian instruction and example to her children, grand-children, great-grand-children; each generation of whom, I trust, will be made better in some of its members by her. It is more natural, when, in our weakness and want, to turn our thoughts to those whom they have been accustomed to look to for assistance; and thus to me the impression of the blessing I enjoy in having such a home as mine is, and the blessing I early enjoyed in having such a home as mine was, under my father's roof, say to my heart, 'All these increase thy responsibilities, and for their use, thou must account.' I have had one of my slight ill turns, within the last two days, that has brought back all these feelings with increased force; and I look upon these as gentle monitors, calculated to make me estimate more fully my blessings and my duties. Frequently as I am admonished of the frail tenure by which I hold my life, I am negligent and careless in the performance of those high and everyday duties which I should never lose sight of for an hour. I have also such buoyancy of spirits, that life seems to me a very, very great blessing, and I do, at times, strive to make it useful to those around me."

In Mr. Lawrence's memorandum-book of property, under date of December 31, 1835, occurs the following entry: "My expenses have been — thousand dollars this year, of which about one half went for persons and objects that make me feel that it has been well expended, and is better used than to remain in my possession."

A letter to his mother, written two years later, shows the habitual feeling which influenced Mr. Lawrence in his use of his property: "This day completes thirty years since my commencing business, with the hope of acquiring no very definite amount of property, or having in my mind any anticipation of ever enjoying a title of that consideration my friends and the public are disposed to award me at this time. In looking back to that period,

and reviewing the events as they come along, I can see the good hand of God in all my experience; and acknowledge, with deep humiliation, my want of gratitude and proper return for all his mercies. May each day I live impress me more deeply with a sense of duty, and find me better prepared to answer His call, and account for my stewardship. The changes in our family have been perhaps no greater than usual in other families in that period, excepting in the matter of the eminent success that has attended our efforts of a worldly nature. This worldly success is the great cause of our danger in its use, and may prove a snare, unless we strive to keep constantly in mind, that to whom much is given, of him, will much be required. I feel my own deficiencies, and lament them; but am encouraged and rewarded by the enjoyment, in a high degree, of all my well-meant efforts for the good of those around me. In short, I feel as though I can still do a little to advance the cause of human happiness while I remain here."

The pecuniary embarrassment in the business of the country, in the year 1837, will long be remembered. At the close of this year, he writes in his diary: "The violent revulsion in the business of the country, during the past year, has been ruinous to many; but so far as my own interests are concerned, has been less than I anticipated. My property remains much as it was a year ago. Something beyond my income has been disposed of; and I have no debts against me, either as a partner in the firm or individually. Everything is in a better form for settlement than at any former period, and I hope to feel ready to depart whenever called."

The following admirable advice was written in an account-book, which he gave to his youngest son, when a lad of twelve years old: "My dear son, I give you this little book, that you may write in it, how much money you receive, and how you use it. It is of much importance, in forming your early character, to have correct habits, and a strict regard to truth in all you do. For this purpose, I advise you never to cheat yourself by making a false entry in this book. If you spend money for an object you would not willingly have known, you will be more likely to avoid doing the same thing again, if you call it by its right name here, remembering always that there is ONE who cannot be deceived, and that He requires his children to render an account of all their doings at last. I pray God so to guide and direct you, that when your stewardship here is ended, he may say to you, that the talents entrusted to your care have been faithfully employed."

To his sister he writes, December 22, 1848: "It is thirty-one years, this week, since I commenced business on my own account, and the prospects were as gloomy at that period for its successful pursuit, as at any time since; but I never had any doubt or misgiving as to my success, for I then had no more wants than my means would justify. The habits then formed, and since confirmed and strengthened by use, have been the foundation of my good name, good fortune, and present happy condition. At that time, my gains were more than my expenses; thus strengthening and encouraging me in the steady pursuit of those objects I had in view as a beginner. From that time to this, I am not aware of ever desiring or acquiring any great amount by a single operation, or of taking any part of the property of any other man and mingling it with my own, when I had the legal right to do so. I have had such uniform success, as to make my fidelity a matter

of deep concern to myself; and my prayer to God is, that I may be found to have acted a uniform part, and receive the joyful 'well done,' which is substantial wealth, that no man can take away."

The band of brothers, five in number, who had, for so many years, gone hand in hand, united by a common affection, and rejoicing together in a common prosperity was now to be broken. Their father had early charged them "not to fall out by the way; for a three-fold cord is not quickly broken." This injunction had been to them a sacred one. Whoever has seen them walking arm and arm, on a Sunday evening, after service, can hardly have failed to feel "how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The 17th of April, 1839, the eldest brother, Luther, then mayor of Lowell, while showing a relation through the buildings of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, recently erected by his brothers, made a mis-step, which precipitated him into a deep wheel-pit, causing almost instant death. This sad event was deeply felt by Mr. Lawrence, and by all who knew the character of the deceased. In a letter to his sisters, he says: "Brother L.'s death may, perhaps, be more efficient in instructing us in the path of duty than would have been his life; and the whole community is admonished by this event in a way that I have rarely seen marked. The homage to his character is a legacy to his children of more value than all the gold in the mint."

The character of Mr. Lawrence's mind naturally inclined him to reverence for the past. He looked with great distrust upon some of the tendencies which an unprecedented prosperity had begun to develop in our country. "I hardly know when I have been more forcibly impressed with a plain truth than I was yesterday, while sitting alone on horseback, on the top of the redoubt on Dorchester Heights, and the considerations of the past, the present, and the future, were the subjects of my thoughts, connecting the men of those days with the present, and the men of these days with the future, the evidence is irresistible, that there is a downhill tendency in the character of the people, which in sixty years more, will make us more corrupt than any other enlightened nation so young as ours, unless we are checked by adversity and suffering. There seems to be a spirit of reckless adventure in politics and religion, not contemplated seventy years ago. How far our experience in self-government in this country is going to advance the cause of good government, and the ultimate happiness of man, is yet a problem. Our principles are of the most elevating character; our practices under them, of the most debasing; and if we continue in this way another generation, there will not be virtue enough in active use to save the forms of our government."

On the thirty-third anniversary of his commencing business, he enters in his diary: "My daily aspirations are for wisdom and integrity, to do what is required of me; but the excuses for omissions, and the hidden promptings of pride or selfishness in the sins of commission, take away all confidence that all is done as it should be. I am in the enjoyment of as much as belongs to our condition here; wife, children, and friends, those three little blessings that were spared to us after the fall, impart enjoyment that makes my home as near a heaven on earth as is allowed to mortals."

At this time, the reputation of Mr. Lawrence, for benevolence, had become so established, that not only the necessitous, but such as make a trade of speculating upon the charity of the liberal, were frequent applicants for his aid. So serious had this annoyance become, that he felt himself constrained to deny himself to all applicants, who were neither known to himself nor properly commended by those in whom he had confidence. He was in the habit of keeping a record of the names, ages, occupations, etc., of those who solicited his assistance. These memoranda are sometimes both quaint and plain spoken;—for instance: “June, 6.—G. M. called to sell a lot of sermons, called the ———, which he says he caused to be published to do good, but he repeated it so often that I doubted him. He seems to me a *wooden-nutmeg* fellow, although he has the Rev. Mr. ———’s certificate.”

One of the most striking as well as amiable traits in Mr. Lawrence’s character was his absolute freedom from sectarian bitterness. Though connected with a Unitarian Church (that of Brattle street), from his first commencement in business, down to the day of his death, he had the pleasure of numbering among his most intimate friends, clergymen of all shades and theological opinions.

It would be impossible, within the scope of this article, to give even a full outline of the life of such a man as Amos Lawrence. His Diary and Correspondence, a work of three hundred and sixty pages, duodecimo, compiled by his son, was thought of such inestimable value to the young, that many of the Boston merchants presented a copy to each of their clerks; one house taking sixty for that purpose.

“The publication of the Diary of Amos Lawrence,” states a print of the time, “naturally recalls many anecdotes of his life, and one of a certain remarkable pocket-book that belonged to him, deserves to be repeated. We will try to relate the fact in the way it was once told by Father Taylor, of Boston. On the occasion of an anniversary celebration in that city, a large number of orthodox clergymen were seated on the platform, and among them was the well-known preacher to seamen. A remark had been dropped by one of the speakers, implying a doubt ‘whether any Unitarian could go to heaven.’ Father Taylor fired up at the word, and springing to his feet he exclaimed, in his indescribable manner: ‘No Unitarian go to heaven! Mr. Chairman, I have a word to say about that. I have this day seen Amos Lawrence’s pocket-book. It is such a pocket-book as was never made before. On one fold of it is printed in gilt letters, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ You open another fold and read, ‘The gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.’ On still another fold is printed, ‘He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.’ I asked Mr. Lawrence what all this was for. He told me that he remembered that, as men grew old, they sometimes grew selfish, and every time he looked to his money, he wanted to be reminded of the great principles of the Gospel, by which he ought to hold and use his worldly goods; and therefore he kept money in each of those folds of his pocket-book, for all good uses which Divine Providence might suggest. Now, Mr. Chairman, what are you going to do with a man who carries such a book in his pocket? Do you mean to send him to hell? Do you think the devil and

his angels would permit a man with principles like these to enter his domains? Why, sir, such doctrines carried to hell, would make an uproar and revolution there more terrible than ever before known, and it never could be easy till he was cast out. I ask again, what do you mean to do with him?' Father Taylor's question was not answered; but whatever trouble the case he supposed might create in the locality named, certain it is that his own speech made quite a sensation on the platform."

Mr. Lawrence finished his earthly pilgrimage on the last day of the year 1852. All his temporal affairs had been arranged in view of this event; and there can be no doubt but that he was fully prepared for that world of love to which he was undoubtedly called.

"Religion was eminently a part of Mr. Lawrence's *business*—not the religion of a dead faith only, but a religion in which an active faith, and the works of love and human charity were united with humility. His pastor remarks of him in his funeral discourse, that 'he was a constant worshipper in his (the old Brattle street) church for forty-six years, and, for more than forty years, was a communicant, and for ten years a deacon, which office he was compelled to resign on account of continued ill-health. His Diary and Letters show a heart full of reverence, and imbued with a Christian *vitality*, that might put many louder and more clamorous professors to shame.'

He not unfrequently sent to his store for one or two thousand dollars at a time, in small bills, to be used in the service of his charities. He never gave without due examination, and his gifts were more generally voluntary, than the results of solicitation or personal appeals. His biographer estimates the sum, which he devoted to charities during his life, and mostly during the last ten years of it, to be not less than seven hundred thousand dollars, and remarks, that 'although many persons have done more, few have done so much in proportion to the means they had to bestow.'

Amos Lawrence takes a place among the great men of his time. He was not a great scholar, nor a great orator, nor a great politician. He had not great learning, nor great genius; but, nevertheless, he was a great man. He had a *great heart*, and any mind that could direct it so wisely as it was directed, is a great mind; for wisdom in action, requires such a combination and proportion of qualities that any man who exhibits it, is pre-eminently entitled to the appellation of 'great.'"

He was a living example of a successful merchant, who had from the earliest period of his business career, risen above all anticipation, and had never been willing to turn to advantage the ignorance or misfortunes of others. Even while an apprentice, in his native town, many of his customers relied upon his judgment, rather than their own, in the selection of goods for their purchase. He never deceived them. What "Amos" said was right, no one could gainsay. It was this sterling honesty, more than any other one thing, that contributed to his success in life.



The Soldiers, nearly perishing with Thirst, rush to the Water, which proves to be Salt.

"Water! my Heavens! water!" was heard from a thousand dry and parched throats; we break our ranks; we rush madly, blindly into the sparkling fluid. We dip, we raise it hurriedly, nervously to our mouths. Ye Gods! we *dr—*! No we *don't!* it chokes us, etc. "Don't drink, men! don't drink!" shouted, etc.

FIVE YEARS

AN

AMERICAN SOLDIER:

COMPRISING ADVENTURES AT PALO ALTO, RESACA DE LA PALMA, MONTEREY, VERA CRUZ, CERRO GORDO, AND IN THE BATTLES IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO, INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTES OF

MILITARY LIFE, IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

IF anxious mothers always had their own way, and if young men possessed a little more knowledge, the business of the world would suffer. Both commerce and war, those agents of civilization, would be shorn of recruits, by the force of maternal influence and a vivid sense of the evils which these pursuits are apt to bring upon their followers.

But young lads are ignorant, imagination is active, and they are often lured on by the charm of novelty to rush from the quiet scenes of home, and launch forth upon perilous adventures. It is well that it should be so. Nature has implanted this desire in young hearts, because the world has use for them. Many fall by the wayside—perish miserably through perils by sea and perils by land: others, with broken constitutions and blasted hopes, crushed by poverty and wasted by disease, eke out a miserable existence;—yet the race, as a whole, is benefited.

Of this unfortunate class, I am one. A little more knowledge, in my start in life, would not only have saved me much suffering, but would have, probably, preserved to this day some quite respectable gentlemen of Mexico, whom I, in the way of business in that country, assisted in gathering to their fathers. By my early ignorance, doubtless, you can here, at this late period, obtain a knowledge of the life of the American Soldier, including a glimpse at some of the ugly shadows that are cast athwart it.

My name is C. M. REEVES. You never before heard of it—it is unknown to fame. The French have a proverb, that "the world never knows its great men." This is certainly a consolatory axiom to such of us as know the world better than it knows us. I was born in the year 1825, in Trumbull County, Ohio, and nineteen years after, viz: on the 9th day of December, 1844, descended from a stage-coach before the Monongahela House at Pittsburgh, entered the clerk's office, and wrote my name on the hotel register. Between these dates, I had passed from an infant into the successive developments necessary to constitute a raw youth, with nineteen years only of rural experience.

My business at Pittsburgh was to enlist in the army. I had never seen any of the soldiers of the United States, and was under the impression that the army was composed of the *elite* of the country—that none were taken

into the service, but *gentlemen*, fine, straight, good-looking *Americans*. So much was my mind exercised upon what the good qualities of men must be, that I greatly feared, upon being examined, I should not equal the requisite standard.

At the hotel, I took a room with a fire, and ordered up my baggage, consisting of an ancient hair-trunk, which contained a few quite common articles of personal clothing. This was a first-class house and was crowded with guests, and as my attire was seedy, I expect I was the most plainly dressed of any in that numerous family. On retiring to my room, I thoroughly overhauled my pockets, and was astonished to find that I only had just *thirteen cents*! Well, here was a dilemma. How was I to settle my bill with that money? My brain was so active with the project of enlisting, that I slept poorly, and arose very early next morning. While standing by the stove in the office, I observed that the clerk surveyed me very attentively. Thinks I, you look as if you suspect I am about to slip off without settling my bill. I walked out, still under the discomfort of his sharp vision, until I turned around a corner of the street.—I was in search of the recruiting rendezvous, which I soon found.

The sergeant saluted me very blandly, and invited me in to see the men drill. When they were through, he took his seat beside me, and inquired if I wished to enlist? I replied, "Yes." "Very well," he rejoined; "have you considered the consequences of such a step?" On my answering in the affirmative, he continued, "Well, as soon as the lieutenant comes in, you shall be enlisted." He then went on to state what the pay of a soldier was, his clothing, rations, etc. When the lieutenant entered, I was duly enlisted, and all the papers made out. From thence, the sergeant took me to the garrison, a mile above the city, to be examined by the surgeon and sworn into the service by a magistrate. I had some delicacy in divesting myself of my clothing, and standing naked for the inspection of the medical gentleman. I passed through the ordeal, however, and before night was an American soldier, sworn to serve for the term of five years in the army of the United States.

A recruiting rendezvous is generally under the charge of a lieutenant and a sergeant. The duty of the latter is to instruct the candidate in all the particulars of the service, so that, if he should subsequently repent of it, he can have no excuse. By the regulations, none are to be enlisted while intoxicated, but, as a general thing, no sooner does a man make his appearance at a rendezvous, than the sergeant showers upon him a torrent of fulsome flattery, takes him to the nearest grog-shop, and pours whisky down his throat until his *patriotism* is at the flood, and then he is ready to "list." This is one of the reasons why so many of the very lowest foreigners enter our army, to the exclusion of a better class of men.

The first night's experience as a soldier, is undying in my recollection. I do not believe I slept one hour. I lay in my coarse soldiers' bunk, covered with but a single blanket, shivering with the cold, and brooding over all the mishaps of my short life. I did not like the way things opened to me, being sadly disappointed in the kind of men taken into the service, in the clothing, rations, etc. In fact, nothing was as I had preconceived. A foreboding sense of doing something wrong passed over me; I felt as though I

had forfeited, in a great measure, that inestimable boon to all Americans—*liberty*! and that I had subjected myself to the authority of those above, whom to obey would be degradation, and for this there was no remedy. After following up this train of thought for awhile, I would chase away the phantoms by the reflection, that I would be occupying an honorable position—the “military glory,” so to speak, would buoy me up. I thought too, that the army would be a good school to me; that if I did not find everything to my mind, I would be fully compensated by the knowledge I should gain of human nature and the world. In the morning, I awoke, feeling very bad from the loss of sleep. Our breakfast consisted of weak coffee, baker’s bread, and a few slices of ham—no butter, no milk for coffee, and no kind of vegetables. With the exception of bean-soup or potatoes sometimes at dinner, this was all the variety of diet we had at the rendezvous.

After breakfast, I had issued to me my first year’s clothing. The next thing was to dispose of my citizen’s clothing. John, the cook, introduced me to an old man, who kept a pawn-broker’s shop, and bought and sold cast-off clothing. I bundled up my relics, passed them over to him, and got him to go with me to the Monongahela House for my trunk. Here he paid my bill, which was one dollar and fifty cents, seized one end of the trunk to help me out with it, when the clerk, who had scrutinized me so attentively, called out in ringing tones, “Young man, what under heavens have you enlisted for—why have you thrown yourself away?” I muttered something in reply—that it was “my business.” “Come on!” called out the old man, pulling at the other end of the trunk. “You have entirely ruined yourself,” continued the clerk; “you had better have gone down to a steamboat, and worked for your daily bread.” “Come on!” again shouted my companion, getting out of patience, and dragging me and the trunk out of the door, from whence we made for his dingy shop as fast as possible.

On returning to my quarters, I sat down on a bench and gave myself up to reflection. The words of the hotel clerk rang in my ears; I saw how completely I had deceived myself—that as a soldier of the United States, I was but little better than a slave, and with the most abandoned and disgusting of men as associates. I thought of my home in Ohio. Would I ever see the faces of the loved ones again?

I was the eighth of that “batch” of recruits. The term “batch” is applied to any number of recruits collected and sent together to a military depot. Two others were afterward added. Seven of this batch were Irish; one was a German, and two only Americans. The Irish were as filthy, debased, and illiterate creatures as could be got out of a whole ship load of paupers; they were useless save to pour down bad rum and to quarrel—eventually, all of these either deserted or were dishonorably discharged. The German was a dirty, lazy lout, of whom I shall again speak. Keller, the other American, was a six-foot Pennsylvanian, who, like myself, had taken a resolution not to drink liquor while in the army. A mutual separation ensued between us two and the others, and, as a natural consequence, a common enmity arose. The drunkards became very much enraged against us, for not joining in with them in stealing and smuggling liquor into the quarters, and swore revenge on the “spalpeens of Americans;” they never attempted anything but once, however, when, in a des-

perate fight, we teetotallers came off victorious. In their drunken orgies, they broke the furniture, yelled and laughed, and with demoniac expressions on their countenances, reminded me forcibly of a description I once read of fiends just emerging from pandemonium, to visit our earth and terrify and torment mankind.

On January 18th, we learned we were to leave on the next day for Newport (Ky.) Barracks, there to join a large number of recruits; from thence the whole were to be dispatched to supply a deficiency in the Fourth Infantry, at Camp Salubrity, on Upper Red River, in Louisiana. I cheerfully packed up my things, and, as I had on my new, neatly-fitting suit, was, and it is not saying much, the best-looking man of the batch. Our Irish and the German were perfectly content with their bungling garments in any shape.

As we were paraded in front of the quarters next morning, some of the boys of Pittsburgh—and worse cannot be found anywhere—gathered about us by dozens, and followed us to the steamer, all the while yelling out at the top of their voices, "Here's the dirty sogers!" "Soger, will you go to work?" Then they would answer the question themselves, "No, I'll sell my shirt first!" "Here, dirty soger; going to be shot at—and *missed*, eh?" "What's the price of whisky, soger?" etc. And thus they kept it up, hooting at us as though we were a gang of thieves on the way to a jail. I am naturally "thin skinned," and what were my emotions on this occasion, the reader may guess.

Out West, when they wish to express contempt for any person, they say, "he's a miserable stern-wheel affair." The boat we were put upon was the *Queen*, and one of the worst of even stern-wheel steamers. She was an "old tub," and very dirty. We were put on deck; a great portion of her weather-boarding had been torn off, letting in the cold and snow. A barrel of biscuit was set on board. This was to constitute our provision until we reached Newport—no coffee, no meat, and no place to cook any if we had it. "Well," thought I, "Uncle Sam, you are quite a generous old fellow, after all!" Once, the sergeant condescended to come down from the cabin, to see how we were getting along. To our inquiries, if we had been left to starve, he replied, that "the lieutenant *allowed* a barrel of bread was enough for us!" We had the gracious privilege of an old stove, and plenty of wood. At night, we slept on some pork barrels, which we packed around the stove, and thus managed to keep from freezing. I confess, I felt as if I was an outcast from society—a criminal on his way to some penal colony.

We remained at Newport three days. As this is a general recruiting station, sixty-five recruits were ready to go on with us. All were again subjected to a rigid examination by the surgeon at the post. The whole were simultaneously ordered to undress in the large sleeping-room of the barracks. No sooner said than done—a hundred, nearly, of the genus homo, of the masculine gender, stood forth, ready to undergo the scrutinizing examination of the medical inspector. After leaping over benches, jumping around, stooping down, raising up one arm, and then the other, as was commanded, our examiner began to thump us in the breast, and beat us all over the person, as though we were some new kind of drums. He also looked into our mouths, examined our teeth, and, in short, did everything but turn

us inside out. Finding no defects, he pronounced us able-bodied men, and ordered us to dress.—So ended this degrading scene.

With three exceptions, I never suffered so much from hunger as while at this post. Take a man from citizens' life to that of the soldier, and his powers of endurance will be most effectually tried, especially if, like myself, he be at the time young and growing. This deprivation of the food that government had provided, was owing to the rascality of the first sergeant of the barracks, who, having the management of the business, withheld our full rations, in order that he might save the flour, beans, sugar and coffee for his own purposes. I saw some poor recruits selling their spare clothing to the old soldiers, and then running to the grocery to buy additional provisions.

We left Newport for New Orleans on the steamer *Champion*. As deck passengers, we were allowed to go on the hurricane-deck, where I passed whole days in gazing upon the river scenery. Upon the great "Father of Waters," I was especially delighted with the glorious panorama, and felt sorry when evening came to shut out the scene. Often, however, I would remain until late at night, scarcely knowing which most to admire, the gorgeous starry vault above, or the broad placid Mississippi, hedged in on both sides by the dark and silent forests, and flowing in ever-varying majestic curves on its return home to the gulf.

The recruits were under the immediate charge of Crosby, an old soldier, and a complete scamp. He kept back from us our full allowance of rations, that he might sell the surplus at New Orleans, as we subsequently learned. Some of our men discovered and slyly tapped a barrel of whisky with a gimlet, and, until found out, sucked away at the vile stuff. For two or three days, I had observed some of my comrades cooking and eating eggs, very *freely*. Not being in the secret, I was envious of their good fortune in having the means to purchase such a luxury, which I supposed they had done at some of the landings on the river. On one of these occasions, I stood gazing at a soldier enjoying himself over a large dish, my mouth fairly watering over the scene, for our slim fare had put my stomach on the "qui vive," most anxiously hoping he would invite me to share with him, when he said, "Reeves, why don't you cook yourself some eggs?—real nice, old fellow!" "Humph!" I answered, "if I only had the money to buy them." "Why, God bless you, man!" he rejoined, "you don't want any money; take them like the rest—only be sly about it, or you may be caught!" "Where do you get them?" I eagerly inquired. "There!" continued he, pointing to a barrel that stood end-up amid a large number on their sides; "take your haversack (a bag for food), watch your opportunity, slip along close to the wheel-house, and get as many as you can." "My eye!" I exclaimed, "and is that the way you have all got the eggs you have been eating the past two days?" It is only necessary to add, that the collapsed state of my stomach blunted all my conscientious scruples, and ere long I had a realizing sense of the efficacy of a good dish of fried eggs. There was some swearing when that pilfering was discovered; but no one knew anything of it—the soldiers *had bought their eggs!*

At Vicksburgh, a Red River planter came on board with forty negroes. The drunken soldiers, the smell of the poor darkeys, and the yelping and

filth of the crew, were all horrible. The slaves would throw themselves around the boilers—the hands ditto; soldiers would trample and stumble over them; negroes would growl, soldiers curse, and the hands yelp—all forming a most delectable scene. Poor Wilson, from Maryland, a slave State, I pitied him from my whole heart! for he was sick all the way down, and to have to eat, drink, and sleep with a pack of cotton-field negroes, took him down effectually—but he lived through it to see harder times. Such is a soldier's life.

From New Orleans, we continued on up through wild and picturesque scenery three hundred miles, to Grand Ecore, and then, by a march of three miles, arrived one Sabbath afternoon at Camp Salubrity. Here, with twelve others, I was assigned to company "B." Two of these, Wilson and Inskeep, were men for whom I had formed an especial liking, and whom I shall have occasion again to mention.

Camp Salubrity was a collection of log-huts built by the soldiers, situated in a rich rolling country, interspersed with dark gloomy forests of pine, and well adapted to sugar and cotton. The original inhabitants, Spaniards and French, were giving way to an American population. The mild climate produces myriads of fleas, red-bugs, mosquitoes and chamelions; the latter resembles our lizard in size and shape, is harmless, and occupies its time mainly in fly-catching. We were much annoyed by the fleas; these, however, were a light affliction compared to the red-bug—a sort of wood-tick that buries itself in the flesh, causing an intolerable itching, rendered ten-fold more tormenting by scratching. The only alleviating remedy was to grease well the parts affected. For awhile, every evening at camp, might be seen men and women greasing for red-bugs, for when this was neglected a sleepless night was certain to ensue.

Our army officers are mostly a meritorious set of men; but, like all other human beings, have their failings. No kind of breeding will make gentlemen of naturally coarse-grained men. Officers of this class are generally tyrannical, and, as my experience taught me, almost invariably cowardly. It would be thought degrading in an officer to be in the least familiar with the men. He is never to address a soldier as *Mr.*, but to use his surname only. In addressing an officer, a soldier must always call him by his title, and give the salute: his manner must be perfectly respectful and dignified, and he is never to enter the presence of his superiors except on business. Government designs that the officers should exercise a kind of fatherly care over the men, and those who do so, and many there are of this sort, win their love and gratitude.

All this is necessary to discipline. It is the same at sea with sailors and their officers. I will digress to give an anecdote I once heard, as tending to show how an act of condescension on the part of an officer astonishes an inferior. The late Lieutenant K. S. Woodward, of the revenue service, was pacing the deck of his vessel, when a knife, dropped from above, passed close by his head, and stuck quivering in the deck at his feet. The lieutenant reprimanded a sailor he saw aloft for his carelessness. He subsequently ascertained he had blamed the wrong man. On the first opportunity, he asked his pardon in the presence of his companions. The man was so flustered at such an unusual act on the part of his superior, that he

blushed and stammered to reply, but could not utter a word. An act like this wins the undying affection of the men, and they will follow such a man to the last.

Many of the young graduates of West Point are perfect tyrants; but a campaign of heavy marches, lying out at night, and undergoing other hardships, takes the wind out of the sails of these young gentlemen amazingly. Often have I had my blood boil to hear some one of these youngsters, for a mere trifle, order a gray-headed old soldier to undergo a most painful and ignominious punishment; yet there was no help for it—to resist an officer is a high crime, and to strike him, *death*. Tyrannical officers are hated like reptiles. If one is so gross as to be beneath the respect of his men, the *position* must be honored. Often have I heard soldiers, in speaking of such, say: "It is not him that I respect, but Uncle Sam's cloth which he carries on his shoulders!"

The washing for the men is done by laundresses, of which there are a few to each regiment. These are generally soldiers' wives, and usually possess rather questionable characters. Many a pure young girl, having become enamored of a good-looking soldier, has left home and friends to share his fortunes as a wife. For awhile she would continue a strictly chaste and lovely woman; but life in a camp is polluting—temptations would come, and in a few short years she would be changed into a bloated, sot-tishly disgusting creature, too degraded for companionship with even the lowest of men. After a recruit is turned to duty, "guard" is the first he has to perform. In time of war, when near an enemy, it is the most responsible of all situations, for the safety of a whole army often depends on the vigilance of a single sentinel. It is a great military crime for one to be found sleeping on his post. Certain matters connected with the duty of a sentinel in standing post, require presence of mind: such as receiving aright the officer of the day, facing in the right manner, promptly giving his orders, hailing at night, recollecting the countersign, of whom to demand it, etc. Even old soldiers often get into trouble for allowing the officer of the day to come up before he hails, etc. When I first mounted post, I was under considerable trepidation lest I should blunder. As ill luck would have it, Major Allen, the officer of the day, came unexpectedly toward me; my heart was in my mouth, I trembled like an aspen, but managed to receive him aright. He asked, "What are your orders on this post, sir?" Bless my soul! I could not utter a word, though I tried with all my might; my chin quivered; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I stood as mute as a dumb man. As it happened, the major was easy with the men, and relieved me by inquiring, "if I was a recruit?" My tongue then obeyed me, and I answered, "Yes, sir." After admonishing me, he turned and left.

The next duty was "fatigue." Most of the time working parties were sent into the woods, to make shingles and clapboards for repairing the quarters. When I came off guard, I was ordered into the woods, and went at it with a will. One of the old soldiers saw me, and coming up, said, "That will never do; you must *old soldier*!" I asked him to explain. "You must," continued he, "be awkward with the axe, and act as though you had never chopped a stick in your life, otherwise these officers will kill you with

work." I now "smelt a mouse," and saw why the other soldiers were, as I had thought, lazy. I was ravenous that day, and could have eaten three times my rations. Since I had enlisted, I had not been satisfied with but two or three exceptions. I often suffered from extreme hunger, and would beg food from the cook or of some of the old soldiers who lived on whisky. This working in the woods brought on untold pangs of hunger. Others suffered in the same way; many is the time I have seen men seize a dirty, mouldy biscuit that had been thrown away, and devour it with the eagerness of starvation. And thus it was with me, until I actually got starved down to a point that my full rations were sufficient. This was not under two years.

While here most of the hard stock deserted, so that we finally got winnowed down to a pretty respectable body of men. Lambert, the dirty German, tried to desert; not being very sharp, he was caught and sentenced to receive fifty lashes, which were administered one Sunday afternoon. He yelled most vociferously under the infliction, and was a much better soldier afterward.

In June, two events occurred: I was made corporal, and our regiment, the Fourth Infantry, was ordered to Texas, hostilities being threatened between us and Mexico. We soon left for New Orleans, glad to escape from that flea-bitten country, and, on our arrival there, were ordered into the barracks until the vessels should be ready. We were joined by the Third Infantry, and Bragg's company of artillery, afterward so famous at Buena Vista; the whole under the command of General Taylor.

In the latter part of July, we embarked to cross the gulf to Texas. The vessel which our regiment occupied was the *Sophia*, a slow sailer, very old, and a mere hulk. Not a berth was put up, and we were obliged to sleep on the decks, which were covered with filth. Our passage was a stormy one, and the crowding of so many between decks, and the filth consequent from so much sea-sickness, rendered it a very disagreeable voyage.

It was on the 15th of August, 1845, when we arrived and encamped at Corpus Christi. We remained there until the ensuing March. Corpus Christi, *i. e.*, Body of Christ, was a miserable village of a few huts only, a mile or so south of the Nueces, and in a prairie country. By November, from additions to our forces, we were four thousand and fifty strong. It was the purpose of government to collect a large force here, to be ready for any emergency; but when we finally moved it had been reduced to a mere skeleton, from disease and death, and other causes—many sinking under the dysentery owing to the unhealthiness of the country.

A kind of disease prevailed among many of the men here, which was called moon-blindness. Its effects were very singular. Men laboring under it would be stone blind when the moon was shining brightly, while at all other times they possessed their sight as usual. The medical men could not account for it. Like the yellow-fever, cholera, Tyler-gripe, or any other epidemic, the characteristics, and not the cause of the disease, are ever known. Our camp was on a shell bank, and in hot weather the rays of the sun were reflected upon our persons by the shells with such intensity, that at times it seemed as if we should suffocate. The skin of the dark complexioned men became tanned, while that of the light complex-

ioned men peeled off; and the whole army grew of almost negro blackness. Having a light skin, my face peeled, and I presume I shed the skin off my lips, cheeks and tip of the nose fifty times. This continued peeling at last changed into a continuous sore—many being seen going round with patches of paper on their faces.

I never witnessed such severe thunder storms as here. A sentinel while one day walking his post with fixed bayonet was struck, his musket broken, the barrel twisted like an augur-bit, and, strange to say, the man was not killed. We lived in tents, and ours were old ones which, having been worn out in the Florida war, let in water like sieves. We suffered terribly in the winter season from the cold rains and cutting winds.

I must relate a little incident that occurred while here, in which one of our drummer boys and General Taylor were concerned. This boy, Tatnall, by name, was often tipsey, and when so, uncontrollable in his propensity for practical jokes. A little after dark one evening, old Zack was sitting in his marquee, when Tatnall came along unperceived by any of the officers, and, being on a spree, was, as usual, on mischief bent; so he out with his knife, and *rip, rip*, went the cords of the general's tent, and before he had time to escape, down it went burying him in its folds. Tatnall then ran away at full speed. As Taylor's orderly was absent, when he had crawled out he came over to Garland's tent, where I was stationed as orderly, and got me to go with a detail of men and put things to rights. This being done and my men dismissed, he inquired of me, "if I knew anything of the fellow that did it?" Now, I had seen the whole transaction, and when Tatnall ran, he passed so near me that I recognized him. Not wishing to expose him, I evaded the question. "General, I did see some one run; but the night is so dark that it is almost impossible to distinguish a man." "The scoundrel!" exclaimed old Zack, "if I knew who it was, I would pull his ears sorely." And this was all that was said about it by that easy tempered old gentleman.

Time passed wearily at Corpus Christi—hard duty and plenty of it; a soldier must take things patiently, and, like a machine, cannot move except at the bidding of a master hand. We were glad when the order came to break up and march to the Rio Grande. We moved in two divisions: that of Twiggs on the 8th, and Worth's on the 11th of March, 1846. Our regiment was in the latter division. This was my first march, and also that of a large part of the troops. The first day was one of incredible fatigue to me, for I had on an ill-fitting pair of shoes, so that my feet were soon badly blistered, and I was also detailed to watch a soldier who was so beastly drunk that he required constant help. At night I was so lame and sore that I could not stir without excruciating pain. Thinks I, if this is the way it is to be, I will never get through; I shall die with misery!

The soldier usually carries on a march, his musket, weighing fourteen pounds; cartridge-box, if filled with ball, eight pounds; which, with belts, bayonets, scabbard, haversack, etc., in all make a weight of about twenty-six pounds. Aside from these, is his knapsack, with overcoat, blanket and change of clothing, which brings up the total burden to over forty pounds. Generally we managed to get our knapsacks taken into the baggage wagons. A soldier on the march is bound up by his belts like a barrel, the cool air cannot circulate

under his thick woolen clothes, for he is not in a situation to throw open his coat to the bracing grateful breeze. We found the large men were the first to break down on a march. The light delicate fellows, that a stranger in such matters would suppose would be the first to give out, were the very men to move with the most rapidity, carry the greatest burdens, stand the longest marches, and endure the greatest hardships. It is on the principle seen through all nature—strength never increases in proportion to weight. The man who weighs two hundred pounds has eighty pounds more to carry than one who weighs one hundred and twenty, yet his strength to carry that increase is by no means in a like proportion. Small sized men for a campaign are always best.

When it comes to that especial duty for which soldiers are created, viz : *fighting*, a man should be, if possible, unincumbered, as much so as a laborer in a harvest field. How would it look for a farmer to order his hands upon his entrance into his fields of grain, to put on heavy woolen clothes; then to button them up to the throat over a thick leather stock, or dog collar; then to strap over these a parcel of belts; then, again, to pack all their clothing into a knapsack, and strap this on their backs? How much work would he get out of them? Yet this is precisely the way that a soldier has to do. Fighting in battle is the most laborious work that ever fell to the lot of mortal man, and it would seem as if one should be dressed accordingly. Sailors, who are differently situated, when they board an enemy's vessel, often strip everything but their trowsers.

The country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande is mostly prairie. One day we were entirely out of water. The part of the prairie we then marched over had been burnt by the Indians, and a fine, suffocating dust arose from the ashes and sand, which got into our mouths and nostrils, and added to our sufferings. Several dogs belonging to the officers perished for want of water, and it was feared that some of the horses would likewise die. In the midst of our choking thirst it seemed as if the fates had turned against us. About noon, when man and beast were nearly exhausted, we came in sight of two small and beautiful lakes. "Thank God!"—"Good! Good!"—"Now, we'll drink!" was shouted out by the poor men, as each company and division came in sight of those glorious sheets—"Water! water!" was the cry; and as it passed to the rear, "Water! my God! water!" was heard from a thousand dry and parched throats. The men began to quicken their pace; they broke their ranks in their haste to get to the delicious liquid. The officers tried to preserve order; but they might as well have tried to have stopped a herd of wild buffaloes. Each man rushed forward regardless of his neighbor, and ere they were within several hundred yards of the lakes a thousand tin cups had suddenly been unstrapped and fiercely clutched, ready to dip in the precious element.

On we go; now we ascend the little hillock on the edge of the lake; down we rush madly, blindly, into the sparkling fluid, and jump in where there will be no trouble to get our cups full. We dip—we raise it hurriedly and nervously to our mouths. Ye Gods! we dr—! *No we don't!* it chokes us; we can't swallow that stuff. "What in —— is that?" said an old soldier, who in his hurry had let some go down, and ere he had spoken the whole truth flashed on our minds. SALT! yes, SALT! and so much so

that pure salt had collected on the edge of the lake. "Don't drink, men! don't drink!" shouted out those who had been bitten; but they all had to taste for themselves before they would believe. If those lakes had never before been the cause of any profanity, I think that on this occasion they received their full share. What bitter curses were poured out upon them! We sullenly resumed our march, and moved on for about four miles when we came to a hole of rain-water, full of animalculæ, manure, etc.; it tasted to me most delicious, and I drank four cups, brim full, without stopping.

On the 18th, having overtaken Twiggs' division, we arrived at the Colorado River. Some Mexican cavalry appeared on the opposite banks and signified that any attempt to cross would be an act of hostility. After we had got over, the whole army marched in battle array on the prairie, so as to be ready for those southern gentlemen should they be desirous of giving us a brush. I was peculiarly impressed by a singular kind of "*fruit*," that was here to be found in the chaparral; large quantities of human skulls had been picked up by people traveling through, and hung on the bushes. These were skulls of whites and Indians that had lost their lives in the continual warfare going on here from time immemorial. The skull of many a wealthy old Spaniard, that had lost its vitality by having been carried by its owner too far from home, graced the limb of some musqueet tree.

On the 28th of March, we arrived opposite Matamoras, and planted the United States flag on the banks of the Rio Grande. The next day, a deputation of Mexican officers, dressed like peacocks, came over, and a conference was held as to the objects in advancing the army. They threatened to fire upon us if we did not leave, hence it became necessary to fortify our position, and Fort Mansfield, afterward called Fort Brown, was built. The country people began to come in with eggs, milk, bread, chickens, and a liquor called "*Muscal*," and with them some spies. Numerous guerrilla parties scoured the country, so that it became dangerous for single men or small parties to leave the camp; these bands of prowling Mexicans were mostly banditti. The chief quarter-master, Colonel Cross, was killed by Mexicans, one afternoon, a little outside of camp. A few days later, a detail of men went out on a scout under Lieutenant Porter, when a heavy rain coming on rendered their flint-lock muskets useless; they fell into an ambuscade of lancers who killed one man outright and mortally wounded their lieutenant. Our men tried to fire, but not a musket would go off; the lancers seeing their situation charged upon them, and they, panic-stricken, ran, paying no attention to the cries of Porter for assistance. A more frightened set of men I never saw than were those when they entered the camp. In their flight they were separated, and came straggling in one after another, and no two of them told the same story. Poor Porter was afterward found weltering in his blood, stabbed in more than a dozen places. On the 24th of April, Thornton's company of dragoons were attacked, sixteen killed, and the rest made prisoners. Three days later, the camp of Captain Walker's Texan Rangers was surprised.

All kinds of rumors were now afloat about the strength and position of the enemy, and curious lights were continually to be seen during the night at Matamoras; rockets were sent up, bugles sounding, drums beating, etc. Our men knew that we should soon have a fight, but they were calm and

cool; a careless unconcern appeared to be the pervading feeling in that little army.

Throwing a garrison into Fort Brown, General Taylor, on the 1st of May, broke up the camp and started with the whole army for Point Isabel, to bring up a large depot of provisions to the fort; we arrived there the succeeding forenoon, and were set to work building entrenchments, while Captain May and other officers were sent out to scour the country between the Point and the fort, to ascertain if possible where the enemy were lurking; some parties were detailed to load up teams, and the rest worked on the entrenchments. For my part, I felt as if I had as lief fight as not—others were like me; for with hard work on the trenches, marching and losing sleep, and living on bread and meat that was unfit for a dog, I became as careless and cross as need be.

On Sunday morning, May 3d, about reveillé, boom! boom! came down from the direction of Fort Brown. "What's that?" exclaimed a multitude of voices at once. For the first time there was considerable excitement; the officers and men respectively gathered in groups. It was at the time scarcely believed to be, as it in truth was, a fight at the fort. The next day a party of dragoons galloped into camp, bringing the report that a large body of Mexicans were advancing on the prairie. The drum beat to arms, and the troops paraded; but it proved a false alarm.

On the 7th, the army set out on its return to Fort Brown, and after proceeding about seven miles, we encamped beside a pond, where the musketoes and rattle-snakes were so plenty that we could not sleep. The next morning we resumed our march, calculating to get through if *nothing prevented*; but about noon, the dragoons brought intelligence that the enemy were in force in front. "Now we'll have it, boys!" said the men; and, I must confess, I felt a sudden thrill at this intelligence. General Taylor in a few minutes ordered a halt beside a pond of water, for the men to fill their canteens.

Here we got our first view of the enemy. "Look! look! Oh! look at them!" cried several at once. "My stars! what a host!" exclaimed others. We now advanced slowly in order of battle, occasionally halting, until we were within a little over half a mile distant from them. Their appearance was exceedingly grand: directly in front stood their infantry, with here and there an interval of artillery—their bright brass guns reflecting the rays of the sun. On each side, stretching over the prairie, was their cavalry, with a host of sharp-pointed, bright-shining lances with their pendants of red and blue. Vast masses of infantry, in rear of their front line, were moving into different positions for the coming fray, and their field-officers were galloping up and down, giving out their respective orders. When all was completed, their army stood perfectly still; their right resting on a dense thicket of chaparral, and their left stretching across the road, and protected at the end by a swamp. Their whole line was about one mile in length; they had eleven field-pieces and about six thousand men. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle—those Mexicans on the field of Palo Alto.

Now let us look at our little army. Our regiments, from sickness and other causes, had not over one-half of the usual number of men, and here

we were on the day of battle in a miserably weak condition. The company to which I belonged, "B," had only sixteen bayonets. We had nine regiments, and they numbered, officers and all, but a little over twenty-two hundred men; but there was a self-reliance among them that seemed to augur success. No boasting was heard, none expressed a desire to have a brush with the enemy; good soldiers never boast of what they are going to do or have done, nor speak in terms of derision of their enemy. I have heard boasting braggarts, with oaths, swear "I'll fix 'em! I'll put them through!" and then, when the balls were flying thick and fast, I have seen these same men hide in ditches or behind rocks, crying like children. Good soldiers feel as if they were in a situation that was disagreeable—that they had rather not be in such business, but a sense of duty impels them on—a strong sense of honor not to disgrace their country and flag. It is said that a soldier is a mere mercenary machine: this is not so, for the more character and mind a man has the better is he as a soldier. In our battles in Mexico, I believe that the enemy would have been as thoroughly beaten if half the officers had been absent. It was a knowledge of the *material* of his army that led General Taylor to say to General La Vega, that "all his men were generals." Each man went into and fought a battle as though everything depended upon his individual exertions; and it is this sentiment that nerves men to invincibility. It is very common to say that this officer did so and so—that officer took such a battery—when, in truth, in nine cases out of ten, the whole business was done ere they came up, and they had to walk over the dead bodies of their own soldiers before they could claim the honor. "To him that hath, much shall be given," peculiarly applies in such cases.

General Taylor, for simple hard fighting, was an excellent officer, but he knew little of tactics, rarely put any military evolution in practice, and had not the confidence of the army like Worth and Scott. In this battle we had two light batteries—Ringgold's and Duncan's—of four pieces each, and two eighteen-pound iron guns, under the command of Lieutenant Churchill, and the battle was mainly fought with artillery. The eighteen-pounders were on the right of our regiment, which was near the center of our line; I was on the extreme left of the regiment. Churchill's guns were each drawn by two yoke of oxen. A Texan boy drove one of the teams; as we were coming into position his coolness was remarkable, and his talk to his oxen amusing. "Go along, buck!" he said, "if you're killed, you are fat and will make good beef." When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time, I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions; General Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his right leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose, to see what effect the circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and, as he gazed, he said: "*The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!*" The other occasion was that of Lieutenant Blake, of the Engineers, who volun-

teered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns ; and so close did he go, that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him ; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands ! How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments ! Look at our men ! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril combined with a determination not to flinch from *duty*. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with *honor* ; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work ; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences, the feelings undergo a change. Reader, did you ever see your house on fire ? if so, it was then you rushed into great danger ; it was then you went over places, climbed up walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments ; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike ; some are cool ; some are perfectly wild or crazy ; others are so prostrated by fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, pitiable to behold ; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men ; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight ; others allowing that they would, and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right-wing, when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crashing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron ; Lieutenant Churchill and his men began with his eighteen-pounders, and when the first was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the lieutenant said to his men. When the

first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Too high, men; try another!"—"too low, men; try again—the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots. "That's it, my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now! keep her at that!" and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes right through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. While in this position, a six-pound ball grazed the head of Wickes, of G company, who yelled "I'm killed!" Many were the narrow escapes: one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe-stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour, the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment. In the obscurity, the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen-pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six-pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Captain Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as clean as if with a knife. The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that sight I shall carry with me to my dying day. Corporal Howard was literally covered all over his back with the blood and brains of private Lee's head, and Lieutenant Wallen, who was near Page, had a *tooth*, either out of the head of Page or of Lee, driven clear through the back of his coat so that it pierced the skin; he thought he was shot. A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded, at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; its force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our eighteen-pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking that we might be attacked in our sleep.

During the battle, many were the remarks of the men upon its incidents; when the balls began to whistle over our heads, one who was not very bright sang out, "I declare, I believe they are firing *balls*!" This single speech produced an explosion of laughter, and, afterward, we teased the fellow so about it that he almost hated himself. I was much amused at the conduct of one of our men, by birth a Prussian, and from his actions it was evident he had rather have been in Prussia than there. When a ball struck near him he made some of the most accomplished of bows; one shot, in its wicked fancy, knocked a large mass of grass, with its roots and dust, plump into his face and breast. Between the force of the sod and his fright, he went pitching backward into a small water-hole; I thought he was gone

sure enough; but presently he arose, pale and trembling, and when we saw he was unhurt, he was the subject of a hearty laugh. An officer, near us, I noticed laboring under considerable excitement; he was pale and covered with perspiration, which, however, did not indicate any want of bravery. A major in the vicinity of our position, was a subject of contempt to the men; he was evidently a sleepy, don't-care sort of a man, and had, it seemed to me, but a poor idea of military tactics. I believe he did not give or repeat a single order during the whole action; for all the good he did there, he might as well have been in New Orleans. Men would prefer to see an officer do something—either act bravely or cowardly—this major did neither; but sat on his horse in a perfectly listless manner, and had no control over his animal which followed along with the troops. I do not know what he might have done had the horse taken a notion to desert; but of all the contemptible objects, he was the cap-sheaf—he had not even the ambition to draw his sword; there he sat, his hands swinging by his side, his eyes set, his mouth wide open, like a dolt.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each man stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and, therefore, were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning-like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of dust and smoke, with their dark-red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than of men.

On the morning of the ninth, the sun rose in splendor. The enemy having retired into the chaparral, we resumed our march toward the fort. On arriving at the position the enemy had occupied the day before, the scene was shocking; here lay a beautiful black horse and rider, both dead; a little beyond was a heap of artillery-men horribly mangled, some entirely headless, others with their bowels torn out, and again others with a leg or an arm, sometimes both, shot away. One man, I noticed, had been shot in a singular manner; the ball must have bounded, and, as it was rising, struck its victim about his right haunch, then passing up diagonally through his body, came out under his left arm. The positions of the dead were in many instances peculiar; some in their death-agonies had caught with their hands in the grass, and thus died; some were in a kind of sitting posture: the countenances of some were horribly distorted, others had a smile—an absolute laugh. The enemy had left behind a part of their wounded; one poor fellow who appeared to be quite intelligent, was badly wounded in the ankle: when we came near him, he called out piteously, "*Bueno Americano! Agua, Señor! agua, Señor!*"—Good American! Water, sir! water, sir! We ran and offered him our canteens, and gave him biscuit, for which he appeared grateful.

Our advance guard had been through, and ascertained that the enemy were posted at Resaca de la Palma, a few miles off. A ravine here crossed the road, and on each side it was skirted with dense chaparral; the ravine was occupied by their artillery. We marched on the narrow road through the chaparral toward their position. The battle commenced with those in

advance. The balls began to crash through the woods over our heads, when our regiment deployed to the left and then to the right of the road, and advanced through the chaparral toward the enemy, whom we could not then see. Lieutenant Haller called out, "Fourth and Fifth Infantry, charge!" Both regiments responded with a cheer, and rushed on. In a few paces we came to a small pond, and here I had my first chance for a shot at the Mexicans, who were in line on the opposite bank, and were pouring their balls right into our faces. The bushes screened all below their waists. I kneeled down on my right knee, cocked my musket, and brought it to an aim on the mass in front of me, making my first shot at the human family. I fired four shots in this manner, the branches in the meanwhile dropping off and the dust springing up all about me from the shot of my friends across the little water. The word was then given to charge, and we dashed into the water which took me about half-thigh deep; when in the middle, a ball just grazed my right ear, and another struck a lieutenant by me in the right arm. The Mexicans broke and ran, and we continued charging along the pond until we came to where their guns were stationed. Here our troops, of different regiments, got mixed up. The Mexicans fought desperately, and many were slain.

When our infantry closed upon their artillery, some of our men were killed by shot from Duncan's battery, which remained on the east side of the ravine. The fight was now confined to this central position; their guns on the right and left of it having been taken. Here stood General La Vega almost alone, his men having been shot down around him from the combined effects of our infantry on the right and left, and Duncan's battery in front. Just at this moment, when the infantry of all the regiments there engaged rushed in upon La Vega's position, Captain May charged with the dragoons who received the last gun that the enemy fired; but before the dragoons had got up, La Vega was captured with a large number of the officers and men of the enemy. The dragoons charged clear past this point, and having received a heavy volley from the enemy's infantry and cavalry who were rallying beyond, May ordered a retreat. As he was returning, La Vega, already a prisoner and held as such by the infantry, judging that May was a superior officer, gave up his sword to him. Thus Captain May got credit for what he never did, and thus drops into non-entity that great story about May's charge, which in reality effected nothing.

After those guns were captured, about thirty of us went in pursuit of the retreating enemy until we came upon an open space of, perhaps, two acres; here we found a large pack of mules and the abandoned tent of General Arista; we stopped a moment, and then continued on the road until we were charged by the lancers. Lieutenant Hays sang out, "They are too strong for us, boys!—retreat! retreat!" which we did for a short pace, and then faced the enemy. The lancers came down upon us, when we poured in a volley which sent them back. Lieutenant Cochrane, instead of coming on with us, ran behind a small clump of bushes on the opposite side of the road, when a lancer rode up and deliberately lanced him. We reloaded, and on they came again, headed by an officer mounted on a splendid white horse. Some one sang out, "Shoot that man on the white horse!" We poured in another volley, and down went both horse and rider, beside

numerous others; among them was the man that had killed Lieutenant Cochrane. I went out and picked up his lance; it was covered with the blood of the poor lieutenant. At this moment came up our light artillery and the dragoons, who pursued the enemy to the river where many were drowned in crossing, and thus was ended the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

When the battle was over, I never heard such shouting as came from our men; they seemed nearly crazy with joy. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw what a victory we had won. The next day we camped at Fort Brown. We had left our knapsacks at the fort when we departed for Point Isabel, and now many of our articles were missing; some men found nothing, others not half of their things, and others *more* than they had left. During the bombardment our knapsacks had been taken to help build bomb-proofs. I was at this time made sergeant.

Preparations were made to cross the Rio Grande into the enemy's country. General Arista was in Matamoras, and we expected opposition to our landing. Our whole pontoon train consisted of one dilapidated old boat, and where that came from I know not. It would carry just one company, and ours was the one selected to cross first. On the morning of the 18th of May the embarkation commenced. When we struck the Mexican shore Captain Buchanan was the first man to set foot in Mexico, in the capacity of conqueror, and I myself was the second. As soon as we got out, the boat returned, and we posted ourselves in a cornfield, looking out for the enemy, who, however, unknown to us, were then on the full retreat for Monterey; we, therefore, soon had quiet possession of Matamoras.

This was the time that the enemy should have been followed up; if our politicians at Washington had possessed genuine energy, they would have finished this war in half the time, and at less than half the expense of blood and treasure that were actually incurred. We had then no means to advance, and the enemy were given full leisure to recover from their stunning defeats ere we were ready to do so.

While we were at Matamoras several men were sentenced, for various offenses, by court-martial, to have their heads shaved, be dishonorably discharged, and drummed out of camp. One of them had very light, muddy-colored hair; he was hired in the quarter-master's department, and after his hair again grew, it was of a beautiful auburn color.

On the 17th of July we left for Comargo, one hundred and forty miles up the river, which was made one of the depots, and afterward became memorable for a new invention in the science of military engineering—the construction of a ditch *inside* of a breastwork. We lay there six weeks, waiting for reinforcements, and in the beginning of September continued our march for Monterey.

We were badly off for means of transportation, owing to the neglect of government, and were obliged to hire of our enemy. Sixteen hundred muleteers with their mules were obtained, who entered our service in opposition to the commands of their government, which had forbidden any of their citizens from rendering aid and comfort to the "barbarians of the north." We were proceeding to the strongly fortified position of Monterey without any siege train; one solitary mortar was the only gun we had heavy

enough for this purpose, when we should have had at least a dozen. The veriest booby in our army knew that government was sadly neglectful of us.

Beyond Mier the scenery grew bold, and on ascending a high ridge, a soldier exclaimed, "We are going to have a heavy storm!—did you ever see such dark, heavy clouds?" Above the western horizon appeared a heavy mass of clouds, but I noticed a peculiar notch in those "clouds," which, as we advanced, did not alter in shape. In an hour more we saw that our clouds were mountains; they were truly sublime, cutting their outlines against the clear sky, like huge masses of indigo. Although seeming in our vicinity, their nearest spur was more than seventy miles distant.

This country from time immemorial had been infested with banditti, and along our route were immense numbers of crosses, reared by the relations of murdered travelers, at the places where they had been slain. These crosses were usually of wood, about four feet in height, with inscriptions neatly carved upon them; some were venerable from age, and covered with moss. Here was one whose inscription portrayed the virtues and untimely fate of a promising young man; there stood another to an aged father who, while on his way to visit an only daughter, was met by ruffians, and not only robbed, but left with his snowy locks weltering in gore. Again, a cluster of crosses met the eye, the inscriptions setting forth that a party—young men, old men, women, and children—while on their way to Matamoras to see their friends, were met by a band of savages and killed. Those artificial flowers, tacked to one of the crosses, were for the little child that was murdered with its mother. At the foot of the crosses were heaps of small stones—in some cases, large piles—each stone being the offering of some passer-by as a token of respect. Bad as were those banditti, they never touched one of those memorials, but on our return from Monterey, out of hundreds, I did not see scarcely a dozen left; they had been used for fire-wood by our volunteers. Protestants generally have anything but a reverence for the cross.

On a march a soldier is his own washer-woman, for which purpose soap is issued to the men. I got so practiced in keeping myself in gear, that I could march for any length of time without getting foot-sore. At every opportunity I bathed my feet and washed my stockings in cold water, by which I prevented the accumulation of perspiration, and so did not have a single blister in all the way to Monterey.

We halted at Marin two days. Various rumors were afloat as to the strength and intentions of the enemy at Monterey; opinions were conflicting as to whether the Mexicans would make a stand there. General Taylor, as the result proved, was misinformed upon all these matters; he did not expect the resistance he met with. I had an opinion of my own, based upon indications I never knew to fail. When at Marin the conduct of our muleteers suddenly changed; I saw them talking to their countrymen, and I knew by their manner—the way they shrugged up their shoulders—trouble was ahead. They, doubtless, ascertained the true state of affairs, and did not want to go further, for they naturally supposed we should be beaten. From this I knew the enemy were strong ahead. I asked an honest-faced old Mexican, at Marin, who seemed quite intelligent, whether or not "*mucho funtango, poco tiempo?*"—his answer was, "*Si, senor; mucho fun-*

dango es la ultima en Monterey—mucho muertos!” which was: there would be much fighting and many deaths. I never knew a Mexican to say that there would be much fighting ahead, but his words were verified. Again, if fighting was in store for us, the people would be shy and look as if they despised us; when otherwise, they flocked around with things to sell, and acted in a confidential manner.

We again took up our line of march, and as we neared Monterey, the volunteers were anxious “to see the elephant,” and they crowded up at a hurried pace: but this anxiety was taken out of them in less than three days. These ambitious young men made considerable noise; cheering when they saw some new object that indicated an enemy. They even cheered as their general and staff-officers rode back and forth, and talked a great deal among themselves. Our men and officers were much amused at their enthusiasm. We felt serious in view of the bloody work in store for us, as we knew from experience, that the terrors of the battle-field were too awful a reality to be heedlessly entered into in the spirit of a grand frolic.

On the 19th of September, we arrived in the outskirts of Monterey and camped at a place called Walnut Springs. The city is in the valley of San Juan, and around it rise the lofty ridges of the Sierra Madre. Its natural and artificial defenses were very strong. Two days previously, Taylor wrote to the war department: “It is even doubtful whether Ampudia will attempt to hold Monterey. His regular force is small—say, three thousand—eked out perhaps to six thousand by volunteers, many of them forced.” The truth was, the garrison numbered about ten thousand, of whom seven thousand were regular troops; so little did even General Taylor know of the facts in the case. The little army destined to attack this strongly-fortified place was far inferior to the enemy. We had less than six thousand seven hundred in all, half of whom were volunteers.

On the day succeeding our arrival, Sunday the 20th, Major Mansfield, of the engineers, made a reconnoissance of the enemy’s works; the examination, for some unknown reason, appears not to have been sufficiently thorough. General Worth was ordered to make a detour to the west end of the city, and act as circumstances should dictate. That night our regiment was ordered under arms, and thinking we should return to camp in a few hours, we went out without any provisions in our haversacks. We took up our position about eleven hundred yards from the Black Fort. Here we planted the ten-inch mortar and two twenty-four pound howitzers. No bed was made for the mortar, nor was any breastwork thrown up for the protection of the guns; for we had not a single entrenching tool. There stood those guns, exposed upon the open ground, to bombard a strong fort whose lightest gun was much superior, and whose heaviest was enough to knock ours to pieces. Some people may call this “military science;” to us, common soldiers, it seemed a farce.

Some time after daylight, our battery opened upon the fort; we soon saw we were too distant—especially the mortar, which might as well have been in Halifax, for every shell fell far short. Some of the twenty-fours’ shells got into the fort, but I think they did not annoy the enemy much. In their reply they did not deign to notice the mortar, directing all their attention to the others. In about an hour a Mexican ball took off a leg from one of our

men above the knee; he died in a few minutes. Another struck and settled one of our ammunition boxes, and this was the sum of damage to us.

It was well known that when General Worth attacked the north part of the city, Taylor was to make a demonstration in his favor; that is, he was to make a false attack on the east end, so as to draw the attention of the enemy from Worth. By some "hocus-pocus" a real attack actually was made at the east end, and, as I think, many valuable lives thereby needlessly thrown away.

Well, about ten o'clock, Twiggs' division came down, took up a position, and got into trouble—it not being known there were any batteries on the east side of the town. Garland advanced with his brigade near to the enemy, when, suddenly, they poured in upon his men, from masked batteries, such a perfect sheet of iron that they quailed before it. By this time, Taylor and Twiggs were on the ground, and the former ordered down the whole force, thinking that "the charge" would do everything. The result was that our troops got into dreadful confusion; some were here, some there, volunteers and regulars all mixed up together—some lying about this fence, some in this ditch, and others behind that wall; and for two or three hours we were essentially *whipped*. Had the heavy body of lancers, that were hovering about, done their duty and came down upon us, we should have been all cleaned out to a certainty. A new vigor at length seemed to inspire our troops, and they rallied and carried a fort and an old still-house which had been fortified. Many valuable lives were thus foolishly lost; the colonel of the Baltimore battalion was killed, and after that, they seemed completely panic-stricken. For a time that day, "confusion worse confounded" reigned supreme; officers and all seemed to be laboring under some hallucination. Nobody knew what the orders were; no officer gave orders to retreat or to advance, and things were in a most deplorable condition. General Taylor himself labored under intense excitement; he came on the ground in the thickest of the storm, and gave orders to charge and carry the works. The men did charge, but it was murder.

Finally, toward night, things began to assume a better face. Garland's brigade, to which our regiment belonged, was ordered to hold the captured works, and the rest of the troops were sent back to camp. In these works was an old sugar-house in which we found a quantity of sugar. At sundown it came on to rain, and it rained profusely. That was one of the most miserable nights I ever passed. We had had nothing to eat since the evening before. We had been out all night, and had been fighting all day, nor was it until the next afternoon—making, in all, about forty-eight hours under arms—that we had even a morsel except some sugar that had been trampled under foot.

The next day a kind of skirmishing was kept up; Taylor being content to act upon the defensive. We also buried many of our officers and men. I had escaped thus far without a scratch, although I had several very narrow escapes; many poor fellows I saw laid low all about me. On the evening of this day, Ampudia surrendered the town. Worth with his division had taken first the height above the Bishop's Palace, and then in turn the palace itself, when the guns of both were turned upon the town below, of

which this was the key, and there was no alternative left but for the enemy to surrender.

A few hours before the surrender, our regiment which held the captured works was relieved by a regiment of volunteers, and we were ordered into camp at Walnut Springs. As we were moving on to the Springs, we came under a flank fire of sixteen-pounders and mortars throwing shells from Fort Independence. One of this latter class of customers came near dropping on my head. I heard it in the air, and glanced my eye up to view it, when, as I calculated, the gentleman was determined to scrape my acquaintance. I walked a few paces toward it, and when near, I dropped. With a "*zoap!*" it came down, and exploding as it struck, bespattered me with mud, as if in spite at having missed me. I arose and ran after the regiment, which had got some distance ahead. We soon entered a cornfield, and so accurate were the gunners of the distance we traveled in a given time, that they sent their "pills" right among us at every discharge until we were out of range. One of the balls caught a man of F company, and striking him about the haunches, cut him entirely in two, so that his body fell between his legs. Poor fellow! he lived some few minutes; it was a horrible sight that mangled body lying in the dirt in the agonies of death.

Arrived at the camp our first desire was for something to eat. The commissary, being out of hard bread, issued to us flour. What could a soldier do with flour?—and that, too, without lard, butter, or shortening of any kind. Necessity teaches. We mixed it with water in our mess-pans, and took our spades that we had used for *all* purposes, and baked the "dab" on them. It was a curious scene, that party of half-starved soldiers baking flour "dodgers" on their company spades. I finally had mine so that I could eat it, and—O! ye gods!—I thought it the sweetest morsel I had ever eaten in my life.

We remained some time at Monterey, and had much enjoyment there. The Mexican people are very fond of music and dancing, and our men took great delight in attending their fandangoes; the Mexican girls in this part of the country are generally handsome, and formed the principal attraction of these gatherings.

Among the incidents while there, was the murder of Lieutenant Ritchie, of Cincinnati, which cast a gloom over all who knew him. He was at one time attached to our company, and was a promising officer, unassuming and modest. He had been sent on under an escort of dragoons, with dispatches to General Taylor, who had moved forward to Saltillo with part of the troops. At a ranche, called Villa Garra, half-way between the places, they stopped a few moments to water, while Ritchie, leaving word to his men, rode slowly forward. On turning a corner just out of sight of his party, a Mexican threw a "lariat" over his neck, dragged him from his horse, murdered him, took his dispatches, and started off to Santa Anna. When his dragoons came up, there lay poor Ritchie, weltering in his blood, and his horse was nibbling the grass on the roadside. They in vain made an effort to overtake the assassin. It was evident Ritchie had been watched for some time by the Mexican, for the opportunity he finally found. The capture of those dispatches undoubtedly led to the battle of Buena Vista.

In December, the tidings were received that a part of the forces were to

be sent to attack Vera Cruz, under General Scott, and from thence to proceed against the capital of the country. Our men were anxious to go; it was thought there would be warm work there; this, however, was not the reason—they wanted to see the country, and get under Scott. It was soon whispered that our regiment was to remain; it was unfavorably received. Personally, I felt so down-hearted that I made up my mind, in that event, to change into the Third, so that I could go. About the 1st of January, we received the good news that our regiment was to be sent, and, better yet, that we were to be attached to the division under General Worth. Both Scott and Worth were the choice of the whole army. The common soldier is keenly alive to the qualities of his officers. It is remarkable how soon a soldier discovers the capacities of his general. Worth had the respect and love of his men; they knew he would not needlessly sacrifice them, that if he gave an order to storm a battery, or perform any other perilous duty, it was just right, and they sprang to obey with alacrity. There was one superior officer we would liked to have got rid of, for he did so hate to expose his precious person to the enemy's pills that we regarded him with profound contempt. Yet too many good things at once were not to be looked for.

On our march down, we found the appearance of the country changed by the passage of so many troops. The stench from multitudes of dead mules on the roadside was intolerable; every once in a while, as the breeze wafted the odors of a decaying carcass to us, some one would sing out, "There's another milestone!" Ere we reached the mouth of the Rio Grande, Lieutenant John H. Gore took command of our company; he proved an excellent officer, and did justly by his men. Just before we took ship to sail for Lobos Island, the place of rendezvous of Scott's army, one of our men got brutally intoxicated, and annoyed us by his continual yelling. Gore ordered his legs to be tied together with a rope, and had him shoved into the breakers; the other end was held by two men, who drew him to and fro until I certainly thought the poor scamp would drown. Having ducked him sufficiently, he was released; by which time he was sobered and effectually cured, for I never afterward knew him to become drunk.

When we anchored at Lobos Island, on the 22d of February, 1847, we found General Scott on the steamer Massachusetts, awaiting the arrival of his forces. A large number of volunteers were encamped on the island. When all was ready the whole fleet headed their prows for the famous castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. It was a beautiful sight that immense number of tall-masted vessels, with their snowy canvas spread to the breeze. How many a young man, the hope and support of a fond mother, was there, doomed miserably to perish and fill an unknown grave in a foreign land! Our ships were filled with vermin, and ere the voyage was half over we were completely covered; no accommodations existed for washing either clothes or persons.

On the 6th of March, we anchored off Vera Cruz; the next day we got the tidings, from an English vessel, of the battle of Buena Vista. The report was through the Mexicans, and to the effect that Santa Anna had had a battle with our volunteers under Taylor, and had defeated him; nevertheless that the Mexicans had fallen back for some purpose not stated. The

concluding clause proved to us that "our boys" were the victors, and we gave three hearty cheers for "Old Zach."

Our landing was effected on the 8th. Our division was the first to embark in the boats for the main land; when we were ready, Worth shouted in a loud voice, "By boats! right wheel!" then, "Forward!" and again, "For the shore!" The sailors pulled heartily, and we sat with our arms in our hands ready for action; as soon as we struck the beach, each regiment rallied around its flag in line of battle. This proved needless, as the expected opposition did not ensue. I never saw such a magnificent spectacle as that vast collection of boats with over five thousand men, moving in a regular semicircle toward the shore; it was a sight worth a journey of a thousand miles. When the sun rose next morning, it shone on twelve thousand men on that beach.

Vera Cruz stands on the sea shore, and is inclosed by a wall; from it a plain extends about a thousand yards, and then rise sandhills from ten to thirty feet in height, formed by the northers, which prevail in the spring and autumn. The tops of these hills are covered with scrubby thorn bushes; the ravines with lime and other tropical trees. Our forces completely invested the city; Worth's right rested on the shore, and although it was three miles distant, yet, on the day after our landing, a bomb-shell reached our camp. The landing of our guns, provisions, and munitions of war occupied several days; the beach presented a scene of life and animation, only when the northers prevailed, and then all had to seek shelter. While the sailors were attending to these duties, we soldiers were digging trenches and planting batteries.

When we landed, and I stood upon one of those sandhills and saw the strength of the place, the immense distance at which the enemy threw their projectiles, and the wonderful weight of their metal, I despaired of our ever taking the place; but science overcame all these difficulties. We had here the best military talent of our country; we had General Scott and a splendid corps of engineers, and, ere I was aware, they had worked their way down through the ravines and sandhills, and were laying out entrenchments within eight hundred yards of the city. The army was detailed by regiments to work and relieve each other in the trenches. There was no running the gauntlet here in daylight; each detail remained and worked in the trenches twenty-four hours. The reliefs always marched down after dark, when there was but little risk of being fired on in crossing the level plain between the camp and the trenches, and which was open to a raking fire alike from the castle and city batteries. All this heavy work in the trenches had to be done at night. The first night our regiment was in the trenches, we had a sharp time. The engineers had got there first, and had stretched a rope along as our guide to work by. This was on the city side of the cemetery, where the ground was covered with the vegetation peculiar to this region. Here was an immense cactus, there a thicket of thorn bushes; to the left a massy, broad-leaved, spongy plant with long sharp needles on the edges of the leaves; beside it a large sapling, which certainly would cause us to alarm the enemy by our chopping; everything bristled with thorns and needles, like a forest of spikes. We stuck our muskets by the bayonets into the ground beside us, hung our jackets and belts on

the butts, and went at it, carefully at first, but soon were fully engaged chopping, knocking, and hauling away the brush. The use of a light was too perilous, the night was dark, and when one put forth his hand to take hold of a bush, it was sure to come in contact with a thorn or a needle, so that in a little while our hands were streaming with blood; there was no help for it, a soldier's blood is at the call of his country. Either by the noise of our chopping or through their pickets, the Mexicans got wind of our proceedings, and in a little while they began to compliment us with specimens of their skill in gunnery.

Suddenly the eastern sky was lit up by a luminous flash: "Look out, boys!—shot! here she comes!" was shouted.

The report and the shell came together; *boom! whiz! bloop!* and she struck in the cemetery beside us, throwing up a cloud of sand and dust.

"Look out sharp, boys! another from the castle—a Paixhan fellow this time!"

I heard it and had just thrown myself behind a breastwork raised the night previous, when, *smash*, it struck into that very breastwork, exploding as it struck, and with a force that I thought would shake the whole place level.

"Another, boys! from the city—thirteen-inch shell!" which kindly exploded in the air above, and the pieces went *whiz! whiz! whiz!* striking all about us.

"Another, fellows!—round shot from the city!"

Along she came, waist-high, and passing between two of our muskets, nipped off a piece from one of our jackets.

"Well, by zounds! this is getting quite comfortable!"

"Another, boys, from the castle!—Paixhan this time!" but it fell short, and in a little while the firing upon us ceased for the night.

Having cleared off the brush, we took to the spades. The engineer came along and gave us our tasks; each man was to dig a hole four feet long, five deep, and six wide: that is to say, twenty men were to make a trench eighty feet long of the above width and depth. When ready, the engineer told us that just as each worked, just so much of a protection would each have, at least against the round shot, when daylight disclosed us to the enemy. We went at it with a will; the sand was as easy to excavate as an ash-heap. By three o'clock in the morning, where the enemy saw nothing before but a dense chaparral, was now a splendid trench, running, like a fine canal across the plain. It was beautiful to look upon, and the engineers were mightily pleased; they said we had done more work that night than they expected to have accomplished in two—that we were "good, brave boys, and deserved well of our country." When the morning light exposed the long line of new earth to the view of the Mexican artillery-men, they pelted us awfully with round shot and shell; we lay snug and unharmed all day in our holes, and when night came were relieved.

Such was the way those trenches were made and batteries planted. Magazines were also constructed of heavy planks and earth, with their doors from the direction of the city. Mule teams hauled down shells and shot during the night-time. The work of getting the heavy guns through the heavy sandhills to their respective positions, was very great; large de-

tails of soldiers and sailors took hold of the ropes; the sailors shouting in their sea-phrases, the soldiers swearing and laughing, the heavy guns swinging and getting fast in the sand, the enemy now and then sending a thirty-two pound pill, whose screaming and gyrations through the sand and chaparral, all united to make a scene to be remembered.

One night, after having been greatly fatigued by hard work, I rolled myself up in my blanket, and fell into a refreshing sleep; in a few hours a norther came on and roused me by the flapping and shaking of my tent: I turned over and went off again until reveillé. When I awoke, I felt a heavy weight upon me; on throwing off my blanket from my head, a peck of sand poured into my face, filling my eyes, nose, ears, neck, etc. The drifting sand had come into my tent and covered me over like a mass of snow. On going out, the scene was dreadful; the air was darkened by the fine sand, and everything was covered with it. Many of the tents had been blown down, the sea was lashed into fury, and the men looked miserably. The cook had the greatest difficulty in making us any coffee; as for the pork, it was full of sand. Not a bite of anything could we take, but our teeth would grate on sand—everything partook of a gritty nature; sand was here, there, and everywhere: everybody had sore eyes, our clothes were full of sand, a man's shirt felt like drawing a bag of gravel over his back, and his boots seemed as if they contained a "perch of stone." A few hours' exposure of a sleeping man to one of those northers, would bury him so deeply as to be beyond all hope of a living resurrection. The fact was, sand and thorns were trumps with us all the time at Vera Cruz.

We could not wash on board the ships, nor for days after our landing had we the time; our persons and clothes got into a most healthy and lively condition: our bodies formed the worlds for multitudes of those little beings who carried out the injunction to "increase and multiply," with such unction that they became great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers in less than twenty-four hours. Why they were created I know not, except it be to punish people for filthiness. It was not until near the close of the siege that we had an opportunity of dispossessing these non-paying tenants.

One evening our company was sent out as a guard of observation, and took position behind a low cactus-covered sandhill. At ten o'clock next day one of our men in moving about, exposed our position to the enemy; we were in point-blank range of all their batteries, from which they poured in upon us a tremendous storm of heavy shot. I never passed such a day. We had to lie close to the ground, and the shot then nearly grazed our heads. The cactus was knocked all to pieces, and the top of the hill was as effectually cut up as if a plow had passed over it. Night came on and relieved us without the loss of a single man. Dreadful was that storm; it was surprising we were not all knocked to pieces. There was some lovely embracing of mother earth that day, and if I had possessed the nature of a ground-hog, I should certainly have employed myself differently from what I did.

Thus we proceeded, making trenches, planting batteries, and getting ready to answer the enemy at their own game. General Scott had his marquee pitched to the right and rear of our encampment. It was evident we had a

master-mind in the field, and that an application of science was being made, instead of an entire reliance upon the bayonet.

By the 25th of March, all the batteries were in full play upon Vera Cruz. The roar of our artillery, and the fall of shells and shot was heard all through its streets. I was afterward told by an Englishman that the scene was dreadful; he showed me a house in which a family was eating supper, when a shell fell through the roof, and, bursting in the room, killed the whole of them; and an old negro said to me, "Ah! mister! dat was awful time dar, de shells bustin' and blowin' eberyting to pieces." I need not recount any farther these scenes, for abler pens than mine have portrayed them.

The surrender was an imposing sight; the soldiers and sailors stood in one line and the volunteers in another. We were ordered to appear in the best possible manner, cleanly shaved, with our arms, belts, and accouterments polished and whitened up; we wore the extra suit which a soldier always has by him, and when we marched out to parade, each man looked as if just out of a bandbox. Worth was well pleased, for he loved a proud soldier. The sailors were dressed in their white pants, blue coats, and shirts with the blue collar, and took our right. The volunteers appeared dingy and dirty, some with long beards, others with one pant-leg in their boots; the contrast was great. They wondered how we could make such a neat appearance; it was our business to be soldiers, and we lived under a strict discipline which provided for such emergencies. The Mexicans, as they marched out, looked heart-broken—some were fine-looking men; they stacked their arms and then hurried away to the interior, and were soon out of sight. When General Scott took possession he obtained an immense amount of the material of war; he issued orders to prevent the commission of crimes against the people, and no army ever conducted with such humanity toward a conquered people as ours in Mexico. The only crime of moment committed at Vera Cruz was by a free negro from South Carolina, who, having violated a countrywoman as she was coming into the city with some marketing, was tried by a military commission and hung. He met his fate with the coolest unconcern.

Our army was now preparing for an advance into the heart of Mexico. Quantities of ammunition, provisions, cannon, and arms are to be carried, yet the wagons, horses, and mules, which are to do this service, have not arrived. They are now perhaps descending the Mississippi, and will soon be here; at length, one by one, dozen by dozen, they arrive. On the 8th of April, Twiggs with his division takes the road to Jalapa; on the 13th, our division follows. By orders we took on with us only what was absolutely necessary; all our spare clothing we packed and left behind, snugly stowed away. In our absence the volunteers got at our goods, and stole everything that the regular army had left—tents, uniforms, private clothing and all.

General Twiggs had advanced to a place called Plan del Rio, and, at Cerro Gordo, a mountain gorge beyond, found Santa Anna with seventeen thousand men, in a strongly-fortified position, awaiting the attack of the Americans. Twiggs, having made a reconnoissance, resolved to attack; thinking perhaps to make a name, he was about to practice General Tay-

lor's method of fighting, and thereby very likely would have been defeated with great slaughter. General Patterson coming up at this juncture, he did not attack. When Scott arrived he adopted an entirely different plan; he was not an officer to plunge in headlong, get his men into trouble, and then, not knowing how to extricate them, do nothing but stand and swagger about, and let fly a volley of oaths.

Our division reached the National Bridge on the 15th, and remained there until the next evening, when we were ordered up to Plan del Rio, sixteen miles beyond; somehow we men understood we were to go only three or four miles that night, so we neglected filling our canteens with water. We marched on several miles, expecting every moment to be ordered to encamp; dense chaparral lined the roadside, and on we jogged; all that could be heard was an occasional growl from some sore-footed and tired soldier, the continual *clink, clink* of our tin cups, and the heavy tramp of many feet. I became so fatigued that I thought it impossible to go farther, but I kept on with my eyes partly shut, *asleep*. When we had gone a dozen miles—it seemed to me thirty—it was reported that the lancers were hovering around, and the officers warned the men not to fall out of the ranks or they would be murdered. Finally we halted for a few moments when Smith, of our company, and myself threw ourselves behind some bushes on the roadside to rest until the troops should start on. No sooner were we down than, contrary to our intention, we fell asleep; nature was exhausted. How long we slept I know not. Suddenly I started up, wide awake, and listened; all was still save the loud breathing of my companion. The lancers! the lancers! struck my mind.

"Smith! Smith!" said I, "up!"

He was awake in a moment.

"Smith, we're left behind, as sure as fate!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he, in a suppressed voice, which showed his vivid sense of our peril; "let us arouse and go after the troops."

"Certainly," I rejoined.

We caught up our knapsacks and muskets, and sprang into the road, at first puzzled to know which way to go. We recollected we had lain down on the left side of the road, and so started on; in half a mile we came to our men asleep, and a little beyond was the river at the base of Cerro Gordo. When day broke, it presented to us one of the wildest of scenes, rough and mountainous. Here we found Patterson's and part of Twiggs' division. That afternoon, Twiggs had a smart skirmish with the enemy, and carried a lower hill south of Cerro Gordo, the main hill, where our soldiers planted some guns in the night.

Upon the particulars of the battle which ensued the next day, I need not dwell. It is well known that the enemy were most thoroughly defeated, and exactly in accordance with the previous dispositions of our general. As we were ascending the hill called by the Mexicans *Telegrafo*, we came across General Scott; how he got there we could not tell. As the men passed him they all cheered; he looked as mild and pleasant as if on a pleasure excursion. On the top of the hill the scene presented all the horrors of the battle-field—dead and dying men all about. Worth ordered the captured guns to be turned on the enemy, who hoisted a white flag.

"Never mind the flag," said he, "fire a few shots any way!" which was done, and then he ordered them to cease. Among the dead I saw here was General Vasquez, a fine-looking man, who fell with his face to the foe; a little stream of blood was oozing from a shot-hole in his head. One soldier lay near him with the top part of his head blown off; the skull had been struck on the back part and cut straight across above the ears, and in that shape thrown over where it still hung by the skin of the forehead like a hinge. One Mexican was in a singular position; it was evident that at the last moment he had seen something which pleased him, and had turned around with his back to his own breastwork, when a ball passed through his head from behind; he thereupon had sunk into a sitting-posture with the smile yet on his face and his musket resting on his arm; he appeared as if yet alive and laughing.

On the 19th, we took up our line of march for Jalapa. All along the road were evidences of the pursuit of the flying Mexicans by Harney's dragoons; it was strewn with the dead and dying. Heaps of the dead lay upon the ground with their skulls literally split open by the sabers of our horsemen. We were evidently entering a better country, fine fields of grain were springing up all around, coffee was seen growing, and the foliage was of a dark, heavy green. That night we bivouacked near Jalapa, and on elevated ground. Sunrise opened to us one of the finest of views; toward Vera Cruz, in the lowlands, it was cloudy and doubtless raining. The clouds were beneath our feet, and as the deep thunder rolled and reverberated through the valleys, we could see the lightning dart up out of heavy banks of mist whose tops were white in the sun's rays. To the left was old Orizaba, topped with perpetual snow. Our officers and men stood enchanted with the view. This was not all: there, to the west, right back of Jalapa, arose stupendous mountains piled on mountains until the tops seemed to pierce the skies; over these lay our road to Mexico.

Worth's division did not stop in Jalapa, but was ordered on to Perote. In a few miles we struck the mountains and entered the wild and gloomy pass of La Hoya, called by our men the Black Pass. On the 22d, we reached the famous Castle of Perote, and were shown the room in which the Mier prisoners were confined. Captain Samuel H. Walker, of the Texan Rangers, was one of those prisoners. It is said, that having assisted with others in some repairs around the flag-staff, he dropped in a crevice a five cent piece, saying as he did it, that the day would arrive when he should have the authority to take it out. As, during the time we were in Mexico, he was appointed commander of the castle, I presume he recovered his sixpence.

At Perote our brigade separated from the other part of Worth's division, and advanced eighteen miles to Tepeyahualco; we there quartered in a mule yard, and I took up my berth in one of the troughs. On the 10th of May, we marched for Puebla, and on the first day saw the singular effects of the mirage; it made the distant landscape look like a lake of water. Our persons were reflected in the distance to a gigantic size, and our horses to the proportions of elephants. We crossed wide tracts of barren sand and met with large quantities of pumice-stone; the mountains were bare and destitute of vegetation. At a mountain pass, "El Pinal," the enemy had

fixed large rocks to roll upon us, but when we came along, they were not there to roll them. On the fourth day from Perote we reached Amazoque, seven miles from the famous City of Puebla; we could discern the cupolas of the cathedrals with their shining and variegated tiles.

Just before reaching Amazoque the road rises up on a high plateau ascending which a most gorgeous panorama burst upon our view; away toward the west arose those famous snow-capped mountains, Popocatepetl and Iztac-cithuatl, rearing their white heads far into the atmosphere. Between us and those mountains stretched away the Valley of Puebla, dotted here and there with the white houses of villages and haciendas; and there in the center stood the large, beautiful City of Puebla de los Angeles—City of the Angels. The country around was fertile and prolific in everything for the comfort of man.

On entering Amazoque the villagers greeted us kindly; the ladies, good-hearted souls, ran and brought huge pitchers of water, and standing in the doors of their humble dwellings, offered us the sparkling liquid with pleasant words and smiling countenances. Feeling certain from the manner of the people, that our entrance into Puebla would be unopposed, Worth ordered us to clean up and put things in order, so that we might make a good appearance on the occasion. Our regiment went into a large fenced yard to clean up after our long and dusty march. Some went to work taking apart their muskets and cleaning them; others got out their whitening and were rubbing up their belts; still others were overhauling their knapsacks, and taking out and mending their extra suit; again, others were shaving themselves—so that the appearance of the troops was as if they were in quarters in some part of the United States: no one dreamed of an enemy being near. It seems, however, that something must have revealed our situation to the Mexicans: suddenly the exclamations burst forth:

"Hark! what is that? It's the long roll. By heavens! we are attacked!"

The scene that transpired cannot be described; our confusion was most complete—men grasping their muskets, that lay all apart, and nervously attempting to put them together, others hurrying on their accouterments, etc. Notwithstanding our defenseless and dangerous condition, it was an extremely ludicrous spectacle to us when we began to fall into line—some were half-shaven—some had on their jackets wrong-side out—others with the cartridge-box on the wrong side. While the confusion was at its height, a man at the gate shouted out, "The lancers are just upon us!" I looked toward the city and saw an immense cloud of dust arising. While all this was transpiring, our light artillery ran out, and, by a few well-directed shots, sent the cowardly rascals galloping back. The result of this affair was that we looked worse next morning than usual.

The next day we entered Puebla; as we passed along the streets, we found them crowded with thousands of people anxious to get a sight of those men that had always proved victorious over their choicest troops. The balconies of fine tall houses were densely thronged with beautiful women who waved their handkerchiefs at us as we advanced. Our men were astonished at the splendor and apparent opulence of the city. We presented a most miserable appearance to the people; we were worn down by our long march, covered with dust and dirt, and from fatigue and sickness, our faces wore a

haggard look. The Pueblese had expected to see something splendid in the aspect of that army that had proved itself so invincible; great was their astonishment at beholding a collection of ill-dressed, poor, dirty, and sickly-looking men.

Near Puebla, are the ancient ruins of Cholula, a city of the Tlascalans, which in the time of Cortes contained two hundred thousand souls and four hundred temples to idols. The famous pyramid of Cholula still marks the spot; it is the most remarkable of all the ruins of the Aztecs. Its base covers the space of a quarter of a mile, and it rises to the height of one hundred and seventy-seven feet.

Puebla is a beautiful city of eighty thousand inhabitants; its streets are broad and lined with many elegant buildings. We were much pleased with the people, and, for my part, I had the good luck to ingratiate myself in the affections of the family of an old Spaniard, consisting of himself, wife, and two agreeable young daughters, with whom I passed many pleasant hours.

Near our quarters in Puebla was an ancient church bearing the date 1628; in its thick walls were niches in which, according to the custom of the country, bodies of children had been deposited after death. While in this city very many of the troops died of the dysentery, brought on by the poor food and change of climate. The stoutest men were the first to sink, and the volunteers suffered far more than the regulars, particularly those from the Southern States. The New York and South Carolina regiments were quartered opposite each other; the latter lost a dozen men to the other's one, and so it was all through the army.

On our arrival at Puebla, our army had been reduced, by the expirations of enlistments and other causes, to less than five thousand men, and thus General Scott was obliged to await there several months for reinforcements. Had government promptly supplied him with troops we could have marched on immediately after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and in a very little while have reached the City of Mexico. The enemy, dispirited by defeat, would have made but feeble resistance to our arms; but the delay gave ample time for Santa Anna to recover from the shock, to recruit his army, and to fortify the approaches to the city. Thousands of valuable lives were lost by the dilatory movements and the want of energy on the part of our government.

Early in August, the army under Scott, having received the expected reinforcements, marched out of Puebla in four divisions, numbering in all ten thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight men. About three thousand men, under Colonel Childs, were left at Puebla; most of these were in the hospitals, over seven hundred of whom died in that city.

Our division left Puebla on the 8th of August; many of the citizens who had become acquainted with us assembled to see us start. Our course was through a beautiful rolling country, dotted with orchards and fruit-gardens; the road was ascending and crossed, before entering the City of Mexico, the Anahuac range of the Cordilleras, the most magnificent portion of that chain of mountains which extends from Cape Horn to the Arctic. The lofty mountains, white with eternal snows, chilled the air at the distance of thirty miles. On the third day we reached Rio Frio, or Cold River, the highest point on the road—ten thousand one hundred and twenty feet above the Gulf of

Mexico—forty-eight miles from Puebla and forty-five from the City of Mexico. The scenery was glorious; at every turn in the road some new object of grandeur burst upon us calling forth exclamations of delight. Soldiers generally seem to be almost entirely insensible to such things and to all the finer emotions of the human heart, but such is not the case; it is owing to the nature of military discipline that the soldier acquires a taciturn habit; *thinking*, however, even in all despotisms, is *free*.

The succeeding night the cold was intense; soon after bivouacking, a cold rain came on, which put out our fires and wet us through, and before morning my clothes had frozen stiff with icicles depending therefrom. The following forenoon we came in view of the beautiful Valley of Mexico. The air in those elevated regions is so very clear as to reduce the apparent distance of objects fully one-half; the City of Mexico, thirty-five miles beyond us, was visible—a little speck in the valley. I heard no extravagant exclamations at the beauty of the scenery; but one, made on a different subject, I well recollect. Our regiment happened to be in the advance, and General Worth and his staff were near us; as we were descending, in the afternoon, into the valley, marching in platoons, the rays of the declining sun striking the mass of bright arms presented a beautiful appearance. Worth observed it, and turning to his staff, exclaimed:

“Gentlemen, look at that! just look at that! Is not that enough to cheer the heart of any man?”

Worth was proud of his men and ambitious. This day's march was a long one; we overtook Twiggs' division at the edge of the valley, at the village of Ayotla. At this point, which was on the main road to the city, we turned off to the left and took post at Chalco, on the lake of the same name. The City of Mexico is approached only by causeways. Santa Anna, supposing that our army would take the main road, had more strongly fortified the approaches to the city by it; the strongest was the fortress El Penon, which completely commanded the road. It mounted fifty-one guns of the heaviest caliber, and was surrounded by a broad and deep ditch. On reconnoitering this position, General Scott saw that it was impossible to take it, except at an immense loss of life; he, therefore, cut a new road to the left, around the western margins of the lakes, Chalco and Xochimilco, which struck the Acapulco road at the village of San Augustine. On the Acapulco road the prominent fortifications to be overcome were, 1. The Hill of CONTRERAS, thoroughly armed with batteries and breastworks. 2. The Bridge of CHURUBUSCO, a *tête du pont* at the crossing of a canal, armed also with cannon. 3. Nearer the city, the Hill of CHAPULTEPEC, on which was the military college. The ranche of San Antonio, and other points on the road were likewise fortified with batteries. Aside from these, the city itself was surrounded by a wall and ditches, with small forts at each of the gates bristling with cannon. Having overcome the various obstacles on our new route, our division reached San Augustine, on the Acapulco road, much to the surprise of its inhabitants who had not expected us in this direction. We knew that hard fighting was now close at hand; the people were shy of us, and their manner indicated that they considered us already about as good as whipped.

The next day, the 18th, our division marched out on the road toward

the city. In a little more than a mile we struck the *pedregal* (volcanic rock), and neared the strongly-fortified rancho of San Antonia; we expected every moment to go into battle. Captain Thornton with his company had dashed ahead to reconnoiter, when, *boom! boom!* struck our ears. Now we have it, boys! and as the sound echoed through the valleys, I saw a deathly paleness come over the faces of the men. I looked on purpose to see the effect it was having on others, for I felt bad myself and wished to know if they appeared as I knew I felt. It was the same with the officers, for war is no respecter of persons, and death is terrible. But what is this coming? It is Captain Thornton's horse! The saddle was all over blood. One of the two shots we just heard, had struck the poor captain and cut him in two.

We moved on, and that night our brigade took up quarters in a huge stone barn. The enemy had a twenty-four pounder in their works at San Antonio and battered our *hotel* with great industry, but little effect. Here we lay inactive, awaiting, as it was understood, for some of the other divisions to make a demonstration to the left of the *pedregal* on the heights of Contreras, where General Valencia, with six thousand troops, "the flower of the Mexican army," was strongly intrenched. During the 19th, it was fair weather all day. As our division of the army was not in those operations before Contreras, I will only give the facts that fell under my own observation at the time.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day (the 19th), we heard a sharp firing in the direction of Contreras, three miles in a right line from us across the *pedregal*, and five by the road. Clouds of smoke were discerned, and as no one came to us, we began to be suspicious that matters were not going on well. We knew the position of the Mexicans from the more dense masses of smoke and from the louder reports of their artillery—their guns being the heaviest; we also noticed the fact that when night came on, our people were no nearer the position of the enemy than when they began.

About dusk, word came to our officers, but nothing to us: this was ominous. Again, the officers stood by themselves, talked low, and suddenly had very long countenances. If any of us moved within hearing distance they instantly ceased talking. After awhile I got a chance to see Lieutenant Gore, commander of our company. He was standing by himself and I went up, saluted, and said:

"Lieutenant, I wish, if you would please inform me, to know how it goes with our side over there this evening: I fear it is not all right?"

"Keep quiet, sergeant!" rejoined he, "and if you won't say anything to the men about it, I'll tell you. The Mexicans are very strongly intrenched over there in the valley, and General Scott ordered that point to be attacked this afternoon, not supposing the enemy were so strong as they really are. Our men had bad luck—they attacked and had to *abandon* their position. The fact is, sergeant," continued Gore, speaking very low, "our fellows are *whipped*, and we all feel very bad about it; but it is the intention to do something to-night, and perhaps we will be called upon."

"Not whipped!" said I.

"No, not *exactly* whipped," rejoined Gore; "but you know, sergeant, when we attack a place and don't take it, we might *as well* be whipped."

He then, again, requested me not to tell the men, as it would make a bad impression. When I returned, my companions flocked around to ascertain what Gore had told me. I, however, "knew nothing" and said "be quiet," all of which they fully understood.

In the course of an hour, when the men had mostly fallen asleep, and the non-commissioned officers were together, I revealed the whole to them. We sat there for hours discussing the matter, and finally concluded that, although hard work was in store for us, Scott was certain to take the city. One by one, we fell asleep. I dropped into a dreamy doze, my mind actively engaged with the scenes around us—yet my thoughts would often be far away with home and loved ones in Ohio. Suddenly I would arouse, and the startling fact come upon me, in all its dreadful reality, that I was far, far away in an enemy's country. Thus the thoughts, continually active, kept flitting about, like some nervous unsteady spirit that could never find a resting-place. So the hours passed on, and in the meanwhile it began to rain. The dripping of the eaves fell at the great doors, and the drops pattered on the roof and leaves with a melancholy sound. "To-morrow," thought I, "may be my last day on earth!" A sense of fear, of extreme reluctance to go in where Death was claiming his victims oppressed me, and then I would shake it off and resolve to go where *duty* called. I felt I was not the only one that might be sacrificed, and if I was doomed to die, I should be remembered by a grateful country.

Two hours past midnight, I heard the gallop of a horse approaching. The rider passed around the barn and by the door, and kept on to our colonel's marquee. It was an aid-de-camp with orders. He dismounted and went in, and I then overheard voices there. A few minutes elapsed when in came our adjutant and called out :

"Men ! men ! wake up ! wake up ! arouse up, all hands ! First sergeants, parade your men and call the roll immediately !"

This was the morning of the 20th of August, 1847, and ere the sun went down five distinct actions were fought with the Mexicans, and five victories won by American valor. These were : 1. The storm of Contreras. 2. The capture of San Antonio. 3. The storm of the *tête-du-pont*. 4. The battle and assault of the church and outworks of Churubusco. 5. The action in the rear of Churubusco with the right wing of Santa Anna's corps. These last three were parts of one drama, but distinct in the skill, the action, and the relative effects. Ten batteries, mounting sixty-one guns, had been carried and the causeway laid open to the very gates of the city. The Mexicans numbered thirty thousand men, and their strength was doubled by their being in fortified positions. The Americans had nine thousand men only engaged. Seldom have such great results with such inferior means been attained in war. But to return.

In thirty minutes the whole brigade was on the march—whither we knew not ; we only knew we were moving in the direction of San Augustine. The night was dark, the rain was pouring, the road was slippery with mud, and we were marching, half-asleep and burdened with our knapsacks. We had started off too without our coffee, and felt weak and miserable, for nothing is more trying to soldiers than to be called on duty from out of a sound sleep without their morning coffee. For days we had had nothing to eat but

hard bread and our coffee, as we could catch time to make it. For my part, I felt in anything but a pleasant mood. Old Major — took occasion to get drunk that morning. He must have begun to pour down the liquor as soon as he heard the order to march, for we had not gone more than two or three miles before he was "good;" and then he thought the whole brigade was drunk, and "wondered where they got their liquor!" It was easy to tell where he got his, for he always had a demijohn in the baggage-wagon: a soldier's knapsack would at any time be "chucked" into the road to make room for his jugs.

We had marched some four miles from the barn when daybreak came on. The clouds rolled away, and we discerned all around us evidences of the previous day's work. Soon after, the rattling fire of musketry was heard in advance of us, and then the heavy booming of the artillery. The officers endeavored to urge us on at double quick time. It was impossible to move fast in the slippery state of the road, burdened as we were by our heavy knapsacks, and having had nothing to eat that morning but dry bread. The fighting ahead was the battle of Contreras, which lasted only twenty minutes. The enemy had been surprised, were driven from their guns, and in their flight were pursued with great slaughter. It was a happy termination to the unfortunate prelude of the day before, and inspired us all with enthusiasm, although we were too late to join in the action.

Worth, who had gone ahead, at this juncture returned to lead us on to the attack of San Antonio. He came galloping up at full speed, his horse in a foam, and his countenance full of animation. He was very angry at seeing us with our knapsacks contrary to his orders, and severely reprimanded the colonel, whose fault it was.

"My men," said he, "instead of being fresh for a hard day's fight, are broken down already. Countermarch, sir, as soon as possible to our old position, and await fresh orders to advance on the enemy! Leave the knapsacks there, and let the men rest a few minutes, sir!"

The officer turned pale at the reprimand, and as all this was said in the presence of the men, they gave Worth one spontaneous, ringing cheer.

When we were ordered to advance, our regiment struck into a cornfield intersected with ditches. We had marched some nine miles that morning, and under such circumstances that, when we entered that cornfield, I was in a state of desperation. My senses were in a measure blunted. I was savage and would have fought, and finally did fight, like a fury incarnate, completely reckless of consequences. It seemed to me then that the only friend I had in the world was my musket. All the men more or less felt as I did. We floundered through the mud, which was deep and sticky in the cornfield, as well as we could. The ditches, which were four feet wide and three deep, delayed us in our advance. Several men tumbled into them in their attempts to cross. Our drunken major had to be helped over, for he was top-heavy from liquor and bottom-heavy from fat. We longed to see him tumble into one of the deepest, for he was despised by the men. We came in a few minutes to a place where I could, by stooping down, see the Mexican breastworks between the rows of corn. We crept on in a stooping posture, wondering we were not discovered and fired on. "Oh!" thought I, "you are reserving your fire until we get close to you. Very

well, you will have only one chance at us, for while you are reloading, those of us that are left will rush on and drive you out."

On we go—we get close to the wall—our hearts beat quickly in momentary expectation of the awful sheet of flame that will flash in our faces. Here we are, right at the breastwork; we shout and rush in with our muskets firmly grasped, and at a charge and cocked: a hundred fingers press nervously on as many triggers, ready to send death broadcast among our enemy. At this exciting moment we find nothing but deserted fortifications.

Where are the enemy? they had retreated and were on the full run toward the city. We rushed on in hot pursuit, and struck the road and entered the village of San Antonio, where we met the rest of our brigade. Clarke's brigade had made a circuit across the pedregal, and intercepted the retreat of the Mexicans, cutting them up dreadfully. Their route was strewn with all sorts of arms and with the wounded and the dying. Many were calling for "agua"—water. Amid the confusion, several Mexican women were running about crying and carrying large bundles of their household goods: some with children in their arms, and others with them strapped to their backs in squaw fashion.

It was here reported to Worth that some of our camp-followers were plundering the church. He ordered them to be seized, tied up, and given thirty-nine lashes apiece. Those fellows were gamblers from the States, who had followed the army from mercenary motives. Ten of these gentlemen were flogged at this time, and with an unction: our soldiers bore them no good will, for they had robbed and plundered them at every chance.

When the enemy were driven out of San Antonio they took up a new position at Churubusco, where they were immediately attacked by the divisions of Twiggs and Pillow. Our division advanced to their assistance, shouting as we ran. As soon as we got under fire our men stopped their cheering, and all hands became as docile as lambs. It is wonderful to notice the leveling effect the getting into battle has alike on officers and men. It is a time when no one man feels more aristocratic than another: those iron balls are no respecters of persons.

To our division was assigned the task of attacking the *tête-du-pont*, or bridge-head. We deployed and approached through the cornfields, sinking ankle-deep in the mud, and leaping the ditches as well as we could. Some being weak in their underpins waded through. Not a few scenes occurred so ludicrous that a man would certainly laugh if he knew he was to be shot the next moment solely on that account; for some, in their attempts to leap the ditches, jumped short, struck the opposite bank, and then fell backward full length into the dirty water.

We were in full view of the enemy from their elevated positions: although they were pouring in upon us a murderous fire, which was taking off our men in all directions, yet we could not refrain from laughter when we saw a poor fellow in his awkwardness tumble into a ditch and then crawl out, like a half-drowned puppy, with the dirty water dripping from him and his ammunition and musket rendered useless from the wet.

It was severe work crossing those ditches and floundering about in the mud, water, and corn, all under a tremendous fire of grape and musketry.

In that bloody field many were the men I saw instantly deprived of life. One circumstance occurred to me that I shall relate. I had leaped a ditch just as a heavy load of grape-shot from one of the guns in the *tête-du-pont* struck all about me. I remained untouched, but an artillery-man immediately in front of me sank heavily to the earth, struck by a grape-shot doubtless in a vital part, for I did not hear him utter a groan. At the same instant I heard a cry in the rear calling piteously for help. I had heard that cry often before, and supposing some one was wounded, would have paid no attention to it but for the fact that I had stopped to load my musket. The cry for help was repeated so piteously that I looked back, and there was a poor fellow, another of the artillery, who had fallen wounded into the water, where he was struggling to extricate himself. I leaned my musket against a broken cornstalk to keep it out of the mud, and sprang to help him. He had been wounded in the knee and side. I seized his left hand with my left, put my right hand behind his left shoulder, and had raised him just on the edge of the ditch when another load of grape-shot came sweeping and clattering all about with dreadful velocity. My relative position to the gun was such that the shot came in a quartering direction to my right side and back. One of the grape-shots passed over my right arm and struck my poor comrade just behind the left ear, knocking out the back part of his head, killing him instantly. He gave a heavy lurch backward, falling into the ditch, and so suddenly was it done that I came near going in with him. My regiment had in the meantime got far ahead. Such are some of the bloody scenes of war.

With more jumping of ditches, we come near enough to the enemy to discern the buttons on their coats. With a little more firing they break and run, and we have possession of the *tête-du-pont*. They crowd out the other side, but our bayonets travel faster than they, and many fall as they run. Now and then one, braver than his companions, turns and sends a bullet at our faces—*zip!* it comes. Bless me! if that had struck one in the mouth, it would be all the supper he would want this day! Away they scamper, like some huge cloud, their muskets and great-coats, as they throw them down, strewing the road. Then we cheer with exultant victory. We feel full to overflowing with military enthusiasm. Big tears fill our eyes and run down our cheeks, for we have stormed the fort and it is ours.

Thus ended this great day—a day of five distinct battles and of five victories. The whole army remained near the field of battle. We now went to work gathering wood for the cooks to prepare our coffee. We had been too busy through the day to think of eating. Hunger most dreadful seized upon us, and, now that the battle was over, I thought of nothing and cared for nothing, but something to eat. As soon as I had drank my coffee and cleaned out my haversack of the remains of the hard bread, I wanted to sleep. I was covered with mud from head to foot, my clothes were stiff with mud and my body stiff with fatigue. I had lived and worked an age that day; while hungry, I did not feel any fatigue. This satisfied, a most indescribable sensation of exhaustion and soreness came over me, so that I could scarcely move. It had begun to rain, so I crawled under one of the company's wagons, took a stone for a pillow, put my handkerchief on that, and laid down in my muddy state. I was very soon asleep. Thousands

were worse off. How was it with the poor wounded men who, added to this dreadful fatigue, were suffering from agonizing wounds that would not permit even the luxury of sleeping under a wagon. The dead were better off than any of us. Ah! what untold miseries have been suffered on the battle field!

On awaking the next morning, I felt all over as if I had been beaten half to death with clubs. We soon after passed over the field of our recent conflict. The Mexican dead were lying around in heaps—some in the muddy ditches and others half in. Some of them were so much mangled and trampled in the mud that it seemed almost impossible to recognize the horrible mass as ever having been a human being. Countenances expressing various emotions were shown—some looking pleasant in death, others exhibited extreme agony; others still there were with knit brow and compressed lip, showing determination and revenge. Dead horses and mules were lying about, and thousands of small arms, muskets, escopets, swords, bayonets, lances, cartridge-boxes, belts, blankets, great-coats of all colors, uniform caps of all shapes, etc. Immense damage appears to have been done to their music bands, as prodigious quantities of musical instruments were scattered all over the field—drums, fifes, bugles, clarionets, trombones, ophclides, etc. Their defeat had been complete.

Our division took post at Tacubaya, three miles distant. On the same day, General Scott was met by commissioners from Santa Anna, proposing an armistice, ostensibly with a view to peace. It was, however, a mere stratagem on the part of the wily Mexican, to gain time to recover from his defeats and put the city in a better state of defense. He had no authority to conclude a treaty, and beside, the Mexican people were indisposed to peace. Our noble general, ever anxious to put an end to the strife of arms, acceded to the proposals in good faith, "for," said he in his beautiful letter, written at the time, "enough blood has been shed in this unnatural war."

The negotiations failed as our enemies designed, and on the 7th of September, Scott took measures to resume hostilities. To give a comprehensive idea of the situation and defenses of the enemy, which we attacked the next day, I make an extract from Mansfield's "Mexican War."

"On the 7th of September, Scott, having determined to carry the City of Mexico by assault, accompanied by General Worth, made a reconnoissance of the formidable defenses of the enemy immediately in front of Tacubaya, and commanding the principal causeway and the aqueduct supplying the city with water. This observation determined the general-in-chief to attack what may be called the defenses of Chapultepec. These were several, collaterally supporting one another, and constituting on the whole a very strong *point d'appui* and support for the Mexican army; the larger part (if not the whole) was now assembled at this point. We must now take a view of these defenses to understand the actions which ensued. Early on the same morning, Captain Mason of the engineers made a close and daring reconnoissance of the enemy's line, round and on Chapultepec. The results of this investigation may be thus stated:

The little village of Tacubaya, at which were General Scott's headquarters, is about two miles and a half from the City of Mexico. About twelve hundred yards north of it, just point-blank range for twelve-pounders, is the hill

and fortified buildings of Chapultepec. At this point, the causeway branches off to the east, being about two miles in length to the city. The Tacubaya road passed on till, in two miles more, it entered the San Cosme causeway. These causeways are the avenues to the city; and bombs and cannon of heavy caliber, placed on the hill of Chapultepec, *could command them, and the city itself*. The knowledge of this fact informs us, at once, why General Scott deemed it necessary to possess this castle, in order to take the city. Once possessed, the city must fall of course. Without it, the avenues to the city, and the city itself, would be exposed to the bombardment of the enemy's batteries.

Let us now examine in detail, the particular points of the defense.

CHAPULTEPEC is a porphyritic rock, called in the Aztec language, "Grass-hopper's Hill." It rose from the former margin of the lake—was the resort of the Aztec princes, and is the real site of the much-sought Halls of the Montezumas. Here are the remains of gardens, groves, and grottoes—the lingering remnants of that magnificence which adorned the ancient City of Mexico. Here also, the Spanish viceroys selected their residence, as the most beautiful spot in the Valley of Mexico. And here was now placed the military college. The cadets of the institution were now among its defenders. The buildings on the top were well fortified, and the base of the hill was nearly surrounded by a thick stone wall. On the north, east, and south, this hill was abrupt and stony. On the west only (from the city) it seemed to permit any approach. On this side, down the slope, was a heavy forest. On this side, the American commander determined to assault it; but here also were formidable defenses.

EL MOLINO DEL REY is just at the foot of this hillslope—adjoins the grove of trees, and is a stone building of thick and high walls, with towers at the end. This was strongly garrisoned, and made a sort of depot, and was supposed to have been used as a foundry recently, though really built for mills, and called 'the King's Mill.'

CASA DE MATA is another massive, thick-walled stone building, standing about four hundred yards to the west of Molino del Rey, and in a straight line with that and the castle of Chapultepec. It is also at the foot of a gentle declivity or ridge, descending from the village of Tacubaya.

It follows then, from this topographical survey, that Chapultepec is a position commanding all the roads around, and that this position can be approached only on one side, on which is a grove of trees; and that at the foot of this slope, lie Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata, well defended, so that the first attack must necessarily be made on Molino del Rey, or Chapultepec could not be taken; and if not taken, there was no safe passage to the city. The first thing to be done then, was the storming of Molino del Rey.

Accordingly, after the reconnoissance of the 7th, General Scott ordered General Worth with the first division, reinforced by Cadwallader's brigade and a detachment of dragoons and artillery, to attack and carry the lines and defenses of the enemy at the foot of the hill, capture Molino del Rey, destroy the supposed *materiel* there, and then withdraw again to the village of Tacubaya.

The position of the enemy was well selected to defend the naturally strong grounds they had assumed. His left rested upon and occupied the

stone building, Molino del Rey ; his right, in the same manner, rested upon the stone building called Casa de Mata. Midway between these was his field-battery, and on each side of it were his lines of infantry.

It must be recollected, however, that when this arrangement was made, no one in the American army knew the real strength of the fortified posts occupied by the Mexican army. Worth made the most judicious arrangements for the attack. The object in view was to break up, 1. The enemy's lines of intrenchments, and, 2. To destroy the munitions in Molino del Rey, after which the troops were to retire. Those defenses being completely under the guns of the Castle of Chapultepec, it may be assumed that the commanding-general deemed it unnecessary to retain the troops in that exposed situation, when the object for which they had gone there had been accomplished.

Worth divided his corps into three columns, with a reserve, to act respectively against the wings and center of the enemy. 1. The right column (opposite the enemy's left, Molino del Rey) was composed of Garland's brigade, to look at and in time attack El Molino. This column was accompanied by Captain Drum and two pieces of artillery. To attack with this column, and thus keep in check Chapultepec and its defenses, Captain Huger's battery of twenty-four pounders was placed on the ridge descending from Tacubaya, and at about six hundred yards from El Molino. 2. A storming party of five hundred picked men was placed to the left of this battery, under the command of Major Wright, of the Eighth Infantry, to assail the enemy's center and capture his field-battery. 3. The second brigade (now under the command of Colonel M'Intosh) was placed higher up the ridge, accompanied by Duncan's battery, to watch the enemy's left, support Major Wright, or assail, as circumstances might require. Cadwallader's brigade was held in reserve, in a position between the last column (M'Intosh's) and the battering guns, that they might support either column, as they might need. Sumner's dragoons were on the extreme left, guarding that flank. Such were the dispositions made by Worth on the night of the 7th of September. At three o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the columns were put in motion, and at daylight they were all in their respective positions."

We had in the field, on the morning of this bloody day, under General Worth, a trifle over three thousand men against nearly four times our number, in their own chosen positions, in their own country, right at the gates of their own capital, under the eyes of their wives and sweethearts to encourage them on to deeds of valor. Having got into our respective positions, we awaited until the morning light should enable us to move against our foe. As we silently lay in our positions, like crouched tigers ready for the fatal spring, not a sound disturbed the awful stillness of the morning. Soon the sun began to shoot up some of its first rays, when the whole eastern horizon assumed an enchanting aspect, with the dark outlines of distant mountains projected, sharp, cold, and clear, against it. All around us the landscape was enveloped in a midnight-like darkness : not an object could be discerned, yet near was the City of Mexico, and, right in front, our foes strongly intrenched behind their death-dealing batteries.

While each was silently contemplating this scene and busy with the

thoughts of the coming battle, the clear ringing blasts of a solitary bugle came from the heights of Chapultepec; then succeeded the roll of drums with their continuous rattling music. It was the Mexican reveillé. It filled the whole valley for miles around, until striking the distant mountain gorges, it came back in prolonged echoes.

In a few minutes more—*boom ! boom !* went our two twenty-four pounders. Ye gods ! how they roared !—and as those two reports rolled away over the valley and struck the distant mountains, it seemed like the crashing of mighty thunder. Every living soul within thirty miles, it seemed to me, must have been startled by the concussion. Instantly the Mexican reveillé ceased and all again was silent save the far-distant muttering echoes of those guns. Again those two iron monsters opened their capacious throats, and roared their thunder in terrific peals over the doomed capital, while the balls went crashing right through the buildings on the left wing of the enemy. A few more discharges and our little storming party rushed forward. The Mexicans laid down and coolly awaited their approach. What followed I give as told to me by Montgomery, one of our men detailed for the purpose.

"We advanced at a quick pace until within a few yards, when we halted a moment until Captain Mason, of the engineers, ran up for a close inspection. Not a single soul could he see : swinging his hat, Mason sang out—'Forward, men ! there is no one here !' I knew better, for, although I did not see any Mexicans, I discerned some field guns glistening in the light of the gray eastern dawn. We rushed forward, when, as if by magic, the whole ground became alive with Mexicans, who, as they rose to their feet, poured into our men a perfect storm of shot. Our fellows dashed in and actually captured their guns, when the enemy seeing what a mere handful we were, rallied and by their overwhelming numbers bore us down, retook their guns, and compelled the remnant of us to retreat to the main body."

In this desperate charge, our storming party lost four out of every five men engaged : of the fourteen officers with them, eleven were either killed or wounded.

Now came our turn ; up we sprang and charged down upon the enemy's position. They were in and on the tops of houses, and behind sandbags. Our regiment and some of the artillery for a few moments sheltered themselves behind the bend of a high wall. While in this position, Captain Drum's battery was dragged forward by hand. Owing to their position, these guns could only be worked right in the road, which was so dreadfully raked by musketry and grape-shot that it was almost certain death to remain there. One of them was run forward to near our point of shelter. It stood for some moments, no one attempting to load or fire it. What had become of the artillery company I know not : the man with the rammer was there. Some of us stepped out and loaded and fired it several times with grape. While at this place I looked to see what was going on at our left, and descried our forces moving regularly down in order of battle, charging on the enemy.

My eye at this moment caught a little incident. Just out in the open space beyond the gun, was a large maguay plant ; behind this, down on one knee, was an infantry sergeant deliberately loading and firing. The plant

being spongy was of no more protection than so much paper. He was under a complete shower of balls, they struck all around him, hit the plant apparently right in front of him, and I expected every moment to see him fall; yet he kept coolly on at his work, and may have escaped unharmed.

In the course of five minutes, we were ordered to charge out on the road and then down to a large gate, the main entrance to the interior of the houses and the works on that side of the mill. We burst open the gate, which let us into the yard and rear of the whole concern. There we found a large body of the enemy, in the yards, in the houses, and on the roofs. For about three-quarters of an hour we had the hardest fighting in all my experience. At first we had to take it in the open yards, then we got into the houses, and there we had hot work too. Often we were in a house while the enemy covered the roof. In passing from one house to another, those on the roofs fired down upon us. Many of our men were laid out in this manner. I came near being caught myself. While in one of the houses, in starting to run through a small hall open to the roof, I happened to cast my eye up, and there saw a big Mexican in the act of taking aim at me. I darted back just in time to escape the ball which came down, *crack*, on the very spot I had occupied. "Bless you, my chap!" thought I, "mind if I don't punish you for that!" and as I stood back with my musket cocked and my finger on the trigger to catch a sight of him, several of our men entered the room, among whom was a corporal of artillery. He came rushing along, and before I could arrest his progress, he got into the little hall and unaccountably stopped there. I yelled to him, and at that instant a ball from above passed his face and sank into his breast. He fell into my arms, when I laid him down and he died instantly. Seeing this, we determined to stop the game. We fixed ourselves on each side of the door, and by a little maneuvering, made it rather a hot climate for those gentlemen up there. We were not satisfied until five of them had turned a somerset into that little hall and their companions had emigrated to more comfortable quarters. This is the way matters went for some time. The slaughter was prodigious. Notwithstanding their losses, the enemy stood up to their work and fought desperately. The fact was, that in this battle the Mexicans were mostly drunk, and Dutch courage, as the kind this produces is called, sometimes works wonders.

We took many prisoners in this place. When we motioned to them to throw down their arms and surrender, some thought we meant that they should fall on their knees. On getting hold of their arms, we usually broke them over the edges of stones. In one place in the yard, were some seventy prisoners all together, guarded by a few of our men detailed for the purpose. The guard neglected to break all of their arms, so there were, including those of our soldiers who had been killed, many serviceable muskets scattered there over the ground. Some of the guard, instead of watching their prisoners, turned around and were busy shooting at the enemy. A big, burly Mexican sergeant, observing how carelessly they were guarded, thought he could escape. He shouted out something to his companions in Spanish, and springing to one side, picked up a loaded musket. Another of the prisoners did the same. The sergeant then shot the sentinel nearest to him through the stomach. This was my dirty Dutchman of Pittsburgh,

who was flogged at Camp Salubrity. The Dutchman returned the fire, but missed and shot another prisoner who was not trying to escape, and then died. The guard calling for help—that the prisoners were escaping—myself and others ran to their aid. I gave chase to the Mexican sergeant, and as my gun was discharged when I came up, he got the long, slender piece of bright steel at the end of my musket, which caused one Mexican less.

Shortly after this little emeute, the Mexicans were driven entirely from these works, and they were destroyed. We had gained the victory, but at an awful expense. Our loss in killed and wounded was over seven hundred men, one-fourth of all our entire force in the action. We had, however, driven fourteen thousand Mexicans from their fortifications, and taken over eight hundred prisoners, among whom were some of their most skillful generals.

My personal adventures this day were considerable. I had very many narrow escapes. My clothing was pierced four times: 1. A musket ball struck the band of my cap, just above my right ear. 2. A grape-shot cut through the bottom of my pantaloons on the inside of my left ankle. 3. A musket ball passed through the inner side of my pantaloons at my right thigh. 4. Another musket ball clipped the top of my left shoulder.

The battle of Molino del Rey was the severest action of the war. For the time it lasted, it was almost unprecedented: as many men were here killed and wounded in two hours, as at Buena Vista in two days. Such hard fighting none of us ever before experienced: the very air appeared to be full of fire and iron hail; it was astonishing to me that we were not all killed.

Some incidents that occurred I here detail. When the heat of the action was over and only a few scattering shots were being exchanged, some of the men went looking around over the premises to make discoveries. One of them, a curious genius of G company, heard a voice calling to him, "Stevens, for heaven's sake, give me a little water!" He sprang to supply the poor fellow's wants; on coming up to him, who should it prove to be but Lester, who had some time previously deserted from his company, joined the Mexicans, and was badly wounded in this battle! He had recognized Stevens, and supposing he would help him, had called to him, as we have seen. "Yes!" replied Stevens, "I'll give you water—plenty of it!" and so saying, he picked him up and threw him into the millrace. Lester, poor scamp, floated down over the water-wheel, and then disappeared under a culvert where the water ran for more than a mile before it came to light again.

"Stevens, that was too bad!" exclaimed one of us to him.

"Good enough for a deserter!" answered he, with an oath.

Another incident or two and I am done. When driven out from the mill, the Mexicans fired upon us from Chapultepec. Their shot was taking effect on a back-porch of a house in the yard, so that we kept shy of the place. A soldier of the Fourteenth Infantry came along, apparently looking for plunder. We warned him to keep away from that porch. "Oh!" said he, "I know what I'm about," and carelessly loitered there in full view of the enemy from the castle. He came near being hit several times: finally a heavy shot struck him in the haunch, knocking the whole left thigh right

from under him. "Oh! you d—d rascals!" he exclaimed, "you have got me at last!" and immediately died.

That evening those of us who survived had returned to our old quarters at Tacubaya; very many that had rested the last night in the building were cold in death—others were in the hospital groaning with agonizing wounds.

The first duty after a battle is for the commanding officers to make out a report of the transactions of their respective commands during the fight, and send them in to the general. Lieutenant Gore in his company report, had recommended Sergeant Howard, Private Montgomery, and myself for meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey. By act of Congress any non-commissioned officers so recommended were to receive commissions in the army, and any private an additional monthly pay of two dollars. Old —, the officer whose duty it was to send these reports to Worth, got beastly drunk, and never sent in our names at all. We thus lost our commissions. This affair grieved us much. Howard declared he would not stay in an army where such injustice was suffered; as for myself, the injury rankled in my breast for years.

Our military operations were at this time retarded by the weather, for it was the rainy season. This kind of weather has a regularity in Mexico unknown to us. It operates in this way. You arise in the morning to find a clear sky and a glorious sun. The trees have a peculiar freshness and a cool, rich green, grateful to the eye. The bright blue sky continues until noon or a little past, with a soft, bland air that makes every breath a luxury. Delicious perfumes of tropical plants and fruits fill the atmosphere and enhance the charms of these morning hours. Past noon small flecks of clouds appear; directly the whole heavens are overcast with dark masses, and the rain begins to pour, accompanied more or less by thunder and lightning. After midnight, the clouds vanish and the stars appear. When day again dawns the weather of yesterday is repeated, with its bright sun, blue sky, fresh foliage, luxurious atmosphere, delicious odors, and then angry clouds, rain, thunder, and lightning.

General Scott next made arrangements to attack the fortifications of Chapultepec. Our division was held in reserve, and it fell to the lot of others to advance and carry out these operations. When the castle was taken, the enemy came down in great numbers. We sprang up from our position and pursued them some distance in their retreat toward the city. Wishing to see the castle, I then ran around to the point from whence they had retreated, ascended a long flight of steps, and got in just before General Scott rode up. Our men were nearly crazy with joy, hurraing and swinging their caps. Nothing could surpass the scene. The soldiers crowded around Scott in the wildest enthusiasm, cheering, catching him by the feet, and manifesting every token of joy. The old soldier for a moment was entirely overcome with emotion; great tears rolled down his cheeks, nor did he attempt to wipe them away. Those tears arose from an overflowing heart—from gratitude to his brave men who loved him as children love a father. Finally the beloved old general addressed them, the tears streaming all the time. I recollect only these few words: "Fellow soldiers! You have this day been baptized in blood and fire, and you have come out steel!" I am

not ashamed to confess I too was among the excited ones, for I cried like a child.

A little after this, Corporal M'Crelish, of my company, and myself, walked out some distance on the San Cosme causeway toward the city. This causeway runs north from Chapultepec about half a mile to the intersection of another road, and then makes an angle and leads directly into the city. At the angle was a battery, and between it and the city another still, and a third battery was at the city gate, which was a strongly-fortified arched stone work. We went as far as the angle, and at that time not a single Mexican soldier was to be seen between Chapultepec and the city gate. Had our troops then advanced, the whole causeway could have been occupied with simply the trouble of marching on to it. We immediately returned and reported what we had seen, but without having any attention paid to us. This neglect cost many lives.

Near noon, Worth ordered his division to advance on this route. Our regiment was in front. In a few minutes we got warmly engaged with the enemy, who had thrown troops into those batteries. We took shelter behind the arches of the aqueduct, and ran from one to the other until about one o'clock, when we carried the first work and the enemy fell back to the next nearer the gate.

While we were holding the first battery, General Scott came up and ordered Worth to advance on the gate, called by the Mexicans "Garita." Just about this time, the fragment of our company that was on the ground, advanced alone and unsupported nearly up to the second battery. The enemy had got some cannon and a large force of infantry in this work. Along with our company was Sergeant Bloss, who that day was color-bearer. He had rashly advanced without his guard excepting two or three men. We crept along with but little opposition until we arrived at a point where the street widened. There Bloss attempted, in company with half a dozen others, to cross to the other side, to a vacant space beside a house which stood between it and the enemy. While running across, a perfect storm of grape and musketry was poured into them. The rest of us remained under the arches of the aqueduct, and the only officer near was Lieutenant Gore. When this discharge came, Bloss was swept into eternity, and the colors fell in the dust almost within reach of the enemy. As the Mexicans saw them fall, they rushed out for them, yelling like demons. One of our men thereupon sprang from behind the arches, seized them and thus saved the honor of the regiment. I was on the start for that purpose myself, but this man was too quick for me. The enemy still came bounding on, shouting as they ran, and we retreated as fast as we could, for they were too many for us. They chased us until we got back nearly to the corner battery, when they were brought up by a load of grape-shot from one of our guns. Our colors escaped by a very narrow chance falling into their hands. Had they got them, it would have been an everlasting stigma upon us. For a regiment to lose its colors, in any other way than by a surrender or the actual capture of the whole corps, is considered as a sign of cowardice, for of all things the colors are to be defended. They are the rallying point, the embodiment of the honor of the regiment, and must be protected as long as a single soldier is left alive to fight for them.

When the other officers and men learned of this event they were much alarmed, and it was kept as quiet as possible. Had the Mexicans captured them, they would have crowed greatly over their prize. They would have got a splendid trophy, for they were wounded at Monterey with twenty-six balls, and in every battle more or less riddled. Sergeant Bloss was after a commission when he acted so rashly. When we subsequently came up to where he had fallen, we found him stripped entirely naked. The dirty dogs had a habit of stripping our dead when they got a chance, especially the officers whose clothes were valuable. It was not the case with Bloss, however, for he had put on that day a miserable old worn out suit to save his good ones; and the only object the Mexicans had in stripping him, doubtless was to vent their spite in failing to get our glorious old colors that had waved in triumph over many a hard fought field.

Some time after the first battery was carried, our whole division moved forward toward the Garita gate, which was then battered severely by our twenty-four pounders. Outside of the gate was a collection of houses which afforded us some protection. After skirmishing, digging through the walls, passing through back-yards, and firing from the windows and the roofs of houses, we finally, just before sunset, charged on the gate itself, and carried it, and thus we were in the City of Mexico.

Worth now came up, and seeing some of us standing around, inquired :

"What regiment is this?"

We answered; upon which he replied :

"God bless the Fourth Infantry! God bless them!"

He ordered up the twenty-four pounders, and then said :

"Give 'em a few more shots, and I don't care a —— where they go!"

It was done, and one of the shells fell and exploded in a nunnery, and did considerable damage. That night we occupied the mansion of a Catholic bishop, close by the gate. It was a handsomely furnished establishment, with fine beds, Brussels carpets, and paintings on the walls. We availed ourselves of our privileges as conquerors, and searched very thoroughly, but unsuccessfully, for money. For my own part, I did nothing more wicked than to break into the buttery and regale myself with some nice preserves.

The next day the city surrendered. I here insert an extract from the report of General Scott, giving the particulars of the surrender and a summary of our operations in the Valley of Mexico.

"About four o'clock next morning (September 14, 1847), a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before; and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied, that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy upon the city a moderate contribution for special purposes; and that the American army should come under no terms not self-imposed: such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose.

Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a

fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their objects were to gratify national hatred, and in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted houses. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed, and the city is already tranquil and cheerful under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops.

This army has been more disgusted than surprised, that by some sinister process on the part of certain individuals at home, its numbers have been, generally, almost trebled in our public papers, beginning at Washington.

Leaving, as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera Cruz, Perote, and Puebla, with much larger hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the same cause (general paucity of numbers) to abandon Jalapa, we marched (August 7-10) from Puebla with only ten thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine men brought up by Brigadier-General Pierce, August 6.

At Contreras, Churubusco, etc., (August 20) we had but eight thousand four hundred and ninety-seven men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustine (our general depot), the intermediate sick and the dead; at Molino del Rey (September 8), but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all three thousand two hundred and fifty-one men—were in the battle; in the two days—September 12th and 13th—our whole operating force, after deducting again the recent killed, wounded, and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoac (the then general depot) and that of Tacubaya, was but seven thousand one hundred and eighty; and finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession (September 14th) of this great capital with less than six thousand men. And I reassert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three-and-a-half times its numbers—in several of them by a yet greater excess.

I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico.

August 19, 20.—Killed, one hundred and thirty-seven, including fourteen officers. Wounded, eight hundred and seventy-seven, including sixty-two officers. Missing (probably killed), thirty-eight rank and file. Total, one thousand and fifty-two.

September 8.—Killed, one hundred and sixteen, including nine officers. Wounded six hundred and sixty-five, including forty-nine officers. Missing, eighteen rank and file. Total, seven hundred and eighty-nine.

September 12, 13, 14.—Killed, one hundred and thirty, including ten officers. Wounded, seven hundred and three, including sixty-eight officers. Missing, twenty-nine rank and file. Total, eight hundred and sixty-two.

Grand total of losses, two thousand seven hundred and three, including three hundred and eighty-three officers.

On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions, in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty-odd thousand men—posted always in chosen positions, behind intrenchments or more formidable defenses of nature and art; killed or wounded of that number more than seven thousand officers and men; taken three thousand seven hundred and thirty prisoners, one-seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been Presidents of this republic; captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, beside fifty-seven wall pieces, twenty thousand small arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, etc.

Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, etc., twenty-odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about two thousand five hundred—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at free quarters upon their own people.”

Well, here we were in the City of Mexico, and although it was evident that our fighting was, for the present at least, over, yet immediate peace did not appear probable. The people were disinclined to peace: they felt sore and mortified under their many chastisements. To be whipped on every single battle-field; to be without one single victory over the “North Americans” was a very hard fact for their digestion—for not even one did the bloody god vouchsafe to this hybrid race, who are so eternally worshipping in his hideous temples.

Our duty was now altogether of guard. There were enough common people in this city of two hundred thousand souls, had they had the energy, to have crushed us with all ease. Half of our force had to be on post at once to guard against insurrection. Our duty was very irksome, for the other half, not on guard, were obliged to have on their belts, and their arms close at hand, ready for any emergency.

Large quantities of tropical fruits were brought into the city to sell to the soldiers. Many of the men became sick in consequence of over-indulgence. The result was that our regimental commander issued orders against fruit-venders, and also against the introduction of liquor into the quarters. A Mexican was detected one day selling liquor to our men; by order of Lieutenant H., he was stripped, tied to a stack of muskets, and given forty lashes with a raw-hide. The poor fellow begged for mercy, and promised not to do so again: it was of no avail, he received the full number. I was indignant at this cruelty, my blood boiled, and I could, with a good grace, have sprung upon the officer and punished him for his uncalled-for severity. He had no right to thus treat a citizen of another country.

I should like, had I space, to detail many things of interest connected with our sojourn in the city—the curiosities of the place, the customs of the people, and incidents connected with ourselves there. These I must pass over. On the 16th of December, our division moved out of the city and took up their quarters again at Tacubaya.

I will now speak somewhat at length upon the subject of punishment in the army. Years ago, flogging for every offense, excepting desertion, was

abolished by law. It is necessary to discipline that punishments should be enforced; but they ought to be of a reformatory nature. They are, however, of a most degrading and disgusting character, worse in their tendency even than flogging. It is common to speak of the savage as being refined in cruelty; but I will *pit* some officers of our army against the most accomplished savage in inventive powers for inflicting suffering. The hellish ingenuity of some of these men in torture would have made them an acquisition to the Spanish Inquisition in its most bloody era. Want of sympathy for the soldier, and tyranny in their intercourse with him, are seldom or never seen in officers appointed from civil life. Not so with many of the graduates of West Point. They enter that institution mere boys. While there, they are about as effectually secluded from the world, as girls in a nunnery. On graduating, they are sent perhaps to some isolated post on the frontier. The result is that they come to the command of soldiers without any knowledge of men, and with the idea taught by the despotism of a military education, that the common soldier is but a little better than a brute. "Why! you should not talk to that man—he is but a common soldier!" said a West Point cadet to a little brother there on a visit. Such is an incident that illustrates the ideas of many of those officers, of the rank and file of the army. With such ideas there can be no humanity felt for the soldier. We need not wonder then at the invention of some of the modes of treating the offending soldiers, I here describe.

1. At Camp Salubrity a very common method of punishment was to compel the offender to walk to and fro with the sentinel, for hours at a time, carrying a log of fifty pounds weight on his shoulders; then he would be allowed to rest a half an hour or an hour. This is a very severe punishment, and if there was not danger of killing the man, he would not be allowed to rest at all. 2. Compelling the offender to stand on a barrel-head, four hours on and one off, with a heavy log on his shoulders. This is worse than the first. I have seen men in this position cry in agony, and when it was impossible for nature to hold out any longer, to tumble off. 3. To stand on a barrel-head with the face blackened like a negro. 4. The culprit has a barrel put over him, with a hole in the top to receive his head, and holes on the sides for his arms; thus accoutered, and with face blackened, he is compelled to walk post with the sentry. 5. A ball of from six to thirty-two pounds weight is attached by a chain to his leg. 6. An iron collar is put on his neck, with three projecting prongs, so that it is very difficult for the wearer to lie down to rest. 7. Bucking is the name of another severe punishment. The man is made to sit down with his knees drawn up to his chest; his wrists are tied together; his elbows pulled down below and back of his knees, and, when there, a strong stick is run through above his elbows and under his legs. In this situation the man is entirely helpless and would die if not relieved. The more fleshy he is, the more severe is the punishment.

I have repeatedly bucked Bailey, a man of my company, by order of an officer, and placed him in the hot sun for six and eight hours at a time. On one occasion, while he was thus bucked, I released him to attend to an imperative call. The officer discovered it and demanded my reasons for it.

"By the Lord, sir!" said he, when I had told him, "I have a notion to serve you in the same way."

I answered that I thought I was doing right.

"By the Lord, sir!" he again rejoined, "you have no right to think!—there are others to think for you."

The next day, he asked me if I had attended to a certain matter. I replied, "I did not think of it."

"Not think!" exclaimed he, "what have you a head for, if it is not to think?"

I told him then that yesterday he said "I had no right to think!" At this he flew into an awful passion, and swore he would reduce me to the ranks. This is only one of the numberless instances of the abuse and indignity I suffered from tyranny while in the army. It is well for him or any other officer, that I was not degraded by any of these disgusting punishments. If I know my own heart, I believe I should have shot the author of any such brutality to my person, if I had had to wait years a chance for doing it.

Sometimes, when men are bucked or suffering other punishment, they will yell or say something looking like defiance. In every instance of this nature, I have known officers to order the man to be gagged with a stick or the barrel-end of a bayonet, and sometimes with two bayonets. In these instances the stick or bayonet is thrust into the mouth between the teeth away to the root of the tongue; strings are then fastened to the front of the stick or bayonet, and tied taut to the back of the neck. The man thus gagged is incapable of uttering a word. I have seen men with their thumbs fastened together by a string—the other end of the string slipped over a nail or peg driven so high that the poor fellows, with arms stretched over their heads, have been obliged to stand on tiptoe, and, even in that position, to bear a great part of their weight on their thumbs. When in this cruel posture, I have known officers so hard-hearted as to walk away regardless of the most piteous cries for mercy.

I have seen good old soldiers, that had been in the service of their country for upward of twenty years, punished for some little indiscretion by some young officer, just graduated from West Point, who wanted to show his authority, and who himself was, at the very moment, reeling from the previous night's debauch. I witnessed at Tacubaya, in the main plaza, some men of the Fifth Infantry tied to heavy pieces of wood in the form of a cross, with their arms stretched out and then laid on their backs, with their faces to the burning sun of Mexico: there they remained until many of them had to be carried to the hospital in a fainting condition. I have known many men in good health to be punished in some of these ways, to be taken sick immediately after, be carried to the hospital, and then not to come from thence until they were carried out feet foremost. Who were their murderers?

How much was there I never saw! Bitterly have I heard men complain of their officers, when on guard with me out of officers' hearing. Many a man have I heard say, "Well, I will never rush in and fight and hurra so hard again to *brevet* a scoundrel, that abuses me as some of our officers do." These tyrannical officers sometimes get what they deserve from their own

men in time of battle—a bullet in their bodies. I relate an instance I knew of, in which, I believe, an officer fell a victim to the revenge of one of his men.

On the 18th of August, 1847, the army arrived at San Augustine. That evening some of the men imbibing too freely of *muscal*, became very noisy. Among these was one Keith, an excellent soldier, but of such a temperament, when in the least intoxicated, that he was as bereft of reason as a maniac. He fell under the notice of Captain Ferguson, for so shall we here call this officer, it being injudicious, in a matter of this kind, to give the true name. This officer was naturally hasty in disposition and harsh in enforcing discipline. He ran over to where Keith was, and ordered him to be quiet. The latter, overstepping all military discipline, retaliated with impudent words. Ferguson should have waited until the man was sober before he called him to an account; but forgetting he had an intoxicated man to deal with, he drew his sword and struck the soldier across the back with the flat of it. Keith upon this sprang to grapple with the captain, but was stopped by the interference of the bystanders, and then carried to the guard-house. While on his way there, he shouted out at the top of his voice, "I'll kill that Captain Ferguson, if I have to wait ten years for the chance." Ferguson heard the threat, knew the revengeful disposition of Keith, and feared the result.

The division, the next day, was ordered to advance against the enemy, and as Keith was not confined by order of court-martial, Ferguson, according to the rules on such occasions, was obliged to order his release from confinement, so he could take part in the action which ensued at Churubusco. Ferguson, knowing his peril from this man, selected two of his company whom he supposed to be friendly, and secretly instructed them, when they got into battle, to closely watch Keith, and if they saw him raise his musket and aim at him, to shoot him down.

A second thought would have shown Captain Ferguson the futility of this measure, from the fact that men in battle have to attend to more pressing business than watching each other, especially in such battles as ensued. For when fortifications are stormed, troops become scattered and disorganized, and lose sight of everything in the confusion, smoke, and wild excitement of the fight. And such would be the very moment that a man, if so inclined, would select to murder an officer. I rather think that in the storming process those two men found they had enough to do to watch the enemy, and did not give much if any thought to the personal safety of either Ferguson or Keith.

As it happened, both officer and man came out of this fight unharmed, and nothing more was said or thought of this matter by the men until after the hard-fought battle of Molino del Rey. In the meantime Keith was known to repeat his threat that he would some day kill his captain. Ferguson heard of it, and when the order was given to attack the Molino, he again instructed his two men to watch the malignant private. Well, the troops went in, and the battle was fought; Captain Ferguson was shot by a musket ball dead upon the field, but Keith was missing. The general impression in the company, in view of all the circumstances, was, that Keith killed Ferguson and then fled to the interior of the country, for he

was never seen nor heard of afterward, either living or dead. If the impression was true, then the poor officer received an awful punishment for his hasty temper, when he fell a victim to the revenge of the soldier.

While we were at Tacubaya, several expeditions were gotten up to visit different parts of the country adjacent to the Valley of Mexico. One of these parties visited the English silver mines; another climbed to the top of Popocatepetl, looked down into its crater, planted, and left the American flag floating on its summit. I never had the good luck to go with any of these parties. I longed to do so, and, begging for permission, was denied. What do officers care for a soldier's wants or feelings in such matters—they don't suppose it is possible for a soldier to have a laudable curiosity in these wonders of nature, or any philosophical ideas on any subject; he can't be anything else than a mere brute—a two-legged machine solely of use in the purposes of war.

At our camp, Worth thoroughly drilled the division in field maneuvers. He was such a splendid tactician that it was a pleasure to drill under him. This thorough drill gave the army an efficiency it never before had attained. We were often reviewed by Scott, when our fine appearance delighted the old general. The history of his arrest and trial is before the country. When this infamous farce took place, the whole regular army, with one united voice, cried "shame! shame!" Even the most common soldier knew that it all arose from the meanest jealousy of the laurels of the gallant old chieftain. When he was summoned away on his trial, the mingled indignation and sorrow of our men was intense. For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess it, I sat down and cried. Why, I can hardly state; but I loved the old general like a father, and when he was thus insulted and wronged, I felt that through him the whole army, down to the most humble soldier, was also insulted and wronged.

In the month of May it was known we were to have peace. As I had but one year more to remain in the army, I was, in a measure, indifferent to where I was to be ordered. On the 11th of June, 1848, peace having been declared, our division took up its march for Vera Cruz. As we left Tacubaya we were followed some distance by women and girls who had formed attachments with the soldiers. In many cases where the Mexican girls had formed connections with the men, the latter had promised to remain behind in the country, and marry them. Many were the sad hearts and streaming eyes among those Mexican maidens as we took up our line of march. Doubtless the sorrows of numbers of the poor creatures had a reality about them, that partook largely of the future. Twiggs' division was followed by some of those trusting girls even to Vera Cruz, in hopes that the men of their affections would desert and remain behind. A few did, but the majority of the poor things were doomed to disappointment.

On arriving at Puebla, we found the melancholy effects of the siege plainly shown in the shattered dwellings and dilapidated air spread over everything. This event had taken place just after the surrender of Mexico, when Santa Anna, in his flight, stopped before the city, and with the remnants of his army, summoned Colonel Childs, who was there guarding the sick, to surrender. The Mexican was as unfortunate in the result as on all previous occasions when he encountered the American arms.

At Perote we remained one day. There, just outside of the castle, was presented to our view a sad sight—the newly-made graves of nearly a thousand of our countrymen: the hardships of the campaigns and the climate of Mexico were more fatal to our arms than Mexican valor. More than twenty thousand Americans perished in our war with Mexico, and of these less than two thousand were killed in battle, according to the statistics given in Mansfield's history. My regiment, the Fourth Infantry, lost one hundred and eight men by disease, and only thirty-five in battle. The statistics of most wars give similar results. Disease is a worse foe to the soldier than gunpowder.

On nearing the Black Pass, we saw the ruins of cabins, the relics of a fight Captain Walker had there with some Mexican guerrillas. He hung the prisoners and burnt their habitations. Not many days after, in ascending a little rise of ground we came in sight of Vera Cruz from which we were only a few miles distant. The soldiers at this gave a spontaneous shout, "that is the Gulf—look, see the ships!" they exclaimed, and then hurried on, imagining they were almost home.

On the 16th of July, 1848, our regiment embarked on board a steamship and left the soil of Mexico forever. Only a little more than sixteen months had elapsed since we had landed on this coast, and yet how changed we were! Many of our comrades that had entered with us, full of life and vigor, had yielded to inexorable fate, and laid down their bones in an enemy's country, unknown and uncared-for—there to mingle their dust with the lava of ancient volcanoes in the land of the ancient Aztec sun-worshippers. They filled no dishonorable graves: at the call of their country, they had fought, suffered, bled, and died. As millions upon millions of the human race had done before them, they fell victims to the insatiable Demon of War.

How many faces could there be counted of that regiment, that on the 23d of July, 1845, had embarked at New Orleans on board the old ship *Sophia*? Not over fifty out of the four hundred. Death, by battle and by disease, had wasted us away. How changed were the survivors! Instead of the bright eye of youth, and the full cheeks betokening vigorous health, what did we behold? An emaciated, cadaverous-looking band, with sunken, sickly faces, and frames reduced to little more than skeletons. I had personally escaped every peril, and still live to write this narrative; but at this lapse of time, considering how our constitutions were shattered by our trials, it is doubtful if a dozen of my old comrades are this day alive.

On the 23d of July, just three years, to a day, from the time we left New Orleans, we landed at East Pascagoula, Mississippi. Why the troops were ever sent to this part of the country, I never could understand; for a more unhealthy spot does not exist. The land was low and sandy, and the only way we could procure water was by sinking barrels in the ground. The water was brackish, of a vile taste, which it got from the roots of trees of the adjoining pine forests. The dysentery and other diseases carried off our men like the rot with sheep. The steward of the hospital told me that, out of the part of the army stationed there, over four hundred died. Many of our men here deserted: they were driven to it by the hardships they endured—poor fare, hard work, disease, and the dismal prospect of the

future. Among these was Sergeant Howard, in whose bosom still festered the great wrong by which he was deprived of his commission. The soldier swears to faithfully serve his country for the period of his enlistment; but if his country is false to her duty to him, he is morally absolved from his obligation. We were here once visited by General Taylor, then a candidate for the Presidency.

In October, we left for New Orleans. Our regiment was to go from thence to the Northern Lakes. On arriving at that city, we found that, instead of ascending the Mississippi, we were to go around by sea to New York. Well, a steamer took us down to the ship. What was our astonishment to find that it was the very same old hulk, the *Sophia*, in which we had left New Orleans for Texas, three years before. When I looked up and saw this same old lousy, filthy, miserable vessel, I fairly groaned. Is it possible, thought I, that there are officers who have no more feeling for the poor soldier than this! We clambered aboard and found the ship in a dismal condition: it had not been washed or in any manner cleaned. It was the general remark of the men that they believed that, now the war was ended, the government designed to drown us. It will be asked why this was so?—why better ships were not provided? The answer is, that this old hulk could be hired for a mere song, and so enlarge the profits of some rascally contractor, who wielding political influence at Washington, was too important a personage not to be allowed to cheat in all possible ways, by those of our rulers who do so love the dear people.

On the morning of the 7th, when we had been out two days, on going on deck I found the sky overcast with masses of heavy black clouds, and the wind increasing every moment. It now occurred to me that we had not had our equinoctial storm, and, sure as could be, this was it. The stench was so horrible between decks, that I determined not to pass another night there; so I clambered on top of a pile of boxes that had been lashed against the cabin, took an old sail and placed it into a vacant space there, and wrapping myself up in my blanket, found I was very comfortably fixed. Just then Twitmiller, a man of G company, came on deck: I saw he was disgusted with things below, and I said:

"Twitmiller, how are the folks down in ——?"

"My heavens!" said he, "it is ——, sure enough, and if I can find any place here, I will not go down there again."

He was a clever fellow, and, taking compassion on him, I invited him to come up and share my berth with me. We then vowed that not another soul should come near us, and so kept the place to ourselves the rest of the voyage. About the fifth day out, the storm had increased to such a degree that we were obliged to hold on to something for fear of either being washed overboard or falling headlong from our position. It seemed evident that the masts must be cut away, and two men stood ready with axes for that purpose. The air was so full of spray that, at the middle of the day, it was of a twilight darkness. On the eighth day, the rudder got out of order, and the vessel became nearly unmanageable. We had been so long without an observation that our captain had lost his reckoning. On the morning of the ninth, everything looked exceedingly gloomy. We had nothing to eat for six days but hard biscuit, and it was beginning to tell upon our men.

One soldier was found dead this morning, and by nine o'clock another died. The captain of the ship expressed himself as utterly at loss to know what to do; he said we must be near the coast of Cuba, and that if we escaped foundering, we were in imminent danger of being thrown upon the rocks. The waves exceeded in violence everything that I ever saw or read of. About noon the man on lookout shouted, in a very excited and loud voice, "Island of rocks, and *breakers on the lee shore!*" At this the captain ran forward, and throwing up his glass to his eye, he steadied himself against the mainmast, and for a moment looked at the dangerous object, and as soon as he saw it he turned deathly pale and yelled to the crew to "about ship." Now this was a hard business to do with a broken rudder, but finally they managed to accomplish it and thus escaped the danger. In the afternoon we passed the hull of a large vessel, bottom up—and another soldier died. During these days of suffering the officers kept themselves shut up in the cabin, and in the course of that night, one of them, Lieutenant Perry, also died. Ah! but that was a long and dreadful night. I could see the ship make every plunge. About four o'clock in the morning, I was certain that our time had come: such fearful lurches as the ship made, I never dreamed of. At this juncture we shipped a tremendous sea, which went all over the vessel and nearly washed us away.

"We are gone!" exclaimed my companion.

"I guess so!" I replied, and had no sooner uttered the words than there came another sea, if possible, still more terrible than the former. I thought it was the last—that we should sink the next moment. I thought it very hard, that now we had got through the perils of the war and expected to take things easy, it was only to find speedy graves beneath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. After this the waves did not seem to be so high as that—it was the parting salute. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the sky was clear, the wind began to die away, and the next morning we were becalmed. A steam-tug, that came out to search for wrecks, found us and towed us back to New Orleans.

I was at this time very much reduced in health, and obtained a furlough of a month. I was glad to get off the ship. The first thing I did, was to go to a hotel, take a bath, and clean myself thoroughly. I then put on a clean suit, and casting those I had worn into the street, saw a rag-picker seize them, and that was the last view I had of the "old duds." I was weak, very weak, but felt like a new being. I then engaged a passage on a steamer for Cincinnati, and there met with an accident that grieved me more than anything since I enlisted: my trunk was broken open, my clothing and thirty-nine dollars stolen. This, however, did not trouble me. It was the loss of my journal that I had kept all the time I was in the army. It was a faithful narrative of all my marches, battles, and other incidents through the whole Mexican War. In it was noted each day's transactions, and to me it was invaluable. I had carried it through thick and thin, and had held on to it when everything else was thrown away. Had the thief only returned it, I would not have said a word about the money and the clothing.

At the expiration of my furlough, I rejoined my company at Fort Niagara. I remained in the service until December of 1849, in the meanwhile nar-

rowly escaping death from the cholera. The period of my enlistment then expired ; my colonel made out my discharge, and, as he handed it to me, he said :

"Sergeant Reeves, here is your discharge. You are honorably discharged from the service of the United States. You have been a good soldier ; you have conducted yourself honorably, and done your duty to your country. May you prosper wherever you go, and the lesson that you have experienced, the last five years, be such that you will never regret it."

The lieutenant made out my papers, which amounted to over two hundred dollars. I then shook hands with the officers ; going to the quarters, I did the same with the men, and then bade farewell to the army forever. Thus ended my experience in the service of my country. I had gone through the perils of many battles without a wound, only a few years later to have my right arm blown off by the premature discharge of a cannon on a Fourth of July celebration ; so that this narrative is of necessity a left-handed production.

As the reader has finished this article, it is to be inferred that a few lines additional, in explanation, will be agreeable. Some few months since, we accidentally fell in with a young man who had been in our army five years, embracing in that period that of our war with Mexico, and whose descriptive faculty appeared such that we at once engaged him to write a narrative of his adventures. The result was a very copious record, which we have here presented in a much abridged form—the original comprising nearly five hundred manuscript pages. We think it will be judged a vivid sketch. It is drawn from nature, and when that is faithfully copied, it will be found to interest, especially in a department of human experience so varied and exciting as that of the life of a soldier in time of war.

NARRATIVE
OF THE
AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION,
IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
UNDER THE COMMAND OF
DR. ELISHA KENT KANE, U. S. N.

No American ever so suddenly or more deservedly achieved a wide reputation, than did the late Dr. Kane. His character combined a rare union of intellectual and moral qualities, which being signally shown in a great mission of benevolence and peril, drew the attention of all men, so that he at once attained universal regard. He was a scholar and at the same time an adventurer; to the loftiest intrepidity he united the most shrinking modesty. Possessing a delicate frame, rapidly crumbling under disease, an indomitable will enabled him to conquer hardships and sufferings under which the strongest sank. When his assigned task was performed and his great mission ended, then he, too, perished, young in years, but destined to be old in fame, and leaving this lesson to his countrymen—By greatness of deeds, and not by time, is the work of life to be measured.

To the very many who possess his "modest and thrilling narrative," what we give here will be superfluous. An outline history, from published sources, is all that can come within our compass to present of that American Expedition to the cold and icy north, in which was blended, on the part of its commander, so much of heroism, self-reliance, genius, and enterprise.

Sir John Franklin, whose fate has been the object of such solicitude, was one of the most intrepid of Arctic explorers. He sailed from the shores of England, for the last time, in May, 1845. Two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, manned by one hundred and thirty-eight select, resolute, and experienced seamen, composed the vessels and forces under his command. The ships were the best vessels, and the best provided, that had ever breasted the ice and storms of the far north. The objects of the expedition were the survey of the northwest coast of America, and the accomplishment of a northwest passage, along the same coast, from the waters of the Atlantic into those of the Pacific Ocean. They had abundant provisions for three years. On the 26th of July, a little more than two months after their departure, they were seen by a whaler moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening through the vast body of ice which extends along the middle of

Baffin's Bay, to prosecute their voyage. Since then no human eye has been known to rest upon either of the ships of this unfortunate expedition. Possibly some unhappy survivors may yet be lingering out a miserable existence on the shores of that great sea which, for ages unseen and unknown by man, has been tossing in fury under the storms of the farthest north. It is more probable that every soul, long since, has perished, and that the fate of Sir John Franklin and his hapless crews will ever remain, in the annals of human adventure, one of the most melaucholy of all mysteries.

Toward the close of the year 1847, the people of England began to be alarmed in regard to the fate of Franklin. Three expeditions were promptly dispatched in search of him. Returning unsuccessful, others and still others were sent out on this great errand of humanity, covering a series of many years and an expenditure of more than four millions of dollars. All was of no avail. The first winter quarters of Franklin were, however, discovered on Beechy Island by a few relics, among which were the graves of three of his men. The opinion was also then formed that Sir John had passed with his vessels through Wellington Channel into the great Polar Sea beyond, away north of the point of intense cold, where the milder temperature and the existence of many forms of animal life to serve for food gave the hope that he might yet have been living. Later, in March, 1854, Dr. Rae, at the head of an overland expedition of the Hudson Bay Company, met some Esquimaux at Pelly Bay, from whom he obtained several articles which were identified as belonging to various members of Sir John Franklin's party.

The possession of these articles by the Esquimaux was accounted for by a story which is related in the following extract from Dr. Rae's journal, published soon after his arrival in England: "On the morning of the 20th we were met by a very intelligent Esquimaux, driving a dog-sledge laden with musk-ox beef. This man at once consented to accompany us two days' journey, and in a few minutes had deposited his load on the snow, and was ready to join us. Having explained to him my object, he said that the road by which he had come was the best for us; and, having lightened the men's sledges, we traveled with more facility. We were now joined by another of the natives, who had been absent seal-hunting yesterday, but, being anxious to see us, had visited our snow-house early this morning, and then followed up our track. This man was very communicative, and, on putting to him the usual questions as to his having seen 'white man' before, or any ships or boats, he replied in the negative; but said that a party of 'Kabloomans' had died of starvation a long distance to the west of where we then were, and beyond a large river. He stated that he did not know the exact place, that he never had been there, and that he could not accompany us so far. The substance of the information then and subsequently obtained from various sources was to the following effect:

In the spring, four winters past (1850), while some Esquimaux families were killing seals near the north shore of a large island, named in Arrow-smith's charts King William's Land about forty white men were seen traveling in company southward over the ice, and dragging a boat and sledges with them. They were passing along the west shore of the above-named island. None of the party could speak the Esquimaux language so well as

to be understood, but by signs the natives were led to believe that the ship or ships had been crushed by ice, and that they were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men—all of whom, with the exception of an officer, were hauling on the drag-ropes of the sledge, and looked thin—they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions; and they purchased a small seal, or piece of seal, from the natives. The officer was described as being a tall, stout, middle-aged man. When their day's journey terminated, they pitched tents to rest in.

At a later date the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the corpses of some thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent, and five dead bodies on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the northwest of the mouth of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux Oot-koo-hi-ca-lik), as its description and that of the low shore in the neighborhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies were in a tent, or tents; others were under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and some lay scattered about in different directions. Of those seen on the island, it was supposed that one was that of an officer (chief), as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and a double-barreled gun lay underneath him.

From the mutilated state of many of the bodies, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the dread alternative of cannibalism as a means of sustaining life. A few of the unfortunate men must have survived until the arrival of the wild-fowl (say until the end of May), as shots were heard, and fresh bones and feathers of geese were noticed near the scene of the sad event.

There appears to have been an abundant store of ammunition, as the gunpowder was emptied by the natives in a heap on the ground out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of shot and ball was found below high-water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach before the spring commenced. There must have been a number of telescopes, guns (several of them double-barreled), watches, compasses, etc., all of which seem to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the natives, and I purchased as many as possible, together with some silver spoons and forks, an Order of Merit in the form of a star, and a small silver plate engraved 'Sir John Franklin, K. C. B.'

Dr. Rae concludes by expressing the opinion that no violence had been offered to the sufferers by the natives, but that they were starved to death. The following is a list of the articles obtained from the Esquimaux: One silver table-fork—crest, an animal's head with wings extended above; three silver table-forks—crest, a bird with wings extended; one silver table-spoon—crest, with initials 'F. R. M. C.' (Captain Crozier, Terror); one silver table-spoon and one fork—crest, bird with laurel-branch in mouth, motto, '*Spero meliora*'; one silver table-spoon, one tea-spoon, and one dessert-fork—crest, a fish's head looking upward, with laurel-branches on each side; one silver table-fork—initials, 'H. D. S. G.' (Harry D. S. Goodsir, assistant-surgeon, Erebus); one silver table-fork—initials, 'A. M'D.' (Alexander M'Donald, assistant surgeon, Terror); one silver table-fork—initials, 'G. A. M.' (Gillies A. Macbean, second master, Terror); one silver table-fork—

initials, 'J. T. ;' one silver dessert-spoon—initials, 'J. S. P.' (John S. Peddie, surgeon, Erebus) ; a round silver plate, engraved, 'Sir John Franklin, K. C. B. ;' a star or order, with motto, '*Nec aspera terrent*, G. R. III. MDCCCXV.'

On obtaining the above information, Dr. Rae instantly hastened to England, for the purpose of preventing any further expeditions being dispatched in search of the lost navigators. His report, as might have been expected, was subjected on all hands to criticism and comment. Many were of opinion that the information obtained did not warrant the conclusion that the whole party was lost. Some of the criticisms made on his report induced Dr. Rae to take up the pen in self-defense ; and in a letter which he addressed to the editor of the *London Times*, we find the following remarks, which come with great weight from one who, of all others, is most competent to speak authoritatively. They were written in reply to an attack made upon him by a gentleman who had a relative with the lost expedition, and serve to show how difficult it is to form a correct judgment on subjects of which we have not had personal experience.

"It is asked by your correspondent," says Dr. Rae, "'where Esquimaux can live, where Dr. Rae's party could find abundant means, what should prevent Sir John Franklin and his party from subsisting too?'"

No man but one perfectly unacquainted with the subject could ask such a question. At the season when Sir John Franklin's party was seen traveling over the ice, the seal-holes are covered by snow, and can only be discovered by the acute sense of smell of the native dogs ; and, after the seal-hole is discovered, much patience, experience, and care are requisite to kill the seal. As soon as the snow thaws (say in June) the seals show themselves on the ice ; but they are then so difficult of approach that not one of my men (Ouglibuck, the interpreter, excepted), although they often made the attempt, could approach near enough to shoot any of these animals.

I wintered at a part of the Arctic coast remarkable by its geographical formation for the abundance of deer during the autumn migrations, but only then ; and it was at that time that we laid up our winter stock of food ; but it was hard work even for us (all practiced sportsmen, picked men, and in full strength and training) to collect a sufficiency.

That portion of country near to and on which a portion of Sir John Franklin's party was seen is, in the spring, notoriously the most barren of animal life of any of the Arctic shores ; and the few deer that may be seen are generally very shy, from having been hunted during the winter by Indians, on the borders of the woodlands. To prove this scarcity of game, I may add, that during my spring journey of fifty-six days' duration, one deer only and a few partridges were shot by us.

It is asked by your correspondent, 'Why the unfortunate men should have encumbered themselves with silver forks and spoons and silver plates?' etc. The total weight of the silver forks and spoons could not be more than four or five pounds at the utmost, and would not appear much when divided among forty persons ; and any officer who has ever had the misfortune to abandon his ship or boat anywhere, but more particularly in the Arctic sea, knows how apt men are to encumber themselves with articles

far more useless and bulky than a few forks and spoons. I suppose, by 'silver plates,' your correspondent alludes to the silver plate with Sir John Franklin's name engraved thereon, and which may possibly weigh half an ounce—no great addition to a man's load.

Again, your correspondent says, 'that the ships have been abandoned, and pillaged by the Esquimaux.' In this opinion I perfectly agree so far as the abandonment of the ships, but not that the ships were pillaged by the natives. Had this been the case, wood would have been abundant among these poor people. It was not so, and they were reduced to the necessity of making their sledges of musk-ox skins folded up and frozen together—an alternative to which the want of wood alone could have reduced them. Another proof that the natives had very little wood among them may be adduced. Before leaving Repulse Bay, I collected together some of the most respectable of the old Esquimaux, and distributed among them all the wood we could spare, amounting to two or three oars and some broken poles. When these things were delivered to them, I bade the Esquimaux interpreter, who speaks both his own and the English language fluently, to ask whether they or their acquaintances near Pelly Bay had now most wood. They all immediately shouted out, holding up their hands, that they themselves had most. I need scarcely add that, had the ships been found by the Esquimaux, a stock of wood sufficient for many years for all the natives within an extent of several hundred miles would have been obtained."

This evidence shows the fate of thirty-five of Franklin's men; but there were yet one hundred and three to be accounted for, together with the ships, and these remained involved in as much mystery as ever.

Sympathy is one of the greatest of human impulses, and when united to curiosity and a spirit of adventure, it leads to the truest heroism. These protracted searches aroused the sympathy of other nations, and two successive expeditions were dispatched from our own young country to aid in the search for the long-lost mariners.

The first American Expedition left New York in May, 1850. It was sent out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, an opulent merchant of that city, and is known as the "First Grinnell Expedition." It consisted of two small brigs, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, under the command of Lieutenant E. De Haven, a young naval officer. Dr. E. K. Kane was surgeon and naturalist, and wrote a history of the expedition which, after a variety of adventure, returned in a little less than sixteen months.

The "Second Grinnell Expedition," popularly known as "Kane's Expedition," sailed from New York, May 30th, 1853. It consisted of a single vessel, the *Advance*, a small brig of one hundred and forty-four tons burden, furnished by Mr. Grinnell. The expenses were contributed by various societies and individuals, among the latter of whom was Mr. Peabody, the eminent London banker, originally from Massachusetts. Dr. Kane, the commander, had under him eighteen chosen men, all young, and mostly less than thirty years of life.

"The specific features of Dr. Kane's plan of research consisted in making the land-masses of the north of Greenland the basis of operations, assuming, from the analogies of geographical structure, that Greenland was to be

regarded as a peninsula approaching the vicinity of the pole, rather than a congeries of islands connected by interior glaciers. On this hypothesis, the course was to pass up Baffin's Bay to the most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on toward the Pole, as far as boats or sledges could reach, to examine the coast-lines for vestiges of the lost party. The equipment for the expedition was simple. A quantity of rough boards to serve for housing the vessel in winter, some India-rubber and canvas tents, and several strong sledges, built on a convenient model, completed the outfit. For provisions, they took a liberal supply of pemmican, a parcel of Borden's meat biscuit, some packages of prepared potato, a store of dried fruits and vegetables, beside pickled cabbage, the salt beef and pork of the navy ration, hard biscuit and flour. A moderate supply of liquors made up the bill of fare, although the party were pledged to total abstinence from this article, unless dispensed by special order.

In a month after leaving New York, and on the 1st of July, the *Advance* arrived at the harbor of Fiskernaes, in Greenland, among the clamor of its entire population assembled on the rocks to greet them. From thence they proceeded gradually along the coast, until the 27th of July, when they neared the entrance of Melville Bay. Here they encountered their first serious obstruction from the ice; Dr. Kane promptly decided to attempt a passage through the bay by a new track; and after a rough transit of eight days, the wisdom of the plan was confirmed by its success. In less than a week they entered Smith's Sound, and landing near Littleton's Island, deposited a boat with a supply of stores, with the view of securing a retreat in case of disaster. He says:

"We found to our surprise that we were not the first human beings who had sought a shelter in this desolate spot. A few ruined walls here and there showed that it had once been the seat of a rude settlement; and in the little knoll which we cleared away to cover in our storehouse of valuables, we found the mortal remains of their former inhabitants.

Nothing can be imagined more sad and homeless than these memorials of extinct life. Hardly a vestige of growth was traceable on the bare ice-rubbed rocks; and the huts resembled so much the broken fragments that surrounded them, that at first sight it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Walrus bones lay about in all directions, showing that this animal had furnished the staple of subsistence. There were some remains too of the fox and the narwhal; but I found no signs of the seal or reindeer.

These Esquimaux have no mother earth to receive their dead; but they seat them as in the attitude of repose, the knees drawn close to the body, and inclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are then grouped around him; they are covered with a rude dome of stones, and a cairn is piled above. This simple cenotaph will remain intact for generation after generation. The Esquimaux never disturb a grave."

On the western cape of Littleton Island, they erected a cairn, which might serve as a beacon to any following party, wedged a staff into the crevices of the rocks, and spreading the American flag, hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold midnight breeze. They immediately resumed their course, beating toward the north against wind and tide, and soon arriving at the regions of thick-ribbed ice, where they were

compelled to moor their vessel to the rocks. Among the petty miseries which they now began to suffer, was a pack of some fifty dogs, which formed a very inconvenient appendage to the traveling party. These animals were voracious as wolves. It was no easy matter to supply such a hungry family with food. They devoured a couple of bears in eight days. Two pounds of raw flesh every other day was a scanty allowance; but to obtain this was almost impossible. The pemmican could not be spared—corn-meal or beans they would not touch—and salt junk would have killed them. The timely discovery of a dead narwhal or unicorn proved an excellent relief, affording six hundred pounds of good wholesome flesh, though of a rather unsavory odor.

But a more serious trial was at hand. The vessel had been released from her moorings, and had fought her way through the ice for several days, when the sky gave tokens of an approaching storm. On the 20th of August, the tempest came on with unmistakable Arctic fury. Its effects can be described in no other words than those of the journal of the dauntless commander:

"By Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things sung on board. Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, and 'twang, twang!' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders:—'Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Eolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running gear, and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way, with the noise of a shotted gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice-clogged water-way, that was driving a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought, skillfully bestowed; but at the end of that time we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the center of Bedeviled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice-tables grinding up and clogging it between the shore-cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us, to keep in some sort the command of the helm, by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor, with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice-torrent that followed us. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

Down we went upon the gale again, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick; one floe, measured by a line, as we tried to fasten it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a tun of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our stanch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult when, from some unexplained cause—probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that, with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad scone-piece or low water-washed berg came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plowing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced. Our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet; we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls. . . . We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

The day had already its full share of trials; but there were more to come. A flaw drove us from our shelter, and the gale soon carried us beyond the end of the lead. We were again in the ice, sometimes escaping its onset by warping, sometimes forced to rely on the strength and buoyancy of the brig to stand its pressure, sometimes scudding wildly through the half-open drift. Our jibboom was snapped off in the cap; we carried away our barricade stanchions, and were forced to leave our little Erie, with three brave fellows and their warps, out upon the floes behind us.

A little pool of open water received us at last. It was just beyond a lofty cape that rose up like a wall, and under an iceberg that anchored itself

between us and the gale. And here, close under the frowning shore of Greenland, ten miles nearer the pole than our holding-ground of the morning, the men have turned in to rest. I was afraid to join them, for the gale was unbroken, and the floes kept pressing heavily upon our berg—at one time so heavily as to sway it on its vertical axis toward the shore, and make its pinnacle overhang our vessel. My poor fellows had but a precarious sleep before our little harbor was broken up. They hardly reached the deck when we were driven astern, our rudder splintered, and the pintles torn from their boltings.

Now began the nippings. The first shock took us on our port quarter; the brig bearing it well, and, after a moment of the old-fashioned suspense, rising by jerks handsomely. The next was from a veteran floe, tongued and honeycombed, but floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness. Of course, no wood or iron could stand this; but the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water, and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw-power was forcing her into a dry-dock.

At one time I expected to see her carried bodily up its face and tumbled over on her side. But one of those mysterious relaxations, which I have elsewhere called the pulses of the ice, lowered us quite gradually down again into the rubbish, and we were forced out of the line of pressure toward the shore. Here we succeeded in carrying out a warp and making fast. We grounded as the tide fell, and would have heeled over to seaward but for a mass of detached land-ice that grounded alongside of us, and although it stove our bulwarks as we rolled over, it shored us up."

We must also give his account of the sequel :

"I could hardly get to my bunk, as I went down into our littered cabin on the Sunday morning after our hard-working vigil of thirty-six hours. Bags of clothing, food, tents, India-rubber blankets, and the hundred little personal matters which every man likes to save in time of trouble, were scattered around in places where the owners thought they might have them at hand. The pemmican had been on deck, the boats equipped, and everything of real importance ready for a march, many hours before.

During the whole of the scenes I have been trying to describe, I could not help being struck by the composed and manly demeanor of my comrades. The turmoil of ice, under a heavy sea, often conveys the impression of danger when the reality is absent; but in this fearful passage, the parting of our hawsers, the loss of our anchors, the abrupt crushing of our stoven bulwarks, and the actual deposit of ice upon our decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. All—officers and men—worked alike. Upon each occasion of collision with the ice which formed our lee coast, efforts were made to carry out lines; and some narrow escapes were incurred by the zeal of the parties leading them into positions of danger. Mr. Bonsall avoided being crushed by leaping to a floating fragment; and no less than four of our men at one time were carried down by the drift, and could only be recovered by a relief party after the gale had subsided.

As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under her keel, and throwing her over upon

her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly, and as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock jarring her to her very center, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep-breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth."

By the 22d of August, they had reached the latitude of $78^{\circ} 41'$ —a distance greater than had been attained by any previous explorer, except Parry on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp. About this time, some of the party began to exhibit symptoms of discontent. The rapid advance of winter, the deprivation of rest, and the slow progress of the expedition, tended to produce depression. One person volunteered an opinion in favor of returning to the south, and giving up the attempt to winter. It was no time for half-way measures. Dr. Kane at once called a council of his officers, and listened to their views in full. With but a single exception, they declared their conviction that a further progress to the north was impossible, and urged the propriety of returning southward to winter. The commander maintained the opposite view. Explaining the importance of securing a position which might expedite future sledge journeys, he announced his intention of warping toward the northern headland of the bay. Once there, he could determine the best point for the operations of the spring, and would put the brig into winter harbor at the nearest possible shelter. His comrades received the decision with cheerful acquiescence, and zealously entered upon the perilous duties which it involved. During the process the gallant little vessel ran aground, and in the night had a narrow escape from fire. A sudden lurch tumbled the men out of their berths, and threw down the cabin stove, with a full charge of glowing anthracite. The deck blazed up violently, but by the sacrifice of a heavy pilot-cloth coat the fire was smothered until water could be passed down to extinguish it. The powder was not far off. A few moments more might have brought the expedition to a sudden close.

About the 10th of September, the vessel was brought into a sheltered harbor between the islands of the bay, in which she had been lying for some time, and all hands prepared for winter quarters. Of their mode of life during the long darkness of an Arctic winter, a vivid idea is given by the following extract from Dr. Kane's journal :

"How do we spend the day when it is not term-day, or rather the twenty-four hours? for it is either all day here, or all night, or a twilight mixture of both. How do we spend the twenty-four hours?

At six in the morning, McGary is called, with all hands who have *slept in*. The decks are cleaned, the ice-hole opened, the refreshing beef-nets examined, the ice-tables measured, and things aboard put to rights. At half-past seven all hands rise, wash on deck, open the doors for ventilation, and come below for breakfast. We are short of fuel, and therefore cook in the cabin. Our breakfast, for all fare alike, is hard tack, pork, stewed apples, frozen like molasses candy, tea and coffee, with a delicate portion

of raw potato. After breakfast, the smokers take their pipe till nine; then all hands turn to, idlers to idle and workers to work; Ohlsen to his bench, Brooks to his preparations in canvas, McGary to play tailor, Whipple to make shoes, Bonsall to tinker, Baker to skin birds—and the rest to the ‘office!’ Take a look into the Arctic Bureau. One table, one salt-pork lamp with rusty chlorinated flame, three stools, and as many waxen-faced men with their legs drawn under them, the deck at zero being too cold for their feet. Each has his department: Kane is writing and sketching, and projecting maps; Hays copying logs and meteorologicals; Sontag reducing his work at Fern Rock. A fourth, as one of the working members of the hive, has long been defunct; you will find him in bed, or studying ‘*Littell’s Living Age*.’ At twelve, a business round of inspection, and orders enough to fill up the day with work. Next, the drill of the Esquimaux dogs—my own peculiar recreation—a dogtrot, specially referring to legs that creak with every kick, and rheumatic shoulders that chronicle every descent of the whip. And so we get on to dinner-time; the occasion of another gathering, which misses the tea and coffee of breakfast, but rejoices in pickled cabbage and dried peaches instead.

At dinner, as at breakfast, the raw potato comes in our hygienic luxury. Like doctor-stuff generally, it is not as appetizing as desirable. Grating it down nicely, leaving out the ugly red spots liberally, and adding the utmost oil as a lubricant, it is as much as I can do to persuade the mess to shut their eyes and bolt it, like Mrs. Squeers’ molasses and brimstone at Dotheboy’s Hall. Two absolutely refuse to take it. I tell them of the Silesians using its leaves as spinach; of the whalers in the South Seas getting drunk on the molasses which had preserved the large potatoes of the Azores; I point to this gum, so fungoid and angry the day before yesterday, and so flat and amiable to-day—all by a potato poultice. My eloquence is wasted; they persevere in rejecting the admirable compound.

Sleep, exercise, amusement, and work at will carry on the day till our six o’clock supper—a meal something like breakfast and something like dinner, only a little more scant, and the officers come in with the reports of the day. Dr. Hayes shows me the log, I sign it; Sontag, the weather, I sign the weather; Mr. Bonsall, the tides and thermometers. Thereupon comes in mine ancient Brooks, and I enter in his journal No. 3, all the work done under his charge, and discuss his labors for the morrow.

McGary comes next with the cleaning-up arrangement, inside, outside, and on decks, and Mr. Wilson follows with ice measurements. And last of all comes my own record of the day gone by; every line, as I look back upon its pages, giving evidences of a weakened body and a harassed mind.

We have cards sometimes, and chess sometimes, and a few magazines—Mr. Littell’s thoughtful present—to cheer away the evening.

The darkness was so intense that it necessarily entailed inaction; and it was in vain that they sought to create topics of thought, and, by a forced excitement, to ward off the encroachments of disease. The thermometer fell to ninety-nine degrees below the freezing point. Human beings could only breathe in such a temperature guardedly and with compressed lips.

The influence of such severe cold and long intense darkness was most

depressing. Most of the dogs died of affections of the brain, which began, as in the instance of some of the men of the Investigator, with fits, followed by lunacy, and sometimes by lockjaw. Their disease, Dr. Kane remarks, was as clearly mental as in the case of any human being. Fifty-seven died with these symptoms. The loss of his dogs seriously affected Dr. Kane's plans; new arrangements had to be formed, which, owing to the smallness of the party, deprived of the dogs, were necessarily restricted. The addition of four dogs, contributed by Esquimaux, permitted the operations to be considerably extended. Out of nearly three thousand miles traversed, no less than eleven hundred were made with the dog-sledge; and during the following year, Dr. Kane himself traveled fourteen hundred miles with a single team.

The month of March brought back perpetual day. The sunshine had reached the ship on the last day of February; they needed it to cheer them. The scurvy spots, that mottled the faces of almost all, gave sore proof of the trials they had undergone. The crew were now (March, 1854) almost unfitted by debility for arduous work, and only six dogs remained of nine splendid Newfoundlanders and thirty-five Esquimaux dogs. "An Arctic night and an Arctic day," Dr. Kane emphatically remarks, "age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world." Sometimes, in their excursions over the ice, the men had to drag the sledge, and flounder through snow-drifts in which they sank at every step nearly over their legs.

In order to ascertain whether it was practicable to force a way over the crowded bergs and mountainous ice of the frozen area toward the north, Dr. Kane now organized a party of the strongest men, who volunteered their services for the labor, placing himself at their head; and, on the 19th of March, sent out an advanced corps to place a relief cargo of provisions at a suitable distance from the brig. On the ninth day of their absence, the latter encountered a heavy gale from the north-east; the thermometer fell to fifty-seven degrees below zero, and the ice-ridges became so obstructed by snow as to prevent their depositing their stores beyond fifty miles from the brig.

By the 31st, three of the members of this advance party returned to the brig, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their number in a tent on the ice, frozen and disabled. On being informed of the disaster, Dr. Kane started for the rescue with nine men, under the direction of Mr. Ohlsen, one of the returned party, whose previous exposure, however, had rendered his services as a guide almost useless. We will here quote the commander's own graphic words:

"We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down, a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp

of our disabled comrades : we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up ; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me ; they were sure I would come !'

We copy entire Dr. Kane's spirited account of the retreat of the party, now consisting of fifteen souls :

"It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks ; some of them extended in long lines fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course ; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from ; for every man knew that a fracture, or a sprain even, would cost him his life. Beside all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load ; the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made, by vigorous pulls and lifts, nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading-belt of the sledges ; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold ; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep ; 'they were not cold : the wind did not enter them now : a little sleep was all they wanted.' Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift ; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold ; but it was in vain

that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us, and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-ropes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too; but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-ropes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woolen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. They day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes, and

rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than anything else I can compare it to. It required desperate efforts to work our way over it—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow; our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily, the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to -4° in the shade; otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at one P. M., we believe, without a halt.

I say *we believe*; and here, perhaps, is the most decided proof of our sufferings; we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our foot-marks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy, the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all; for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches, and some orders, too, of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity, if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for; administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to a generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died, in spite of all our efforts. This rescue-party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We traveled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at *minus* $41^{\circ}.2$. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record

of failures, sound, but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live !”

The first appearance of the Esquimaux is thus described :

“We were watching, in the morning, at Baker's death-bed, when one of our deck-watch, who had been cutting ice for the melter, came hurrying down to the cabin with the report, ‘People hallooing ashore!’ I went up, followed by as many as could mount the gangway; and there they were, on all sides of our rocky harbor, dotting the snow-shores, and emerging from the blackness of the cliffs—wild and uncouth, but evidently human beings.

As we gathered on the deck, they rose upon the more elevated fragments of the land-ice, standing singly and conspicuously, like the figures in a tableau of the opera, and distributing themselves around almost in a half-circle. They were vociferating as if to attract our attention, or, perhaps, only to give vent to their surprise; but I could make nothing out of their cries, except ‘Hoah, ha, ha!’ and ‘Ka, kaah! ka, kaah!’ repeated over and over again.

There was light enough for me to see that they brandished no weapons, and were only tossing their heads and arms about in violent gesticulations. A more unexcited inspection showed us, too, that their numbers were not as great, nor their size as Patagonian, as some of us had been disposed to fancy at first. In a word, I was satisfied that they were natives of the country; and, calling Petersen from his bunk to be my interpreter, I proceeded, unarmed and waving my open hands, toward a stout figure, who made himself conspicuous, and seemed to have a greater number near him than the rest. He evidently understood the movement, for he at once, like a brave fellow, leaped down upon the floe, and advanced to meet me fully half-way.

He was nearly a head taller than myself, extremely powerful and well-built, with swarthy complexion, and black eyes. His dress was a hooded *capote*, or jumper, of mixed white and blue fox-pelts, arranged with something of fancy, and booted trousers of white bearskin, which, at the end of the foot, were made to terminate with the claws of the animal.

I soon came to an understanding with this gallant diplomatist. Almost as soon as we commenced our parley, his companions, probably receiving signals from him, flocked in and surrounded us; but we had no difficulty in making them know, positively, that they must remain where they were, while Metek went with me on board the ship. This gave me the advantage of negotiating with an important hostage.

Although this was the first time he had ever seen a white man, he went with me fearlessly, his companions staying behind on the ice. Illickey took them out what he esteemed our greatest delicacies—slices of good wheat bread, and corned pork, with exorbitant lumps of white sugar; but they refused to touch them. They had evidently no apprehension of open violence from us. I found, afterward, that several among them were singly a match for the white bear and the walrus, and that they thought us a very pale-faced crew.

Being satisfied with my interview in the cabin, I sent out word that the rest might be admitted to the ship; and, although they, of course, could

not know how their chief had been dealt with, some nine or ten of them followed, with boisterous readiness, upon the bidding. Others, in the meantime, as if disposed to give us their company for the full time of a visit, brought up from behind the land-ice as many as fifty-six fine dogs, with their sledges, and secured them within two hundred feet of the brig, driving their lances into the ice, and picketing the dogs to them by the sealskin traces. The animals understood the operation perfectly, and lay down as soon as it commenced. The sledges were made up of small fragments of porous bone, admirably knit together by thongs of hide; the runners, which glistened like burnished steel, were of highly-polished ivory, obtained from the tusks of the walrus.

The only arms they carried were knives, concealed in their boots; but their lances, which were lashed to the sledges, were quite a formidable weapon. The staff was of the horn of the narwhal, or else of the thigh-bones of the bear, two lashed together, or sometimes the mirabilis of the walrus, three or four of them united. This last was a favorite material, also for the crossbars of their sledges. They had no wood. A single rusty hoop from a current-drifted cask might have furnished all the knives of the party; but the fleam-shaped tips of their lances were of unmistakable steel, and were riveted to the tapering bony point, with no mean skill. I learned afterward that the metal was obtained in traffic from the more southern tribes.

They were clad much as I have described Metek, in jumpers, boots, and white bearskin breeches, with their feet decorated, like his, *en griffe*. A strip of knotted leather worn round the neck, very greasy and dirty-looking, which no one could be persuaded to part with for an instant, was mistaken, at first, for an ornament by the crew; it was not until mutual hardships had made us better acquainted that we learned its mysterious uses.

When they were first allowed to come on board, they were very rude and difficult to manage. They spoke three or four at a time, to each other and to us, laughing heartily at our ignorance in not understanding them, and then talking away, as before. They were incessantly in motion—going everywhere, trying doors, and squeezing themselves through dark passages, round casks and boxes, and out into the light again, anxious to touch and handle everything they saw, and asking for, or else endeavoring to steal, everything they touched. It was the more difficult to restrain them, as I did not wish them to suppose that we were at all intimidated. But there were some signs of our disabled condition, which it was important they should not see; it was especially necessary to keep them out of the fore-castle, where the dead body of poor Baker was lying; and, as it was in vain to reason or persuade, we had, at last, to employ the ‘gentle laying-on of hands,’ which, I believe, the laws of all countries tolerate, to keep them in order.

Our whole force was mustered, and kept constantly on the alert; but, though there may have been something of discourtesy in the occasional shoulderings and hustlings that enforced the police of the ship, things went on good-humoredly. Our guests continued running in and out and about the vessel, bringing in provisions, and carrying them out again to their dogs on the ice; in fact, stealing all the time, until the afternoon, when, like

tired children, they threw themselves down to sleep. I ordered them to be made comfortable in the hold; and Morton spread a large buffalo-robe for them not far from a coal-fire in the galley-stove.

They were lost in barbarous amaze at the new fuel—too hard for blubber, too soft for fire-stone—but they were content to believe it might cook as well as seal's fat. They borrowed from us an iron pot and some melted water, and parboiled a couple of pieces of walrus meat; but, the real *piece de resistance*, some five pounds of head, they preferred to eat raw. Yet there was something of the *gourmet* in their mode of assorting their mouthfuls of beef and blubber. Slices of each, or rather strips, passed between the lips, either together or in strict alternation, and with a regularity of sequence that kept the molars well to their work.

They did not eat all at once, but each man when and as often as the impulse prompted. Each slept after eating, his raw chunk lying beside him on the buffalo-skin; and, as he woke, the first act was to eat, and the next to sleep again. They did not lie down, but slumbered away in a sitting posture, with the head declined upon the breast, some of them snoring famously.

In the morning they were anxious to go; but I had given orders to detain them for a parting interview with myself. It resulted in a treaty, brief in its terms, that it might be certainly remembered, and mutually beneficial, that it might possibly be kept. I tried to make them understand what a powerful Prospero they had had for a host, and how beneficent he would prove himself as long as they did his bidding. And, as an earnest of my favor, I bought all the walrus meat they had to spare, and four of their dogs; enriching them, in return, with needles and beads, and a treasure of old cask-staves."

The flesh of the seal is eaten universally by the Danes of Greenland, and is, at certain seasons, almost the staple diet of the Esquimaux. These animals are shot lying by their *atluk* or breathing-holes. Their eyes are so congested by the glare of the sun in midsummer as to render them more readily approachable.

"On one occasion," says Dr. Kane, "while working my way toward the Esquimaux huts, I saw a large *Usuk* basking asleep upon the ice. Taking off my shoes, I commenced a somewhat refrigerating process of stalking, lying upon my belly, and crawling along, step by step, behind the little knobs of floe. At last, when I was within long rifle-shot, the animal gave a sluggish roll so one side, and suddenly lifted his head. The movement was evidently independent of me, for he strained his neck in nearly the opposite direction. Then, for the first time, I found that I had a rival seal-hunter in a large bear, who was, on his belly like myself, waiting with commendable patience and cold feet for a chance of nearer approach.

What should I do?—the bear was doubtless worth more to me than the seal; but the seal was now within shot, and the bear 'a bird in the bush.' Beside, my bullet once invested in the seal would leave me defenseless. I might be giving a dinner to a bear, and saving myself for his dessert. These meditations were soon brought to a close; for a second movement of the seal so aroused my hunter's instincts that I pulled the trigger. My cap alone exploded. Instantly, with a floundering splash, the seal descended

into the deep, and the bear, with three or four rapid leaps, stood disconsolately by the place of his descent. For a single moment we stared each other in the face, and then, with that discretion which is the better part of valor, the bear ran off in one direction, and I followed his example in the other."

Toward the end of the month of April, the short season available for Arctic exploration being far advanced, Dr. Kane started on his grand sledge expedition to the north. Leaving the brig in charge of a trustworthy detachment, four able-bodied and six disabled men, the commander, with seven others, set out upon the tour over the ice. His plan was to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier of Humboldt, and from that point to stretch along the face of the glacier to the northwest, and make an attempt to cross the ice to the American side. The stores of the party consisted of pemmican, bread, and tea, a canvas tent five feet by six, and two sleeping-bags of reindeer skin. The sledge was light, built of hickory, and but nine feet long. A soup-kettle, for melting snow and making tea, was arranged to boil either with lard or spirits. A subdivision of the party with another sledge started two days before the departure of Dr. Kane, which took place on the 27th. He reached the Great Glacier in safety. The coast of Greenland in the vicinity is of a highly picturesque character. The red sandstones present an impressive contrast with the blank whiteness, associating the cold tints of the dreary Arctic landscape with the warm coloring of more southern lands. The different layers of the cliff have the appearance of jointed masonry, and the narrow line of greenstone caps them with natural battlements. At one place rose the dreamy semblance of a castle, flanked with triple towers, completely isolated and defined. To these Dr. Kane gave the name of the "Three Brother Towers." A still more striking object was a single cliff of greenstone, north of latitude 79°, which reared itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly-chiseled rampart of an ancient city. On one extremity stands a solitary column or minaret tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. The length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet, and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high. "I remember well," says Dr. Kane, "the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name." No description can do justice to the Great Glacier itself. Rising in solid glassy wall, three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unknown unfathomable depth below it, its curved face sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes vanishes into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the pole. The interior with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed sea of ice, apparently of boundless dimensions.

The journey, however, failed of success in forcing a passage to the north. On the sixth day the party were attacked by scurvy, from which they had suffered terribly during the winter. Two of the number were taken with

snow-blindness, and one was condemned as altogether unfit for travel. To crown their discomfitures, they found that the bears had got hold of their pemmican casks, and thus destroyed their chances of recruiting their supply of provisions at the several caches. Dr. Kane himself was seized with violent illness; his limbs became rigid, and certain tetanoid symptoms made their appearance. In this condition he was unable to make more than nine miles a day. He was strapped upon a sledge, and the march continued; but he was soon so much reduced as to find the moderate temperature of 5° below zero intolerable. His left foot was frozen up to the ankle-joint, and the same night it became evident that the difficulty in his limbs was caused by dropsical effusion. The next day he grew delirious, and fainted whenever he was taken from the tent to the sledge. Every man in the party was so far gone as to make the continuance of the journey impossible. Scarcely able to travel, they bore the commander back to the brig, which they reached by forced marches on the fourteenth. Dr. Kane was entirely prostrated for about a week. The first business after his convalescence was to arrange new parties for exploration. They returned in safety, with ample experience of the perils of Arctic discovery.

Passing over the remainder of the summer (1854), we find the little party prepared to encounter the terrors of a second winter in that dreary region. The brig was fast in the ice, and every effort for her liberation had proved unsuccessful. At this crisis Dr. Kane called all hands together, and explained to them the reasons which had decided him not to forsake the brig. He left it to the choice of each man, however to attempt an escape to open water or to stand by the fortunes of the expedition. Eight of the seventeen survivors of the party resolved to remain with their commander; the others were fitted out with every appliance that could be furnished, and departed on their almost desperate enterprise. They carried with them every assurance of a brother's welcome should they be driven back; but it was not until after many weary months of trial and hardship that they were seen again.

The arrangement of the winter-quarters now occupied the whole attention of the little band. Dr. Kane determined to adhere to the routine of observances which had made up the sum of their daily life. No accustomed form was to be surrendered. The importance of systematic employment was fully appreciated. The distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, even the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky, it was decided should go on as they had before. In the material arrangements, many useful hints were borrowed from the Esquimaux. The brig was thoroughly lined and padded with moss and turf. A pile of barrels on the ice contained their supply of water-soaked beef and pork. Flour, beans, and dried apples, formed a quadrangular blockhouse. The boats and spare cordage were placed along an avenue opening abeam of the brig. There was but a small store of vegetables. The pickled cabbage, dried apples and peaches had lost much of their anti-scorbutic virtue by constant use. The spices were all gone. Nothing remained but a few small bottles of horseradish to season the standing fare of bread, beef, and pork. A kind of root beer was brewed by the doctor from the branches of

the crawling willow, of which a stock had been laid in some weeks before. The gun procured them an occasional supply of fresh meat. Bear's flesh was a favorite dish, but the liver of that animal proved poisonous. A less noxious article of diet was the rat. A perfect warren of this tribe was on board the brig. They had become impudent and fierce with their increase of numbers. Nothing could be saved from their voracity. Furs, woolens, shoes, specimens of natural history were gnawed into and destroyed. They harbored among the men's bedding in the forecabin, and at last became intolerable nuisances. Dr. Kane took his revenge by decimating them for his private table. His companions did not share his taste, and he thus had the frequent advantage of a fresh-meat soup. To this inviting fare he ascribes his comparative freedom from scurvy.

The want of fuel before the close of winter compelled them to rely upon their lamps for heat. Pork-fat, boiled to lessen its salt, was the substitute for oil; and by the use of metallic reverberators, a single wick was sufficient to keep liquid ten ounces of lard with a surrounding temperature of 30° below zero. Raw meat was now voted the most agreeable diet. A slice of blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus beef was taken with infinite relish. The liver of a walrus, eaten with little slices of fat, was a dainty morsel. The flesh and blubber of that animal is stated to be "the very best fuel a man can swallow." But of these savory viands, the party were now destitute. The sick began to suffer for want of meat. They were reduced to three days' allowance of frozen flesh, at the rate of four ounces a day for each man. In this emergency, Dr. Kane determined on a trip over the ice to a settlement of Esquimaux huts at the distance of about a hundred miles. He was accompanied by Hans Christern, a native Esquimaux, and five dogs. During the journey, a frightful storm came on. Before it had fairly commenced, the party succeeded in reaching an old hut, which had been abandoned by the Esquimaux. Taking in the dogs, with the blubber-lamp, food, and bedding, which formed part of the burden of the sledge, they closed up the entrance with blocks of snow.

They were scarcely housed before the storm broke out in all its fury. Completely cut off from the outer world, they here passed many miserable hours. They could keep no note of time. The only indication of the state of the weather was the whirring of the drift against the roof of the kennel. The time was divided between sleeping and preparing coffee, which they drank with a relish. When warned by their instincts of the lapse of twelve hours, they treated themselves to a meal, dividing impartial bits out of the hind leg of a fox to give zest to their biscuits spread with frozen tallow. It was two days before they were released from their narrow prison, reckoning the time by the increased altitude of the moon. Upon attempting to resume their journey, they found it impossible to work through the piles of drifted snow. Sledge, dogs, and drivers were buried in the attempt. The two travelers harnessed themselves to the sledge, and "lifted, levered, twisted, and pulled," but all in vain. They were compelled to give it up, and returned to the wretched hut. Taking the back track, they reached the brig the next morning, and for several days were incapable of the slightest exertion. On the last day of January (1855), Dr. Kane writes in his journal:

"Our sick are worse, for our traps yield nothing, and we are still without fresh food. The absence of raw fox meat for a single day shows itself in our scurvy. Hemorrhages are becoming common. My crew—I have no crew any longer—the tenants of my bunks cannot bear me to leave them a single watch. Yet I cannot make Petersen try the new path which I discovered and found practicable. Well, the wretched month is over. It is something to be living, able to write. No one has yet made the dark voyage, and January the thirty-first is upon us."

One week afterward we find the following entry. What a world of misery does it reveal!

"Still no supplies. Three of us have been out all day without getting a shot. Hans thinks he saw a couple of reindeer at a distance, and his eyes rarely deceive him. He will try for them to-morrow. I have fitted out for him a tent and a sleeping bag on the second table-land, and the thermometer is now so little below zero that he will be able to keep the field for a steady hunt. Our sick are sinking for the want of fresh food. It is the only specific. I dislike to use the unphilosophical term, but in our case it is the true one. In large quantities it dissipates the disease; in ordinary rations it prevents its occurrence; in small doses it checks it while sustaining the patient. We have learned its value too well to waste it; every part of every animal has its use. The skin makes the basis of a soup, and the claws can be boiled to a jelly. Lungs, larynx, stomach, and entrails, all are available. I have not permitted myself to taste more than an occasional entrail of our last half-dozen rabbits. Not that I am free from symptoms of the universal pest. I am conscious of a stiffness in the tendons, and a shortness of breath, and a weariness of the bones, that should naturally attend the eruption which covers my body. But I have none of the more fearful signs. I can walk with energy after I get warmed up. I have no bleeding of the gums, and, better than all, thank God, I am without that horrible despondency which the disease nourishes and feeds on. I sleep sound and dream pleasantly—generally about successes in the hunt, or a double ration of reindeer or ptarmigan."

On Sunday, the 25th of February, a glimpse was obtained of the returning sun.

"To-day, blessed be the great Author of light! I have once more looked upon the sun. I was standing on deck, thinking over our prospects, when a familiar berg, which had long been hid in shadow, flashed out in sun-birth. I knew this berg right well; it stood between Charlotte Wood Fiord and Little Willie's Monument. One year and one day ago, I traveled toward it from Fern Rock to catch the sunshine. Then I had to climb the hills beyond to get the luxury of basking in its brightness; but now, though the sun was but a single degree above the true horizon, it was so much elevated by refraction that the sheen stretched across the trough of the fiord like a flaming tongue. I could not or would not resist the influence. It was a Sunday act of worship. I started off at an even run, and caught him as he rolled slowly along the horizon, and before he sank. I was again the first of my party to rejoice and meditate in sunshine. It is the third sun I have seen rise for a moment above the long night of an Arctic winter."

In the beginning of March every man on board was tainted with scurvy,

and often not more than three were able to make exertion in behalf of the rest. On the 4th of the month the last remnant of fresh meat was doled out, and the invalids began to sink rapidly. Their lives were only saved by the success of a forlorn-hope excursion of Hans to the remote Esquimaux hunting station, Etah, seventy-five miles away, whither he went in search of walrus.

On one occasion the adventurers killed a bear that had come with its cub, pressed by extreme hunger, close to the brig. It is painful to read the details of the struggle, from the wonderful attachment shown by the mother to its cub, and by the latter to its parent, to whom it always elung, even in death. But the men's lives were valuable, and it was thought excusable to kill two bears when the gulls were seen gobbling up young eider-ducks, in the face of their distracted mothers, by mouthfuls.

Having no fuel, they were now reduced to the Esquimaux system of relying on lamps for heat; beds and bedding hence became black with soot, and their faces were begrimed with fatty carbon. The journal is now little more than a chronicle of privations and sufferings, interspersed with extraordinary efforts to keep up communications with the Esquimaux. It is, without comparison, the most painfully interesting record of experience in wintering in the far north that has ever yet been published. In the midst of their troubles two of the men tried to desert, but one only—Godfrey—succeeded. He returned, strange to say, on the 2d of April, with food, in a sledge, but would not himself quit the Esquimaux. Under a misapprehension that he had robbed Hans, one of the hunters, of his sledge and dogs, his life was near being sacrificed by the commander from whom he had deserted.

The abandonment of the brig was now resolved on. Before spring could be welcomed, preparations had been going on for some time for a sledge and boat escape from their long imprisonment. The employment thus given to the men exerted a wholesome influence on their moral tone, and assisted their convalescence. They had three boats, and they all required to be strengthened. There was clothing, bedding, and provision-bags to make. The sledges had to be prepared. The 17th of May was appointed for the start. The farewell to the ship was most impressive. Prayers were read, and then a chapter of the Bible. The flags were then hoisted and hauled down again, and she was left alone, frozen in the ice. Godfrey had, by this time, it is to be observed, rejoined the ship, so that the party consisted altogether of seventeen, of whom four were unable to move.

The collections of natural history the party were reluctantly compelled to leave behind, and part of the apparatus for observations, as well as the library of the commander, and the books furnished by the government and Mr. Grinnell for the use of the vessel. Nothing was retained but the documents of the expedition.

At Etah, the Esquimaux settlements were found "out on the bare rocks," enjoying the plenty which spring had brought.

Up to the 23d the progress of Dr. Kane's party was little more than a mile a day. The housed boats luckily afforded tolerably good sleeping-berths at night. On the 5th of June, Ohlsen injured himself so, in an attempt to rescue a sledge from falling into a tide-hole, that he died three days afterward.

"Still passing slowly on, day after day—I am reluctant," writes Dr. Kane, "to borrow from my journal the details of anxiety and embarrassment with which it abounds throughout this period—we came at last to the unmistakable neighborhood of open water." This was off Pekintlek, the largest of the Littleton Island group.

On Tuesday, the 19th of June, after a long farewell given to their long-tried friends, the Esquimaux of Etah, who had brought them frequent supplies of birds, and aided them in carrying their provisions and stores, they put to sea, and, the very first day's navigation, one of the boats swamped. They spent the first night in an inlet in the ice, and on the 22d reached Northumberland Island in a snow-storm. Here they got fresh provisions. They crossed Murchison Channel on the 23d, and encamped for the night on the land-floe at the base of Cape Parry—a hard day's travel, partly by tracking over ice, partly through tortuous and zig-zag leads. So it was for many successive days. One day favorable, with open leads of water; another slow and wearisome, through alternate ice and water. Then the floe would break up and carry them resistlessly against the rocks. Three long days they passed in a cavern of rock and ice, in which, however, they found plenty of birds' eggs.

On the 11th they had doubled Cape Dudley Digges, and plants, and birds, and birds' eggs became more common. They spent a week to regain strength at so productive a spot, which they designated as "Providence Halt." At the Crimson Cliffs they again got a plentiful supply of birds. On the 21st of July, they reached Cape York, and made immediate preparations for crossing Melville Bay, which was accomplished with great labor and suffering. Once more they were nearly starving, when a great seal came providentially to their succor.

This was while they were in the open bay, and in boats so frail that they could only be kept afloat by constant bailing. It was at this crisis of their fortunes that they discovered a large seal floating on a piece of ice, and apparently asleep. Trembling with anxiety, they prepared to move down upon him, Petersen standing ready with a large English rifle. As they neared the animal the excitement of the men became intense, and he reared his head when they were almost within rifle shot; "and to this day," says Dr. Kane, "I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of their faces, as they saw him move: their lives depended upon his capture. I depressed my hand nervously as a signal for Petersen to fire. I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety, trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on his fore flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and, at the very brink of the water, his head fell helplessly to one side. I would have ordered another shot, but no discipline could have controlled the men. With a wild yell, they urged both boats upon the floes; a crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice. The men seemed half-crazy; I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not

five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers, or moulting long strips of raw blubber."

The feet of the party were at this time so swollen that they were obliged to cut open their canvas boots. The most unpleasant symptom was that they could not sleep. On the 1st of August, they sighted the Devil's Thumb. Hence they fetched the Duck Islands, and passing to the south of Cape Shackleton, landed on *terra firma*. Two or three days more and they were under the shadow of Karkamoot.

"Just then a familiar sound came to us over the water. We had often listened to the screeching of the gulls, or the bark of the fox, and mistaken it for the 'Huk' of the Esquimaux; but this had about it an inflection not to be mistaken, for it died away in the familiar cadence of a 'halloo.'

"Listen, Petersen! Oars—men? What is it? and he listened quietly at first, and then, trembling, said, in a half-whisper, 'Dannemarkers!'"

It was the Upernavik oil-boat, and the next day they were at Upernavik itself, after being eighty-four days in the open air, and having passed over thirteen hundred miles. They could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation.

At Upernavik they took passage in a Danish vessel for England. By good fortune they touched at Disco where they were met by the expedition of Captain Hartstein, that had been sent out in search of them. Embarking on board, they arrived in New York, early in October, after an absence of two years and four months.

The expedition under Dr. Kane, although not succeeding in the great purpose for which it was dispatched, has contributed important and valuable additions to the geography of the Arctic regions. The highest point reached was nearly eighty-one and a half degrees of latitude, within about five hundred miles of the pole. In the different explorations by members of the party, the northern coast of Greenland was surveyed to its termination in the great Humboldt Glacier—this glacial mass was examined and described as far as its northward extension into the new land named Washington—a large tract of land forming the extension northward of the American continent was discovered—and the existence ascertained of an open and iceless sea toward the pole, making an area, with its channel, of over four thousand miles. The discovery of this Polar Sea is one of the most interesting results of Arctic exploration. It had long been suspected that such a tract of water was to be found in the vicinity of the pole, and the suspicion was confirmed to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. But hitherto no satisfactory proof of the fact had been obtained. The evidence which Dr. Kane has had the rare good fortune to collect, is founded on facts of immediate observation. The coast of this mysterious sea was traversed for many miles, in the summer of 1854, by a sledge party under Wm. Morton, who was absent from the brig on this expedition for thirty days. The water was viewed from an elevation of five hundred and eighty feet, presenting the same limitless spectacle, moved by a heavy swell, free from ice, and dashing in surf against a rock-bound shore. In connection with this discovery, several facts were brought to light indicating a milder climate near the pole. The sky to the northwest was of dark rain-cloud; also crowds of marine birds, the advance of vegetable life, the melted snow upon the

rocks, and the rise of the thermometer in the water, all suggested the supposition of a climatic melioration toward the pole.

"There is much in Dr. Kane's wonderful narrative to remind the reader of the story of old William Barentz, who, two hundred and fifty-nine years ago, wintered on the coast of Nova Zembla. His men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of winter, and three died, just as of the eighteen under Dr. Kane three had gone. Barentz abandoned his vessel, as the Americans abandoned theirs, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. The Americans embarked with sledges and boats to attempt the same thing. They had the longer journey, and the more difficult one, before them. Barentz lost, as they did, a cherished comrade by the wayside. But one resemblance luckily does not exist: Barentz himself perished—Dr. Kane lived to write an account of all that he suffered in a noble cause. No mere abstract of his narrative can give an idea of its absorbing interest.

His book is above all common praise, on account of the simple, manly, unaffected style in which the narrative of arduous enterprise and firm endurance is told. It is obviously a faithful record of occurrences, made by a man who was quite aware that what he had to tell needed no extraneous embellishment. There is, however, so much of artistic order in the mind of the narrator, that the unvarnished record has naturally shaped itself into a work of distinguished excellence upon literary grounds. The scenes which it describes are so vividly and vigorously brought before the reader, that there are few who sit down to the perusal of the narrative but will fancy, before they rise from the engrossing occupation, their own flesh paralyzed by the cold one hundred degrees greater than frost, and their blood scurvy-filled by the four months' sunlessness.

It is only just also to remark, that there is unmistakable evidence in the pages of this interesting book, that the doctor was no less eminently gifted for the duties of his command than he has been happy in his relation of its history. Every step in his arduous path seems to have been taken only after the exercise of deliberately matured forethought.

When the preparations for the final escape were under consideration, the following record was made in the doctor's journal: 'Whatever of executive ability I have picked up during this brain-and-body-wearying cruise warns me against immature preparation or vacillating purposes. I must have an exact discipline, a rigid routine, and a perfectly thought-out organization. For the past six weeks I have, in the intervals between my duties to the sick and the ship, arranged the schedule of our future course; much of it is already under way. My journal shows what I have done, but what there is to do is appalling.' Appalling as it was, the heroic man who had to look the necessity in the face, was equal to the position."



Seizure of Judson, the American Missionary, by the Burmese.

D. 1837

THE ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THAT
EMINENT AMERICAN MISSIONARY,
ADONIRAM JUDSON.

NO PRINCIPLE in man is so powerful as that of religion. Stranger as he is in this world, knowing but little around him, ignorant even of himself, his mind, as it develops, becomes aroused to the enigma of his existence. "Who am I?" "What was my origin?" "Whither am I tending?" are questions of solemn import.

Comparatively helpless, enveloped in mysteries, man feels the necessity of looking for a mightier power as the source of all things, and as a guide through the unknown future. The emotions thus originated, are united with the profoundest veneration for the great Unseen and Incomprehensible. This is Natural Religion, that which exists in the heart of every human being. The affections of the natural man open to the religious sentiment as the plants open to the light. The great want of humanity is a supreme object of worship and adoration. If destitute of this, man gropes in the dark and in his honest endeavors to minister to his religious faculties, falls a victim to horrible superstitions. The blackest records in history are those of crimes committed in the name of religion.

But Revelation unfolds to a man, an idea—the grandest that can enter the soul of mortal—an idea so vast that no finite being can comprehend it—the idea contained in that awful word—GOD! God, the creator and author of all that has been, that is, and that is to be; God, the omnipotent, the omnipresent, and the omniscient, who holds the world in the hollow of his hand, and has the universe for his footstool,—who pervades all space, whose eye is upon all things, even to our thoughts: God Almighty, the good father of us all!

With the idea of God, revelation presents that other great idea—IMMORTALITY! This life is but the beginning: man is to live forever: a higher world may be his, where there is no sorrow and no sin. There, all his faculties, moral, social and intellectual, the just exercise of which, even on earth, with the impediment of a perishing frame, give so much joy, are to have full scope and in a more glorious, a perfect body. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the full measure of bliss that awaits him at the hands of his eternal Father.

When to these two great ideas is united the third—**SALVATION BY FAITH**, and these triune ideas,—**GOD ! IMMORTALITY ! HEAVEN !**—take full possession of a man, he is ready for anything. Counting this life as nothing, he willingly dies, if need be, the death of a martyr, and under most excruciating tortures. Mortal agony is endured by the hope of immortal joy.

We propose to trace on these leaves the history of one such, to whom no peril, no suffering, was to be avoided, if thereby his fellow-men were to derive benefit. We allude to that self-sacrificing, eminent American missionary, Adoniram Judson.

Five years after the close of the American Revolution, August 9, 1788, Adoniram Judson was born, in the town of Malden, Massachusetts. His father was the pastor of a Congregational church, and therefore his son was, in common phrase, "well born," for in the New England States, the clergy are of preëminent influence.

As a boy at school, Judson was noted for his sprightliness of disposition, studious habits, and ease in acquiring knowledge. At the proper age, he became a student of Brown University, and graduated there in 1807, with the highest honors of his class. He subsequently taught school at Plymouth, where his fine amiable traits and pleasing address won universal esteem. Unfortunately he had, while at college, fallen into the very common error of young men of his age, of disbelieving the truths of the Christian religion. These skeptical ideas were dissipated afterward by a very sudden and surprising incident.

Closing his school, he determined to travel in the Southern States, where it was thought he had an idea of settling, and much against the wishes of his parents. He got ready, and bade them farewell : they shed tears at the parting, and their continual affection and love were seldom from his mind, during his absence. This, to young Judson, was a second Damascus journey. It was destined to change his whole career, and lead him eventually into that high calling, for which he was so peculiarly fitted. He had not long been absent when an event occurred that changed his determination. He put up at an inn, on his journey, where, it seems, one of his favorite fellow-graduates was also stopping, though he was ignorant of the fact. The same night the graduate died, and when Judson approached the corpse, as he thought of a traveling stranger, he was horrified as he gazed upon the inanimate form of his favorite college associate, and the same one, principally, through whom his infidelity had been imbibed. He fell into a train of solemn reflection. This circumstance, and his parent's prayers, began to whisper at his heart. He resolved to abandon his tour, retrace his steps, and devote himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures. He soon returned home, greatly to the surprise and joy of his parents and friends.

True to his purpose, he commenced a rigid examination of the scriptures, and the subject of revealed religion, and soon after, entered the Andover Theological Seminary, though it was ordinarily a privilege enjoyed exclusively by religious young men, having the ministry in view : this regulation, however, was suspended in his case. He devoted himself to his studies with unwearied application. As a result of his investigation, his infidelity, that had trembled before a father's prayer, a mother's tear, and a friend's death-bed, was completely overturned.

It was during his last year at Andover, that the tract of an eminent divine, entitled "The Star in the East," devoted to the subject of foreign missions, fell into his hands. Speaking, in after life, of the feelings he had upon its perusal, Judson remarks: "For some days I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in considering my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes in missionary life, and roaming about the college rooms, declaiming upon the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was perhaps necessary, in the first place, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries, and ascertain the path of duty."

He was now determined to become a missionary of the cross, and the East Indies seemed to him to be the best field for his efforts. The following is the manner in which he says he came to this resolution: "It was during a solitary walk in the woods, behind the college, while meditating and praying upon the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind, with such clearness and power that I came to a full decision, and though great difficulties appeared in the way, I resolved to obey the command at all events."

This design was morally heroic. In that day, were obstacles difficult to be overcome. The entire absence of missionary societies to advance the interests of foreign missions, compelled those who desired to devote their lives to that cause, to look almost entirely to themselves for support. Judson having come to the determination, was anxious to depart; nor did he wish to go alone: his heart was fired with a holy zeal, and he wished to see others unite with him, and work for the redemption of the world. He consulted with several young men of promise, who had missionary objects in view, and was gratified to find them alike enthusiastic. They applied to the church representative for assistance, but were mortified to find that, owing to the little attention formerly given to the subject of missions, they had to submit to much delay. Judson, in the meantime, devoted himself to the active duties of a clergyman. His reasoning was clear and lucid; his appeals, warm and earnest; his delivery, much admired. On one occasion, a Universalist minister of some note attended his church. After service, he remarked to a friend: "I pitied that young man when I saw him enter the pulpit, this morning, but before he came down, I pitied myself."

At that time, existed in London, an efficient organized missionary board, having for its object the circulation of the Bible and the "preached Word" among the heathen. By those to whom application was made by Judson and his companions, it was thought advisable to send one of the number to England, to confer with the managers of that society, and ascertain whether any concert of action could be established between the board and the American missionaries. On this business, they resolved to send Judson. With instructions, therefore, how to proceed before the London Society, he sailed for England in January, 1811. War was then raging between France and Eng-

land, and having taken passage on an English vessel, he was captured with the rest of the crew, by a French privateer, and conveyed as a prisoner to Bayonne. Through the intercession of an American gentleman, he was set at liberty, provided with a passport, when he proceeded to England which he reached four months after his departure from the United States.

He found the plan he had in view impracticable, but the directors of the London society expressed a readiness to receive him and his brethren under their patronage, in case they could not obtain support in America, and gave them instructions to be used by them at their option.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Judson and another of the candidates for missionary service, attended the meeting of the Board of Commissioners at Worcester in September. The funds of the Board were scanty, and there was some indication that their enterprise might be yet further delayed. Mr. Judson urged immediate movement, on the ground of impending war with England, which might cause a long postponement, if not a final abandonment of missions to the east. After anxious deliberation, the Board adopted Messrs. Judson, Hall, Newell, and Nott, as its missionaries, with a designation to the Burman empire, recommending, however, that they should continue their studies for a time.

In the preceding year, Mr. Judson first met Miss Ann Hasseltine, with whom he formed an acquaintance that led to an offer of marriage. However such a proposal might have been viewed by her under ordinary circumstances, coming as it did from one about to be self-exiled for missionary service, in a distant land, and among a semi-barbarous people, it was no wonder that she hesitated. With qualities that fitted her to move in the choicest society, and sensibilities that might well shrink from the eminent self-denial involved in acceptance of the proposal, her devoted piety gave her power to sympathize with the missionary's spirit. Her decision was deliberately made, to share his sufferings and toils and unselfish joys. In her Mr. Judson found a most fortunate companion, and the cause of missions an unrivaled ornament. Together, they were a pair peculiarly qualified for mutual support in founding a mission against obstacles few would have ventured to encounter, and fewer still would have had strength to overcome. The future was not indeed foreseen, but its possibilities were present to their minds. In asking her father's assent to their union, extenuating nothing, Mr. Judson frankly asked whether he could "consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, to insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death." The sacrifice was made, a sense of duty overcame the promptings of parental tenderness, and the youthful pair, bound together by ties of united duty and affection, prepared for their departure. They were married on the 5th of February, 1812, and on the day following, Mr. Judson, with his four colleagues, Messrs. Hall, Newell, Nott, and Rice, received ordination at Salem. Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their wives, sailed from Salem on the 19th in the bark *Caravan*, for Calcutta, and the rest of the company from Philadelphia on the 18th, for the same destination.

The *Caravan* arrived at Calcutta on the 18th of June. The missionaries were cordially welcomed by Dr. Carey, and invited to await at Seram-

pore the arrival of their associates. They accepted the invitation, and were received with marked kindness by the mission family. Their enjoyment was rudely interrupted. In about ten days they received a summons to Calcutta. There a government order was served upon them to return immediately to America. Their position was embarrassing. The state of the Burman empire, their original destination, seemed to forbid the present establishment of a mission there. To leave Calcutta then, was apparently to abandon their whole enterprise. They finally asked and obtained leave to sail to the Isle of France, whither a vessel then in the river was bound. The vessel could take but two passengers, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked in her, leaving their companions to follow by the first opportunity. Mr. Judson remained two months in Calcutta, during which time that change took place in his views which sundered his present relations as a missionary, and was made the instrument of enlisting a new agency in the work of human evangelization.

While on his passage from America, as he was engaged in the study of the original Scriptures, his attention was drawn to the subject of Baptism. The reflection that he was soon to meet Baptist missionaries, and that he might be called to defend his faith on the points of difference between them—an apprehension which turned out to be groundless—led him to study the subject more closely. Before reaching any conclusion, his arrival at Calcutta and subsequent difficulties arrested the inquiry. He resumed it after the departure of Mr. Newell, and ended by adopting the sentiments of the Baptists. It cost him a severe struggle to arrive at a conclusion that must sever him from the patronage of the Board that had honored him by its confidence, and leave him to the contingency of gaining support from a communion with whose members, saving two or three individual exceptions, he had no personal acquaintance. On first learning the state of his mind, Mrs. Judson was much distressed, but after a similar investigation, her views were conformed to his. They were baptized on the 6th of September.

Mr. Rice united with Messrs. Hall and Nott in a regretful communication of this "trying event" to the Board. But his own mind was excited to a review of his opinions, and in a few weeks followed the example of Mr. Judson. They resigned their commission from the Board, and wrote letters appealing to American Baptists for sympathy and aid. Meanwhile, it became necessary to take immediate measures to find a refuge from the hostility of the East India Company, which was heightened by intelligence of war between Great Britain and the United States, and by the suspicion, from their protracted stay, that the missionaries designed to remain permanently at Calcutta. They were peremptorily ordered to take passage for England; and in this emergency, they engaged a passage to the Isle of France. They had gone down the river for two days, when an order came, arresting the vessel, on the ground that she had on board passengers ordered to England. All escape now seemed impossible; but after remaining on shore three days, they received from an unknown hand a pass authorizing their passage in the ship they had left. By two days' hard rowing, a distance of seventy miles, they reached Saugur, and found the vessel providentially lying at anchor.

They arrived at the Isle of France on the 17th of January. The hostility of the East Indian government followed them : the governor received a notice to look carefully after them as suspicious persons. To this he paid no attention, and on the contrary treated them with much kindness, offering them, if they chose to remain on the island, his countenance in their work. But it was not a desirable field for missionary labor. They thought of Madagascar, but a mission there appeared impracticable, and it was at last decided to attempt one at Pinang, or Prince of Wales' Island, for which purpose Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for Madras. In the meantime, Mr. Rice returned to America, to effect in person with the Baptists the needful arrangements for their support. Tidings of the unexpected event, that threw upon the sympathies of the denomination two missionaries already providentially in India, had preceded him, and he received a cordial welcome. Auxiliary societies were formed, and a meeting of delegates assembled in Philadelphia, by whom was formed the Baptist General Convention, more recently organized by the name of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were adopted as their missionaries, while Mr. Rice remained to give his services to the domestic agency of the Convention.

Where the appointed missionaries would labor was not, indeed, known even to themselves. On reaching Madras they heard of the order for the transportation of the American missionaries from Bombay to England. Dreading the like treatment, they made all haste to escape from British dominions. There was no outward bound vessel in the harbor, except an unseaworthy craft about to sail for Rangoon, the principal port of the Burman empire. In this they took passage, and, after braving numerous perils, reached their destination in July, 1813, resolved, if practicable, to remain there. The trials they had met with providentially overruled the apprehensions that caused them to shrink from a mission in Burmah, and brought them to the place of their original destination. The day of their arrival was one of gloom. Uncertain as to the issue of their enterprise, lonely from the want of Christian society, and without intelligence from friends at home, they went on shore, scarcely knowing whither they should go. The health of Mrs. Judson, moreover, had suffered from excitement, fatigue, and danger, so that she was scarcely able to land. They found shelter and the temporary companionship of Mrs. Felix Carey, in the mission-house that had been occupied about five years by English missionaries, but was now to be abandoned for the occupancy of others to whom the evangelization of Burmah was manifestly committed.

The Burman empire, then including Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces, of which it has been stripped, and Cassay, a part of which is now independent, is an absolute despotism. The monarch is styled the "Master of Life and Death," and his edicts are the unquestioned law of the land. The country is divided into districts, each under the rule of a viceroy, or governor, by whom the imperial decrees are executed on the whole people.

The religion of Burmah, if such it may be called, is Boodhism, a superstition which enslaves nearly one-third of the human race. It acknowledges no living or intelligent first cause, but affirms the eternity of matter. It holds that four Boodhs, or deities, have successively appeared at intervals of several thousand years, and have been absorbed into Nicban, a state

of entire unconsciousness or annihilation, which is regarded as the highest reward of virtue. The last Boodh, Gaudama, appeared about the year B. C. 600, became Boodh at the age of thirty-five, and forty-five years after was absorbed. As thousands of years will elapse before the appearance of another, the system is meanwhile one of pure atheism. The objects of adoration are images and relics of Gaudama, to whom numerous temples are erected, served by a large body of priests, who are bound to celibacy, and subsist by alms. The only religious pursuit of the people is the acquisition of merit by alms deeds and austerities.

Boodhism is superior to other forms of paganism, in its moral features. It does not deify lust, revenge, or cupidity. It has five moral precepts : Thou shalt not kill ; thou shalt not steal ; thou shalt not commit adultery ; thou shalt not lie ; thou shalt use no intoxicating liquor. But as it recognizes no eternal and Supreme Deity, leaving the universe to the force of a blind destiny : it imposes no adequate restraint on the depraved passions of its devotees. With many professions of ascetism, they show all the vices with which the history of heathen nations is uniformly darkened. The people are naturally active and energetic, with acute minds, lively imaginations, and a freedom of social intercourse unknown to most oriental nations, but the debasing influences of an atheistic philosophy and tyrannical government have made them indolent, unfeeling, suspicious and cruel.

More than a year elapsed before Mr. Judson heard of the formation of the Baptist General Convention. For three years he was busied in learning the language, which is one of peculiar difficulty, and undertaken, as it was, without grammar, dictionary, or a teacher speaking English, almost insurmountable. But he had great aptitude for philological investigation, and foreign as its idiom is to the mental habits of western nations, he made the Burmese so much his own, that he ultimately used it with all the freedom of a native. His first labors were directed to the preparation of a tract, entitled a Summary of the Christian Religion. He was commencing a translation of the New Testament, when he found himself so much enfeebled by continuous study, that he was compelled to suspend his exertions, and think of seeking a temporary change of climate. The arrival of Rev. George H. Hough at Rangoon, to reinforce the mission, caused him to relinquish this purpose. Mr. Hough brought a printing-press, the gift of the Serampore mission, by which the tract just mentioned and a catechism were soon ready for circulation. A translation of the Gospel of Matthew was next undertaken, and printed in the course of the following year.

The tracts were not without effect in calling the attention of the people to the "new religion." In March, 1817, an intelligent man, with great seriousness of manner, came to the mission-house as an inquirer, from whom Mr. Judson caught with grateful wonder, "the first acknowledgment of an eternal God he had ever heard from the lips of a Burman." It was now resolved to commence public preaching, and in December, Mr. Judson sailed for Chittagong, in Arracan, to obtain the services of a native Christian as an assistant. The vessel was driven out of its course, and he was landed at Madras, where he was detained till the June following. Great anxiety was excited at Rangoon by information from Chittagong, that the vessel

had not been heard from. To add to the perplexity of their situation, the missionaries were startled by a summons, couched in menacing terms, commanding Mr. Hough's presence at the court-house. The viceroy had hitherto treated them with respect and kindness; the change was equally mysterious and alarming. It afterward appeared that a royal order for the expulsion of three Portuguese priests, from the laxity of its terms, had been held to include all foreign religious teachers. After some day's alarm and vexation, Mr. Hough was released from arrest, but these events, together with rumors of war with the British Indian government, excited such fear, that he set sail for Bengal, taking with him the chief part of the printing apparatus. Mrs. Judson at first proposed to share his flight, and actually went on board the vessel, but finally determined, though alone, and uncertain whether her husband was living, to remain at Rangoon, and there await his coming, or the tidings that should confirm her darkest forebodings. In a few days her heroic decision was rewarded by Mr. Judson's return, and not long after, Rev. Messrs. Coleman and Wheelock arrived from the United States to join the mission. Their presence was hailed with the liveliest satisfaction, but it soon became painfully evident that neither had the physical strength to endure the toils of missionary life.

Though foiled in the purpose for which his voyage to Chittagong was undertaken, Mr. Judson went forward with his design to attempt public preaching. The comparatively quiet manner in which the mission had hitherto been conducted screened them from official jealousy, but with a change of policy this security would be at an end. Trusting, however, in the divine protection, the decisive step was taken. A *zayat*,—a building which in Burmah answers the two-fold purpose of an inn or caravansery and an edifice for public meetings,—was erected on an eligible site, and opened for worship in April, 1819. A small congregation was gathered, and the only living and true God was for the first time publicly adored, and his message of mercy proclaimed in the Burmese language.

The thirtieth of April was a memorable day: MOUNG NAU, the first Burman convert, then made his appearance at the *zayat*. He continued his visits daily, till, on the 5th of May, Mr. Judson recorded his confident hope that a soul was truly won. "It seems almost too much," he says, "to believe that God has begun to manifest his grace to the Burmans; but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. PRAISE AND GLORY BE TO HIS NAME FOR EVERMORE. Amen." On the 5th of June, MOUNG NAU presented a written application for baptism, which was administered on the 27th in "a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is *graced* with an enormous image of Gaudama." The first success was gained, the first living stone laid for the spiritual temple that is to glorify God in Burmah.

Two additional converts were received to the fellowship of the church in November. Others were inquiring, among them MOUNG SHWA GNONG, a learned man and subtle reasoner, who engaged Mr. Judson in animated discussions for a considerable time. At last he confessed his belief in the truths of Christianity. The viceroy was informed that he had changed his religion. "Inquire further," was his significant order. MOUNG SHWA GNONG was terrified. The other inquirers shared his apprehensions, and

the zayat was deserted except by the three Christian Burmans. Under these circumstances, an appeal to the king appeared to the mission the only resource. Fear restrained the people, and only a pledge of toleration by the government, it seemed, would enable them to prosecute their work with the hope of success.

Messrs. Judson and Coleman accordingly set out, on the 22d of December, to ascend the Irrawadi to Amarapoora, then the capital of the empire. Mr. Wheelock was no more, having died in August. They reached the "golden city" on the 25th of January. On the 27th, the king having signified his willingness to see them, they repaired to the palace, taking with them the Bible, in six volumes, gilded in Burman style, as a present to the king, a revised copy of the "Summary of the Christian Religion" for his majesty's information, and a respectful prayer for toleration. Mounz Zah, one of the chief ministers, conducted them to a magnificent hall, where they awaited the royal presence. The "golden foot" approached. "He came," says Mr. Judson, "unattended,—in solitary grandeur,—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near we attracted his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us;—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman?'" After a series of questions respecting themselves and their nation, the petition was read aloud. He took it in his hand, and read it deliberately through. Without saying a word, he returned it, and took the tract. He held it long enough to read the first two sentences, which affirmed the existence one eternal God, and dashed it to the ground. The present was unfolded, but no notice was taken of it. The minister interpreted the royal silence in these words: "In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them;—take them away."

Some further efforts were made to accomplish their purpose, but in vain. Exhausted with fatigue and excitement, disappointment of their object, and looking for the certain abandonment of their mission, they returned to Rangoon. On their way they met Mounz Shwa Gnonz, and related the failure of their petition. He showed less alarm than they expected, and calmly reaffirmed his faith in Christianity. At Rangoon they disclosed their sad tidings to the three disciples, and intimated their intention to remove to the border of Arracan, among a Burman population under British protection. To their surprise, the disciples, so far from being disheartened, vied with each other in expressions of courageous zeal. If the missionaries removed, they would accompany them; if not, they would stand by them. They earnestly desired that Rangoon might not be abandoned,—and it was not. Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained where they were. Mr. Coleman fixed his abode at Chittagong, to provide a retreat for them in case of danger. But his time was short. In a little more than two years he fell a martyr to the intensity of his zeal.

The missionary pair were alone at Rangoon, but were cheered by the constancy of the disciples and the visits of inquirers. Three persons were added to their little church in the spring and summer of 1820. The health

of Mrs. Judson required a voyage to Bengal, in which it was necessary that she should be accompanied by her husband. Four additional converts, one of them the learned Mounng Shwa Gnonng, and another a female disciple, the first of her sex in Burmah, applied for baptism, and received the rite before their departure. Thus, against all discouragements, the work went on. They had acquired the language, a grammar and dictionary were compiled, the Gospel of Matthew and some tracts had been printed, the Epistle to the Ephesians was translated, public worship established, and in the face of the royal frown ten persons had made an open profession of Christianity. After about six months' residence in Bengal, the missionaries returned to Rangoon in January, 1821. They were joyfully welcomed by the disciples, who, though without the regular means of grace, and dispersed through fear of petty officers, had continued steadfast in the faith, and another was added to their number in March.

The improvement in Mrs. Judson's health was transient, and in the summer of 1821 she visited America, where she spent about a year. The voyage was undertaken alone, as Mr. Judson felt that in the present state of his work he could not leave Rangoon. By the publication of a history of the mission, and her personal appeals, she deepened the public interest for its furtherance, and on her return was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, appointed to reinforce them. During her absence Mr. Judson, besides forwarding the translation of the New Testament, had gathered several converts, making the whole number eighteen. The arrival of Dr. Price, who joined the mission soon after Mrs. Judson's departure, led to another visit to the capital, the king having heard of his medical skill, and ordered him to report himself immediately at court. Mr. Judson accompanied him, with the hope of making a more favorable impression respecting his missionary labors. For some time no notice was taken of him, except as interpreter of Dr. Price, who received very kind attention. After three days' attendance at the palace, his majesty condescended to ask some questions about his religion, and put the alarming interrogatory whether any had embraced it. The evasive answer, "Not here," would not do. "Are there any at Rangoon?" "There are a few." "Are they Burmans or foreigners?" The truth must out. "There are some Burmans and some foreigners." The king showed no displeasure, but calmly continued the conversation.

By some of the ministers and officers in the court Mr. Judson was treated with much consideration, and the claims of Christianity were freely and candidly discussed. The king was pleased to direct that the missionaries should remain at Ava, and land was given them for the erection of dwellings. These arrangements having been made, Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon. Here he completed the translation of the New Testament, and composed an epitome of the Old, to serve the converts till the entire Scriptures could be put into their hands. On the 5th of December, 1823, he welcomed Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and immediately removed with his wife to Ava, "not knowing the things that should befall them there," leaving Mr. Hough with the new missionaries at Rangoon. For a little time he preached in the imperial city, but the work was suddenly arrested, and the persons of the missionaries placed in great peril, by

the commencement of a war with the British East Indian government. Mrs. Judson had been warned of the probability of such an event on her arrival at Calcutta, from the United States, but disregarded the advice of her friends to forbear returning to Burmah.

The storm burst sooner than had been anticipated. The encroachments of the Burmans on the territories of the East India Company had been long complained of, but the king, with ignorant vanity, attributed the remonstrances of the English to fear. He collected an army to invade Bengal, with instructions to bring the governor-general in golden fetters to Ava! The English resolved to anticipate his movements, and in May, 1824, a force of six thousand men, under command of Sir Archibald Campbell, attacked Rangoon. The viceroy forthwith ordered the arrest of every person in town, "who wore a hat." Messrs. Hough and Wade were seized, and condemned to instant death, but were reprieved, and after much suffering were released by the English. They then removed with all speed to Bengal, where Mr. Wade pursued the study of the language, and put to press Mr. Judson's Burman dictionary, a work of modest pretensions, but of no little utility.

For two years no information was received of the fate of the missionaries at Ava. Whether they were murdered at the first outbreak of hostilities, or worn out by slower tortures, or still lingered in captivity, could not be conjectured. The suspense was almost intolerable. And when the silence was broken by tidings of their safety, the general joy was mingled with inexpressible sympathy, at the recital of sufferings more dreadful than the pains of death, visited upon their devoted heads.

The news of the capture of Rangoon by the English had reached Ava, Sunday, May 23d, 1824. Soon after a rumor was circulated that papers had been received from Bengal, which made known the purpose of the British to make an attack at that point. In consequence of this report certain Englishmen at Ava were examined. It was found that they had seen the papers, and they were put in confinement, and subsequently transferred to the death-prison.

It being known that the American missionaries had frequent communications with Bengal, the suspicion that they were spies soon rested on them, but after examination they were allowed to return to their homes. They had but a short respite. On the 8th of June, as Mr. Judson was preparing for dinner, the veranda of his dwelling was suddenly thronged with people, and an officer, holding a black book, rushed in, "accompanied by one who, from his spotted face, was known to be an executioner and a son of the prison. 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal." He was instantly seized, thrown on the floor, tightly bound with cords, and struck with the knees and elbows in the act of being secured. These cords were so firmly bound round his arms that the skin was cut.

An offer of money on the part of Mrs. Judson drew the attention of the officer to her, and a command was given to the spotted face to take her likewise; and but for the earnest entreaties of Mr. Judson that they would wait for further instructions, it is probable she would have been subjected to

like indignities. It was in vain that the spotted face was entreated to take the silver and loosen the cords, and thus bound Mr. Judson was removed from his house. In a short time he was again thrown down, the cords drawn more tightly, and repeated strokes of the knee made on his back, so as almost to induce fainting. Money was then demanded for loosening the cords. "A Christian native, who had followed at a distance, now came forward and offered to go back for the money, but before his return the anguish endured was so great that Mr. Judson was obliged to appeal to the numerous bystanders. 'Is there no one who knows me? Is there no one who will be my security for the money—no one who pities me? I am a priest, and though a foreign one, deserve not such indignity, such torture.' But none stepped forward, and the cruel monster persisted in tightening the cords until the arrival of Mounng Ing, with ten ticals of pure silver, when his arms were somewhat relieved, so as to allow a more free respiration, and he was again hurried forward a distance of nearly two miles to the prison-house. Here the order to commit the missionaries to the death-prison was read. According to Dr. Price, it was very laconic. "P. and J. catch and put in prison." The dreaded functionary who presided over this fearful abode, immediately took charge of Mr. Judson, who, having been fettered with three pairs of irons, was "strung" on a bamboo pole, on which were five foreign residents, who had been taken a few hours before. "At first," according to the testimony of Mr. Laird, one of the captives, "the whole of the prisoners had a long bamboo passed between the legs, over the fetters, so that one leg rested on the bamboo and the other on the platform on which we lay."

A few hours after Mr. Judson's capture, Dr. Price was seized and taken to the same dreary abode. His sensations on entering the prison he has thus described: "Horror of horrors! what a sight! Never to my dying day shall I forget the scene; a dim lamp in the midst, just making darkness visible, and discovering to my horrified gaze sixty or seventy wretched objects, some in long rows, made fast in the stocks, some strung on poles, some simply fettered; but all sensible of a new accession of misery in the approach of a new prisoner. Stupefied, I stopped to gaze, till, goaded on, I proceeded toward the farther end, when I again halted. A new and unexpected sight met my eyes. Till now I had been kept in ignorance of the fate of my companions; a long row of white objects, stretched on the floor in a most crowded situation, revealed to me, however, but too well their sad case." In this company he found Mr. Judson. Though it might have been thought that the presence of his associate would have been almost a cause of gladness, yet our subject, altogether forgetful of himself, exclaimed to Dr. Price, "We all hoped you had escaped, you were so long coming."

"Here," writes Dr. Price, "side by side we were allowed the only gratification left, of condoling in the Burmah language with each other. 'Now you are arrived, and our number is complete, I suppose they will proceed to murder us,' was the first thing suggested, and no one could say it was improbable. To prepare for a violent death, for immediate execution, was our consequent resolution. And now we began to feel our Strength, our Strong-hold, our Deliverer in this dark abode of misery."

Thus did the Lord manifest his presence to his servants, though they had no bed but the filthy, greasy floor of the prison, and were unable to move their bodies for the bamboo which passed through their limbs. At the same time the stench was almost intolerable; and the night being rainy, the water found a ready entrance through the boards of their prison.

Mrs. Judson was placed under surveillance for the first two days of her husband's incarceration, but on the third day she was relieved from the presence of her guard, and having visited the governor, obtained from him an order for admission to the prison. In a letter to Dr. Elnathan Judson, she says: 'The sensations produced by meeting your brother in that wretched, horrid situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was not allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangements I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailors, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.'"

Having made a payment of a hundred ticals for each of the missionaries, "the same evening," Mrs. Judson writes, "the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison inclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not permitted to enter again for several days."

One of the first scenes which the missionaries were compelled to behold was the torture of a criminal, whose shoulders and hip joints were almost or quite dislocated by the ingenious appliances of Burman cruelty. "We only anticipated," Dr. Price says, "in every contortion and groan of the unhappy man the state we might soon be in." Then there was reason for great alarm on account of the keeper to whose charge they were chiefly committed, for, like most Burman constables, he was a reprieved malefactor. As described by Mr. Crawford, who saw him in 1856, he was "an old man of sixty, lean, and of a most villainous countenance. He was by birth of the tribe of the Kynes, had murdered his master, and had a large circle on each cheek, with the Burman words 'Lu that,' or man-killer, in very large letters on his breast." This man seemed to delight in the sufferings of those committed to his charge. In addition to these things, Mr. Judson thought of *a wife* just returned from the refined society of England and America, liable to all the savage cruelties he was enduring. Already she had been threatened with violence, and in every effort to minister to him she was at fearful peril.

The presence of Mrs. Judson, though a cause of anxiety, was nevertheless an incalculable blessing. Her heroic and unflinching intercessions with those in authority, combined with her personal ministry for his relief, to all human appearance, were indispensable to the preservation of his life.

When first incarcerated, Mrs. Judson entertained considerable hope that relief might be found for her afflicted partner if she could secure the favorable regard of the queen. No person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with the king, she determined to see the sister-in-law of

her majesty, hoping to interest her in his behalf. This interview she has described : " I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favor. But now times were altered ; Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, ' What do you want ? ' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, ' Your case is not singular ; all the foreigners are treated alike.' ' But it is singular,' said I ; the teachers are Americans ; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus ? ' ' The king does as he pleases,' said she ; ' I am not the king ; what can I do ? ' ' You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. ' Place yourself in my situation ; were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do ? With a slight degree of feeling, she said, ' I will present your petition ; come again to-morrow.' "

Mrs. Judson " returned to the house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand." But her " hopes were dashed " by the announcement—" I stated your case to the queen, but her majesty replied, *' The teachers will not die ; let them remain as they are.'* "

After hearing this sentence, Mrs. Judson, on her way home, attempted to enter the prison-gate, but was refused admittance, and for the ten days following, notwithstanding her daily effort, was not allowed to enter. " We attempted," she says, " to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered ; the poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in stocks, and the circumstances cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony for fear of the consequences."

Afterward they discovered other and safer method of correspondence. Mrs. Judson says : " The means which we invented for communication were such as necessity alone could have suggested. At first I wrote to him on a flat cake baked for the purpose, and buried it in a bowl of rice ; and in return he communicated his situation on a piece of tile, on which, when wet with water, the writing became invisible, but when dried, perfectly legible. But after some months' experience, we found the most convenient as well as safest mode of writing was to roll up a chit and put it in the long nose of a coffee-pot in which I sent his tea. These circumstances may appear trivial, but they serve to show to what straits and shifts we were driven ; it was a crime of the highest nature to be found making communications to a prisoner, however nearly related."

After being repulsed by the queen's sister-in-law, Mrs. Judson says : " I felt ready to sink down in despair, as there was then no hope of Mr. Judson' release from another quarter ; but a recollection of the judge in the parable, who, though he feared not God, nor regarded man, was moved by the importunities of a widow, induced me to resolve to continue my visits

until the object was attained. But here also I was disappointed ; for after entreating her many times to use her influence in obtaining the release of the missionaries, she became so irritated at my perseverance that she refused to answer my questions, and told me by her looks and motions that it would be dangerous to make any further effort."

Though so often disappointed, Mrs. Judson's efforts for the release of the prisoners were not intermitted. "For the seven following months," she writes, "hardly a day passed that I did not visit some one of the members of the government or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf ; but the only benefit resulting was, their encouraging promises preserved us from despair, and induced a hope of the speedy termination of our difficulties, which enabled us to bear our distresses better than we otherwise should have done. I ought, however, to mention that, by my repeated visits to the different members of government, I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favor of a foreigner while there were such continual reports of the success of the English arms."

Such were some of the events without the prison, but it is difficult for any to realize what passed within. Month after month of confinement and anxiety passed in three pairs of fetters. The "continual extortions and oppressions" of the first seven months, one of Mrs. Judson's letters declares "indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs ; at other times an order would be issued that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food without an extra fee."

In January, 1823, Mrs. Judson became the mother of a little girl. When this child was twenty days old, she caused her to be carried to the prison as she went to visit her husband. It is difficult for a man to conceive a more touching scene than the subsequent interview. Mr. Judson at this time composed some verses which, not unlike the celebrated adieu of John Rogers, the martyr, to his ten bereaved children, have a value wholly irrespective of their poetic merits.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER, TWENTY DAYS OLD, IN THE CON-
DEMNED PRISON AT AVA.

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,
Hushed on thy mother's breast ;
Let no rude sound of clanking chains
Disturb thy balmy rest.

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,
Blest that thou canst not know
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,
The keenness of their woe.

Sleep, darling infant, sleep ;
May Heaven its blessings shed,
In rich profusion, soft and sweet,
On thine unconscious head !

Why ope thy little eyes ?
What would my darling see ?
Her sorrowing mother's bending form ?
Her father's misery ?

Wouldst view this drear abode,
Where fettered felons lie,
And wonder that thy father here
Such place should occupy ?

Wouldst mark the dreadful sights
That stoutest hearts appal—
The stocks, the cord, the fatal sword,
The torturing iron mall ?

No, darling infant, no :
Thou seest them not at all ;
Thou only mark'st the rays of light
That flit along the wall.

Thine untaught infant eye
Can nothing clearly see ;
Sweet scenes of home and prison scenes
Are all the same to thee.

Stretch, then, thy little arms,
And roll thy vacant eye ;
Reposing on thy mother's breast
In soft security.

Go, darling infant, go ;
Thine hour is past away ;
The jailor's voice, in accents harsh,
Forbids thy longer stay.

God grant that we may meet
In happier times than this,
And with thy angel-mother dear,
Enjoy domestic bliss.

But should the gathering clouds
That Burmah's sky o'erspread
Conduct the fatal vengeance down
Upon thy father's head,

Where couldst thou shelter find ?
And whither wouldst thou stray ?
What hand support thy tottering steps
And guide thy darkling way ?

There is a God on high,
The glorious King of kings
'Tis He to whom thy mother prays,
Whose love she sits and sings.

That glorious God, so kind,
 Has sent his son to save
 Our ruined race from sin and death,
 And raise them from the grave.

And to that covenant God
 My darling I commend;
 Be thou the helpless orphan's stay,
 Her Father and her Friend.

Inspire her infant heart
 The Saviour's love to know,
 And guide her through this dreary world—
 This wilderness of woe.

Thou sleep'st again, my lamb,
 And heed'st not song nor prayer;
 Go, sleeping in thy mother's arms,
 Safe in a mother's care.

And when in future life
 Thou know'st thy father's tongue,
 These lines will show thee how he felt—
 How o'er his babe he sung.

During Mr. Judson's incarceration the war had been proceeding with disastrous results to the Burmese. Nevertheless, they showed no disposition to treat for peace. In the beginning of 1825, Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander of the British forces, seeing that the war would be indefinitely protracted, unless he carried his conquests into the heart of the country, resolved to march on Prome. This proceeding on his part, while it intimidated the powers at Ava, caused them to meditate further, if not fatal, vengeance on the foreigners whom they held in captivity. The effect of their designs Mr. Judson was soon made to know. For some time, while the other white prisoners had lived in an open shed, he had been permitted to occupy a small bamboo room his wife had made for him, in which he was much by himself, and where he had sometimes the privilege of her company for two or three hours at a time. One morning in March this little room was torn down, and his mat, pillow, etc., taken by his jailors, and himself and the other white prisoners thrust into the inner prison, and five pairs of fetters placed on each. This treatment, though very severe, was, it was afterward found, by no means equal to the directions which had been given by persons high in authority.

Mrs. Judson determined to see the governor, on whom her appeals had been often successful, to know the cause of this new oppression. In the morning, on going to his house, she saw his wife, who was ordered to tell her "not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for it could not be done." Nevertheless, she resolved to see the governor, and in the evening again repaired to his house. The interview she has thus described: "He was in his audience room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying, 'Your lordship has hitherto

treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate though innocent beings committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment? The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, *Tsa-yar-ga-dan* (a name by which he always called me); I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have never before told you, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately: but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us."

The situation of the prisoners Mrs. Judson describes as "distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air, excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time."

To the tender frame of Mr. Judson, already worn down by his sufferings, these added severities were productive of serious consequences. After a month's incarceration he was taken with a fever. "I felt assured," Mrs. Judson writes, "he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. The governor, being worn out by my entreaties, at length gave me the order, in an official form, to take Mr. J. out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation, and also gave orders to the head jailor to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicine, etc. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. J. instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison to the place he had left."

Two or three days had been passed in this seeming "palace," when further miseries passed upon them. The most distinguished Burman general, Bandoola, having been killed in battle, "the *pakan woon*, who, a few months before, had been so far disgraced by the king as to be thrown into prison and irons, now offered himself to head a new army, that should be raised on a different plan from those which had hitherto been raised, and assured the king, in the most confident manner, that he would conquer the English, and restore those places that had been taken, in a very short time."

In consequence of his exaltation to power, an order was issued for the removal of the white prisoners to Oung-pen-la, some ten or twelve miles from Ava. This removal was sudden and unexpected. Mrs. Judson, in order to visit her husband, was accustomed to carry his food to the prison herself. She had brought his breakfast to him one morning, which in consequence of fever he was unable to take, and had remained longer than usual, when she was summoned to visit the governor. Immediately after she had gone out, "one of the jailors rushed into Mr. Judson's little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes except shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope around his waist, and dragged him to the court-house." Here he was bound to another of his companions in misery, and "delivered into the hands of the lamine-woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together." In this manner they proceeded on their march. Mrs. Judson describes it :

"It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother's feet became blistered ; and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin, and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers, leaving behind, as they passed along, the bloody tracks of their raw and lacerated feet." Some idea of the truthfulness of this description may be gained from the fact that Mr. Judson's feet were torn in such a manner that for six weeks he was not able to stand.

It is no wonder, exhausted with the travel to which he was exposed, that he thought even the heart of a barbarian might show some sympathy. "When about half way on their journey, as they stopped for water, he begged the lamine-woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state."

To this petition "a scornful, malignant look was all the reply that was made ;" but nevertheless He who suffereth not a sparrow to fall unnoticed to the ground, had provided him a yoke-fellow who was a strong, healthy man, and to him, as a companion in misfortune, he applied for help, begging to be allowed to "take hold of his shoulder, for he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and, seeing the distresses of your brother, took off his head-dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried the remainder of the way." Through this man's assistance he reached the court-house at Amarapoora.

To one of the prisoners, an old man, named Constantine, a Greek, the

journey proved fatal. He was taken out of the prison at Ava in perfect health, but was so overcome by the sun that he fell down on the way. "His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court-house." Mr. Judson considered that had it not been for the Bengalee servant he should have shared his fate.

When the company arrived at Amarapoora, the "lamine-woon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no farther that night; otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without anything to cover them. The curiosity of the lamine-woon's wife induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their refreshment; and the next morning, rice was prepared for them, and poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before."

None of the prisoners being able to walk, carts were provided, and they were thus conveyed to the prison at Oung-pen-la, an old, shattered and roofless building.

In the journey thus taken they were "entirely ignorant of what was to become of them, and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were to be burned, agreeably to the report which had been previously in circulation at Ava. They all endeavored to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated, and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison, that they had the doubt that a cruel, lingering death awaited them."

Mr. Judson had been at his new abode but two hours, and was sitting under a low projection outside of the prison, probably meditating on the sorrows and trials of his noble wife, when on lifting his eyes he saw her approaching with her babe. By great perseverance, and after a night of indescribable agony she had discovered his destination, and hastened to share the sorrows of his new place of captivity. It is not wonderful that, with his affection for her, he exclaimed, "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here."

At Oung-pen-la "the prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailors could obtain chains sufficient they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. While they were coupled, Mr. Judson had Dr. Price for his associate. Though the journey proved so fearful an ordeal, yet in this new place of captivity he was much more comfortably situated than in the city prison. One pair of fetters was used instead of three or five, and "when recovered from his fever and wounds he was allowed to walk in the prison inclosure. In addition to this, "a large airy shed" was "erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in a little close prison at night."

This comparative relief did not extend beyond the body. Mrs. Judson

has spoken of Oung-pen-la as "*that never-to-be-forgotten place.*" To her it proved the scene of greatest trial; for her privations far exceeded any she had been called to endure at Ava. It was, therefore, a place in which her husband experienced great mental anguish. Her sole abode was a little filthy room in the jailor's house. This was half filled with grain, and she was destitute of even a chair or other household convenience. The morning after her arrival a native child whom she had taken with her from Ava was seized with the small-pox, and shortly after her infant took the same disease, and over three months passed before its recovery. She was herself taken sick with a disease peculiar to the country; and after making a journey to Ava with great difficulty for medicines, returned to crawl on to a mat in the jailor's house, and laid sick for more than two months.

As Mrs. Judson's sickness deprived her child of its usual sustenance, the jailor, having been bribed by presents, allowed Mr. Judson to come out of his prison to seek aid in the village. Scarcely is it possible to conceive of a more affecting sight than that which was presented when a man whose memory all Christendom honors, walked barefooted, in shirt and pantaloons, through Oung-pen-la, carrying the little "emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children."

During all these afflictions, the caprice of the keeper of the prison often proved a cause of bitter sorrow. "Sometimes our jailor," Mrs. Judson says, "seemed a little softened at our distress, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from sufferings." Perhaps the reader may form some judgment of this iron-heartedness from the statement of Mr. Laird, that, to extort money from him, he was four or five times put into the stocks, and had to pay four times for the fetters he had on.

In this incarceration Mr. Judson and his fellow-prisoners escaped the lot which was intended for them. The village of Oung-pen-la was the native place of the pakan-woon, and it was his intention in sending them thither to massacre them at the head of the army, which was to march through Oung-pen-la for the purpose. But about a month after he was raised to power he was suspected of treason, and put to death by being trod upon by elephants.

"While Mr. Judson was detained here, hostilities had been continued, and with such success on the part of the British, that the Burmans began to find it necessary to negotiate, and a capable interpreter being indispensable, an order was issued for him to repair to Ava. Here he was again placed in prison, but the next day he was sent to the Burman camp at Maloun. In going there he was "crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold, damp nights threw him into a violent fever, which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day, when, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailors."

At the end of this time, and within five minutes' notice, he was returned to Ava. "On his way up the river, he accidentally saw the communication made to government respecting him, which was simply this: 'We have no further use for Yoodthan; we therefore return him to the golden city.'" Mrs. Judson having heard of his arrival, sent a message to the governor of the north gate, who had formerly shown a disposition to oblige them, begging him to intercede to prevent his return to prison. He immediately presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security, and obtained his release.

Our missionary no sooner felt himself at liberty, than he directed his way to his own former residence. Here he found his heroic companion slowly recovering from the spotted fever, which, from its usual fatal character and the want of medical assistance, she had expected would prove fatal; and, indeed, so nearly had her expectations been realized, that she had been pronounced dead by her attendants. For the satisfaction of his surety, Mr. Judson made his residence with him, and as soon as returning health would allow, Mrs. Judson was removed there.

While the events narrated above were taking place, General Campbell, wearied with the dissimulation of the Burmans, recommenced operations, and with his victorious forces was making his way toward the capital. The king and his advisers had several times rejected the terms offered by the English commander; but they were now greatly humiliated, and, anxious to save the "golden city," sought to reopen negotiations. Mr. Judson was entrusted to go as their representative to the English camp; but he declined, and advised their sending Dr. Price, who had no objection to the embassy. In accordance with this proposition, the latter was sent in company with Dr. Sandford, an English officer who had been taken prisoner. They were not able to induce General Campbell to abate the terms which he had offered, any further than procuring permission that the hundred lacs of rupees he had demanded should be paid in four installments. In addition to this, he gave intimation in strong terms that all the foreign prisoners must be surrendered.

Fresh disasters induced the Burman government to yield to the terms of the British general so far as to send Dr. Price with some of the prisoners, and with an offer of a part of the money. In his second embassy he was, of course, unsuccessful. Meantime the British forces were continuing their way, and each day saw them nearer the capital. This decisive movement filled the Burmans with alarm, and they determined to make Mr. Judson their ambassador. He was accordingly taken by force and associated with Dr. Price. Six lacs of rupees and most of the English prisoners were sent down with them. Mr. Judson found, as previously reported, that the terms must be scrupulously complied with. "The general and commissioner would not receive the six lacs, neither would they stop their march; but promised if the sum complete reached them before they arrived at Ava, they would make peace. The general also commissioned Mr. Judson to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and ask the question, before the Burmese government, whether they wished to go or stay. Those who expressed a wish to go should be delivered up immediately, or peace would not be made."

Satisfied that further dissimulation and delay must prove hazardous, the Burmans determined to yield all demands.

Now came the time of deliverance. Mrs. Judson says: "In two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return, we took an affectionate leave of the good-natured officer who had so long entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the water-side, and we then left forever the banks of Ava.

It was a cool moonlight evening in the month of February, that, with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought that we had still to pass the Burman camp would sometimes occur to damp our joy; for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor were we mistaken in our conjectures. We reached the camp about midnight, where we were detained two hours, the woon-gayee and high officers insisting that *we* should wait at the camp, while Dr. Price, who did not return to Ava with your brother, but remained at the camp, should go on with the money, and first ascertain whether peace would be made. The Burmese government still entertained the idea that, as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners, they would continue their march, and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but that some circumstance might occur to break off the negotiations. Mr. Judson therefore strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace.

We now for the first time for more than a year and a half felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight on the next morning did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life! As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steamboat, where I passed the remainder of the day, while your brother went on to meet the general, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Randabo, a few miles farther down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from Sir Archibald to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country."

Two days after their arrival at Yandabo, the treaty of peace was signed, and the following day Mr. Judson wrote once more to America. It may gratify the reader to peruse his account, so Paul-like in its terse enumeration of afflictions:

BRITISH CAMP, YANDABO, *February 25, 1826.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—We survive a scene of suffering which, on retrospect at the present moment, seems not a reality, but a horrid dream. We are occupying a tent in the midst of Sir Archibald Campbell's staff, and receiving from him and other British officers all manner of kind attentions, proportionate to the barbarities we have endured for nearly two years.

I was seized on the 8th of June, 1824, in consequence of the war with Bengal, and, in company with Dr. Price, three Englishmen, one Armenian, and one Greek, was thrown into the "death prison" at Ava, where we lay eleven months—nine months in three pairs, and two months in five pairs of fetters. The scenes we witnessed and the sufferings we underwent during that period I would fain consign to oblivion. From the death prison at Ava we were removed to a country prison, at Oung-pen-la, ten miles distant, under circumstances of such severe treatment that one of our number, the Greek, expired on the road, and some of the rest, among whom was myself, were scarcely able to move for several days. It was the intention of government, in removing us from Ava, to have us sacrificed, in order to insure victory over the foreigners; but the sudden disgrace and death of the advisor of that measure prevented its execution. I remained in the Oung-pen-la prison six months in one pair of fetters, at the expiration of which period I was taken out of irons, and sent under a strict guard to the Burmese head-quarters at Maloun, to act as interpreter and translator. Two months more elapsed, when, on my return to Ava, I was released at the instance of Moung Shaw-loo, the north governor of the palace, and put under his charge. During the six weeks I resided with him, the affairs of government became desperate, the British troops making steady advances on the capital; and after Dr. Price had been twice dispatched to negotiate for peace (a business which I declined as long as possible), I was taken by force and associated with him. We found the British above Pagan, and on returning to Ava with their final terms, I had the happiness of procuring the release of the very last of my fellow-prisoners; and on the 21st inst. obtained the reluctant consent of government to my final departure from Ava with Mrs. Judson.

On my first imprisonment, the small house which I had just erected was plundered, and everything valuable confiscated. Mrs. Judson, however, was allowed to occupy the place, which she did until my removal to Oung-pen-la, whither she followed. Subsequently to that period she was twice brought to the gates of the grave; the last time with the spotted fever, while I was absent at Maloun. She had been senseless and motionless several days, when the providential release of Dr. Price at the very last extremity gave an opportunity for such applications as were blessed to her relief. On my return I was astonished to find her in the most emaciated, helpless state, not having heard a word of her illness. She, however, rapidly recovered, and is now in perfect health. Even little Maria, who came into the world a few months after my imprisonment, to aggravate her parents' woes, and who has been, from very instinct it would seem, a poor, sad, crying thing, begins to brighten up her little face, and be somewhat sensible of our happy deliverance.

The treaty of peace was signed yesterday by the respective plenipotentiaries, according to the terms of which, the province of Arracan, and the small provinces of Ya Tavoy and Mergui in the south are ceded to the British. It was this consideration chiefly that induced me to embrace the first opportunity of leaving Ava, where the only object I had in settling was to obtain some toleration for the Christian religion—a favor which I hope now to enjoy without leave from his golden-footed majesty.

Sir Archibald has assigned us a large gun-boat for our accommodation down the river, and we expect to leave this in a very few days.

Respectfully yours, A. JUDSON."

Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in the British camp a fortnight. At the end of that time, with a most grateful sense of the kindness of Sir Archibald Campbell and his officers, they resumed their voyage down the river in the boat provided for them. On the 22d of March, Mrs. Judson was able to write: "We have safely arrived in Rangoon, and once more find ourselves in the old mission-house! What shall we render to the Lord for all his mercies?"

Thus, after an absence of two years and three months, our missionary returned to the same place of abode he had occupied previous to the war.

The little flock of disciples at Rangoon was scattered, and several of them were dead. The survivors removed with their teachers, in the summer of 1826, to Amherst, a new town, near the mouth of the Salween, in British Burmah. Here Mr. Judson hoped to devote himself unreservedly to missionary work. But at the solicitation of Mr. Crawford, commissioner of the British East Indian government, he accompanied an embassy to Ava for negotiating a commercial treaty, to procure, if possible, the insertion of a guaranty for religious freedom in the king's dominions. This, which alone reconciled him to so long an absence from his chosen work, and from a home that claimed his presence more imperatively than he conceived, entirely failed, and after several months' detention he returned to Amherst,—to find his house desolate. Mrs. Judson, very soon after his departure, had been seized with a fever that her enfeebled constitution was ill-fitted to resist, and sunk into the grave after an illness of eighteen days. The dreadful tidings were conveyed to him at Ava,—the more insupportable because he was wholly unprepared for them, his last intelligence having assured him of her perfect health. From the native Christians who surrounded her death-bed, and the physician, who did all that skill could do for her recovery, he heard of the celestial peace that sustained her departing spirit. His only child soon followed her mother, and he was left a solitary mourner. His cup of sorrow seemed full. The heart which had sustained all that barbarian cruelty could inflict, was well-nigh crushed by this total bereavement.

Though the life of Mrs. Judson was, as it seemed, prematurely closed, it was long enough to exhibit a character which, in some of its elements, has no parallel in female biography. Capacities for exertion and endurance, such as few men have brought to great enterprises, were united to the most engaging feminine qualities, fitting her at once to cheer the domestic retirement of her husband, and to share his most overwhelming trials and dangers. The record of her deeds and sufferings has moved the hearts of myriads, in this and other lands, and her memory is immortal as the sympathies of our common humanity.

But the bereaved missionary sank not in inconsolable grief. Looking to the eternal hills for help, he nerved himself anew to the fulfillment of his appointed ministry. Mr. and Mrs. Wade had reached Amherst shortly be-

fore the return of Mr. Judson from Ava, and with them Rev. George D. Boardman and wife, who had arrived in Bengal during the war. Besides the original population of British Burmah, the provinces were the resort of constant emigration, and Amherst grew rapidly into a considerable town. But the government was soon transferred to Maulmain, on the east bank of the Salwen, about twenty-five miles from its mouth. The mission followed in the course of the year 1827, and has since been permanently established in that city.

There the work went rapidly forward. Schools were set up, two or three houses of worship were opened, and during the years 1827 and 1828, between thirty and forty converts were added to the church. The Tavoy station was commenced by Mr. Boardman, under whose auspices Christianity began to be communicated to the Karens, among whom it has since made such progress as to astonish the Christian world. Mr. Judson continued at Maulmain till the summer of 1830. Besides the ordinary duties of preaching and teaching, he thoroughly revised the New Testament, and prepared twelve smaller works in the Burmese. In the spring of 1830, Mr. Wade visited Rangoon, the success of a native preacher having made the presence of a missionary desirable. His health did not admit of a residence in that climate, and Mr. Judson, who had not ceased to cherish a deep interest in the progress of Christianity in Burmah Proper, repaired thither in May. He found a prevalent spirit of inquiry, and resolved to penetrate into the interior. He accordingly went up the Irrawadi to Prome. His boat at every landing was visited by persons eager for books. Converts whom he had lost sight of for years greeted him at one or two places as he passed, and he heard of the conversion of others whom he had never seen, but who had derived their knowledge of the truth indirectly from his instructions. For a month or two he had numerous auditors, a few of whom seemed to have cordially received the word. Then came a sudden and mysterious reaction. The zayat was nearly deserted. People seemed afraid to converse with him. This state of things continuing till autumn, he regarded his work in Prome as finished for the present, and returned to Rangoon, confident that the now rejected truth would bear fruit in due season. It appeared that the king had given orders for his expulsion, but that the governor, under the influence of some unaccountable awe, had not ventured to execute them.

At Rangoon he gave himself to the translation of the entire Scriptures. He shut himself into an upper chamber, leaving a native evangelist to receive inquirers, admitting only the most promising to his own apartment. In spite of the known displeasure of the king, nearly half his time was absorbed in these interviews. The spirit of inquiry deepened and widened through all the surrounding country. During the great festival in honor of Gaudama, held near the close of the following winter, there were as many as six thousand applications at his house for tracts. Some came from the borders of Siam or the far north, saying, "Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? Pray, give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die?" Or some from the interior, who had barely heard the name of the Saviour, would say, "Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells

about Jesus Christ." The press at Maulmain worked day and night, but could not meet the demands from all quarters.

In the summer of 1831, in consequence of the infirm state of Mr. Wade's health, he removed to Maulmain, and Mr. Wade, after a few months' respite, took his place at Rangoon. At Maulmain Mr. Judson prosecuted the work of translation, but still preached in the city and the jungles. On the last day of January, 1834, he completed the task with which he might have rejoiced to seal up his earthly mission,—the Bible in the Burmese language. No words can more fitly describe the emotions of that hour than his own: "Thanks to God, I can now say, I have attained. I have knelt down before Him, with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and his aid in removing the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to his mercy and grace. I have dedicated it to his glory. May he make his own inspired word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument in filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen." Few, comparatively, of the myraids in whose behalf the great work was undertaken, had a thought of the sublime transaction of that hour, and none but he to whose supreme glory it was dedicated, could fully apprehend the ultimate issues of the event. The kneeling missionary alone, with the last leaf of the translated Bible, humbly and gratefully offering it before the Divine Majesty, has been suggested as a subject for the pencil. But he must be an artist elevated to more than a common measure of celestial sympathy, who shall worthily represent to our senses a triumph so purely spiritual.

In April of this year Mr. Judson was united in marriage with Mrs. Boardman; who, after the lamented death of her husband, had given herself with unyielding devotion to the blessed work in which he so triumphantly passed away, and through all her missionary career showed a spirit nearly kindred to that of the "ministering angel" to the prisoners of Ava.

For some years he was engaged in the revision of the Scriptures, dividing his time between this and the superintendence of the native church at Maulmain. The steady increase of the churches in numbers and in knowledge was an ample reward for all his toils, while the reinforcement of the missions, and their extension into Siam and Assam, filled him with gladness in the prospect of the future. The arrival of fourteen missionaries in 1836, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Malcom, who was commissioned by the Board to their stations in Asia, was an occasion of special joy. The conferences held, plans devised, the recollections and hopes awakened at this season, must have made it memorable to them all. Since the lonely pioneer landed in doubt and apprehension at Rangoon, more than twenty years of labor and suffering had passed over his head. Not one witness of his earlier struggles, not one sharer of his many fears and sorrows and of their precious compensations, stood by his side. But a host, comparatively, had succeeded, to carry forward by their united strength the work begun in weakness, and not less than a thousand souls redeemed from the bondage of idolatry attested the divine presence and benediction.

In 1838 his enfeebled health compelled a change of air, and he visited

Bengal. But the ardor of his spirit drove him back to his station without any visible change for the better. The Board invited him to visit the United States, which he gratefully but firmly declined. The revision of the Scriptures was finished in 1840, and a second edition was put to press. A recent writer in the *Calcutta Review*, understood to be well qualified to pass judgment in this matter, hazards "the prediction, that as Luther's Bible is now in the hands of Protestant Germany, so, three centuries hence, Judson's Bible will be the Bible of the Christian churches of Burmah." In the summer of 1841 he found it needful, for the sake of his family and himself, to make another voyage. They went to Bengal, where he was compelled to bury his youngest child, proceeded to the Isle of France, and thence returned to Maulmain, where they arrived, much invigorated, in December.

The next year saw him engaged in another important undertaking,—the compilation of a complete dictionary of the Burmese language. He was reluctant to be diverted from his ministerial labors by any further literary tasks, but yielded to the solicitation of the Board, and to a conviction of the importance of the work. His plan contemplated two complete vocabularies—Burmese and English, and English and Burmese. It was interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Judson. A voyage along the Tenasserim coast proved ineffectual for her recovery, and in the spring of 1845 her helpless state appeared to demand a visit to the United States. In announcing this purpose Mr. Judson warned the Board that he must not be expected to address public assemblies as the weakness of his lungs forbade such exertion, and for a reason which shall be stated in his own words: "In order to become an acceptable and eloquent preacher in a foreign language, I deliberately abjured my own. When I crossed the river, I burnt my ships. From long *désuetude*, I can scarcely put three sentences together in the English language." Taking with him his family, and two native assistants to carry forward his dictionary during his visit, he embarked for Boston on the 26th of April. On arriving at Mauritius, Mrs. Judson was so far revived that it was thought she might safely proceed without her husband. The assistants were sent back, and he was about to follow them, but the day before her reëmbarkation she suffered a relapse, which determined him to go on with her. She grew weaker from day to day, and it seemed that she must find a grave in the deep, but her life was spared till they reached St. Helena. With an uncloudy prospect for the heavenly felicity, her soul parted serenely from earth and all earthly ties. Her mortal remains were committed to the dust on the first of September, and the twice-widowed missionary tore himself away, to guide his motherless children to the land of their fathers.

He arrived at Boston on the 15th of October. A thrill of solemn and grateful emotion was felt in every part of the land, and found expression in countless forms. On the evening of the third day after he landed, a large assembly was gathered, and the venerable President of the Board, Rev. Dr. Sharp, addressed him in appropriate words of welcome. More touching was the hearty embrace of Rev. Samuel Nott, jr., from whom he had parted more than thirty years before; who had privately and publicly attested his unabated Christian affection since the change that caused their

paths to diverge; who heard, in his enforced retirement from missionary service, of the arrival of his youthful associate and honored colleague, and had hastened to greet him. Pressing through the congregation, he made himself known. Who can guess what thoughts of the past crowded their minds and subdued their hearts, at this unlooked-for meeting!

Mr. Judson attended a special meeting of the Baptist General Convention, called together in consequence of the separation of the Southern churches—his first interview with a body called into existence by his instrumentality,—and there received a more formal and memorable welcome. Though forbidden to speak in public, a proposition to abandon the Arracan mission drew from his lips a fervent protest, which, seconded by other missionaries present, determined the Convention to retain all their stations in the east. By other public assemblies in the principal cities, he was received in a manner that told how deeply the story of his labors and sufferings had imprinted itself on the hearts of the people. Thus attracting to himself the affectionate sympathy of thousands, and kindling higher, by his presence, the flame of missionary zeal, refreshing his spirit by the amenities of friendship, and recalling the memories of youth by visiting its most cherished scenes, he continued in the land of his nativity till the 11th of July, 1846, when he once more set his face toward the field of his struggles and triumphs. He went not alone. A third gentle spirit gave her affections to soothe and her energies to sustain his soul, in the years of labor and suffering that awaited him. This was Miss Emily Chubbuck, of Utica, New York, a lady, widely known to literary circles as "Fanny Forester," to whom he was married in June, 1846. Several new missionaries accompanied them, and they arrived safely at Maulmain in December.

A revolution having taken place in Burmah, Mr. Judson removed to Rangoon, the only city in the king's dominions where foreigners were permitted to reside. He found it impossible to do anything efficiently unless he could obtain some countenance at Ava, but having no means at his disposal to undertake the journey at that time, he was obliged to resign all hope in that quarter, and go back to Maulmain, and to his dictionary. Beside his literary tasks, he assumed the pastoral care of the Burman Church, and preached once on a Sabbath. In these pursuits he continued with his wonted diligence, till disease laid its hand upon him in the autumn of 1849.

A severe cold in the month of September was followed by a fever that prostrated his strength. A voyage on the coast and sea-bathing at Amherst failed to restore his wasted energies, and he returned to Maulmain in a declining state. His sufferings were extreme, but his mind was peaceful, and his habitual conversation was filled with the spirit of heaven. "The love of Christ" was his absorbing theme, and love to his brethren in Christ dwelt on his lips and breathed in his constant prayers. Though ready to depart, if so it should please God, he yet longed to do more for Burmah,—to finish the wearisome toil of literary investigation, and spare a few years for the delightful work of preaching to the heathen. For this his exhausted nature struggled to the last, and when all hope of recovery at Maulmain was lost, on the third of April, 1850, he bade farewell to his anxious companion, whose feeble health forbade her to accompany him, and with a

single attendant set out on a voyage for the Isle of Bourbon. The passage down the river was slow, and he nearly sunk under the combined force of disease and the suffocating atmosphere. Once upon the sea he revived, and the pilot-boat bore back a message full of hope. The relief was momentary. For three days he endured indescribable sufferings that extorted from his lips the exclamation, "O that I could die at once, and go directly to Paradise, where there is no pain!" To the question whether he felt the presence of the Saviour, he quickly replied, "O, yes; *it is all right, there!* I believe He gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die,—to make me submissive to his will." For the last day and a half his agonies were dreadful to behold. In this state he continued till a few minutes before the going out of life. Then he was calm, and apparently free from pain. His last words were in remembrance of her from whom he had parted in so much uncertainty a few days before, and a hurried direction for his burial. Then, gradually sinking, he "fell asleep" on the afternoon of April 12th, and his mortal remains were committed to the deep, thence to be raised incorruptible, when the sea shall give up its dead.

Smith's "History of the Heroes and Martyrs of the Modern Missionary Enterprise," from which much of this sketch is derived, says, that Mr. Judson combined in his experience the toils and sufferings of a missionary pioneer, with the ablest rewards of missionary success. Often have men, in a spirit of heroic courage and constancy, struggled with the first, and departed without enjoying the last. But he who under cover of twilight baptized the first Burman convert, lived to see twenty-six churches gathered with nearly five thousand communicants, the entire Bible in one vernacular, and the New Testament in others; and the missions, by the aid of a regular native ministry, extending on every side. He was not required to look for the confirmation of his faith to promise and prophecy alone, but was permitted to enjoy in his lifetime a fullness of success exceeding his fondest hopes.

THE CONDUCT
OF
OUR COUNTRY AND COUNTRYMEN
IN THEIR DIFFICULTIES WITH
AUSTRIA AND THE AUSTRIANS.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF AN AMERICAN IN HUNGARY — THE CORRESPONDENCE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, WITH CHEVALIER HULSEMAN, THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER — AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN BEHALF OF, AND HOSPITALITY TO, THE HUNGARIAN EXILES, AND THE

HEROISM OF CAPTAIN INGRAHAM IN THE KOSTA AFFAIR.

AUSTRIA is an odious name to an American, for it is associated with a government perhaps the most crafty in policy; the most treacherous in administration, of all the despotisms that claim authority "by the Grace of God and the Divine Right of Kings" to rule over men. Scarce one bright spot in all her course, scarce one magnanimous act in any of her rulers can be found to relieve the disgraceful page of her annals.

When the Hungarians attempted to throw off her yoke, the great heart of this nation beat in sympathy with that heroic people, and joy ran through all the land as tidings of victory after victory over the infamous House of Hapsburg reached it from across the blue ocean. It was succeeded by sorrow most poignant, when at last it became known that the gallant nation had gone down, under the combined armies of allied despots from without and by treachery from within—the sad history finally ending in the cold-blooded murder of her bravest generals after their surrender, victims to the vengeance of a tyranny that spared not old age in its whitening hairs, nor even the maiden in her youthful beauty.

It was the intense interest of our people in the Hungarian cause, which led to the occurrences we are about to relate. They form a part of our history—aside events, it is true, but "touches" that by their form and coloring indicate character with as much precision as those affairs which, looming up in great proportions, strike at the first hurrying glance.

We need never despair of our own country when her millions can thus be aroused to sympathize in the efforts of a gallant nation for freedom; for it shows that the spirit of Liberty is the first love in American bosoms, and while this is so, whatever disasters may befall can be but temporary in the long years which God gives to the life of nations.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF A YOUNG AMERICAN IN HUNGARY, BY THE
OFFICIALS OF AUSTRIA.

Just after the great struggle of the Hungarian nation for independence had closed so disastrously, and a wail of sorrow was ascending from all the land, an American traveler entered their country to learn by personal intercourse, more of this unfortunate people. Charles Loring Brace was a young man of education, then in Europe to engraft upon the solid structure of scholastic culture, the graces of the varied knowledge that travel brings. He found in Hungary all which, as a republican, he had longed to see on the continent—"a nation educated practically for freedom, passionately loving it, ready to peril all to gain it—a nation, too, of singularly generous and manly character." No American gentlemen before had ever been known to have mingled in their social life, and all that had come to us respecting that distant people was as uncertain and unreliable as the coloring of romance. His book, "Hungary in 1851" is a beautifully written tribute to the virtues of a people of such pride of nationality that no stronger indignation at an unworthy proposal can be expressed than in the simple utterance—"I AM A HUNGARIAN!"

Mr. Brace entered Hungary in the spring, and at once penetrated to the heart of the country. It was just after the first band of exiles under Governor Ujhazy, had reached America, and he found the few acts of kindness from his countrymen to those unfortunate men keenly appreciated. Wherever it was known that he was an American, he was welcomed with a passionate fervor that showed the intense feeling of those people. "We consider your countrymen," said they, "as our friends; you have given us your sympathy and aid, and the time will never come when our homes will not be open to you." He relates a touching instance of this appreciation which occurred at a large and refined dinner company: "We had been chatting pleasantly at the meal," says he, "when suddenly the host arose—a courteous and dignified old man, with head whitened, and forehead furrowed by the sufferings of himself and his family, in the Hungarian cause, and proposed the health of 'their American guest,' and accompanied it with a speech; I cannot remember it exactly, but he spoke in deep, feeling tones of the degradation of their country—of how much they had hoped for her, and how much was lost—of the gloomy future for them and their children, for years to come. Then he alluded to the exiles—'Sir,' said he, 'when our countrymen were beggared and homeless, you Americans sheltered them—you have opened your houses to them—you have given them money and land—and most of all, you have remembered that they were sufferers in the same cause with you—you have given them *your sympathy*. May God bless you and your country for this! I am but an humble Hungarian, but tell your countrymen from me, that if there is any man in this land who will not open his hearth and home, and all he has to the American stranger, *he is not worthy to be called a Hungarian!*'

It was the very company which you would expect *not* to show any signs of feeling; polite, accomplished, nearly all 'people of the world.' Yet, whether it was the appearance and tones of the old man, which seemed to speak of the nameless sufferings that had beaten over him; or whether it was the

thought of the unhappy fortunes of their country and of the homeless exiles, I could not avoid noticing, in the solemn stillness after the speech, that tears were coursing down many a cheek. When would ever an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party, gentle or simple, allow itself to be caught away into such an indulgence of feeling?"

On another occasion, while examining the buildings of the university at Debreczin in Inner Hungary, he was invited into one of the halls where the students were about to sing some national songs. The enthusiasm with which he was received must have been exceedingly gratifying to him, especially as he had but recently graduated at one of our universities—Yale. But here is his story:

"I followed them, and quite unexpectedly found myself in a large concert-hall, before a crowd of people, who welcomed me with an *Eljen!* [*hurrah!*] which made the walls ring again. At the other end of the room was a full choir of students. It appeared my friends wished to give me a little pleasant surprise, and had prepared this concert of the Hungarian music for the purpose. The choir, composed of men and boys, was remarkably well trained; and they evidently sang with an excitement and interest unusual.

The songs were mostly of Hungary—her beauty and glory, their love and devotion to her, and, with the plaintive tone, peculiar to Hungarian music, seemed darkly forboding future calamity to her. Without doubt, the presence of one from that nation who had welcomed the Hungarian exiles, and had alone sympathized with her cause, gave a reality to their expressions of feeling, which nothing otherwise could. And, as the deep voices swelled and thrilled over the words which spoke of their 'beautiful Fatherland,' their love unquenchable for her, their 'hopes with her to die,' I could scarcely restrain my tears. I seemed to be listening to the Jews singing 'the songs of Zion in a strange land.' And at length as the chorus of their favorite song,

*'Zu deinem Vaterland bleib
Unerschütterlich treu!'*

*'To thy country remain
Unshakingly true!'*

arose, and swelled, and was echoed again and again, with passionate tone and tearful eye, from every man and child in the room, it seemed to me that they, in this time of their country's gloom and misfortune, were sending forth by the stranger, to other lands, their vows of unshaken fidelity and love.

Nearly all the Hungarian airs open in a low, plaintive measure, and gradually increase in force and wildness as they go on. This plaintive tone through nearly all the Hungarian music, and even in the sound of the language, as it first strikes upon the ear of the stranger, is very remarkable. I have often sat listening in the drawing-rooms, to the songs or the conversation, and wondered whether there was not something ominous—prophetic—of the future of the nation, in this tone of sadness so peculiar to the Hungarian. It is very strange and interesting to the traveler, everywhere in Hungary, to observe how these national songs are remembered and sung. In many places they are forbidden, but the people will sing them. I remember that in one family I heard a young lady sing one of these songs

with such an extreme enthusiasm, that I had apprehensions for a little while she was becoming *insane*.

Among the airs which I heard at this concert, some of the best were connected with the most unmeaning words. There is one celebrated air, with a singularly beautiful though somewhat monotonous refrain, beginning

‘Hortobagy, puzta!’

where the only idea which I could find conveyed was

‘Over the prairie
Over the prairie
Blows the wind!’

The life on the puztas, or prairies, and the adventures and loves of the *Csikosses*, or half-wild cattle-drivers upon them, seemed to form one of the most favorite themes in these airs.

After the concert was over, I expressed my thanks, and turned to go out, when I found a long lane opened in the crowd, through which I passed, under vociferous *Eljens*, looking as meekly as a modest man could at such an unexpected reception.”

In another place he says,

“I had received a beautiful note in *English* from a lady this morning, requesting me to call upon her, as she ‘wished to know one of that noble nation who sheltered the exiles from Hungary.’ I called and she addressed me at once in English. In the course of the conversation, with characteristic Hungarian eloquence of tone she burst forth, ‘Did you know it, sir? We meant to have a republic like yours. Görgey was our Arnold. If it had not been for him, we should have been free. O, if you could have seen our armies as they marched through here! How proud they were, how hopeful and strong! And now they are gone! But they were ready, and no one feared to die for his country. And to think it was all for nothing!’”

The intense manner in which this lady expressed herself indicated but the depth of the national depression at their great misfortune.. It was shown in various ways.

“I have been in,” says Mr. Brace, “a most sensible and cultivated family, where all the ladies were *dressed in black* for their country, and where they wore small iron bracelets—almost as heavy as handcuffs—on their wrists, in memory of the solitary prisoners of Arad and Temeswer. I have seen, too, often in Hungary, bits of the brooms with which Haynau was beaten, brought over by some one, put up in handsome gold settings, and worn as pins by the ladies! And there is scarcely a family in the country without the little bracelets worked by the Hungarian prisoners, and marked with the first letters of the names of the Generals who were executed by the Austrians, in this way—‘P. V. D. T. N. A. K. L. S.’—which can also be read, ‘*Pannonia Vergisst Deinen Tod Nie; Als Klager Leben Sie!*’ (Hungary forgets thy death never! As accusers they shall live!) It is a penal offense, by the way, wearing these now. It would be difficult for any one of the cool Anglo-Saxon blood to credit the instances I met with constantly here of this *intensity* of feeling, on political matters. It is well known that at

the treacherous surrender at Világos, many of the private soldiers shot themselves through the brain in the bitterness of their despair. The number of cases of insanity after the Austrian victory, beginning with that of one of their most lamented and distinguished leaders, would be incredible. The almost dramatic coolness and bravery with which the Hungarians died on the scaffold and the gallows, after this late Revolution, would hardly be credible. There were several instances of insanity previous to the execution, but not a solitary one of fear during them. Many went forth before the file of soldiers, with a cigar in their mouth. One of the bravest of the thirteen generals shot at Arad, was reserved to the last, while, the others were executed. '*I was always first in the attack,*' said he, '*why am I last here?*'"

Without further preliminaries we pass over to the circumstances of the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Brace. This occurred at the city of Gros Wardein, one of the great military stations for the Austrians in Hungary. On the day of his arrival he was taking dinner with a friend in the dining room of a hotel, when the latter, perhaps to show that he had an American as an acquaintance, asked Mr. Brace about Ujhazy's Hungarian colony in Iowa. The latter answered in a general way, and rather avoided conversation from a kind of mistrust of two men who sat at the table. The next day, in the midst of a pleasant conversation at a dinner party, he was interrupted by the entrance of a little gentleman in black followed by a *gens d'arme*. The small gentleman announced himself as the "Chief of Police," with a warrant for his arrest, and the examination of his papers, on the charge of his having "*Proclamations!*"

The *gens d'arme* first took him to the house of the friend with whom he was stopping, where he found a sentinel already stationed, and all his writing and books collected for the examination of the police. From the *gens d'arme* he learned that a warrant had been issued for him within six hours of his arrival, and that he had been searching for him from that time. The soldier finally drove him to an old castle outside of the city, used as a prison.

"As we rode through the heavy old arched gateway," says Mr. Brace, "into the court within, I looked around curiously at the grim walls, and could not but feel a momentary heart-sinking, when I remembered how far I was from friend or aid, and how many a hopeful man had entered such a prison in the Austrian states, never to come forth again."

On his entrance the officer asked why he was there. "I have not the slightest idea," he replied. "I suppose because I am an American." The officer then thoroughly searched him, taking from him all his money, every scrap of paper, and leaving him only his watch and toothpick, and then he was conducted to a miserably lighted, dirty cell, in which was a common Honved, convicted of carrying a false pass, and a tailor imprisoned for possessing a concealed weapon. To his remonstrance against such quarters, the officer replied that it was according to orders, and that it would be "a part of his experience as a traveler," and then bade him *Gute Nacht!*

In a few moments a friendly voice called through the key-hole of the adjoining room, begging him, "not to be *blue*, for it was always hard at first." Mr. Brace slept little that night. At one time he thought it all a mis-

take, and that he should be released the next day ; then again, it seemed to him as if there was a deliberate intention to treat him as a common criminal, and he felt how completely he was in their power. His great consolation was that not the slightest word or writing of a treasonable character could be brought against him. The next day he was conducted by two soldiers with fixed bayonets to a court in the room below, comprising four military officers and a clerk, with eight soldiers as a guard. He was greeted politely, and a sharp, keen-eyed man "commenced the examination in the bland way peculiar to Austrian officers ;" and we add, so peculiar to crafty men the world over. He was first asked his name, that of his father, his profession, birth-place, etc. Connecticut, the name of his native state, occasioned some delay to the clerk in writing. To the inquiry, "what are your objects in Hungary ?" he frankly replied, "as a traveler to study the character and manners of the people, and to investigate the old political institutions of the country." But he found that he had erred in his candor, that he was in the presence of a heartless inquisitor who was determined to convict him of crime. "We do not believe you," said he, "we know the sympathy of the Americans with the revolutionists here. You are the first that has ever been in the land. We can prove that you are in a wide conspiracy. We understand this route of travel and these many acquaintances. There is a wide complot here. I have been accustomed to trace plots for many years. I see your object. Speak out plainly and *confess* !" Mr. Brace was startled at such a perversion of *justice* ; but, putting on an indifferent face, he replied he did not believe he had any such proofs, and that he did not recollect a single acquaintance who had a relation in America.

Questions of the most searching kind were put to him as to his acquaintance with the Hungarian emigrants. Luckily the name of Gen. Csetz was the only one of importance he recollected. He had met him at Hamburg, where he gave him a note of introduction to a friend in Hungary, a government officer, which, although it simply said, "the Herr Von Csetz introduces Mr. Brace to his friend Mr. S. of Pesth," was pounced upon by the examining Major or Auditor with the greatest avidity, who asserted that some plot was hidden under this introduction, and that his only hope was in confession. Mr. Brace smiled at this perversion ; but he was far from easy. He felt as if he was getting entangled in meshes from which he could not escape, that the auditor might have suborned witnesses against him, and he remembered how utterly helpless he was. The memory of all the terrible stories he had read of Spanish Inquisitions came over him, but it was only for a moment, and he prepared to meet the examination carefully and manfully.

It appeared that he had seen Ujhazy in the streets of New York, and although he had never spoken to him, the auditor returned to the subject again and again, urging him to speak out, openly and frankly. "What is your agreement with Ujhazy, and where are your letters from him ?" The auditor would take no denial, until Mr. Brace closed the subject by a continued reiteration, asked him for his proofs, and ended by declaring, "if he knew him, and every Hungarian emigrant in America, it was no evidence of conspiracy."

In Mr. Brace's luggage was found a pamphlet printed in 1848, called

"Hungary's Good Right," at the end of which was a line in Latin—"O, ye who have too sorely suffered, God shall at length bring an end to this, too!"

"Over this the auditor declaimed with great vehemence. This pamphlet showed my cursed revolutionary sentiments. 'These are the things which you scatter among the people. Look at this line, sir! God will end the sufferings of the Hungarians! What does that mean? God will bring aid perhaps from others!'

I smiled at such a storm over a quotation, and told him I had never observed the line before. He would notice it was not in my handwriting. Still I could not see anything very treasonable in it.

'It proves nothing. I have been collecting documents from all sides, and this is one. I can prove from Vienna, that when there, I read works on the other side. Besides, even if it showed my political sentiments, it does not at all prove I am in a revolutionary complot. And furthermore, old revolutionary pamphlets, which no one reads now except the historical investigator, are the very last things an *emissary* would carry about with him. If it was a modern, exciting *brochure*, or a proclamation, it would be different; but *this!*'

'The reading works on the other side was only natural in an educated man,' said he.

I then ventured to ask, 'What would *not* be suspicious in an American in the view of the Austrian authorities? It was 'suspicious' to visit men of the Hungarian party, and only a 'sham' to visit those of the other. It was 'revolutionary' if one read books on one side, and proved nothing good if one read them on the other.'

'I am not here to argue,' was the reply."

Even the slightest thing which the auditor could find to make out a case against him was eagerly grasped at, and the bland manner of the man changed at the self-possession and spirit manifested by the replies of our young countryman. At one moment he bullied, at another perverted his language, then drew him out in hopes that he might in some way fasten a conspiracy upon him.

The examination lasted six hours, at the close of which the auditor read the accusation against him, nearly in these words:

"You are a member of the Democratic Verein (Union), and employed by the Committee, and an agent of Ujhazy and Csetz, here in Hungary, for the purpose of spreading Revolutionary movements!"

"As it appeared later, the only possible evidence which they had for this charge, besides what is mentioned above, were the words I had uttered in the hotel. The two men opposite us at table were members of the secret police, and had reported immediately that there was an American in the city who 'spoke as if acquainted with Ujhazy.'

After the charge was read, I was conducted back to my prison-room, by the provost and two soldiers, and as he passed through the first cell I heard the prisoners ask him, '*Will he be imprisoned?*' '*Ganz bestimmt!*' ('Without a doubt') was the reply. With this consolation was I locked in for the second night.

In an Austrian prison—and almost sentenced! I threw myself on the dirty bed, and could scarcely believe it all real. It half seemed as if it

must be a dream. It all looked hopeless enough. I knew they would be very glad to sentence an 'American.' And who could ever know or hear of my being there? It came over me as if all I had ever heard or read of these Austrian dungeons and secret inquisitions was true—and true for *me*. Perhaps *my LIFE*—all that I had wished and hoped for—all that I had been preparing for—was to end here, to close in this mean, miserable way. I might die openly without much fear—but to be stifled in a dark hole in this manner! I thought, too, of a long imprisonment—that I should be rotting here the best years of my life. And there came over me a picture of myself returning home, rheumatic, broken in health—those I loved, dead, and all I knew, forgetting me, and all my plans for life, utterly ruined. Then it seemed to me my reason would not bear this, and I remembered the young Hungarian, who had come out from this very prison after three years, a *lunatic*, and I felt sure one year would do the same for me.

In the midst of my reflections a voice called me to the key-hole of the next room—the same friendly voice which I had heard on my first night.

'Friend! Are you gloomy?'

'No,' said I, 'not at all.'

'How does it stand with your case?'

'Bad—though it is all suspicion—no proofs!'

'Friend, do you not know the House of Austria needs no proof?' *Suspicion is enough!*

After some further talk, I laid myself down again to try to sleep. A deep, burning sense of indignation at such injustice settled upon me. The noble sympathies of my countrymen were to be revenged so meanly on me! This was *Austrian* reprisal! I felt glad within me that, if I must suffer, I could suffer for such reasons. And I was strong in the consciousness of the sympathy of a great nation if any act of injustice or violence should be performed against me. There arose, too, as is natural under such an unprovoked wrong, a dogged determination to resist—and, whatever came, to fight out the matter step by step. And why should I hesitate to say, that the trust in *ONE* above courts and nations, and above this oppression of men, grew that night more calm and strong within me. Though I had not slept a moment, the morning's light seemed to bring hope again, and I rose the next day quite cheerfully."

Mr. Brace saw that his only hope for liberation was in sending news of his arrest to our Embassy at Vienna, so he managed to bribe a servant to bring him paper and ink, and he wrote two letters—one to a friend in Hungary, under a disguised name, and the other to Mr. Schwarz, our consul in Vienna, giving the full particulars, and calling for aid. He did not dare to write to Mr. McCurdy, our minister at the Austrian court, fearing that his name would attract suspicion. These letters he sent out to be posted by a discharged prisoner who concealed them in the lining of his boots. Not thinking this enough, he got another prisoner who was about to be liberated interested, who promised to do all he could for him in Vienna. He was a Catholic priest, a whole-souled fellow, who enlivened the whole prison by his merriment. Says Brace,

"He was too old 'a bird,' however, to take any papers from me, for, of course, as all the others, he believed I was 'deeply in,' some affair. He

said he had been searched twenty-five times for revolutionary papers, and he should be cautious how he risked anything again. I gave him McCurdy's name and address, and he wrote them backward, and in cypher, in his note-book. The way in which he kept up the conversation with me was characteristic. As we stood in the hall, in the morning, he would walk about piously reading from his prayer-book, and every time he passed me :

'What did you say is his name ?—(in louder tones from the book), *Oh, Maria beatissime !*'

Then again, as he came back, 'Ora pro nobis ! *Mac Curdy*, did you say ? *Oh holdseligste ! segn et uns ! Oh sanctissime,*' ect.

In a few days Brace was allowed to walk out for an hour in the day with other prisoners. Many a curious look was fixed upon him from every part of the barracks as the *American* shut up there in that distant prison.

"I often," said he, "used to slip by the sentinel, and go to one window which but few knew of. It commanded a view of the windows of a fellow-prisoner whose fate deeply interested me. The unfortunate was a young lady—a countess—from one of the first families in Hungary, a family long distinguished in its history, the TELEKI. She had been arrested a short time before I was, on a similar charge, of being in correspondence with the Hungarian Emigration, and beside with Mazzini. The arrest had made great noise in Hungary, and I had often heard of it. How little I had ever thought of sharing the same prison with her ! One of her friends supposed we were in the same conspiracy, and had told me of this window. I made many attempts to communicate with her, hoping to be able to assist her when without ; but, somehow, I could never catch her eye. She used often to come to the window, to tend the few plants she had there, or to gaze longingly out on the distant landscapes. Poor lady ! It seemed to me she grew paler every day. It was very sad ; so young and beautiful—with wonderful accomplishments, and a noble heart—to spend her fresh, young years in that heart-crushing place ! At first, she used to have a lively, young girl running by her side—a maid-servant of extraordinary genius, and accused of being engaged in the same plot with herself, though only *twelve years old* ! But afterward, with a truly Austrian refinement of cruelty, they were separated, and the child was confined by herself in the city. The auditor said of the little girl, after the trial, '*It is horrible ! Sie est verdorben vom grund und boden ! She is contaminated from the very root and core !*' Or, in other words, young as she was, she was a thorough republican and a downright hater of tyranny. I had good information of what was going on, and I learned that the defense of the countess on her trial was most heroic and patriotic. She met the abuse and cunning of the auditor, with a spirit and dignity which even abashed him. And I know that in private she expressed herself ready to go through with any length of imprisonment if she could only help her unhappy country. Whether she was guilty or not, I do not know ; but from my own experience of Austrian courts, I should think it not in the least improbable she was another victim to their infernal system. She often inquired after the fate of the American so strangely arrested in the midst of Hungary ; but we never succeeded in changing a word." She was afterward sentenced by court-martial to twenty years imprisonment.

The examination of Mr. Brace was continued at intervals. "It is difficult," says he, "to convey the *Inquisition*-like tone of them all—the petty tricks, the attempts to entangle, the means used to force a confession. For instance, one morning as I entered the court-room, the auditor turned over my papers in a careless way, and asked, half unconsciously, "Where is that letter from Ujhazy?" I rose up in indignation at such a mean device: 'Sir, you know that I have told you again and again, I have no acquaintance with Ujhazy!' 'Oh, I beg your pardon, I mean that letter from Czetz.'"

When his last trial came on, they asked him if he had anything to urge. The remarks which he then made, he thought undoubtedly injured him more than anything else in the trial. Still they were not uttered without consideration. In his narrative, he says, "Thus far, I had answered their accusations point by point, not going into anything irrelevant, and avoiding carefully all personalities, so that their case might stand as bad as possible before the world. But through it all, without our directly saying anything about it, there was underlying always a reference to the two different principles of government. They had caught a republican in the midst of Hungary. They suspect him of trying to diffuse republican sentiments—though they accuse him of offenses against their laws. He defends himself on their own grounds, and shows his innocence. This, legally, was enough. But I could not think it worthy of a man, or of the great principles which I, as one individual of our nation, might represent to leave the case so. I was here, indeed, alone, and in their power, but I could not slip out, without one word before this dark and secret tribunal, for that cause which they had so constantly sneered at in this trial, and which is to me, if I know myself, more than life.

'Sir,' said I, 'the question thus far, in this trial, has not been what my personal political feelings are, but what these writings, found upon me prove. On this ground I have answered and defended myself. But I cannot let this trial be terminated without declaring before this court, what my political sentiments are. I am from heart and soul a *republican*—an American—and I have been in no land in which I have not been proud of those names! We have seen in our country the wonderful results of self-government, and I would here, as everywhere, confess myself most heartily and fully to that principle. At the same time, I wish you to remember our countrymen never feel themselves compelled to swear to a revolution because it is a revolution. They must know first that it seeks for right, and justice, and true equality. Although holding these republican views, it is due to myself to say that never, since I have been in Austria, have I expressed them in public, and not often in private. . . . My actions have been open and public—never in any degree like those of a conspirator or emissary. I have visited many public men of different parties, and have been in public places often. Yet, with all this, while observing every law of your country, I have been arrested, and——.'

'Altogether superfluous, sir! Altogether irrelevant!' interrupted the auditor, with a disturbed shrug of his shoulders—and rising indignantly—'You have said quite enough, sir! We see what you are!' looking at the president. 'Strange that he should have been admitted into the country!'

'Very strange!' said the president, frowning angrily.

At length, after some three weeks of this, I was summoned one day before the court, and the auditor met me, with his most conciliating manner, and said, 'I have good news for you!' handing me a letter from Mr. M'Curdy. I was obliged to break the seal before the court, and allow them to read it first. But as it was English, and the president only knew a few words, they at length permitted me to read it aloud in German, before the court, which I did with great *gusto*!

If any one of my readers will imagine himself shut up for weeks in a remote, foreign prison, not knowing, all the while, whether he was to be imprisoned for life, or to be summarily shot by a 'drumhead court-martial'—treated throughout like a worthless criminal, then if he will suppose himself suddenly receiving a letter from the representative of a mighty nation, the only man who possibly could help him—a letter at once friendly, and bold, and manly—he will get some faint idea of my feelings, as I read Mr. M'Curdy's letter to the court on this occasion. I felt safe again. I felt that the representative of twenty-five millions of men was speaking for me, and in a way which must be heard.

The letter had been detained some ten days after the time in which it ought to have reached me. It began with an account of his proceedings in my behalf. As soon as he had heard of the event, he applied directly, by letter, to Prince Schwarzenberg, and then personally enforced his demand for my immediate release. He had received favorable assurances, and should not intermit a moment his efforts, etc. Then followed this passage, which it was a great satisfaction to read to the man who had treated me as an impostor, and bullied me so long; 'As I am perfectly convinced you can have been guilty of no offense, and as the Austrian government can have no motive or inclination to create a hostile feeling on the part of ours, I expect your immediate release.' And then, after some further friendly words, the closing passage: 'Every motive—friendship for you, respect for your family, *a regard for the rights and honors of our country*, impel me to spare no efforts in your behalf.'

The auditor looked positively uncomfortable as I read out that last, with all proper emphasis. It had begun to enter his head that shutting up an American citizen for a month in an Austrian dungeon, on suspicion, might not be considered at all as a trifling matter by the American people.

When I came up-stairs again, a crowd of the prisoners gathered eagerly around me, and I read the letter in full to them. They could not restrain their delight, and at the close there was an enthusiastic Eljen M'Curdy! which made the old walls ring again."

"From the extraordinary sympathy," continues Mr. Brace, "in the town, and among all the Hungarians for my case, I obtained very good information of all their measures. I knew that they were alarmed at certain proceedings (I supposed, of Mr. M'Curdy), in Vienna, and that their great object was to fix something upon me, so that they could still hold me. There was a report for a time among the prisoners that they would use violence, in order to get rid of my troublesome testimony afterward. I never credited it, however. I knew that the *murder of an American citizen*, under such circumstances, would be the signal of a storm, which would scatter this hoary

old monarchy of oppression to the winds. And they must be clear-sighted enough to see it."

After this he found himself better treated. Thirty days had passed in prison, when one afternoon he was summoned before the court, but this time without a soldier. This he understood at once, and as he entered the officers rose, bowed, and then announced that he was free. He went back to the prison to bid farewell to his fellow prisoners, most of whom were confined for rebellious acts against Austria. "Tell our countrymen," said one, "wherever you meet them, in your fatherland or in Europe, that we are waiting for them! They are the happy ones! They are free! We, in the prisons, or anywhere in this land, are *the slaves*! But tell them never to forget their country!" Then with a regret which he had never expected to feel at leaving a Hungarian prison, they embraced each other.

Among these was a Protestant clergyman from the neighborhood, an eloquent preacher—a "senior" who had presided over some twenty churches. He was a man of remarkable natural dignity. Like the clergyman in our revolution, he had preached against the tyranny of the Austrian government, and when words were of no more avail, he had joined the ranks as a common soldier. The Austrians had sentenced him to the gallows, but the sentence was not, for some unknown reason, executed. He had talked much with Mr. Brace about America, and had declared that if he should be freed he never would remain in Hungary. He never could live in a land where he would be a *slave*; but he would go to America, where he should be happy, and healthy, and could work in the *ground* again. "Though a man unaccustomed," says Mr. Brace, "to express his feelings, he threw his arms around my neck, and kissed me repeatedly; his firm face working in uncontrollable emotion. Poor man! I know how he felt. It was like a glimpse for a moment of the free land, which he had dreamed of, for Hungary and himself, and then all to be darkness again."

Mr. Brace subsequently ascertained that the orders for his arrest had come from Vienna, and it could only be explained as a reprisal for American sympathy for Hungary, or as the usual Austrian suspicion of an American. The testimony showed that it did not arise from any proceedings of his *within* Hungary, for his most suspicious acts in the country, his visits to certain disaffected villages were unknown to the Austrian Court.

Mr. Brace was placed in charge of a military officer and conducted to Pesth, the capital of the country, a few hours travel from Vienna, whither he started with his own passport. He called on Mr. M'Curdy as soon as possible, for fear he might fall into the hands of another of their courts, and nobody be the wiser for it.

"I need not say," says he, "that my meeting with Mr. M'Curdy was most joyful. We had of course much to review and examine in the case. When this correspondence is finally published, I am very much mistaken if Mr. M'Curdy's notes, so spirited and vigorous, do not contrast very favorably with the long-winded, indefinite epistles of the Austrians. They are words strong and direct, and are worthy of a representative of America. That I owe everything to him, in this affair, I need not say. If he had not been a genuine man, and had not dared to address the Austrian Cabinet as

the representative of the United States should address it, I should have been still in Austrian dungeons, or have been shot before now as a spy. However, it is probable, all demands for my release might have been ineffectual, if it had not been for the accidental presence of two American ships of war in Trieste, just at the time of this correspondence—an entirely chance-event, but which gave a peculiar edge to Mr. M'Curdy's words."

He had scarce returned from his visit, when he was summoned before the police, and, in a half-sneaking manner, told that he "must leave the Austrian territory within three days." In this difficulty he called upon Mr. M'Curdy, who wrote one of his brief, pointed notes to the ministry, stating that Mr. Brace had returned here acquitted of the charges, and expected at least courtesy after such treatment, and inquiring "if anything *new* had occurred to cause this order, or whether it was a part of the previous proceedings." "This was," says Mr. Brace, "somewhat of a dilemma for them, and they dropped the matter, and I remained in Vienna. I had no permission to remain, and I knew I was everywhere a suspected man—the more dangerous, because I had been unjustly treated by their courts. Yet I walked around, feeling that the strong arm of the United States was around me. Still, very grand and consoling as the feeling is, it becomes rather uncomfortable when it is continued too long. One has a sensation as of walking around in a highly gallant manner among pit-falls. It seemed to me every man I met knew I had been a convict; and that every *gendarme* eyed me longingly, as if he should soon have his warrant for me. Besides I could see in reality that each step of mine was watched, and I began to grow tired of such unceasing paternal attention from the Viennese authorities. A vague fear, too, never left me that I had not seen the end of this—that I should never entirely escape! Mr. M'Curdy used to congratulate me every morning when he met me, that "my head was still safe where it should be!"

I found that all my acquaintances in Vienna had been examined before the Police Courts, as to my objects and character. My few liberal acquaintances I feared to compromise, by visiting, and only allowed myself to call upon one gentleman in the late evening. He received me, as if from the dead—turned pale, led me hurriedly through half a dozen rooms, into a boudoir, double-locked the door, listened at the key-hole, embraced me, and then demanded an account of my affair. I gave it in full, he interlarding it every now and then with "*Ach Gott! Schrecklich!* (Horrible)," and "*Schandlich!* (shameful!)" etc. Occasionally, too, shaking my hand, to assure himself of my identity.

After holding this out eight days, I concluded to bid "good-bye," for aye to Austria, provided the police would let me go. I made my parting visits, arranging everything with Mr. M'Curdy, so that he would know, at once, if anything of a serious nature happened to me on the Danube, and started off the next morning in the steamboat with a fear of secret, sudden violence, which never left me while under the power of the Austrian police. At Linz, I was obliged to wait a day for my passport, and there, of course, was brought under the annoying police inspection again. I then went on broad the boat, received my pass, and began to hope I was escaping all farther difficulties. I took my seat in the cabin, as it was raining hard, and was

amusing myself with observing the various passengers who collect on a Danube boat, when I became gradually conscious that a man on the opposite side was watching me closely. He sat somewhat retired in a corner, but yet his eyes would find their way, all the while, toward me, though when I looked at him, he appeared occupied in something else. He was dressed in a half-military green suit, and I concluded, was very probably some agent of the police. I resolved to be on my guard toward him.

When we reached the station, on the Austrian frontier, I jumped ashore to get something to eat, and had not made a dozen steps when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I turned and saw what I had fully expected—my man in the green suit. I had become, by this time, quite used to these gentry, and demanded, abruptly, "*What he wanted?*" "You will come with me to the police office."

"*Why!*—Who are *you?*"

The captain of the boat came up at this moment, and explained that the gentleman was an "agent" from Vienna, and we all went together to the office.

The commissary asked me why I was there. "I am an American, and a Republican!" said I. "That is reason enough. Suspicion! suspicion is the rule in Austria!" He shrugged his shoulders, took down a minute description of me, *viséd* the passport, wished us "good-morning," and I was handed over into Bavaria!

I returned to the boat, and, in a few minutes, with a feeling of relief and security, which I had not had for months before, saw the well-known monument which marks the Austrian borders grow dim in the distance." The reader will find Mr. Brace again referred to on page 572 of this work.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CHEVALIER HULSEMANN, THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER,
AND DANIEL WEBSTER, SECRETARY OF STATE, UPON AMERICAN INTERFERENCE
IN THE AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY.

The Hungarian War for Independence commenced in September, 1848, by the invasion of Hungary by Jellachich. He was summarily driven out by the people. A month later, a second Austrian army entered the country, under Windischgratz. On the 14th of the succeeding April (1849), the Declaration of Hungarian Independence was promulgated, and at the close of that month, the Austrians were the second time expelled from Hungary, so that the contest between Hungary and Austria, by itself, was settled. Of the one hundred and twenty thousand troops that had invaded the country, one half had been killed, disabled, or taken prisoners. At this juncture the Imperial Government called in the aid of Russia, and with this immense weight thrown into the scale, the eventual issue could not be longer doubtful. It was hastened by the treachery of Gorgey, who surrendered to the Russians, on the 13th of August, 1849.

While the contest was progressing, President Taylor dispatched A. Dudley Mann to Vienna, as special agent, with instructions to watch the progress of the movement, and in case of its success, to recognize, on the part of our government, the Republic of Hungary. Any such action was prevented by the overthrow of the Hungarian cause; but the Austrian charge at Washington, the Chevalier J. G. Hulsemann took occasion of the commu-

nication to the senate of the instructions given to Mr. Mann, to enter in the name of his government a formal protest against the procedure of the United States, as an unwarrantable interference in the affairs of a friendly power; and as a breach of propriety in national intercourse, jeopardizing the amity between the two countries. He took especial exception to the expression "*iron rule*," said to be applied to the government of Austria,—to the designation of "Kossuth, as an *illustrious man*," and to "improper expressions" in regard to Russia, "the intimate and faithful ally of Austria." He said that Mr. Mann had been placed in a position which rendered him liable to the treatment of a *spy*; and concluded by hinting that the United States were not free from the danger of civil war, and were liable to acts of retaliation.

The reply of Mr. Webster produced the most lively sensation of delight throughout the whole country, as a masterly answer to the allegations of this agent of Austrian despotism, and as an exposition of American sympathy in behalf of a gallant people in their struggle for liberty. The comparison of Austria with America—in which the possessions of the house of Hapsburg are likened to a mere "*patch* on the earth's surface" beside those of the United States, touched a chord in our national pride that vibrates in the memory to this day. The keen irony with which Mr. Webster congratulates the chevalier upon the liberal principles "recently introduced into the constitution of the Austrian Empire," forms an interesting point in this celebrated epistle. The letter we give entire.

The Secretary of State to Mr. Hülsemann.

Department of State, Washington, December 21, 1850.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, had the honor to receive, some time ago, the note of Mr. Hülsemann, Chargé d'Affaires of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, of the 30th of September. Causes, not arising from any want of personal regard for Mr. Hülsemann, or of proper respect for his government, having delayed an answer until the present moment. Having submitted Mr. Hülsemann's letter to the President, the undersigned is now directed by him to return the following reply.

The objects of Mr. Hülsemann's note are first, to protest, by order of his government, against the steps taken by the late President of the United States to ascertain the progress and probable result of the revolutionary movements in Hungary; and, secondly, to complain of some expressions in the instructions of the late Secretary of State to Mr. A. Dudley Mann, a confidential agent of the United States, as communicated by President Taylor to the Senate on the 28th of March last.

The principal ground of protest is founded on the idea, or in the allegation, that the government of the United States, by the mission of Mr. Mann and his instructions, has interfered in the domestic affairs of Austria in a manner unjust or disrespectful toward that power. The President's message, was a communication made by him to the Senate, transmitting a correspondence between the executive government and a confidential agent of its own. This would seem to be itself a domestic transaction, a mere instance of intercourse between the President and the Senate, in a manner which is usual and indispensable in communications between the different branches

of the government. It was not addressed either to Austria or Hungary; nor was it a public manifesto, to which any foreign state was called on to reply. It was an account of its transactions communicated by the executive government to the Senate, at the request of that body; made public, indeed, but made public only because such is the common and usual course of proceeding. It may be regarded as somewhat strange, therefore, that the Austrian Cabinet did not perceive that, by the instructions given to Mr. Hülsemann, it was itself interfering with the domestic concerns of a foreign state, the very thing which is the ground of its complaint against the United States.

This department has, on former occasions, informed the ministers of foreign powers, that a communication from the President to either house of congress is regarded as a domestic communication, of which, ordinarily, no foreign state has cognizance; and in more recent instances, the great inconvenience of making such communications the subject of diplomatic correspondence and discussion has been fully shown. If it had been the pleasure of his majesty, the Emperor of Austria, during the struggles in Hungary, to have admonished the provisional government, or the people of that country, against involving themselves in disaster, by following the evil and dangerous example of the United States of America, in making efforts for the establishment of independent governments, such an admonition from that sovereign to his Hungarian subjects would not have originated here a diplomatic correspondence. The President might, perhaps, on this ground, have declined to direct any particular reply to Mr. Hülsemann's note; but, out of proper respect for the Austrian government, it has been thought better to answer that note at length; and the more especially, as the occasion is not unfavorable for the expression of the general sentiments of the government of the United States upon the topics which that note discusses.

A leading subject in Mr. Hülsemann's note is that of the correspondence between Mr. Hülsemann and the predecessor of the undersigned, in which Mr. Clayton, by direction of the President, informed Mr. Hülsemann "that Mr. Mann's mission had no other object in view than to obtain reliable information as to the true state of affairs in Hungary, by personal observation." Mr. Hülsemann remarks, that "this explanation can hardly be admitted, for it says very little as to the cause of the anxiety which was felt to ascertain the chances of the revolutionists." As this, however, is the only purpose which can, with any appearance of truth, be attributed to the agency; as nothing whatever is alleged by Mr. Hülsemann to have been either done or said by the agent inconsistent with such an object, the undersigned conceives that Mr. Clayton's explanation ought to be deemed, not only admissible, but quite satisfactory.

Mr. Hülsemann states, in the course of his note, that his instructions to address his present communication to Mr. Clayton reached Washington about the time of the lamented death of the late President, and that he delayed, from a sense of propriety, the execution of his task until the new administration should be fully organized; "a delay which he now rejoices at, as it has given him the opportunity of ascertaining from the new President himself, on the occasion of the reception of the diplomatic corps, that the fundamental policy of the United States, so frequently proclaimed,

would guide the relations of the American government with other powers." Mr. Hülsemann also observes, that it is in his power to assure the undersigned "that the imperial government is disposed to cultivate relations of friendship and good understanding with the United States."

The President receives this assurance of the disposition of the imperial government with great satisfaction; and, in consideration of the friendly relations of the two governments thus mutually recognized, and of the peculiar nature of the incidents by which their good understanding is supposed by Mr. Hülsemann to have been for a moment disturbed or endangered, the President regrets that Mr. Hülsemann did not feel himself at liberty wholly to forbear from the execution of instructions, which were of course transmitted from Vienna without any foresight of the state of things under which they would reach Washington. If Mr. Hülsemann saw, in the address of the President to the diplomatic corps, satisfactory pledges of the sentiments and the policy of this government in regard to neutral rights and neutral duties, it might, perhaps, have been better not to bring on a discussion of past transactions. But the undersigned readily admits that this was a question fit only for the consideration and decision of Mr. Hülsemann himself; and although the President does not see that any good purpose can be answered by reopening the inquiry into the propriety of the steps taken by President Taylor to ascertain the probable issue of the late civil war in Hungary, justice to his memory requires the undersigned briefly to restate the history of those steps, and to show their consistency with the neutral policy which has invariably guided the government of the United States in its foreign relations, as well as with the established and well-settled principles of national intercourse, and the doctrines of public law.

The undersigned will first observe, that the President is persuaded his majesty, the Emperor of Austria, does not think that the government of the United States ought to view with unconcern the extraordinary events which have occurred, not only in his dominions, but in many other parts of Europe, since February, 1848. The government and people of the United States, like other intelligent governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality toward foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the contemporary world as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history.

But the undersigned goes further, and freely admits that, in proportion as these extraordinary events appear to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular government, on which the American constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country. Well-known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so

desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized states of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government. That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his minister in the Netherlands in 1787, he observes, that "it is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom." This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to republican liberty is the result of the reaction of America upon Europe; and the source and center of this reaction has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States.

The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the powers composing the European alliance is from the history and constitutional organization of the government of those powers. The sovereigns who form that alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign states; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States, and their forms of government. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied sovereigns, after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgencies from crowned heads. "Useful and necessary changes in legislation and administration," says the Laybach Circular of May, 1821, "ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power; all that deviates from this line necessarily leads to disorder, commotions, and evils far more insufferable than those which they pretend to remedy." And his late Austrian majesty, Francis the First, is reported to have declared, in an address to the Hungarian Diet, in 1820, that "the whole world had become foolish, and, leaving their ancient laws, were in search of imaginary constitutions." These declarations amount to nothing less than a denial of the lawfulness of the origin of the government of the United States, since it is certain that that government was established in consequence of a change which did not proceed from thrones, or the permission of crowned heads. But the government of the United States heard these denunciations of its fundamental principles without remonstrance, or the disturbance of its equanimity. This was thirty years ago.

The power of this republic, at the present moment, is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the house of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface. Its population, already twenty-five millions, will exceed that of the Austrian empire within the period during which it

may be hoped that Mr. Hülsemann may yet remain in the honorable discharge of his duties to his government. Its navigation and commerce are hardly exceeded by the oldest and most commercial nations; its maritime means and its maritime power may be seen by Austria herself, in all seas where she has ports, as well as they may be seen, also, in all other quarters of the globe. Life, liberty, property, and all personal rights, are amply secured to all citizens, and protected by just and stable laws; and credit, public and private, is as well established as in any government of Continental Europe; and the country, in all its interests and concerns, partakes most largely in all the improvements and progress which distinguish the age. Certainly, the United States may be pardoned, even by those who profess adherence to the principles of absolute government, if they entertain an ardent affection for those popular forms of political organization, which have so rapidly advanced their own prosperity and happiness, and enabled them, in so short a period, to bring their country, and the hemisphere to which it belongs, to the notice and respectful regard, not to say the admiration, of the civilized world. Nevertheless, the United States have abstained, at all times, from acts of interference with the political changes of Europe. They cannot, however, fail to cherish always a lively interest in the fortunes of nations struggling for institutions like their own. But this sympathy, so far from being necessarily a hostile feeling toward any of the parties to these great national struggles, is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all. The Hungarian people are three or four times as numerous as the inhabitants of these United States were when the American Revolution broke out. They possess, in a distinct language, and in other respects, important elements of a separate nationality, which the Anglo-Saxon race in this country did not possess; and if the United States wish success to countries contending for popular constitutions and national independence, it is only because they regard such constitutions, and such national independence, not as imaginary, but as real blessings. They claim no right, however, to take part in the struggles of foreign powers in order to promote these ends. It is only in defense of his own government, and its principles and character, that the undersigned has now expressed himself on this subject. But when the people of the United States behold the people of foreign countries, without any such interference, spontaneously moving toward the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely cannot be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators.

In regard to the recent very important occurrences in the Austrian empire, the undersigned freely admits the difficulty which exists in this country, and is alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann, of obtaining accurate information. But this difficulty is by no means to be ascribed to what Mr. Hülsemann calls, with little justice, as it seems to the undersigned, "the mendacious rumors propagated by the American press." For information on this subject, and others of the same kind, the American press is, of necessity, almost wholly dependent upon that of Europe; and if "mendacious rumors" respecting Austrian and Hungarian affairs have been anywhere propagated, that propagation of falsehoods has been most prolific on the European continent, and in countries immediately bordering on the

Austrian empire. But, wherever these errors may have originated, they certainly justified the late President in seeking true information through authentic channels.

His attention was first particularly drawn to the state of things in Hungary by the correspondence of Mr. Stiles, *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States at Vienna. In the autumn of 1848, an application was made to this gentleman, on behalf of Mr. Kossuth, formerly Minister of Finance for the Kingdom of Hungary, by Imperial appointment, but, at the time the application was made, chief of the revolutionary government. The object of this application was to obtain the good offices of Mr. Stiles with the Imperial government, with a view to the suspension of hostilities. This application became the subject of a conference between Prince Schwarzenberg, the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Stiles. The Prince commended the considerateness and propriety with which Mr. Stiles had acted; and, so far from disapproving his interference, advised him, in case he received a further communication from the revolutionary government in Hungary, to have an interview with Prince Windischgrätz, who was charged by the Emperor with the proceedings determined on in relation to that kingdom. A week after these occurrences, Mr. Stiles received, through a secret channel, a communication signed by L. Kossuth, President of the Committee of Defense, and countersigned by Francis Pulszky, Secretary of State. On the receipt of this communication, Mr. Stiles had an interview with Prince Windischgrätz, "who received him with the utmost kindness, and thanked him for his efforts toward reconciling the existing difficulties." Such were the incidents which first drew the attention of the government of the United States particularly to the affairs of Hungary, and the conduct of Mr. Stiles, though acting without instructions in a matter of much delicacy, having been viewed with satisfaction by the Imperial government, was approved by that of the United States.

In the course of the year 1848, and in the early part of 1849, a considerable number of Hungarians came to the United States. Among them were individuals representing themselves to be in the confidence of the revolutionary government, and by these persons the President was strongly urged to recognize the existence of that government. In these applications, and in the manner in which they were viewed by the President, there was nothing unusual: still less was there anything unauthorized by the law of nations. It is the right of every independent state to enter into friendly relations with every other independent state. Of course, questions of prudence naturally arise in reference to new states, brought by successful revolutions into the family of nations; but it is not to be required of neutral powers that they should await the recognition of the new government by the parent state. No principle of public law has been more frequently acted upon, within the last thirty years, by the great powers of the world, than this. Within that period, eight or ten new states have established independent governments, within the limits of the colonial dominions of Spain, on this continent; and in Europe the same thing has been done by Belgium and Greece. The existence of all these governments was recognized by some of the leading powers of Europe, as well as by the United States, before it

was acknowledged by the states from which they had separated themselves. If, therefore, the United States had gone so far as formally to acknowledge the independence of Hungary, although, as the result has proved, it would have been a precipitate step, and one from which no benefit would have resulted to either party; it would not, nevertheless, have been an act against the law of nations, provided they took no part in her contest with Austria. But the United States did no such thing. Not only did they not yield to Hungary any actual countenance or succor, not only did they not show their ships of war in the Adriatic with any menacing or hostile aspect, but they studiously abstained from everything which had not been done in other cases in times past, and contented themselves with instituting an inquiry into the truth and reality of alleged political occurrences. Mr. Hülsemann incorrectly states, unintentionally certainly, the nature of the mission of this agent, when he says, that "a United States agent had been dispatched to Vienna, with orders to watch for a favorable moment to recognize the Hungarian republic, and to conclude a treaty of commerce with the same." This, indeed, would have been a lawful object, but Mr. Mann's errand was, in the first instance, purely one of inquiry. He had no power to act, unless he had first come to the conviction that a firm and stable Hungarian government existed. "The principal object the President has in view," according to his instructions, "is to obtain minute and reliable information in regard to Hungary, in connection with the affairs of adjoining countries, the probable issue of the present revolutionary movements, and the chances we may have of forming commercial arrangements with that power favorable to the United States." Again, in the same paper, it is said: "The object of the President is to obtain information in regard to Hungary, and her resources and prospects, with a view to an early recognition of her independence, and the formation of commercial relations with her." It was only in the event that the new government should appear, in the opinion of the agent, to be firm and stable, that the President proposed to recommend its recognition.

Mr. Hülsemann, in qualifying these steps of President Taylor with the epithet of "hostile," seems to take for granted that the inquiry could, in the expectation of the President, have but one result, and that favorable to Hungary. If this were so, it would not change the case. But the American government sought for nothing but truth; it desired to learn the facts through a reliable channel. It so happened, in the chances and vicissitudes of human affairs, that the result was adverse to the Hungarian revolution. The American agent, as was stated in his instructions to be not unlikely, found the condition of Hungarian affairs less prosperous than it had been, or had been believed to be. He did not enter Hungary, nor hold any direct communication with her revolutionary leaders. He reported against the recognition of her independence, because he found she had been unable to set up a firm and stable government. He carefully forbore, as his instructions required, to give publicity to his mission, and the undersigned supposes that the Austrian government first learned its existence from the communications of the President to the Senate.

Mr. Hülsemann will observe from this statement, that Mr. Mann's mission was wholly unobjectionable, and strictly within the rule of the law of

nations and the duty of the United States as a neutral power. He will accordingly feel how little foundation there is for his remark, that "those who did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of sending Mr. Dudley Mann on such an errand, should, independent of considerations of propriety, have borne in mind that they were exposing their emissary to be treated as a spy." A spy is a person sent by one belligerent to gain secret information of the forces and defenses of the other, to be used for hostile purposes. According to practice, he may use deception, under the penalty of being lawfully hanged if detected. To give this odious name and character to a confidential agent of a neutral power, bearing the commission of his country, and sent for a purpose fully warranted by the law of nations, is not only to abuse language, but also to confound all just ideas, and to announce the wildest and most extravagant notions, such as certainly were not to have been expected in a grave diplomatic paper; and the President directs the undersigned to say to Mr. Hülsemann, that the American government would regard such an imputation upon it by the Cabinet of Austria, as that it employs spies, and that in a quarrel none of its own, as distinctly offensive, if it did not presume, as it is willing to presume, that the word used in the original German was not of equivalent meaning with "spy" in the English language, or that in some other way the employment of such an opprobrious term may be explained. Had the Imperial government of Austria subjected Mr. Mann to the treatment of a spy, it would have placed itself without the pale of civilized nations; and the Cabinet of Vienna may be assured, that if it had carried, or attempted to carry, any such lawless purpose into effect, in the case of an authorized agent of this government, the spirit of the people of this country would have demanded immediate hostilities to be waged by the utmost exertion of the power of the republic, military and naval.

Mr. Hülsemann proceeds to remark, that "this extremely painful incident, therefore, might have been passed over, without any written evidence being left on our part in the archives of the United States, had not General Taylor thought proper to revive the whole subject, by communicating to the Senate, in his message of the 18th (28th) of last March, the instructions with which Mr. Mann had been furnished on the occasion of his mission to Vienna. The publicity which has been given to that document, has placed the Imperial government under the necessity of entering a formal protest, through its official representative, against the proceedings of the American government, lest that government should construe our silence into approbation, or toleration even, of the principles which appear to have guided its action and the means it has adopted." The undersigned reasserts to Mr. Hülsemann, and to the Cabinet of Vienna, and in the presence of the world, that the steps taken by President Taylor, now protested against by the Austrian government, were warranted by the law of nations, and agreeable to the usages of civilized states. With respect to the communication of Mr. Mann's instructions to the Senate, and the language in which they are couched, it has already been said, and Mr. Hülsemann must feel the justice of the remark, that these are domestic affairs, in reference to which the government of the United States cannot admit the slightest responsibility to the government of his Imperial Majesty. No state, deserving the appel-

lation of independent, can permit the language in which it may instruct its own officers, in the discharge of their duties to itself, to be called in question under any pretext by a foreign power.

But even if this were not so, Mr. Hülsemann is in an error in stating that the Austrian government is called an "iron rule," in Mr. Mann's instructions. That phrase is not found in the paper; and in respect to the honorary epithet bestowed in Mr. Mann's instructions on the late chief of the revolutionary government of Hungary, Mr. Hülsemann will bear in mind that the government of the United States cannot justly be expected, in a confidential communication to its own agent, to withhold from an individual an epithet of distinction, of which a great part of the world thinks him worthy, merely on the ground that his own government regards him as a rebel. At an early stage of the American Revolution, while Washington was considered by the English government as a rebel chief, he was regarded on the Continent of Europe as an illustrious hero. But the undersigned will take the liberty of bringing the Cabinet of Vienna into the presence of its own predecessors, and of citing for its consideration the conduct of the Imperial government itself. In the year 1777, the war of the American Revolution was raging all over these United States. England was prosecuting that war with a most resolute determination, and by the exertion of all her military means to the fullest extent. Germany was at that time at peace with England; and yet an agent of that Congress, which was looked upon by England in no other light than that of a body in open rebellion, was not only received with great respect by the ambassador of the Empress Queen, at Paris, and by the minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany (who afterward mounted the Imperial throne), but resided in Vienna for a considerable time; not, indeed, officially acknowledged, but treated with courtesy and respect; and the Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded by that agent to exert himself to prevent the German powers from furnishing troops to England to enable her to suppress the rebellion in America. Neither Mr. Hülsemann nor the Cabinet of Vienna, it is presumed, will undertake to say that any thing said or done by this government in regard to the recent war between Austria and Hungary is not borne out, and much more than borne out, by this example of the Imperial Court. It is believed that the Emperor Joseph the Second habitually spoke in terms of respect and admiration of the character of Washington, as he is known to have done of that of Franklin; and he deemed it no infraction of neutrality to inform himself of the progress of the revolutionary struggle in America, or to express his deep sense of the merits and the talents of those illustrious men who were then leading their country to independence and renown. The undersigned may add, that in 1781 the courts of Russia and Austria proposed a diplomatic congress of the belligerent powers, to which the commissioners of the United States should be admitted.

Mr. Hülsemann thinks that in Mr. Mann's instructions improper expressions are introduced in regard to Russia; but the undersigned has no reason to suppose that Russia herself is of that opinion. The only observation made in those instructions about Russia, is, that she "has chosen to assume an attitude of interference, and her immense preparations for invading and reducing the Hungarians to the rule of Austria, from which they desire to

be released, gave so serious a character to the contest as to awaken the most painful solicitude in the minds of Americans." The undersigned cannot but consider the Austrian Cabinet as unnecessarily susceptible in looking upon language like this as a "hostile demonstration." If we remember that it was addressed by the government to its own agent, and has received publicity only through a communication from one department of the American government to another, the language quoted must be deemed moderate and inoffensive. The comity of nations would hardly forbid its being addressed to the two imperial powers themselves. It is scarcely necessary for the undersigned to say, that the relations of the United States with Russia have always been of the most friendly kind, and have never been deemed by either party to require any compromise of their peculiar views upon subjects of domestic or foreign polity, or the true origin of governments. At any rate, the fact that Austria, in her contest with Hungary, had an intimate and faithful ally in Russia, cannot alter the real nature of the question between Austria and Hungary, nor in any way affect the neutral rights and duties of the government of the United States, or the justifiable sympathies of the American people. It is, indeed, easy to conceive, that favor toward struggling Hungary would be not diminished, but increased, when it was seen that the arm of Austria was strengthened and upheld by a power whose assistance threatened to be, and which in the end proved to be, overwhelmingly destructive of all her hopes.

Toward the conclusion of his note Mr. Hülsemann remarks, that "if the government of the United States were to think it proper to take an indirect part in the political movements of Europe, American policy would be exposed to acts of retaliation, and to certain inconveniences, which would not fail to affect the commerce and industry of the two hemispheres." As to this possible fortune, this hypothetical retaliation, the government and people of the United States are quite willing to take their chances, and abide their destiny. Taking neither a direct nor an indirect part in the domestic or intestine movements of Europe, they have no fear of events of the nature alluded to by Mr. Hülsemann. It would be idle now to discuss with Mr. Hülsemann those acts of retaliation, which he imagines may possibly take place at some indefinite time hereafter. Those questions will be discussed when they arise; and Mr. Hülsemann and the Cabinet at Vienna may rest assured, that, in the mean time, while performing with strict and exact fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinions, freely, and at all times, upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth. Their own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of civil liberty; and believing those principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied, to be eminently favorable to the prosperity of states, to be, in fact, the only principles of government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age, the President has perceived, with great satisfaction, that, in the constitution recently introduced into the Austrian empire, many of these great principles are recognized and applied, and he cherishes a sincere wish that they may produce the same happy effects throughout his

Austrian Majesty's extensive dominions that they have done in the United States.

The undersigned has the honor to repeat to Mr. Hülsemann the assurance of his high consideration.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE CHEVALIER J. G. HULSEMANN, *Charge d' Affaires of Austria, Washington.*

Chevalier Hülsemann, under date of March 11th, 1851, briefly replied to this "famous dispatch" from Mr. Webster, and in it stated that the opinions of his government remain unaltered in respect to the mission of Mr. Mann; but that it "declines all ulterior discussion of that annoying incident," from unwillingness to disturb its friendly relations with the United States. Mr. Webster, in his rejoinder to this communication, said that the government of the United States was equally disinclined to prolong the discussion, but declared that their principles and policy are fixed and fastened upon them by their character, their history, and their position among the nations of the world; and it may be regarded as certain, that those principles and this policy will not be abandoned or departed from until some extraordinary change shall take place in the general current of human affairs."

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN BEHALF OF THE HUNGARIAN EXILES, WITH A SKETCH OF THE VISIT OF KOSSUTH TO THE UNITED STATES.

On the termination of the Hungarian War, in August, 1849, Louis Kossuth, who had been governor of Hungary, and was the one ruling and directing spirit of the Hungarian cause, with a party of officers and others fled across the Turkish frontier, and threw himself on the hospitality of the Sultan, who promised them a safe asylum.

Russia and Austria demanded that the fugitives should be given up; and for some months it was uncertain if the Turkish government would dare to refuse. At first a decided negative was given; then the Porte wavered, and it was officially announced to Kossuth and his companions that the only means for them to avoid a surrender would be to give up the Christian religion and become Mohammedans, and thus take advantage of the Moslem law, that any fugitive embracing that faith can claim the protection of the government. Kossuth refused to purchase his life at such a price. Finally Austria and Russia were induced to modify their demand, and merely insist upon the detention of the fugitives.

Early in the year 1851, Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, directed Mr. Marsh, our minister at Constantinople, to urge the Porte to suffer the exiles to come to the United States. A similar course was pursued by the British government. It was finally promised that these requests should be complied with at the expiration of the period of the detention agreed upon by the Sultan, when the exiles would be free to depart to any part of the world. Our government at once placed the United States' steam-frigate *Mississippi* at the disposal of Kossuth, who accepted the offer and embarked with his suite on the 12th of September, 1851. They arrived at Marseilles on the 25th, when the French government refused permission to Kossuth to pass through France to England, where he wished to leave his children for their education, prior to visiting the United States. On the 5th of October, Kossuth, with his wife, three children, and eleven of his suite, left

the Mississippi at Gibraltar and embarked on an English passenger-steamer for Southampton, while the Mississippi, with the remainder of the exiles, forty-two in number, sailed for New York.

Early in December, Kossuth and his suite arrived at New York in the steamer *Humbolt*, from England. The enthusiasm with which he was received was never equaled in our country on any occasion within this century. It arose from the extraordinary ability of the man, and the character of the heroic struggle in which he had been engaged.

On his entrance into New York, as the guest of the city, he was greeted by thousands upon thousands of the people, whose wild excitement was such that it seemed as if even the loudest huzzas were insufficient to give vent to their emotions. He reviewed the troops, and there was a large civil and military procession in his honor. For the few subsequent days he was waited upon at his rooms by numerous deputations from societies, and from cities, inviting him to visit them. On the 12th, the corporation of New York entertained him at a splendid banquet, in which he made a long and able speech, explanatory of the objects of his visit to the United States. The point of his address, and of his speeches generally throughout the country, was to urge this government to combine with that of England in a protest against the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary. He argued that this would be sufficient to effect the object—that Russia would be overawed to continue at peace, and thus his country would be enabled to gain her independence of Austria. On the 15th, the banquet of the press was given him at the Astor House; and on the succeeding day the military of New York, about six thousand strong, received him at Castle Garden. The bar of the city gave him a banquet on the 19th, and on the 20th he pronounced a farewell address to the ladies, at Tripler Hall. Passing through Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, he was received in those cities with similar honors and enthusiasm. At the Federal city, Kossuth called upon President Fillmore, with his suite, and read a short address, to which the President replied. Congress, who had passed an almost unanimous resolution welcoming him to the capital and the country, on the 7th gave him a banquet. His speech on this occasion was “a terse and most eloquent sketch of the position of his country.” Speeches in reply were made by Messrs. Cass, Douglass, and Webster—the latter expressing his high admiration for their guest, and declaring his opinion that Hungary was admirably fitted for republican institutions, and his wish for the speedy establishment of her independence. The others affirmed their desire that the United States should protest against Russian intervention.

In the course of the next few weeks, Kossuth visited Annapolis, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Columbus, and was received by the legislatures of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The same unbounded enthusiasm greeted him. On the 9th of February he reached Cincinnati, where he remained several weeks, receiving deputations, making speeches, etc. He solicited and received, in the whole course of his tour, large sums of money, as contributions to assist in a second proposed attempt to establish Hungarian Independence. He declined at this point to receive any more public entertainments, on the ground that it involved a waste of money,

and to no benefit. At this period some published letters of exiled Hungarian leaders, upon the merits of Kossuth, reached the country, and much cooled the public sentiment in his favor. Besides this, President Fillmore, in compliance with a resolution of Congress, transmitted copies of the correspondence between officers of the Mississippi and some American consuls in Europe, and the government concerning Kossuth. They showed distrust of his plans, and expressed great dissatisfaction at the marks of respect which were paid him at the various ports on the Mediterranean at which the Mississippi had touched. His returning thanks to "the people" of Marseilles, who cheered him from boats in the harbor, was especially censured: "liberty of speech" having been considered as a liberty too great to be taken with the subjects of Louis Napoleon, even from the decks of an American national vessel, under the star'd and striped flag, that freemen have, perhaps erroneously, deemed the emblem of Liberty the world over, and if so, they should in all humility ask pardon for so monstrous an offense.

In March, Kossuth reached St. Louis, and from thence he passed down the Mississippi, and following along the seaboard States of the South he ended his tour by a visit to the New England States. Throughout the South he was generally received with coldness and distrust, but on reaching the soil of New England, he was greeted with something of the same fervor that had previously attended him at the North and West. On the 16th of July, Kossuth left the country in a steamer for England, after the most extraordinary tour of modern times. He had failed in the main object of his mission, the enlistment of our government in his doctrine of intervention in European politics.

One of the most interesting of all the incidents which had marked his tour, was his visit to the bedside of the great-hearted and genial Henry Clay, then near his end. The venerable patriot had witnessed with alarm the wild furor with which the American people had welcomed this distinguished foreigner, and fearing that his seductive eloquence would betray his countrymen into an armed crusade in behalf of Republicanism in Europe, he summoned Kossuth to his dying bed, to dissuade him against the dissemination of doctrines that he considered not only of no avail to the cause of liberty on the continent, but which he feared would prove in the end disastrous to his own beloved country, to whose welfare a long life of persevering service had attested his devotion.

The visit of Kossuth to the United States was instructive and not unproductive of good results. It was a pleasant interlude in the keen excitement and hurry of American life, for the masses to pause and listen to this surpassing orator upon the vital topics of liberty, and the rights of man; and it was gratifying to observe from how, down deep in the public heart came the response to those ideas which form the foundation of all that makes us great as a people. It was amusing to witness the excitement of some ordinarily very grave citizens, who bawled themselves hoarse in their welcomes to the famous Hungarian. Equally amusing was it to observe the disgust of others of jaundiced temperaments at all this popular frenzy, and the expressions of distrust that came from some people, who meant well, but who philosophized unhappily. Others there were, too, we were astonished to

find, that, although to "the manor born" we had to judge were "Bourbons among us;" for so strong was the evidence they gave that they had no sympathy in these subjects, that we could but wish that they might pass the rest of their days under the most grinding despotism, to get ample experience to the pleasantness of the sensation. Poor Chevalier Hülsemann, whose bout with Webster was fresh in the public memory, was in sore distress, and indited several letters to our government, protesting against the attentions that were being shown to Kossuth; the last, a bitter complaint that no notice had been deigned to his communications.

And the crowds that followed Kossuth! What a variety of character for observation! and what a variety of motive that drew them together!—the keen and miserably selfish politician, ready to rise on the wave of popular opinion to popularity and a fat office—the simple hearted school-boy, big with a boy's thoughts, and the thoughts in Fourth of July orations—the ladies, and in crushing masses, too! all talking at once, half crazy with excitement, pushing against each other, and pushing against the men, and then raising on tip-toe to get a peep at a foreigner with a long beard, a wig—he had lost his hair in an Austrian dungeon—mild blue eye, winning smile, and a most musical voice, that was continually pleading in sad tones for "poor, down-trodden Hungary," in utterances, too, of that broken English that always seems so artless, because so like the half-formed words of little children.

Of Kossuth, it has been said, "He is the living leader of a lost cause. His country is ruined—its nationality destroyed, and through his efforts. Yet the Hungarian people lay not this ruin to his charge; and the first lesson taught the infant Magyar is a blessing upon his name. Yet whatever the future may have in store, his efforts have not been lost efforts. The tree which he planted in blood, and agony, and tears, though its tender shoots have been trampled down by the Russian bear, will yet spring up again to gladden, if not his heart, yet those of his children, or his children's children. The man may perish, but the cause endures."

HEROIC CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN INGRAHAM, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, IN
THE RESCUE OF MARTIN KOSTA FROM THE AUSTRIANS, AT SMYRNA.

In the summer of 1853, an incident occurred in Smyrna, Turkey, which showed such fearless intrepidity in an American naval officer, in the rescue of one of the Hungarian refugees, who had been seized and carried a prisoner on board an Austrian man-of-war, that when the news of that event reached America, a thrill of pride and of joy ran through all the land.

This officer was Captain Ingraham, of the United States Corvette, *St. Louis*, and a native of South Carolina. The Hungarian who was thus rescued from an imprisonment, designed to have terminated in his execution, was a young man named Martin Kosta, who had been a captain in the Hungarian army, and who had subsequently emigrated to the United States. Various accounts of this event were published at the time, but that which we annex is extracted from a letter of an officer on board the American vessel, Passed Midshipman Charles B. Smith, of *St. Louis Mo.*, to his brother, then in Paris.

"We arrived at Smyrna the 23d of June. Immediately after our arrival,

our consul came on board and informed Captain Ingraham that the Austrian consul had, in the most shameful manner, seized upon the body of Martin Kosta, a Hungarian refugee, upon whose head Austria had set a great price. Kosta had belonged to Kossuth's suite, and while in New York had obtained a paper from the New York State authorities, declaring his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. He left the United States temporarily, after staying there nearly two years, and came to Smyrna, where, on the 22d of June, while sitting in a café, he was seized by three Greek hirelings of the Austrian consul, and carried on board of the Austrian brig-of-war *Hussar*, to be conveyed as a prisoner to Trieste. Our captain immediately boarded the brig, and demanded to see Kosta. At first he was told he was not on board; but finally he visited the Austrian consul and declared *he would see him*—that he believed him to be an American citizen, and *he would have him at all hazards!* Ingraham then again boarded the Austrian vessel, and asked Kosta these, among other questions: 'When he left the United States?' 'Why he did so?' and 'if he was an American citizen?' To these questions he replied: 'I came to Smyrna to settle—I am not an American.' This was in the presence of the Austrian officers.

Nothing then could be done. But Captain Ingraham was not satisfied, as Kosta held a paper from the New York State authorities, swearing to become a citizen of the United States; and he therefore wrote immediately to our minister at Constantinople, who replied in a very indelicate and evasive letter. The captain again wrote to him—Mr. Brown.

On the 30th of June, a letter was sent on board from the shore, signed 'Humanitas,' praying in pleading terms the interference of our captain for Kosta.

As Captain Ingraham had not received a second reply from Mr. Brown, he was determined that the man should not be conveyed by steamer to Trieste until Mr. Brown had replied. We immediately got under weigh and stood down, anchoring near the brig, fearing she might, unknown to us, send Kosta on board the steamer, as it was our intention, should he be taken on board, and the steamer put to sea, to go after her and release him. Of course protests against his removal were made by our consul and captain to the Austrian consul, under whose directions the captain of the Austrian brig was acting.

In the meantime, an Austrian schooner-of-war came into port. Next morning our captain received a letter authorizing him to take Kosta, be it by force: the letter stating that he, being an outlaw of Austria, and holding the paper he did, necessarily belonged to the United States. Captain Ingraham immediately boarded the brig, and demanded to see Kosta, and asked him again:

'Are you an *American*?'

'I am.'

'Do you demand protection of the American flag?'

'I do.'

'THEN YOU SHALL HAVE IT!'

This time, which was on the 2d of July, the captain saw Kosta alone: before it was in the presence of the Austrian captain, when he thought,

from the manner in which he made his replies, that he was frightened. Captain Ingraham then informed the Austrian captain of the letter which he had received, and, of course, his orders; and added that he would give him *four hours* in which to deliver Kosta up. The other replied, 'It rests with the Austrian consul.' At nine o'clock the American consul came on board, and told Captain Ingraham to lengthen the time, whereupon a letter was sent, giving until four o'clock, P. M. At eleven o'clock, A. M., we cleared ship for action, as did the Austrian brig, schooner, and two steamers. We mounted twenty guns, viz: four sixty-eight pounders, and sixteen thirty-two pounders; the Austrian brig sixteen thirty-two pound carronades; the schooner ten twelve pound carronades, and the two steamers each four twelve pound carronades. We carried two hundred men, and they, in all, two hundred and forty.

All preparations were made, and thousands flocked to the shore to witness the fight. A committee of gentlemen on shore, not wishing to see bloodshed—and indeed it would have been *a hard fight*—called upon the Austrian consul, and the matter was arranged by delivering Kosta up to the care of the French consul, who is responsible for his body, to be delivered only by the agreement of the Austrian and American consuls. So the matter now rests with the two governments. These are the unvarnished facts of the occurrence.

At four o'clock, P. M., Kosta was landed amid the cheering of thousands for 'America and Kosta.' Parties were given, and the hospitalities of the whole town were extended us—*there were no persons like the Americans*. That same evening, after Kosta's deliverance, a steamboat filled with ladies and gentlemen came near our ship, serenading us, and shouting most deafening cheers for our flag."

After a lapse of some time, Kosta was set at liberty, and returned and settled in the United States. No single event within our day has given more wide satisfaction than the noble conduct of our naval officer in rescuing this unfortunate man on his demand for *American protection*. While in the exercise of his benevolent impulses, Captain Ingraham was firm and fearless, even to the point of battling with the whole Austrian fleet; yet when it was all over, and Kosta relieved from peril, it is said, with a modesty peculiar to his nature, he was under apprehension of being censured for it by his countrymen at home! This event also created much comment in Europe—indignation at the despotic seizure of Kosta on the neutral soil of Turkey, and admiration for the heroism of Ingraham, whose conduct greatly tended to raise the American character in the estimation of foreigners.

The Austrian government addressed a protest to the various crowned heads of Europe, against the act of Captain Ingraham, and a correspondence also ensued on the subject between Chevalier Hülsemann and Mr. Marcy, the American Secretary of State, in which the latter fully sustained the conduct of Ingraham, declaring that Kosta, when seized, had the national character of an American, and that the United States had the right to extend its protection over him.



The Heathen of the Five Points.

NARRATIVE

OF SOME OF THE

PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES

IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS (NEW YORK), FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

MISERABLE AND DEGRADED CLASSES.

To doubt that moral evil exists otherwise than for an eventual good, is to question either the power or benevolence of the Creator. The world, checkered as it is with happiness and misery, is precisely as foreknown, and no disappointment with its condition can exist in the Divine Mind.

Some of the *uses* of evil are clear to us. If, with our present mental constitutions, life was an eternal sunshine, with no ills to combat, with no suffering to relieve, a monotony of ease would ensue, involving the loss of a great source of happiness and a discipline which strengthens and ennobles character. The greatest glory is in the combat for the welfare of others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," like every axiom of the Great Teacher, is a vital truth tested by experience. And where this is united to self-sacrifice, then the measure of the blessing is as the measure of the denial. That man who dwells encased in self, is more to be pitied than if he had been born lame and blind, for he never can enjoy that most exquisite of all sensations—the pleasure of doing good.

In our large cities where men most do congregate, the greatest amount of evil, moral and physical, awaits the exertions of the benevolent. Our own New York is a vast theater for the exercise of man's humanity; and when we behold the amount of woe existing in that great metropolis, we stand appalled in view of the gigantic task of its relief.

During the last twenty years a tide of population has been setting in toward these shores to which there is no movement parallel in history. Within the past year over three hundred thousand foreigners have landed in New York, or about one thousand per day for every week day. Of these a portion have been good, sober, hard-working people, who have spread over the country and mingled with our population. Another part has been the off-scouring of the poorest districts and most degraded cities of the Old World, which, in the main, has settled and stagnated in our metropolis.

The poor and idle of a street grew worse by having poor and idle neighbors. The respectable and industrious moved out of certain quarters, and such places as the Five Points began to be known. Streets once inhabited by the best of people (Lower Pearl, Cherry and Dover streets), being abandoned, have since been held mostly by lodging houses of the poorest immigrants. The children of this class have naturally grown up under the

concentrated influences of the poverty and vice around them. By the report of Matsell, Chief of Police, some ten years since, it appears that there were even then ten thousand vagrant children in the city, and in eleven wards nearly three thousand children were engaged in thieving, of whom two thirds were girls between the ages of eight and sixteen. In one ward, there were twelve thousand children; of these, nine thousand were destitute of public religious influence.

Institutions have been established within a few years in the city, which, although young, have attracted great attention from the blessings they have produced. As American enterprises of a noble character, we are pleased to present this account of them, as given us by a lady friend. They are the Children's Aid Society, the Industrial and Mission Schools, etc., etc. These are directed mainly to the reformation of the juvenile portion of the degraded classes; thus attacking vice and crime before the iron habits of mature life should render hopeless all attempts at reform.

The CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY was founded a few years since by the Rev. Charles L. Brace, a gentleman of education, and noted as a traveler. While in Europe during the period of the Hungarian War, he devoted his best thoughts and energies to the condition of the poor and the degraded of the Old World. As he traveled from point to point, he inquired into the results of the various experiments making for their moral and spiritual welfare. He soon became convinced of the truth of the remark of Talleyrand, that "the vilest of people are not formidable to him who approaches them in a spirit of kindness." On his return to New York, he began his benevolent efforts to arouse the public mind to the great work of elevating and reforming the lowest poor. "The persons here to be aided and Christianized," said he, "are not pagans and heathen, in lands where the very difficulties make the work heroic, and where the associations of thousands of years of history throw a romantic and factious interest about our labors." The result of his statements, followed by eloquent appeals, was the establishment of this society, of which he is the secretary. Their office is at No. 11 Clinton Hall, Astor Place. Their business is transacted by Mr. Brace and his assistants, in reference to the different objects of benevolence under his supervision. At all hours of the day, groups of men, women, and children are in attendance, waiting to tell the sad story of their sorrows—to be provided with employment, or to meet individuals who are about to take them to new homes in the country. Packages of old and new clothing are also received at the office and distributed by the visitors connected with the institution.

There are no lodging-rooms in the building, but vagrant boys are placed temporarily at the News Boys' Lodging-House. A building given by Mr. Grinnell in the Fourth Ward, for an Industrial School, has been used as a temporary home for girls. The list subjoined will show where the visitors found these young girls and rescued them just at the fearful turning point between purity and vice: Girls taken from the Tombs Prison, ten; found without a home, twenty-three; beaten and turned out, two; found in the streets (some nearly starved), seven; came in sick, etc., eight; vagrants, from the office of the Society, twenty-eight. Total lodgers in one year, eighty-two

The *News Boys' Lodging-House* is in the fifth story of the Sun office, Nassau street. It is an important branch of the Children's Aid Society, and is under the superintendence of Rev. C. C. Tracy. It has been successful in elevating a class who were once called by the police the banditti of the city. A cut prefacing this article is a representation of that class of "heathen" in an unconverted state. One of their rooms is furnished with neat little beds, for which the boys pay sixpence a lodging, including a bath in an adjoining room. The amount aside from this charge of sixpence necessary to support the establishment, is given by the society. If the visitor can drop in of an evening, he may find the boys assembled at their desks, engaged in reading or study, or quietly listening to some familiar lecture from one of their many friends. And a new book presented to their little library, will give the visitor a warm place in the affection of these sharp little traders. It is wonderful to witness the tact, ingenuity, and assiduous care which is constantly exercised toward them by their kind superintendent. In addition to his other cares, Mr. Tracy has of late assumed the charge of conducting these boys to new homes provided for them in different parts of the country. His letters are so replete with interest that some extracts from them will be given in this article; may they be the means of eliciting aid for the many wretched and friendless children, who are dependent upon this society for their hopes of happiness both here and hereafter.

The *Boys' Meetings* is another department of the same society. These, says Mr. Brace, will be important links in a chain of influences connecting the multitude of benevolent, who wish to help, with the multitude of vagrant children, who perish for the lack of aid.

The visitor of the Children's Aid Society, in searching the docks, and lumber yards, and low lodging-houses, finds ample materials for his Sunday gatherings. He is careful not to excite their prejudice by speaking of poor and ragged boys; but scatters numerous cards of invitation to a "Boys' Meeting." These are held in a loft in a warehouse, or some other room that can be procured, at a trifling expense. Then the most interesting speakers that can be procured are enlisted in the work. "These," says Mr. Brace, "must be men of sense; the vagrant boy sees through any humbug; they must regard these helpless, forsaken ones as their brethren, and not forget that in working for the least of these, they are working for Christ. The leader must have several with him to gather in the boys, and assist in singing and speaking. But they should all be men of force; and, above all, with a patient, good nature." The following incident will show the importance of this qualification, in addressing an audience who have never entered a church, and who have not the slightest idea of veneration. A friend of the writer has acquired great tact in securing the sympathy and interest of these bright little urchins. He does not attempt to present abstract truths or mere exhortations; but he never fails to fix the attention of the boys, while presenting the truths of Christianity in a narrative form, avoiding merely religious phrases, but enforcing duty by vivid illustrations. On one occasion, he called upon a friend to assist him. The speaker, a tall, dignified man, with auburn hair, and pleasing expression of countenance, arose and commenced:

"My young friends, I shall occupy but a few moments in addressing you." The boys listened attentively for a time; but at length he became prosy. They shuffled and whispered, and one near the door, to the delight of his companions, addressed the speaker in the following laconic manner: "*Time's up, Sandy!*"

Some of our most distinguished public speakers have never acquired the art of addressing children. A certain doctor of divinity once assembled his Sabbath School, and commenced the following exordium:

"My dear little children, I am now about to give you a syllabus of the doctrines contained in the Assembly's Catechism. But it may be, that you do not apprehend syllabus. Syllabus, my young friends, is equivalent to *synopsis*."

Such speakers would find themselves out of place among the little heathen composing the audiences convened in these Boys' Meetings.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS have been established in various parts of the city, and conducted with great success. These encourage industry, as the garments made are given to the children by the way of reward. In all these schools, the ragged are provided with clothing in a manner which is calculated to cherish a feeling of independence, and remove the disposition for begging, which is so prevalent among the poor. Each article of clothing is valued at a certain number of marks, and the children are permitted to earn their own garments by marks for good behavior and scholarship; and the most industrious can take home some articles of clothing for a needy brother or sister. In giving to this society, the stranger may rest assured that *all* of his money will be used directly for the object designated—none will be spent on buildings and fixtures. The way in which the designs of the benevolent are often misapplied, is illustrated by the well known anecdote of the sailor, who, on being called on in a church to give to some charity, dropped one dollar in the box, then added two more to "pay expenses."

Another department of the efforts of Mr. Brace, is the providing of homes in the West for the poor seamstresses of the city, who are suffering for the want of employment. No sight is more affecting than that of virtuous, friendless females, in the midst of the selfishness of a large city, struggling to eke out a bare subsistence, by that most miserable, life-destroying and illy-paid of all avocations—the *needle*.

MISSION SCHOOLS are Sabbath Schools, established in neighborhoods destitute of gospel privileges. They form a nucleus, in their working, for the formation of new churches.

The locality called "THE FIVE POINTS," so named from the fact that five streets there corner, has been the most famous seat of degradation and woe on this continent. Situated in the very heart of the metropolis, it was the great plague-spot of moral pollution and death; a nauseous sink of filthy poverty and beastly crime. Two noble institutions now stand upon the spot, "The Ladies' Mission" and "The Five Points' House of Industry."

That eminent laborer for the suffering poor, Mr. Lewis M. Pease, removed to the Five Points, with his wife, in the spring of 1850, and established there one Christian Home, with the hope of leavening this mass of crime and woe with the leaven of the gospel. There he labored with untiring zeal, visiting damp and polluted cellars, dark garrets, and dilapidated

buildings, to aid the miserable wretches who appeared destitute of everything but filth and crime.

The wretched state of this spot, when Frederika Bremer wrote her "Homes of the New World," is therein thus described by her: "Lower than the Five Points," she says, "it is not possible for human nature to sink. Quarrels and blows, theft and even murder, belong to the order of the day and the night. There is in the square, in particular, one large, yellow-colored, dilapidated old house, called 'The Old Brewery,' which is properly the head-quarters of vice and misery; and the old Brewer of all the world's misery has dominion there at this day. I wandered through this dark realm of shadows and hell, however, accompanied by an angel of light. I cannot otherwise speak of Mrs. G——, the Quaker lady, whose countenance was bright and beautiful as the purest goodness. . . . We went alone through these hidden dens, considering it safer than in company with a gentleman. We saw unfortunate women suffering from horrible diseases; sickly children; giddy young girls; ill-tempered women, quarreling with the whole world; unabashed, hardened crime, filth, rags, and pestilential air. The off-scouring of society flows hither, and I wished to visit the Five Points, that I might make a closer acquaintance with that portion of the life of New York which belongs to the night side; to the dark realm of shadows and hell, as it exists in this great city."

The old Brewery to which Miss Bremer alludes, is alike famous and infamous in song and story. It was erected in 1792, and used as a brewery by one Coulter. In 1830, it was partitioned into oddly shaped, ill-contrived apartments, so arranged as to afford convenient hiding-places for the thieves and pickpockets, who herded at the Five Points. Over three hundred people, the filthiest and vilest of the scum of the city, dwelt in this building, which was eventually purchased by the ladies, who destroyed the foul nest, and reared upon its ruins their New Mission House. A vivid sketch of a visit there in the day of its degradation, is herein extracted from a little work called "The Old Brewery," published for the benefit of the Ladies' Mission:

"An alley extends all around the building, wide at the entrance and gradually tapering to a point. On the south, it is known as the *Murderer's Alley*, a filthy path three feet in width. The dark, winding passages afford convenient modes of escape for criminals. In the floor of one of the upper rooms, a place was found where the boards had been sawed; upon tearing them up, human bones were found—the remains, no doubt, of a victim of some diabolical murder.

The upper part of the premises, once plastered, has now a broken wall, mended in some places by pasting newspapers, but often revealing unsightly holes. The under part is still worse; in one room, fifteen feet square, we found twenty-six human beings. A man could scarcely stand erect in it; two men were sitting by the blaze of a few sticks, as we entered; women lay on a mass of filthy, unsightly rags, in the corner—sick, feeble, and emaciated; six or seven children were in various attitudes in the corner; at an old table, covered with a few dishes, two women were peeling off the skins of tomatoes, with their finger-nails; and the smoke and stench of the room were too suffocating to be endured. The announcement that, in addition to

the misfortune of poverty, they had the measles also, started most of our party in a precipitate retreat from the premises.

Our way had been explored over the building by the aid of a single lamp, in company with two gentlemen and a guide. Beside these, there were a number of rough looking customers, who appeared to share our interest in the scene. But it was not till one of the gentlemen complained, in a dark passage-way, of a strange hand in his pocket, that these characters were suspected. Then our guide informed us, in an under tone, that we were surrounded by a gang of the most notorious pickpockets and thieves of that section; that we must take good care of our watches, or we should lose them before we were aware. To grope one's way, at night, through such dark passages, when the light was in sight only a part of the time, and to be surrounded with a crowding, pushing gang of desperadoes, was not pleasant."

Much was said to deter the ladies from establishing a mission at the Five Points. The idea of confronting this indescribable wretchedness, and mingling with drunkards, thieves, prostitutes, and murderers, was enough to sicken and appall the most courageous. The ladies were told, that "no one, who valued their life or honor, could venture within this murderous cess-pool of human wickedness." But Mr. Pease was willing to make the attempt; and after much difficulty, they succeeded in hiring a gin-shop, at the corner of Little-Water and Cross streets, which, when cleaned and prepared for an audience, was capable of seating about two hundred persons. The novelty of this effort secured them a congregation. Let us look in upon Mr. Pease, the first Sabbath of his missionary labors. He is aided by the pious ladies, who have entered upon this labor of love, with an unfailing trust in the efficacy of the gospel to save the very chief of sinners.

The bell rings, and seventy little ragged and dirty urchins come tumbling in! Was ever such a Sabbath school collected in a Christian land? The idea of law and order was to them a thing unknown. They stood upon their heads—knocked each other down, and, to the dismay of the kind ladies, performed all kinds of feats in ground and lofty tumbling. Poor little, degraded creatures—heirs of kicks and neglect—abandoned by parents, or ruined, soul and body, by their vicious examples—what better things could be expected of them? They could not believe that these kind ladies really loved them, and that the missionary had come to try and make them happy. In the language of the first report, "Mr. Pease preached the first sermon to about as heterogeneous a mass of rags and filth as ever disgraced humanity."

But out of all this chaos, harmony and order were by degrees established. Intemperance, the greatest enemy of the mission, was met with temperance songs, temperance speeches, and private visits and entreaties; and during the first year, some of those who had signed the temperance pledge, were from the very dregs of the crowded inmates of the old Brewery.

At the close of the year, when Mr. Pease's services were no longer required by the ladies, and Mr. Luckey was appointed to be their missionary, an Industrial Establishment was opened by Mr. Pease. He believed that many were driven to the wretched alternative of vice or starvation; and he felt that it was important to provide honest employment for those who were willing to live an honest life; for employers were not willing to trust

their work to these abandoned creatures, to be taken to a place which they considered a den of thieves. If they could have the advantage of a workshop by day, which would also give them a shelter by night, he felt that those he was struggling to reform, would be beyond the reach of temptation.

The whole work was then an experiment; and there were those who felt that Mr. Pease was turning aside from his missionary duties, and not placing sufficient reliance on the efficacy of the gospel. But whatever may have been the cause of Mr. Pease's separation from the Ladies' Mission, it is evident that they could not have disapproved of his obeying the gospel requirement, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; for they have continued to blend physical relief with their faithful efforts to convert the soul to God. And now that two noble institutions, strong and mighty for good, have followed this separation, we can but rejoice at the result.

Thousands of dollars were cheerfully given to build the "FIVE POINTS' HOUSE OF INDUSTRY." Work for the inmates, however, has never to a great extent been forthcoming. Philanthropists and Christian manufacturers do not wish to associate their *business* with the dregs of humanity; and if work is to be supplied, it must be done by removing the laborers to the West, where there is enough work and bread for all.

We continue this sketch of American Philanthropy, by taking the reader, in imagination, to Paradise Park, a small triangular space in the center of the Five Points, upon the first occasion, when the friends of the mission were obeying the injunction of the Saviour, to "make a feast and call the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind."

"The morning of Thanksgiving," writes one of the lady friends present, "dawned in cloudless beauty, and the cool bracing atmosphere and glowing sunshine seemed to inspire every heart with courage. We met in the office of the Old Brewery, a low, long room, with crooked and stained walls. Its only furniture, beside the missionary book-case, being some benches and the boxes of clothing, supplied by friends from abroad. Provisions began to arrive, and soon presented a ludicrous aspect. Turkeys, chickens, and meats of every kind, mingled in confusion with cakes, pies, fruit, etc.; huge piles of clothing, waiting for distribution; visitors pouring in, and childish faces peeping through every window and open door!

The mammoth tent of the City Temperance Society, was erected in the little Park. It is circular, and very lofty. Around it were tiers of seats, meeting at a platform. Some evergreens were festooned from tables the length of the tent, arranged, leaving wide passages between for the visitors. By this time, hundreds of ragged, dirty children had collected around the tent and the Old Brewery. A passage-way was cleared, and the ladies and gentlemen were transformed into carriers and waiters. (We could not trust the little rebels to help, though we had plenty of offers). As they passed through rank and file of the hungry watchers, loud cheers were given for every turkey, and three, long and loud, for a whole pig, with a lemon in its mouth.

During these preparations, the ladies were trying to select, first, our Sabbath School children, and then any others who seemed hopeful. These

were washed and dressed. At half past four, all was ready, and they entered in procession, singing,

“The morn of hope is breaking—
The darkness disappears :
For the Five Points are waking
To penitential tears ;” etc.

They took the circuit of the tent, then stood around the tables with folded hands, while Mr. Luckey asked a blessing. Not a hand was raised ; not a voice heard, till the food was served. Then all was glad commotion, and then was the time for joyous tears. Three hundred and seventy poor, neglected, helpless children, placed for an hour in an atmosphere of love and gladness, woe and won to cling to those whose inmost hearts were struggling in earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to lead them unto God ! With tearful eyes, the assembly gazed upon them.

“Children, who seldom know a parent’s care,
In whom the woes of elder years are seen—
Whose earliest steps must be upon a snare,
Unless some watchful stranger intervene,
And stand—those frail young things and the dark gulf, between.”

In the central aisle, was placed the stand for toys and cornucopias of candy, a gift for each of the children as they passed out the tent. There was now an interval of a few moments. The tables were hastily replenished ; and then notice was given to visitors, that the outsiders would then enter, about whom the ladies knew nothing, save that they were poor and wretched. Visitors were warned to take care of their pocket-books and watches. They came in scores ; nay, in hundreds ! and surrounded the tables ; men, women, and children ; ragged, dirty, and forlorn ! What countenances we read,

“Victims of ceaseless toil, and want, and care !”

And the children who accompanied them, miniature likeness, both physically and morally. Alas ! we could scarcely hope to snatch these from the vortex ; but we spoke to them words of kindness, and they partook till not a fragment was left. Sixty turkeys, chickens, geese, hams, beef, and tongue, with pies, cake, fruit, and candy pyramids—all had vanished ; then quietly they left the tent.

Our weary company now hastened over to the Old Brewery, which was illuminated from every window. With joy, we looked forward to the happy day, when from this mission a light would emanate, both mental and moral, of which this illumination would be only the foreshadowing and the faint emblem”

Reader ! when you visit New York, and saunter down Broadway, amid the refinements and luxuries of life, remember that three minutes walk will bring you to the Five Points. Turn aside, and gaze upon this region—once the central point of misery and crime ; and as you view the two noble

structures that have been reared by Christian beneficence, reflect how much poverty, distress, and crime have been prevented! Enter that House of Industry, and the New Mission House; or visit the Astor Place, and see the groups of little children, prepared by the Children's Aid Society for a land of hope in the Far West—it will all be an experience to you well worth the having.

The Five Points' House of Industry is a noble structure—seven stories high, fire proof, and most admirably constructed. There is a fine children's play room—large and airy school-rooms and work rooms; dormitories and private rooms for the resident family and teachers. The entire number of inmates, since its establishment, exceeds five thousand. Of these, twenty-eight hundred, principally children, have found homes in the country. The entire property of the institution, including a country farm which belongs to it, amounts to sixty thousand dollars, including a recent bequest of twenty thousand from M. Sickles, a devoted friend of the cause.

The scene which strikes the beholder, in the chapel of the Five Points' House of Industry, when all the little, fatherless ones are collected for worship and instruction, is heart-touching. How vivid is the picture, as drawn by one of their instructors, and copied below:

"On entering the chapel, the long rows of children sitting erect upon their elevated seats, meet my eager gaze; and as I take my accustomed place before them, they greet me with their sparkling eyes and sunny faces. As my eye wanders involuntarily over the happy group, it soon rests upon the laughing, curly-headed Jewish girl, known as 'Dummy.' There she sits, her intelligent face all wreathed with smiles, her heart all light with sunshine, and warm with affection. I love her—dearly love her—and so do all who know her. A smile will make her countenance radiant with delight, while a cold look, or frown, will fill her eyes with tears. Though she cannot hear, her quick eye notices every motion. When the children sing, though she cannot articulate a word, she opens her mouth as wide, and makes her little lips move as fast as any of them; and when, during prayer, the children cover their eyes with their hands, she follows their example—peeping between her fingers to see when it is finished. Her place is never vacant. She is the first to greet me when I enter, and the last to relinquish her hold upon my hand when I leave for home. That little tiny thing by her side, with a face so round and ruddy, and beautifully veiled with curling ringlets, is her sister Ella, two years younger than herself. See how lovingly her little head is laid in Dummy's lap, while she twines her glossy hair about her fingers.

A few seats above, sits a little blind girl. I never look upon her without a feeling of sadness. She hears the children sing and answer questions, and does the same herself, but their faces she never looked upon. The world is all dark to her. Occasionally you will see her passing her hands over the heads and faces of her young companions, and gently running her fingers through their hair, thus trying to gain some knowledge of their appearance. The children all love her, and vie with each other in their little acts of kindness to her. When she wishes to come to school, some one is always ready to lead her; and when the hour arrives for going home, a score of little hands are eagerly proffered for her acceptance.

A noise at the door attracts the attention of the children, and my eyes involuntarily turn with theirs, to discover its occasion. The utmost stillness prevails, and a feeling of sympathy seems to pervade every heart, while a little girl, poorly clad, with thin, gaunt face clouded with sadness, hobbles in on crutches, for she has but one leg. Last winter, while she was playing in Center street, the cars ran over her, and so mutilated one of her legs that it had to be amputated. Poor child! we all pity her, for she has her full share of affliction. The loss of a limb is bad enough—the loss of father and mother, in one's innocent, unprotected childhood, is worse; but the loss of their sympathy, their kind admonitions and good example, in those tender years, while they still live—cursed and cursing by rum, is incomparably worse. When she joins with the children in their sweet songs, the sadness of her little face occasionally gives place to sunshine; but it is only for a little while; for when night comes, she must return again to her home, made miserable by the intemperance of her parents.

Close up in the corner there, with her eyes as black as her face, and her face as black as ebony, sits little Topsy. She is as cunning as a fox; and though she has seen but four years, she is as old as most girls three times her age. No child in school is more orderly or attentive; and once a day, rain or shine, punctual to the hour, she may be seen in our second hall, standing near the entrance of the bread-room, with a clean, white towel in one hand and a card in the other, on the back of which is written, in large letters, words which she cannot read, but the import of which she fully comprehends. If not immediately waited upon, she does not become impatient: for that mystic card, with its broad and truthful letters, assures her that her wish will ere long be gratified. Soon the door to the bread-room opens; there stands Topsy, her eyes sparkling with delight, holding high up to the gaze of the envious urchins, the magic card, on which is written: 'The bearer is entitled to one loaf of bread per day.' Topsy's mother lives in a dark and fearful place, in Cow-bay. She occupies a little room in an old, tumble-down building, with none but thieves and abandoned women around her, whose drunken brawls make the night hideous. Though compelled by poverty to live in such a place, she is almost always happy, and especially when she has succeeded, by scrubbing or washing, in earning sufficient to pay the rent of her little room and supply her with the most common necessities of life.

On the seat close by Topsy, with her sister sleeping in her arms, sits a little black-eyed French girl. She is poorly clad, but her heart is rich in sisterly affection. Love sits laughing on her countenance, and makes even the bitterness of poverty sweet. Her eyes are fixed upon the speaker's, except when an occasional glance is given to her little charge.

Sitting close by my side, and playing alternately with my watch-chain, my buttons, and my fingers, and then rubbing her soft, silken hair against my hands, is a little, fat dumpling, with rosy cheeks. She is a dear little creature—as affectionate and playful as a kitten—with a voice as sweet and musical as the birds of spring, and a heart just as full as it can hold of sympathy and love. She has a little brother, almost exactly like her, and two years older than herself. Their mother is dead, and their father has left them to the charity of strangers, and gone back to England. They would

have been adopted long ago, had it not been that little Ella, while she possesses so many desirable qualities, has lost the sight of one of her eyes. Is there not some mother, whose little ones 'Our Father' has taken to himself, who would like to fill their places with our dear one-eyed Ella and her brother Johnny?

Turning my eyes toward the audience, a lad of fourteen attracts my attention. He looks so much like one of our 'House' boys. Can it be—yes, it *is*—Freddy! But he has on a new suit of clothes, and looks so different, I hardly know him. He is constantly looking in the face of the gentleman beside him, and they both seem very happy. Last Sunday he sat among the children, with his face clouded by the uncertainty of his future destiny; to-day a different spirit seems to possess him. What can it mean? Let us listen, for he is about to tell his own story. 'Freddy,' says Mr. Pease, would you like to tell us your history, and bid good-by to the children?' Freddy, with a fluttering heart and a tear in his eye, comes upon the platform. 'I never made a speech in my life; but I shall never see you again, and I want to tell you a short sketch of my history. My first recollection was living with my father and mother in the City of London. They were rich, and I had everything that I wanted; but after awhile, my father indorsed for a friend, and lost a great deal of money; soon after which we moved to New York, and lived in Canal street. We got along well for a little while, but soon everything went wrong; for father began to drink, and then we went down, and down! till we were very poor.

We then went to Chicago, but there father drank harder than ever. One day he went out, leaving us cold and hungry. He never came back again; for the cholera and hard drinking killed him. After father's death, mother grieved so that she soon followed him; and then I was left all alone. I had no money or friends; but I thought if I could only get back to London, I could find friends who knew father when he was rich, and they would help me. I worked my passage from Chicago to New York. When I got here, I wandered around the wharfs, into the shipping-offices, and on board the ships; but nobody wanted me, because I was a strange boy, and had no recommendations. I was poor—didn't have a penny, or any place to sleep in but the station-house, or around the docks; and at last I sat down on the wharf and cried. While I was crying, some one told me to go to Mr. Pease's. I didn't know where it was, but a policeman told me, and after awhile I found it. Mr. Pease spoke kindly to me, and told me I could come here to live, and he would be like a father to me. My heart was so full I couldn't speak, and I had to sit down and cry. I couldn't help it. I have been here a few weeks, and have learned to love Mr. and Mrs. Pease, and the teachers and children. Yesterday *that* gentleman came here and adopted me, and said I should be his boy, and that he would take me to his home in the West, and make a man of me—perhaps a lawyer, like himself—if I would be a good boy. I mean to try and be the best boy I can. Children, many of you have no father or mother; but if you are good, Mr. and Mrs. Pease will be your father and mother. O children, try and be good! And now, good-by; for I shan't see you any more. Good-by, Mr. and Mrs. Pease—good-by, kind teachers!' And then the manly little fellow, descending from the platform, took each by the hand, bidding them good-by

in such a kind, touching manner, that many eyes filled with tears, and every heart was moved with tender emotion."

To this word-painting of the scene in the chapel, we add another from one of those faithful missionaries, describing a scene but too common in their errands of mercy in search of the neglected little outcasts, to bring them within the warm, loving folds of their noble institution :

"In the after-part of a bleak December day, as I sat within my office, the storm raging without, and my mind dwelling upon the distress it must inevitably occasion to the thousands of unprotected poor, I chanced to remember two little ones, the children of drunken parents, who lived a few doors away.

I had often found them in great want, and was fearful they might now be in need of some kind attention ; so putting on my overcoat, I started for that habitation of misery. The house in which they lived had, for the neighborhood, quite a decent exterior appearance ; but within, almost every conceivable abomination existed. In reaching their room, I passed through a long, filthy hall, blackened by smoke, and by poisonous gases arising from stagnant water and heaps of decaying vegetable matter, that had for years been accumulating in the cellar.

I rapped at the door, but heard no reply. I rapped again, and again, till finally some one, in a half-choked voice, said, 'Come in.' My hand had already found the string ; I pulled it, and found my way into a small room, half under ground. The low, dingy walls were covered with cobwebs, and its only window broken to pieces. The three lower lights were boarded up, and all but two of the remainder stuffed with old hats and rags. No ray of God's sunshine ever penetrated that filthy abode.

On entering the room, my attention was first attracted by an overturned stove, with lids, pipes, soot, coals and ashes scattered about the floor. The ill-matched, rust-eaten pipe, in falling, had knocked down an old picture-frame, and shivered the last bit of a looking-glass, which had been preserved as a relic of better days.

On the dirty floor, in the midst of this scene of confusion, with legs extended, and almost naked, feet bare, and his whole body shaking with cold, sat one of the objects of my visit, a boy five years old. He was holding in his lap a half-rotten head of cabbage, from which he kept picking, and greedily eating the frozen leaves. So intent was he on satisfying his appetite, that he scarcely noticed my entrance. Scattered around him were the contents of an old basket, from which he had made his selection. They were decayed potatoes, frozen apples, and turnips, pigs' ears and calves' feet ; and among a variety of other things, a sheep's head, with its eyes staring right at me. These things were collected by the mother, either by begging or stealing them from the gutters of Washington Market. Here was not all the fruits of her day's labor, for on her way home she had stopped, as was her custom, at a vile, penny soup-house, and parted with the choicest bits for rum.

A few feet removed from the boy, and nearly behind the door, sat the mother, in an old rickety chair, her head fallen back, her eyes closed, her mouth wide open, her hair disheveled about her face and neck, her arms hanging by her side, and her breath labored. Oh ! what a mockery of God's

image ! what a terrible wreck of his beautiful handiwork ! Leaning against her, bare-footed, half-clad, dirty and ragged, folding to her shivering bosom a dry loaf of bread, stood a wan, sunken-eyed girl, only three years old. She cast on me a look of recognition, took the bread in her skeleton fingers, extended it toward me, a smile lighting up her sad and sickly features, and exclaimed : 'I've got bread !' That smile was meteor-like ; it lingered but a moment, then vanished, leaving her face darker than before. She dropped her head, pressed the bread back to her bosom again, drew a long breath, and sighing said, 'Mother's drunk.' My breast swelled with intense agony. I could not refrain from exclaiming aloud, 'O God ! what has this little child done, that a smile, thus cheaply purchased, must so soon be driven away by the consciousness of a mother's shame ?'

Childhood !—man's common, yet unconscious, foretaste of heaven—last relic of his Eden state—what immeasurable guilt must rest on those who spoil thy young years, or leave thee to be thus fearfully outraged.

These little innocents were taken to the House of Industry, and carefully cared for ; but neglect and want had so weakened their hold on life, that they were soon added to the number of the little ones above."

The Ladies' Mission, at the Five Points, continues to be eminently successful. They have labored faithfully to reform the vicious, and to bring all under their influence. Let us follow one of these ladies to the home of a dying mother. Mrs. D—— hastened to her bedside. Kissing her hands again and again, she said, "I am about to leave you, my dear friend, and I wish you to take care of my orphans." The promise was given, and faithfully performed through the Children's Aid Society. Some one proposed to call the priest. "No, no !" she said ; "the Lord Jesus is with me. Let there be no wake over my body—no liquor drank when I am buried !" This charge was given to her husband ; and then she continued communing with God.

The mother was laid in the grave ; and deep was the solicitude of that lady's heart for the children thus solemnly committed to her care. The only hope for their future well-being, was to transplant these young immortals to a more congenial soil, and to a better atmosphere, than that of the Five Points. A happy home was offered by Mr. Brace, who pledged himself that the Children's Aid Society should kindly cherish the little orphans, and seek out a new home for them in the Great West. Their ticket had been secured, and while waiting, Barney, one of the children, was told of a poor boy departing under less favorable circumstances to the West, who became one of the chief judges in the State in which he resided. The boy's eye kindled, his form straightened, and he exclaimed, "You shall see, sir, what I will become !" Yes, we shall see : for the Children's Aid Society will not cease to care for these little orphans.

In their last report, Mr. Brace writes : "The year past has been peculiarly valuable in furnishing us proofs, which only time could furnish, of the result of placing children in new homes. This, we regard as the most important branch of our enterprises. Two or more letters have been written to every one of the two thousand and odd children, whose addresses are yet known, and the replies of those received, in the great majority of cases, have been most encouraging and hopeful.

This correspondence shows what simple kindness can do for the outcast. The poor vagabond boy, or the child whom misfortune has made wretched and homeless, goes to a quiet country home. He is not under a system ; he is not put by name as a vagrant ; he is not mingling with others who are as miserable, and perhaps more unprincipled than himself. He does not feel himself the member of an asylum, where, at the best, with the kindest officers, the care can only be general and public. He is one of a little Christian family. He sits at the same table with the farmer's family, and goes to school with his children ; his habits are closely watched by them, and he watches theirs. He hears the morning prayer ; he reads the 'sweet story of old,' with his little companions ; he learns what they think to be proper and right. Perhaps, as we often hear from our letters, the poor lad, remembering the dirty cellars, and the alleys filled with garbage, and the filthy holes of the great city, wonders with delight at the great orchards, and the lilacs, and the green grass, and the pure air, of his new home. Soon, perhaps for the first time in his life, LOVE begins to encircle the little castaway, and he feels, at length, there is somebody in the world who cares for him. What wonder, if sometimes the soul of the young vagrant, in this new atmosphere, as plants under spring sunlight, blossoms forth suddenly, with such fair flowers as we do not see spring at once in other classes of life. Some of our letters seem to point to this ; letters so personal that we are not at liberty to publish them."

Of the tens of thousands of destitute children in New York, how many might thus be provided with happy homes, if the interest of the humane and Christian public could be enlisted in their behalf !

"This association," says Mr. Brace, "has sprung from the increasing sense among our citizens of the evils of the city. Thirty years ago, the proposal of an important organization, which should devote itself entirely to the class of vagrant, homeless, and criminal children in New York, would have seemed absurd. There were vile streets, and destitute and abandoned people ; but the city was young and thriving. Wealth and Christian enterprise had centered here ; and the scum of poverty, it was thought, would soon be floated off through the thousand channels of livelihood over the whole country. No one would have believed, that in less than half a century, a London, St. Giles, or Spitalfields, would have grown up in New York.

But the schedule of the City Prison, in the year 1852, gave sixteen thousand criminals ; and of these, four thousand were under twenty-one years of age ; and the next year, by the estimate of the police, there were nearly *eight* thousand arrests of minors.

Crime among children has become organized as it never was previously in this country. The police state, that picking pockets is a profession among a certain class of boys. They have their *happnts*, their 'flash' language, their 'decoys,' and 'coverers,' as they are called, or persons who will entice others where they can be plundered, and protect the thieves, if they are caught. There is another class of young lads, known as 'feelers,' who are employed by older rogues to ascertain the best places for committing their depredations. Cotton picking, on the wharves ; iron stealing, in dry docks ; 'smashing baggage,' under pretense of carrying it ; and 'book bluffing,'

a kind of a mock book-selling, are all means of a livelihood for dishonest, poor boys of New York.

Of the young girls in the city, driven to dishonest means of living, it is most sad to speak. Privation, crime, and old debasement, in the pure and sunny years of childhood, is a shocking spectacle which we daily witness. Many of these street-children are not engaged in dishonest business. There are thousands of German children, whose sole occupation is picking rags and bones in the street to sell. Others sell fruit, or sweep the streets, for a living. And although their employment is honest, the roving vagabond life of such children, exposes them to every temptation, and leads to the worst habits. Among the little traders of the city, the news-boys rank among the shrewdest and sharpest of all. This class numbers several hundred boys, of different ages, who live entirely by the sale of papers. Before this Association had provided a lodging room for them, they slept in boxes, printing-house alleys, and wherever they could find a shelter."

In making his first appeal to the public, in behalf of these different classes of poor children, Mr. Brace remarked: "These boys and girls, it should be remembered, will soon form the great lower class of our city. They will influence elections—they may shape the policy of New York—they will assuredly, if unreclaimed, poison society all around them. They will help to form the great multitude of robbers, thieves, and vagrants, who are now such a burden on the law respecting community." To prevent or remove this great moral evil, the Children's Aid Society have sought to promote the *education*, the *employment*, and permanent *change of character* of the children of the poor. A few extracts from the Reports of the Teachers in the Industrial Schools, will show how much has been accomplished in this department of labor, which has enlisted the sympathy of all who are able to appreciate the sad fate of these poor girls, so exposed to all the temptations of a large city.

One of these schools is intended for German girls. "These, from ignorance of our language, poverty of parents, or indifference to its necessity, are unable, or unwilling, to attend the public schools. A good dinner is provided them, with meat three times a week, which a certain number of the older girls assist the matron in preparing. It is affecting to learn of instances where hungry little ones have asked permission to take home a portion of their dinner to a sick parent, or a little brother or sister. They are taught to do general housework, to wash and iron such articles as are used in the school, and to keep the house in order. In the afternoons, they are taught to sew upon garments, which they earn as rewards for good behavior. Each child is required to take a thorough bath once a week. The principal, Miss Reed, is assisted by sixty volunteer teachers, ladies of the city. Most of these receive one child on Saturday at their own homes, to teach some nicer kind of work, and awaken her religious feelings through personal intercourse."

"Here, woman may find her true mission; and the individual influence thus exerted, is soon apparent in the homes of these children. The hearts of these noble women are often cheered by finding the most wretched hovels assuming an appearance of order and comparative cleanliness. Coarse, rough men will gather with delight around their little ones, to

listen to the sweet songs learned at school, and to admire the neat garments—the fruit of their own industry. The uncouth, rough manners of these vagrant children, under such influences, become subdued. They learn that there is a higher pleasure in store for them, than ‘filling their baskets with refuse, from the rich man’s table,’ or idly basking in the warm sunshine on his door-steps.”

These Industrial Schools supply a place which no other schools have done—forming a connecting link between the lowest poor and the rich, and bringing a personal influence to bear on the children of poverty and crime. A few incidents will show that these self-denying efforts have had a reflex influence, and yielded a rich reward to those engaged in the good work.

One visitor says: “We started out, a wintery afternoon, to see some of our scholars, in the Fourth Ward. We enter a narrow door-way, wind through a dark passage, and are at the door of a filthy, close room. We are in search of a German rag-picker, who has a child in the school. There is one window, a small stove, and two or three chairs. The little girl looks neat and healthy. ‘I pick rags,’ says the mother, ‘and I cannot send her to the public school;—it is a great help to me, that you can teach her. I am away from home all day, and if she did not go there, she would have to be in the streets all day.’

Here, beyond, is an old house. We climb the shaking stairs, up to the attic, a front room, with one window in the roof. Very chill and bare, but floor well swept. A little hump-backed child, reading very busily, on the floor, and another scrubbing on the other side. The mother is Irish. We asked about the little, deformed child. ‘Och! she is such a swate one! She always larned very quick, since her accident, and I am very thankful to the ladies for what they’re teaching her—God bless them! Shure, an’ its uiver won of the schools I could sind ’em to. I had no clo’s or shoes for ’em,—an’ its the truth, I’m just living an’ no more.’

Another home of poverty, dark, damp, and chill. The mother, an English woman; her child had gone to school barefooted, and we found that she had been sent, in the cold nights, to the brothels, with fruits to sell. ‘I know,’ she said, it is wrong—she ought to have as good a chance as other people’s children. But I’m so poor! I haven’t paid a month’s rent; and I was sick three weeks. I know the city, and I would rather have her in the grave than brought down to those cellars. But what can I do?’

The society will find a place for the little girl in the country, if she wishes. In the meantime, we engage her to keep the child at school. Our little guide shows us another home of one of our scholars—a prostitute’s cellar. An elder sister comes to the door, and with a shame-faced look, promises that she shall come to school every day. We tell her the general object of the society, and of the good, kind home which can be found for her sister in the country. She seems glad, and her face, which must have been pretty once, lights up; perhaps at the thought, for her sister, of what she shall never more have—a pure home. Within the room, two or three sailors, sitting at their bottles, seemed to understand what we are doing. One of them says, very respectfully, ‘Yes, that’s it! Git the little girl out of this! It aint no place for her.’”

We give one more incident Mr. Brace has recorded of the good already

accomplished by the Industrial Schools. "I was going down Ninth street, on the east side, lately, when I met a little girl, very poor, but with such a sweet, sad expression, that I involuntarily stopped and spoke to her. She answered my questions very clearly, but the heavy, sad look never left her eyes for a moment. She had no father or mother—took care of the children herself—sewed on check-shirts and made a living for them. And yet the child was only thirteen years of age! I went to the low, damp basement, which she calls her home. She lives there with the three little ones, and the elder sick brother, who sometimes picks up a trifle to aid in their support. She had been washing for the family. She almost thought she might take in washing now; and the little ones, with their knees to their mouths, crouched up before the stove, looked as if there could not be a doubt of sister's doing anything she tried. 'Well, Annie, how do you make a living now?' 'I sews on check-shirts, sir, and flannel shirts; I gets five cents for the check, and nine cents for the others; but they wont let me have the flannel any more, because I can't deposit two dollars.' 'It must be very hard work?' 'Oh, I don't mind that, sir; but to-day they say we'd better all go to the poor-house; but if I only had candles, I would sit up late—till ten or eleven o'clock—and make shirts, and with the help of the neighbors, I could keep the little things together.' She had learned all she knew at the Industry School, and she now sends her little sisters there. I went into the little back room, to the one bed, where the whole five slept; the walls damp—only two thin coverlids for warmth. Their fuel had been picked up in the streets; but 'we never begged' she said. I left some stores for Sunday; a kind friend has given us money for Christmas presents, and to-morrow she shall be supplied, if possible, with work, and the two dollars to deposit. As I went out, the cold, wintery wind blew fiercely by. I thought of the weary, sad look, which had not changed during the visit. I thought of the thousand warm, comfortable homes, this cold night, and the happy children, and then of this brave little heart, in the damp cellar—the child made old by poverty. God bless thee, little Annie, for a true, staunch soul! May thy day of life not be so weary as thy young morning."

"The News Boys," like other mercantile professors, have their jobbers and their wholesale dealers. These last are older lads, who buy papers by the hundred, and give them to smaller boys to sell on commission. "In their various business transactions," says Mr. Tracy, the gentleman who has charge of the News Boys' Lodging-Room, "there is one law which is well understood, and often executed upon the delinquent, and that is *punching*. When a boy has bought papers on a credit, borrowed money, or sold for another, and fails to meet his account, he gets an awful punching. When selling for another, if he should happen to 'step out,' with a few shillings, a condign punishment of punching awaits him. Sometimes the delinquent is followed up to the Bowery or National Theater, where a settlement is made in a summary manner. They earn their money easily—average profits, from three to four shillings a day, and on Sundays, often sixteen shillings. The calamity which brings sorrow to a whole community, is often a rich harvest to them. On the day when the first news of the Arctic came, many deposited five dollars, as a day's earnings, in the Savings' Bank of the Lodging-House. Yet the boys joined in the general feeling. They

discussed over the warm stove, after school hours, the conduct of Captain Luce, and the cowardly sailors, as much as any of us. One looked really solemn, as he told of a lady in an upper part of the street, who had rushed out after one of his extras, and then shrieked and wept, as she saw a name on the list. 'Isn't it awful?' said he, 'I do hope he ain't lost, Mr. Tracy!' But although these little ragged merchants can earn money easily, yet wrong calculations or bankruptcy have usually left them hungry in the streets, or vagrants in the City Prison."

A few incidents will give our readers some idea of the mode of life and character of the New York news-boys. "Mr. Tracy brought to our office," says Mr. Brace, "a few days since, a little boy, of twelve or thirteen, with a singularly sharp, old face—the type of so many child-faces we continually meet, worn and whetted by this incessant rubbing of the street-life in a great city. He had been to the Lodging-House, and the night before had come in with two suspicious looking boys, whose lodging he paid, and Mr. T. suspected they were trying to 'pluck' him. 'Where are you from? my boy.' 'Patterson, sir.' 'What made you leave your home?' 'Me mother drinks, and me father, he licks me, when he's drunk.' 'How long since you run away?' 'Three years, sir; for a while I worked with a farmer, on Long Island; then I went to selling papers at the ferries, and slept in boxes, and the old cars at the Erie station. I have sometimes made six shillings a day, and I don't know how I used to spend it. Mr. Tracy has got ten shillings of mine now. Well, I see them two boys, and they had nothing to eat, 'cause they'd been off 'on a lay' (i. e., thieving), in the railroad. They went sixty or seventy miles south, they said, so as to get into the country, where it was warm enough to sleep out o' nights; but they couldn't steal long, 'cause the conductor, he sent 'em back. Then I got 'em both a supper, and paid their lodging, which was only six pence a piece.' 'Don't you know that those two boys were trying to sound you? They would soon have stripped you of everything.' The boy seemed to feel that we were his friends; but he believed he could not go back to his home; he would stay in New York, and try to live on his own hook.

James was one of the most honorable of our little news-boys. He had a handsome face, rich brown hair, a large, dark eye, and very winning, frank expression. He became tired of his wandering life, and Mr. Tracy brought him to the office to get a place in the country. He talked very openly; said he had enough of New York, and wanted to be a farmer. 'Have you no home, James?' 'No, I havn't.' 'Where are your father and mother?' 'Havn't got no father and mother,' and the large tears forced themselves through the child's eyes, and ran down his cheeks. We did not question him more; Mr. T. knew the sad story of this friendless boy—his bitter, weary, and lonely childhood, and his yearning for some spot, which he could call his home. There was a rough, hearty old farmer in the office, at the time, who liked the boy, and took him. We give his first letter from his new home:

'My dear friends: I am much indebted for your kindness to me. I think I am one of the most fortunate of your boys. I had not been here long, when I had a great many presents in clothing—all new from the store. I have plenty to eat, and live like one of the family—shall stay till I am

eighteen, then Mr. V—— is going to give me a trade. When I came here, I did not know how to work—now, I can work a little, and I mean to do all I am able. I like the country—thought I would not like it all, but now I see the difference: instead of running about selling papers, and living in the midst of wickedness, I am in the quiet, pleasant country. I would give my advice to any boy that sells papers, or any other boy running about the streets of New York, to go to the Children's Aid Society, and Mr. Brace will find a place for them to go into the country. Give my best respects to the Trustees. When you write, direct care of Mr. V—— C——, N. J.

Yours truly, JAMES."

An amusing scene occurred at the Lodging-Room, on the occasion of the first opening of their bank, which the news-boys had voted to keep closed an entire month. Mr. Tracy was expecting some friends, and hoped that they might induce the boys to deposit something in the six-penny bank. They grew impatient, and filled up the time in all manner of sharp-shooting.

"I move that the boy as has most tin in the bank, shall give us a treat," said one little fellow, mounted on a desk—(immense applause.)

"I move, coffee and cakes!"

"I go in for that."

"Half past seven; Mr. Tracy, open sesame!"

"I move that the bank be opened!"

"How much have you got in—sixpence?"

"Boys, be seated!" exclaims Mr. Tracy.

Older boys to smaller—"You keep order, there."

"Now," says Mr. Tracy, "I will call the numbers, and I propose that Mike counts the money."

"No, no, sir!" arose in a shout; "let every boy finger his own money."

Mr. Tracy proceeded to call the numbers. "No. 1?"—"Absent; getting dinner."

"No. 2?" "Here I be, sir."

"No. 3?" "Gone, dead."

"No. 4?" "At his country seat, gettin' his winter lodgin'." (House of Refuge.)

"No. 5?" "Gone to heaven!"

"No. 6?" "My eyes!—what a stock of pennies Barney has! Count it—hurry up—two pounds two shillings!" "I make a move," says Barney, (having got his own money), "that now the bank be closed."

"No. 7?" "Got a check for poor house?"

"No. 8?" "Gone to sleep. Go ahead."

"No. 9?" "Put on your shirt, Paddy, and get your money!"

This kind of running fire was kept up till the close, when it was found that some had as high as ten or eleven dollars in the bank, and the whole amount of their savings was sixty-nine dollars. Great excitement prevailed, when one boy proposed to close their bank for another month. The uproar increased, as if the londest lungs would carry it. The superintendent, Mr. Tracy, quieted them, and said, "Boys, you know that this is your affair; I shall do as you decide; but you had better vote, and not make all this noise about it." The result was a tie.

Barney, one of the smartest, jumped upon a bench, and made a speech in stump-orator style. He called upon them to come up to their duty, like men and citizens of a great republic. He denounced the other party. "What right have those coves to vote? They never had nothing in the bank, feller citizens! They haint got their papers!" etc., etc.

Mr. Tracy proposed that the house divide. As arguments would not do, the big boys tried to *pull* the small ones over to their side. At length, it was decided that those who had never put anything in, should not vote, and the bank was closed till the first of December.

All were pleased with the mysterious influence of the bank, when they assembled, after driving sharp bargains at the different clothing establishments. Some had overcoats, for which they paid from four to six dollars; others jaunty caps, others pants, good flannel shirts, and warm vests. On the whole, the investments were judicious, and the society rejoiced at these first steps toward respectability, for six months previous, a flannel shirt of three months' wear, unchanged, had been the principal garment of the corps.

The effort to provide honest employment *in* the city for poor children, is the only branch of the society's labors that has not proved successful. In the Fourth Ward, a class of girls was formed to bind shoes. This, for a while, seemed to go on very well. In addition to binding, several thousand pairs of shoes were pegged by the children. But suddenly a machine was invented to do the work faster and cheaper. Then the making of paper bags, with a similar result. Then came the veering of cane-chair bottoms. But when the girls found that they earned more in the streets, as rag-pickers, the thing had to be dropped. That business man who would give employment to these young girls, would do more to save wretched young creatures from prostitution, than philanthropists or preachers, thus far, have been able to do.

A sketch of one of these poor girls, will show how greatly honest employment is needed. Mr. Brace was sent for, by the matron of the Toombs, to visit a young German girl, of fourteen years, committed for vagrancy. We give the details in his own graphic language. "On entering those soiled and gloomy Egyptian archways, I could but associate the low columns and lotus capitals with the sombre and miserable history of the place. After a short waiting, the girl was brought in. She had a slight figure, and a face intelligent and old for her years. The story she told with a wonderful eloquence, which thrilled to our hearts. It seemed then like the first articulate voice from the great poor class of our city. It may jar our refined sensibilities, but we ought to hear it.

Her eye had a hard look, at first, but softened when I addressed her in the German language. 'How long have you been in the Toombs, and why are you here?'

'I will tell you, sir; I have been here two days. I was working out. I had to get up early and go to bed late, and I never had any rest. The lady worked me always, and at last, because I could not do everything, she beat me like a dog, and I ran away. I could not bear it!' The manner of this was wonderfully passionate and eloquent.

'But I thought you were arrested for being near a place of bad character.'

'I am going to tell you, sir. The next day I went with my father to get my clothes, and the lady would not give them up, and what could we do? My father is a poor old man, who picks rags in the streets, and he said, I don't want *you* to be a rag-picker. You are not a child now—people will look at you—you will come to harm.

And I said, No, father, I will help you. We must do something, now I am out of a place. So I picked rags all day, and did not make much; and at night I was cold and hungry. Toward night a gentleman met me—a very fine, well dressed gentleman—American, and he said, Will you go with me? And I said, No! But when he said, I will give you twenty shillings, I told him I would go. The next morning I was taken up by the officer.'

'Poor girl,' said the matron, 'what a sin it was! Had you forgotten your mother?'

'No, I did remember her then. She had no clothes, and I have no shoes, and only this thin dress, and a cold winter coming on. I have had to take care of myself ever since I was ten years old, and never had a cent given me. It may be a sin, sir [here the tears rolled down her cheeks]; I do not ask you to forgive it. Men cannot forgive, but God will forgive. I know about men. The rich do such things, and worse, and no one says anything against them. But I, sir, I AM POOR [this she said with a tone which struck the very heart-strings]. Many is the day I have gone hungry from morning till night, because I did not dare spend a cent or two—the only ones I had. Oh, I have sometimes wished to die. Why does not God kill me?'

She was choked by her sobs, and when she became calm, and was told of our plan of finding her a good home, where she could make an honest living, she seemed mistrustful. 'I will tell you, *Meinne Herrn*, I know men, and I do not believe any one—I have been cheated so often. I am not a child: in fourteen years, I have lived as long as people twice as old!'

'But you do not wish to stay in prison?'

'O God, no! O, there is such a weight on my heart here! Why was I ever born. I have such *kummerniss* (woes) here,—[she pressed her hands to her heart]—*I am poor!*'

We talked with the matron. She had often seen children in the Toombs of nine or ten years, as old as young women, but this was a remarkable girl. It was, undoubtedly, her first offense. We obtained her release, and she consented to leave the city. But before we took her to our office, we went to her cabin, that she might first see her parents.

She asked in broken English of us, 'Don't you think, better for poor girls to die than live?'

Mr. G—— said something kindly to her about a good God.

She shook her head; 'No; no good God! Why much suffer, if good God?'

After much trouble, we reached the house—or the den—of the rag-picker. The parents were very grateful that she was to start the next morning for a country home, where, perhaps, they will finally join her. For myself, the evening shadow seemed more somber, and the cheerful home-lights less cheerful, as I walked home, thinking of such a history."

In the European Reformatory Institutions, this plan is adopted on a very

limited scale, as emigration to distant countries is so burdensome in expense. "Norway and Sweden," says Mr. Brace, "are the only countries that have carried out the system of placing destitute and criminal youth in families, and with the same happy result as the Children's Aid Society." How trifling is the expense incurred by sending these children to the country, compared with the expense and punishment of crime in the city. Even a child cannot be arrested, held in the Toombs, tried, and afterward confined for a year, at less than one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred dollars. Eight boys, now in the House of Refuge, from a vile locality, where many of their comrades have since been saved, will cost the city almost double the whole expense of the News Boys' Lodging-Room, without reckoning the future loss and damage they will inevitably occasion to property, and expense of future trials and punishment. As a mere matter of economy, such an Association in New York, should receive tenfold more liberal support than has yet been extended to the Children's Aid Society.

Let us now follow some of these little vagrants to their new homes. Mr. Van Meter, who has for years been connected with Five Points' Mission, has been employed to take children thence to their new homes. He has also been employed by Mr. Brace, before Mr. Tracy could be spared from the News Boys' Lodging-House. The warm hearts of these devoted laborers, are constantly overflowing with love and sympathy for the little ones committed to their charge. Their correspondence is replete with interest, and few incidents of travel have such power to enlist our feelings, as those of the city youth who, for the first time, begins to appreciate the sentiment of Cowper,

"God made the country, but man made the town."

These children are not sent away until they have spent some time in the institution, under the management of kind teachers, who seek to prepare them for their new homes. Mr. Van Meter thus describes, in a letter, one of these tours to the West, which is full of interest :

"I embrace the first opportunity of reporting, through you, to the Ladies' Mission, the result of my present tour. As we were about starting, several children arrived from the Children's Aid Society, some from the News Boys' Lodging-Room, and when we reached Jersey City, a beautiful little lame girl, from the Home of the Friendless, was placed under my care. As the cry, 'all aboard,' was heard, little Mary was forever freed from the cruel tyranny of the woman who had driven her forth to beg, since she was five years old. On we went—some singing, others crying. It was a sleepless night to me. Though we had clothed them at the Mission, as well as our exhausted wardrobe would permit, they often became very cold. The snow-storm in the mountains was severe. Toward morning, a pipe burst, and we were frozen up. As the storm subsided, I went to a farm-house, and begged a pail of milk for the children.

As we were hastening on, trying to redeem the time lost, little Paddy was sitting by a very interesting, young lady, who seemed to treat him with great tenderness. At length, Paddy leaned on her lap, talked and smiled, and she asked him about his brothers and sisters. When she learned that he was homeless and friendless, though but six years old, she took him in her arms, and kissed him, and bathed his face with her tears.

Turning to her father, she said, 'Now, father, we never had a brother. There are none but Mary and I; you have enough to live on; — take little Paddy; he shall be no trouble to mother; we will teach him, and when he is old enough, you can make a doctor of him.'

Soon the point was settled. He takes Paddy as a son, and I have authorized him to change his name. This good home cheered up the children, and often they said, 'I am glad for Paddy. Will you get as good homes for us?'

When we arrived in Cleveland, two large omnibuses were placed at my disposal. Off we went to the Angier House, and were welcomed the more cordially because there were so many of us. Fires were immediately made; those who were sick from the shaking of the cars, were put to bed, and the rest prepared for breakfast. The generous landlord refused any compensation. His only charge was, 'come again.'

On the Sabbath, I plead for the mission in three churches. The result of that day humbled me in the dust. O the immortal kindness of God! When I saw Ellen K—— at the Home for the Friendless, and learned that nobody would have her, because she was so lame, my sympathy was awakened, and I said in my heart, she shall not go to the alms-house. At the close of my address, in the Euclid street Church, I alluded to Ellen. Six wealthy ladies consulted together, and then said, 'We have determined to take Ellen and educate her, sharing the expense.'

You remember Kate C——, the beautiful little girl who, for many days, wandered through the city, seeking a home, and at night, sad and weary, would go to the Toombs to sleep! Well, sir, a good, praying man and wife, whose children are gone, said, 'She shall be to us a daughter.' The dear little one wept aloud for joy. You remember one from the Children's Aid Society, who was so disfigured that no one would let her come near their children. After looking at her, a mother in Israel said, 'This one needs sympathy more than any of the others; I will take her.' Noble, generous woman!

'Scotchy,' being only five or six years old, unusually beautiful and smart, it was not strange that many a wealthy, but childless, home was offered him. As we were leaving the Angier House, a lady who had recently lost her only son, came and said, 'I must have John, the youngest of the news-boys.'

After my arrival in Peoria, I took Mary Jane Small to Judge P——. He has one of the most truly noble families in the land. The judge took the little one on his knee, pressed her to his heart, and said to his wife, 'The Lord has given us enough, let us take her.' Mary, with all the innocence and fulness of her little heart, said, 'I'm so glad!' One of the daughters turned to me and said, 'We have a little sister now!' They have changed her name, clothed her beautifully, and sent back her own wardrobe for the use of the mission. She is addressed by the children as sister, and calls the judge and his wife, father and mother. When the box of clothes arrives, please send them to the Children's Aid Society, for the use of her six sisters. She wants them all to come to this good country.

William Wright is taken by a pious banker, who says that his most ardent desire is to see him a Christian, that he may fit him for the ministry.

Jane, the little Irish girl, who learned the Sermon on the Mount, has, in nine weeks from her arrival in America, been adopted as a daughter by one of the most pious and wealthy lawyers in this country. Just think of it! Five weeks ago, she and her mother and little sister wandered about the Five Points without a shelter. Jane's mother has now a good home near her daughter, and they are all so happy."

We make a few extracts from the narrative of a similar trip to the West, in the autumn of 1855. It will interest the reader to see how these poor children were affected by the beautiful scenery of the country, in contrast with their wretched surroundings at the Five Points. It reminds one of the exclamations of Casper Hauser, when he first looked upon this beautiful world, after spending all his childhood in a dark dungeon.

"I hired a band-wagon," says Mr. Van Meter, "put in the children, and went four miles, to Milan. The road was fine, the forests beautiful; yards and gardens full of beautiful flowers, and the orchards bending under the weight of apples, pears, and other fruit. The children were quite crazed with the scene—they laughed, and sung, and hallooed; all talked at once, each trying to call the attention of the others.

One was enraptured to think she was where oranges grew. 'O, look at the oranges—how large, how many! Would they not bring a shilling in New York?' She was looking into a garden of ripe squashes.

'O, aint you glad you come? Why, Mr. Van Meter, you did not tell us as much as this, Monday night,' said one of the boys.

'O, just stop a minute, and let me get some flowers,' said Delia.

'I do wish father and mother and the baby were here,' said little Lizzie. Bless her little kind heart. How I love that child!

I defy any New York reporter to give anything like a correct sketch of the scene, opinions, and exclamations. Perhaps you conclude that they were rudely boisterous, and I ought to have made them quiet. No, sir. Do not birds sing as loud as they can, when such a glorious morning opens upon them? And shall the poor little ones, caged all their lives at the Five Points, give no expression of joy? Why, their little hearts would burst, if I were to make them hold their tongues. No, shout, my dear little ones, halloo—sing to the top of your voice—anything you please. I declare, I could not avoid entering into the same spirit.

Well, we drove right to the church, which was soon full, and I humbly trust that the scenes of the past hour did not unfit me for the duties of the present. I talked and the people cried. At the close, the ladies went to work in earnest. Mr. S. F. Taylor, mayor of the city, was present with his wife.

Their eyes were fixed on John Taff. 'Oh,' exclaimed Mrs. T., 'how much he looks like our dear boy, who was drowned a few weeks ago! Let us take him to fill the place of our son.'

The people gathered round, and said, 'O what a blessing to this poor boy, to get such a home!'

One woman said, 'That's just what I always said: the Lord manages everything right. Don't you see, there was no place for this little one, so the Lord took their only son to heaven to make room for little Johnny.'

We all cried. It does seem to me that the Lord has reserved the best

places for our poor children of the Five Points. The next morning at seven o'clock, not less than one hundred and fifty persons met us, bringing clothing, bedding, etc., which I have shipped to the mission. The children have all found the best homes. But the morning of parting was one of trial. They seemed to realize that they were in a land of strangers, and therefore clung to me. Little Lizzie kept her arms round my neck. Maggie leaned her head on my breast, and for the first time cried aloud. The boys struggled manfully, but broke down. O, my dear brother, it tried my heart, as it has never been tried before! I tried to comfort them, and then kneeled down and commended each one separately to God."

When we reflect upon the fearful amount of crime in our large cities—the garroting, the robbery, the theft—who can over-estimate the importance of educating the poor street child, and providing Christian homes for the young vagrant lad, and the houseless girl, who, if unreclaimed, will in a few years become a pest to society. Throughout the length and breadth of our Great West, how many homes might be found for these friendless ones! Although much has been done by the Children's Aid Society, and the various city missions, yet it is estimated that there are still ten thousand destitute children in the City of New York, of whom not more than one quarter are provided with homes.

The following statistics for the past year will show the efforts that have been made by benevolent societies for their instruction :

SCHOOLS OF CHARITY.—School on Randall's Island, 654 pupils; Colored Orphan Asylum, 295; Orphans' Home, 57; Orphan Asylum, 184; Half Orphan [about], 190; Home of Friendless, 300; Five Points, 315; Ladies' Home Mission, Five Points, 313; House of Refuge, 858; Juvenile Asylum, 569; Schools of Children's Aid Society, 1,176; Wilson School, 490; Home of Industry (West 16th Street), 200; other Industrial Schools, 130. Total, 5,831.

Sending children to the country, has not been attempted anywhere on so large a scale as by the Children's Aid Society. Since its formation, two thousand seven hundred and forty-three children have been provided with homes and employment. The narrative of the expeditions of Mr. C. C. Tracy, to the West with these children, also abound with thrilling incidents. We have only room for a few of these incidents of travel. The first extract is from a letter of Mr. Tracy, dated at the News Boys' Lodging-House, November 29, 1856:

"As you are aware, I started with my family of nearly fifty unprotected ones, on the eighteenth inst., taking passage to Albany in the splendid steamer *New World*. I had sent word to Kalamazoo, Mich., of our intended appearance there, and believing that would be the most favorable place to accomplish the object in view, I was not desirous to part with any of my children by the way. At Detroit, however, I was induced by their own persuasions, as well as by very favorable applications, to leave three of our company. The others all went off 'like hot cakes' in Kalamazoo.

Thus, in less than one week from being homeless, street-wandering children, in the City of New York, with a life of vice and wretchedness before them, each one of that whole company was adopted into some well-to-do, respectable family, in one of the most prosperous States in the Union.

Had you the space, I could recount for your gratification, and that of your readers, many highly interesting incidents connected with our travel. The children showed the most extravagant delight at the way-side scenery. Many of them looked upon trees, broad fields, running brooks, and high mountains, for the first time in their lives. One little German boy, on coming in sight of Lake Ontario, was evidently struck with the most intense wonder and amazement. After shading his eyes, while he gazed upon the wide expanse of water for several minutes, he turned to me, saying, 'What world is this we're coming to now, Mr. Tracy? What is all that, there?'

I told him we were in Canada, and that was Lake Ontario.

'What, a lake?—all that! Why, it looks like the ocean, don't it?'

At Detroit, a gentleman from a few miles back in the country, named Coyle, looked with some interest upon one of the boys, named John Smith, saying to him in the course of conversation, that if he was to take a boy, he should make him change his name and take his. John took quite a liking to Mr. Coyle, and when he left to transact some business about town, asked to go with him. During the walk, some friends whom Mr. Coyle met, asked the boy his name; '*John Coyle*, sir,' was the prompt reply. Mr. Coyle looked at him sharply, but pleased with the shrewdness manifested, immediately rejoined, 'John Coyle it shall be, then.' They came back at once to me, and I soon furnished Mr. Coyle with the means of fulfilling his promise.

We had a standard bearer (having been furnished by some kind friends with an American flag, before we started), in the person of a clever little black boy, who was included in the number. He enjoyed his importance much, and his appearance, marshaling the little host, everywhere attracted attention."

An account of another expedition, we extract from a city newspaper: "It will be recollected, that two or three weeks ago, Mr. Tracy, Agent of the Children's Aid Society, started on another of his western trips, with a car-load of homeless children. He returned a few days ago, and gave a very interesting description of his journey. They left the city on December 23d, in the Albany train. The day was excessively cold, but the car devoted to the use of Mr. Tracy and his juvenile companions was well warmed, and the children were well clothed.

The scene on their leaving was a deeply interesting one; but the sadness on the faces of the little group was mingled with joy, as they seemed to look forward to the broad future before them, in which they saw the promise of their past homeless condition changed for brightness and prosperity. Kind friends spoke encouragingly to them on their way; and during the whole route, kind friends arose up all around them, to warm the forlorn hearts of the little strangers, giving them an ever-smiling welcome, and assurance of deep-felt interest. At Niagara, having a few hours to spare the wandering group, the most of whom, probably, had never seen anything beyond the brick-and-mortar city, were feasted with the sight of this majestic ever-pouring flood of water. Their astonishment and joy amounted to ecstasy. In fact, the scenery during the whole journey, although a snowy landscape, excited the most intense and noisy interest in them all.

On Friday, the 26th, at five A. M., the party arrived at Kalamazoo, their destination, and before Saturday evening Mr. Tracy had disposed, in the happiest manner, of all but ten of the children, who were bound still farther. Accordingly, on Monday morning, the ten little boys were packed into the comfortable sleigh, where they enjoyed a twenty-miles' ride with Mr. Tracy, over the prairie to a village called Prairie Ronde. A gentleman from Three-Rivers, Ill., who happened to be stopping at the tavern there, expressed great interest in the little party, especially in one bright-eyed, pleasant-faced chap, of eight years,—little Danny.

This gentleman, a man of wealth, and of much consideration out West, was awaiting the stage, to return to his distant home, and as the stage drove up, and he was about to bid good-by, little Danny bounded up to him, threw his arms round his knees, and exclaimed, 'O, Mister, please take me home with you!—O, won't you?—I want to go home with you so much.'

The gentleman, one of the finest and most stalwart specimens of western giants, looked down for a moment upon the little, pale, pleading orphan boy, who still clung tenaciously to his knees. The big tears gathered slowly in his eyes, but brushing them off hastily with his hand, he exclaimed in a hearty tone,

'Come then, Danny, you shall go home with me. I have two girls, but no boy—you are a good little fellow, and you shall be my son!'

And the great, burly, but tender-hearted, man brushed another tear from his eye. The emotion seemed contagious;—even the hearty stage-driver was affected, but he cracked his whip lustily to conceal his soft-heartedness, as Danny was lifted into the stage by his new friend, and in a moment more the little Five Pointer, whose infancy had been passed in such a hard school of want and suffering, was rattling on toward a home of love and plenty.

Another traveler, on his way to his home, chancing to stop at the tavern with no previous thought of adopting a boy, was so much taken with a round-faced, chubby little fellow, of ten, an orphan—the Willie of the company—that he secured him on the spot. He is a wealthy, kind-hearted farmer, and one calculated to bring up the boy in a way to insure his becoming a valuable member of society.

Little Freddy, the youngling of the flock, only six years old, whose only parent, his mother, was lying at the point of death in Bellevue Hospital, when he left with the rest, was adopted by a farmer and his wife, who, expecting the company, had come some thirty miles to procure a nice little boy.

Mr. Tracy saw a large number of the children during his stay, whom, on former occasions, he had provided with western homes. They were all very happy; and to his question, 'Would they return to New York?' a universal, 'O, no, sir!' was the reply."

Occasionally a child is returned. People are not always so forbearing or unselfish as they should be, and now and then the old roving passion comes over the child. A family in S— sent back a bright little fellow. He had not behaved badly, but was not quite so immaculate as they had hoped. The result of his return to that miserable hovel might have been expected—he was soon taken up by the police as a vagrant, and sent to the Essex Market Prison. Mr. Brace found the family in great distress—there were

eight other children, cold and hungry. One of them said, "Brother had gone to the prison," crying hard; "father was out picking rags;—he would like to go to school, but there wasn't none near. A jintleman did take him once to Sunday School, and he liked it." Whoever would aid the poor, must have some tinge of the patience and long-suffering our great Benefactor has shown toward us.

We will close this article with an exhibition of kindness among the lowly, presenting a happy contrast to the above. "One of our visitors," says Mr. Brace, "found a little boy under a cart, gnawing a bone, which he had picked up for his breakfast. He had a good natured little face, and fine dark eye. Mr. S—— felt a sympathy for him, and asked,

'Where do you live, my boy?'

'*Don't live nowhere!*' [O, how often this answer is given]. He said his mother had left him, and lived all about, doin' washin'; but a woman in Thirteenth street had taken him in, and he slept in one corner of her room.

Mr. S. went with him to the place, and found that this kind woman was very poor—bare room, and scarcely enough to live herself, yet she had taken in this wretched little creature. 'She was the poorest creature in New York,' she said, 'but some how, everything that was poor always came to her, and while God gave her anything, she meant to share it with others.'

"Ye who are happy, whose lives have been under sunshine and gentle influences; ye who gather in cheerful home circles, think of the friendless children in our great cities! Hear the eloquent pleading of C. T. Brace in their behalf, and do not withhold your aid from the noble work in which he is engaged. But few have such eloquent expression as the poor little prisoner at the Toombs, but all inarticulately feel. There are sad histories beneath this gay world—lives, over which is the very shadow of death. God be thanked, there is a heart to feel for them all, where every pang and groan will find sympathy. The day is short for us all; but for some, it will be a pleasant thought when we come to lay down our heads, at last, that we have eased a few aching hearts, and brought peace and joy to the dark lives of some whom men had forgotten, or cast out."

LEILA LEE.

And now, one cheering word to you, whom God hath richly blessed,
 And opened wide your generous hearts to succor the distressed:
 Ye sow the seed with trembling hope—ye water it with tears,—
 But ye shall gather precious fruit, to chide your anxious fears.
 As plants their fragrant buds unfold, when taken from the shade,
 And flowers in Spring's warm sunlight;—when gentle breezes played,
 Have yielded up a sweet perfume, to bless our fostering care—
 So may that youthful soul expand in more congenial air.
 Your Christian home affords it now—an atmosphere of love—
 And, while you sow the precious seed, you lift your heart above:
 "Help, Lord, to take this little one and bring it up for thee."
 Toil on! you soon will hear the words, when ye your Saviour see,
 "As ye have done to one of these so have ye done to me."—L. L.

AMERICA

AT

THE WORLD'S FAIR,

HELD IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, IN 1851, TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF
THE GREAT YACHT RACE, OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, IN WHICH THE

"AMERICA," GAINED A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

THE Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, at London, in 1851, it is said, "will ever be referred to as the most stupendous conception of modern times." The Crystal Palace, in which it was held, occupied an area of eighteen acres. The building was formally opened on the 1st of May, by her majesty Queen Victoria, with suitable and imposing ceremonies.

An extraordinary space at the eastern end of the palace was assigned for the exhibition of articles from the United States. This was sparsely filled, compared with the crowded apartments of other countries. While the signs indicating each of these were small and neat, that over the receptacle for American contributions, was a long piece of planed and painted lumber with the golden words "United States of America" in huge proportions, surmounted by a *gigantic eagle* with expanded wings. These peculiarities drew forth the ridicule of the English writers, who appeared, for the moment, to forget that even these were but properly characteristic contributions from a land generous beyond all other lands in wood and gold.

A few extracts will show the spirit with which Young America was greeted by the English press. On the very opening day of the exhibition, the London Times thus began with a fusillade :

"Our Transatlantic descendants, following out their New World instincts, have no idea of being jostled by other nations, or pinched for space, even in the Crystal Palace. While the industries of other countries have been screwing themselves up tight, and getting into the smallest possible compass, that of the United States *invites emigration* from France—from ourselves—from the rest of Europe generally. Other nations rely upon their proficiency in the arts, or in manufactures, or in machinery, for producing effect. Not so with America. She is proud of her agricultural implements, which Garrett, or Ransom and May would *reject as worthless* ; she is proud of her machinery, which would hardly fill one corner of our exhibition, and upon the merits of which our civil engineers would not pronounce a very flattering opinion ; and she thinks a great deal of her first efforts in native marble by an untaught sculptor."

Two weeks later, the Times poured in a few more shot: "What idea of Jonathan is to be gathered from his 'notions?' and can we detect in the offspring the lineaments of its parent's face? England is not given to *boasting* and *swaggering*; [?] she generally understates her strength, and studies moderation of language about herself, though she has some excuse for being proud. Her republican progeny are not *so modest*, if one may judge from the wings of that very aggressive American eagle, with which the eastern end of the nave is decorated. The king of birds is hovering over a set of 'notions,' spread out very sparsely beneath him; and the visitor is somewhat astonished to find him making so vast a demonstration over a space so unoccupied. The American department is the *prairie-ground* of the exhibition; and our cousins, smart as they are, have failed to fill it. They cannot yet keep pace with the great strides of the European industries, and even the seven league boots, if they had them, would not enable them to do so for some generations to come. They are growing, and will be a great community by and by. Let them therefore *await* the future with *patience and humility*."

The unwise sensitiveness to these attacks, shown by the wincing of some of our countrymen, who could not "bide their time," were "nuts" to the Thunderer; so, a little later, he indulges in more amusement of the same sort.

"If the Americans do excite a smile, it is by their *pretensions*. Whenever they do come out of their own province of rugged utility and enter into competition with European elegance, they do certainly make themselves ridiculous. Their furniture is grotesque; their carriages and harness are gingerbread; their carpets are tawdry; their patchwork quilts surpass even the invariable ugliness of this fabric; their cut-glass is clumsy; their pianos sound of nothing but iron and wood; their bookbinding is that of a journeyman working on his own account in an English market-town; their daguerreotypes are the sternest and gloomiest of all daguerreotypes; their printed calicoes are such as our house-maids would not think it respectable to wear. Even their ingenuity, great as it is, becomes ridiculous, when it attempts competition with Europe. Double pianos, a combination of a piano and a violin, a chair with a cigar case in its back, and other *mongrel* constructions, belong to a people that would be centaurs and mermen if they could, and are always rebelling against the trammels of unity. . . . The Americans have no occasion to fret at the uncouth figure they cut beside their neighbors. A nation with a continent in its pocket can afford to be laughed at. After all the American section of the exhibition is the fittest possible picture of the *geographical part*, not merely as a fastidious European might describe it, but even as it would strike an American himself, in his progress from the Broadway to the Missouri or the Rio Grande."

Other papers followed in an echo of the Times, and the Illustrated News thus discoursed upon the "very modest Yankees:" "According to popular opinion, as taught by their newspapers, the United States were to carry off the chief glories of the 'World's Fair.' Now, as in the United States every one reads the newspapers, and many read nothing else, it was just natural that the people should fancy they were going 'to lick old worn out

Europe.' The result has been that the Americans were deeply mortified, and somewhat angry at the insignificant performances of their own magnificent promises. On board an American steamer, in which a friend of ours made his passage from New York, in March last, every assemblage in the day, at dinner, breakfast, luncheon, and supper, brought out bold offers from the 'State's men' of bets of many dollars, that their country would carry off the greatest number of prizes from all the competitors of the World's Fair. And we believe that, until the opening of the exhibition, the same confidence prevailed in all American assemblages. Can they wonder that we laugh a little, or can they doubt that this laughing will do them good?"

It would be a miracle in human nature if the American people were devoid of the habit of boasting, for they are full of the vigor of youth, with a glorious past, free institutions, and a whole continent on which to work out a magnificent future—if they but will. It is therefore only the logical consequence of their condition, for them to feel as if they could surpass all other nations in any field of enterprize which they may choose, and it should be no cause of complaint if they manifest the frankness to say what they believe they can accomplish. One consolation remains, that is, in time they may grow as modest as even John Bull himself, until they arrive at that point where, like him, they can boast of their modesty without a blush!

Before the close of the exhibition the tone of the English papers changed very essentially, and their commendation became as strong as had been their detraction toward the contributions of our young and progressive people. John Bull, self-sufficient as he is, when fairly convinced of his errors, acknowledges them with a heartiness that makes full amends for the bluntness with which he expresses his hastily-formed opinions. The exhibition proved a decided triumph for the Americans. We present a sketch of their successes in an abridgement from the report of Colonel Benjamin P. Johnston, agent of the State of New York, in which he sums up the results of the exhibition, and speaks more particularly upon those articles to which awards were assigned. We mention only the more prominent.

"It should be borne in mind that the exhibitors from this country were placed in a very different position from any other foreign country. The exhibition from the United States was made by the exhibitors themselves, *without aid or assistance*, in their preparation, from the government, was made by our citizens themselves, and showed their enterprize, their energy, their skill and ingenuity; and when this was known, it was a matter of surprise to foreigners that we exhibited as much as we did. It was designed to show, as it did, that in this country "genius, industry and energy find no barriers to their career." The number of inventions exhibited which were calculated to reduce the cost of production in agriculture, manufactures and the mechanic arts, was in the highest degree creditable to us, and elicited from distinguished sources in Great Britain the admission that to "the department of American 'notions'" they owed "the most important contributions to their industrial system."

In the early part of the Exhibition, the U. S. Department was the subject of much invidious remark, and our contributions were considered as far be-

hind the times. Located in the buildings as we were, adjacent to France, Russia and Austria, there was indeed a striking difference in the appearance of the contributions from the different countries. While that from the United States was mainly of a character of utility in the Implement and Machinery department, and of the productions of the soil, the others consisted of the most costly articles, wrought with exquisite taste, silks, statuary, diamonds, jewelry, etc., which attracted the eye and called forth the warmest encomiums. During the first three weeks, while the admissions comprised only the wealthy classes, the United States Department was hastily passed over—a glance given, an inquiry made at the implements, a remark occasionally, “these may do for a new country, but would not answer in England—unless *our* mechanics have the altering of them, etc.,” was the principal notice which was given them. In answer to these remarks upon our implements—the reply was frequently given that no “*English Mechanic*” would have the privilege of practicing upon our implements, until they were tried, and we had the opportunity of showing what our implements could perform. It was not a very pleasant position, to be met with remarks similar to these, day after day, for several weeks. As the jurors, however, began to make their examinations, and as exhibitors and others interested in the articles on exhibition were called upon to explain to intelligent and practical men, what were the properties claimed for our articles, more interest was manifested in our department.

MACHINERY.—In this department, as was to have been expected, the English display a far more extensive assortment than all the other nations. The exhibition shows what perfection has been attained, and the beauty of finish and arrangement, is certainly worthy of all praise. Of machinery, of really new principles, there did not appear to me to be much in the English department. I was informed by a very skillful mechanic from our State, who examined the machinery with great minuteness, that very many of the *most valuable improvements were taken from American inventions*, and the very machines were named in which they were to be found.

A considerable number of Prize Medals were awarded for guns, rifles, etc., but strange to say, Colt's celebrated Revolvers, were only favored with an *Honorable Mention*, as appears from the returns I have. This is the more singular, when it is recollected, that the English press without an exception, so far as I am informed, gave great prominence to this most important and invaluable improvement of Mr. Colt, which has found great favor in England, and his rifles and pistols have been largely ordered for the use of the British army. There was an attempt made during the exhibition, to show that Colt was not the inventor of the revolvers, one having been found in Paris, I believe, of very ancient date. That may be so, for aught I know, but it is not the less true, that so far as giving efficiency and practicability to the invention, the world is indebted to him, and he is as truly and justly entitled to the credit of the invention, as if it had never before entered into the mind of another. Honorable Mention was also given to W. R. Palmer, for a Target Rifle, and to Robbins and Lawrence for Military Rifles.

Previous to the trial of our plows, a very erroneous idea generally prevailed among those who visited the Exhibition, as to what they could per-

form. They were so different from the English plows, so light in their structure, and so much shorter, the impression was very general, that they would not succeed. The following description of our plows, as compared with the English implements was given during the Exhibition, in the leading *Agricultural Monthly Magazine* published in England.

After describing the defects of the implements exhibited from the Continent, the writer remarks, "this is also particularly noticeable in the American plows, which, with the *exception* of the varnish and high finish, remind us of the prints in agricultural works intended to represent plows that were used *several hundred years ago*. They also show us that the Americans must have a very friable soil to cultivate, or that their tillage operations are executed in a very imperfect manner."

It was under all these disadvantages that the trial was had ; but the result proved that what had been affirmed by us of our plows was practically demonstrated to be true. There were present at the trial, a large number of practical farmers and land proprietors who felt a deep interest in the result ; for if the American plows succeeded—their cheapness, as well as lightness and diminished draught—were objects of no small moment to the English farmer, struggling with exorbitant rents, taxes, and poor rates, as well as with the foreign competition induced by Free Trade, which called for every possible improvement that would cheapen the production of grain crops.

The trial ground was a moderately stiff soil, with a light sod, and the depth and width of furrow was fixed at six and nine inches. When the first American plow was brought on to the ground for trial, the interest manifested was very great. A large number of farm laborers as well as farmers were gathered around the plow, and the expressions I heard from many were—"that plow won't go in ;" "that plow will break ;" and other remarks of a similar character. I had an American with me to hold the plow—but the gentleman upon whose land the trial was made, advised that his plowman who was well versed in his work, should hold the first one—and I consented. The plow was set to the required depth and width, as near as it could be done, and the team started. The plowman, unused to the plow, pressing his whole weight upon the handles, *to keep it in*, was desired to let the plow take its own course, merely steadying it, and it went through its work with great ease, both to the plowman and team. As we returned to the starting point, it was settled that our plow *would do its work*.

We tried several American plows : Starbuck's, of Troy ; Prouty and Mear's, of Boston ; Allen's, of New York, and one from Philadelphia. The work was well done, the sole of the furrow was as well finished as by any plow upon the ground and the only objection made by the Jurors, to the work of our plows was, that the furrow slice was broken too much. It was evident to those familiar with plowing such soil, that this was an advantage in favor of our plows, as a stiff soil needed to be broken to prepare it for the seed, and if not done by the plow, it would require much more labor with the harrow or cultivator to prepare it ; and this was sustained by the judgment of practical farmers on the ground, whose attention was particularly called to the work done by our plows, and who admitted that it could be prepared for the seed at much less expense and labor, than when the furrow slice was laid over smoothly and unbroken.

But a most satisfactory evidence of the adaptation of our plows to the work required there, resulted from a trial of one of Starbuck's Troy plows, with a single horse, in the same field, with the same width and depth of furrow, as was required on the trial. An English farmer made the trial himself. The plow was drawn by one of the large English farm horses, with entire ease, and when he had plowed so as to satisfy all present, that one horse would do the work, even in soil of the kind we were engaged in at the trial, it was remarked by many of the persons present, that "that is the plow the English farmer wants." This plow was sold on the ground and ten more were ordered in the very same neighborhood, and a very large number have since been sent to England as well as the Continent, "as the American plows found great favor among the English farmers, on account of their extraordinary cheapness and lightness of draught."

REAPING MACHINES.—The favorable results of the trial of the plows, called more especially the attention of the public who visited the exhibition, to the value of the American Implements. On the return of the plows to the Palace, the one upon which the award was placed, as well as the others, excited much interest, and the reaping machines, which were soon to be tried, excited far more attention than before. The impression now seemed to prevail that these American Implements *may*, after all, do what has been promised.

TRIAL OF THE REAPERS AT TIP-TREE HALL.—Succeeding the trial of the plows came that of the Reapers, on the 24th of July. There were three machines on exhibition. McCormick's Virginia Reaper, Hussey's American Reaper, and an English Reaper, made after Hussey's, but which, I believe, had not been tried. The place selected for trial was at Tip-tree Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, the farm of Mr. J. J. Mechi, about forty-five miles from town. The day selected was the annual gathering of gentlemen at the farm of Mr. Mechi to inspect his crops and method of farming, which is exciting much interest in England. The day proved a very unfavorable one, as it rained during the whole day. The wheat upon which the trial was to be made was quite green and remarkably heavy, and everything as unfavorable as could well be. There were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred gentlemen present, many of whom had come upward of three hundred miles to witness the trial.

The Sub-jury assigned to conduct the trial was composed of Colonel Challoner, one of the English Jurors, Baron Merten d'Ostins, of Belgium, and B. P. Johnson, United States; and W. Fisher Hobbs, Esq., though not a member of the Jury, was present by invitation, at the trial. The first machine tried was Hussey's, which did not succeed, at it clogged very soon, and passed over the grain without cutting it. After this had been tried two or three times and failed, it was proposed by one of the Jurors that no further trial be made by the Reapers—but it was insisted that the other American Reaper should be tried. The gentlemen present expected it, and I was not willing they should leave the ground without satisfying those present that the American Reapers would perform the work which it had been affirmed they could do. Mr. McCormick's Reaper was then brought up, managed by D. C. McKenzie, of Livingston county, in this State, who is entitled to no little credit for the successful result of the trial. This was a moment, as

may well be imagined, of no ordinary interest. One reaper had not operated as was expected—another, and the only remaining American reaper to be tried, was now to be tested. The gentlemen present were anxious that something should succeed that would cheapen the gathering of their crops—but from expressions made around me, I was satisfied they had no confidence in the reaper. They said, after the first trial, “it is as we expected—they will not work until *perfected* by an English mechanic.” The laboring men, too, when the first one was started, seemed perfectly astonished, fearing their vocation was gone—but when it failed to work, they brightened up and would doubtless have given vent to their feelings, if another one had not been found ready for the trial, and might succeed. It can well be imagined that the Americans, of whom only three were present, beside myself, were in quite as great a state of excitement as the others. The machine was started. After it had passed its length, the *clean path* made by the reaper—the grain falling from its side, showed that the work was done, and the reaper was successful. After proceeding as far as was deemed necessary, the team was stopped, and Mr. Mechi jumped upon the platform and said, “Gentlemen, here is a triumph for the American Reaping Machine. It has, under all its disadvantages, done its work completely. Now let us, as Englishmen, show them that we appreciate this contribution for cheapening our agriculture, and *let us give the Americans three hearty English cheers.*” They were given, and with a fourth added, satisfying all that they were heartily given. Another trial was then had, and the reaper timed—cutting, in seventy seconds, seventy-four yards in length, entirely clean, and to the satisfaction of the Jurors and the gentlemen present. The Jurors recommended the award of a Medal to Mr. McCormick.

The result of this trial gave a new turn to affairs, and on the return of the Reapers to the Palace, crowds were continually examining them, and the American department from this time to the closing of the exhibition, was no longer the “prairie ground,” but was thronged with inquiring visitors. The London Times, whose agricultural reporter was present, gave a very full account of this successful trial; and in an article published soon after the trial, it was said, “that every practical success of the season belonged to the Americans, their consignments showed poorly at first, *but come out well upon trial.*” And again, “it will be remembered that the American department was the poorest and least interesting of all foreign countries. Of late, it has justly assumed a position of the first importance, as having brought to the aid of our *distressed agriculturalists*, a machine, which if it realizes the anticipations of competent judges, will *amply remunerate* England for all her outlay connected with the Great Exhibition. The reaping machine from the United States is the *most valuable contribution* from abroad, to the stock of our previous knowledge, that we have yet discovered.”

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl Granville, one of the Royal Commissioners, who devoted himself constantly to his duties as Commissioner, and to whom the exhibition is greatly indebted for its success, in speaking of the success of the Americans at the exhibition, alludes to “two other American gentlemen, who are at present *teaching us how to cut corn*, an act which we have been practicing for some hundreds of years in this island, *but of which, it appears, we are ignorant of the first principles.*”

Subsequent to the trial at Mr. Mechi's, another trial was had before the Chairman of the Jury, Hon. Mr. Pusey, Mr. Miles, M. P., and Baron Illubeck, of Austria; I give the report of Mr. Pusey, the Chairman, in which it will be noticed, that he speaks of an English machine, as too intricate, and that it had fallen into disuse fifty years since.

MR. PUSEY'S REPORT.—“At the opening of this century it was thought that a successful reaping machine had been invented, and a reward was voted by Parliament, to its author. The machine was employed here and abroad, *but from its intricacy fell into disuse*. Our farmers may well have been astonished by an American implement which not only reaped their wheat, but performed the work with the neatness and certainty of an old and perfect machine. Its novelty of action reminded one of seeing the first engine run on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1830. Its perfection depended on its being new only in England, but in America the result of repeated disappointment, untired perseverance.

The United States Patent Commissioner says of Mr. McCormick's reaping machine :—‘In agriculture it is, in my view, as important, as a labor saving device, as the Spinning Jenny and Power Loom in Manufactures. It is one of those great and valuable inventions which commence a new era in the progress of improvement, and whose beneficial influence is felt in all coming time.’

As to the practical working of the reaper, two horses drew it at the trial very easily round the outside of the crop until they finished in the center, showing that they could easily cut fifteen acres in ten hours. One man drives sitting, and another stands on the machine to rake. It is hard work for him, and the men ought sometimes to change places. The straw left behind at the trial was cut very regularly; lower than by reaping, but higher than by fagging. The inventor stated that he had a machine which would cut it two inches lower. This is the point, I should say, to attend to, especially for autumn cleaning. Though it seems superfluous to bring this machine to the test of economy, we may estimate the present cost of cutting fifteen acres of wheat, at an average of 9s. per acre, to be £6 15s. Deduct for horses and men 10s. 3d., and for binding 2s. 6d. per acre, the account will stand thus :

Average cost of reaping 15 acres, 9s. - - - - -	£6 15.0
Horses and men for Reaper, - - - - -	£0 10.0
Binding, 15 acres, 2s. 6d., - - - - -	1 17.6 2 7. 6

Saving per acre, 5s. 10d., - - - - - £4. 7.6, or \$21.20

The saving in wages, however, would of course be an imperfect test of the reaper's merits, since in bad seasons and late districts it may often enable the farmer to save the crop.

Since fresh trials have been made of Mr. McCormick's reaper, as also of one of Mr. Hussey; and as the award under the Commission has been called in question, it is right that some statement should be made on the subject. In the first trial, at Tiptree Hall, Mr. McCormick's reaper worked well; the other did not act at all. As the corn, however, was then green,

it was thought right to make further trial, and special leave was obtained from the Council of Chairmen to give two Council Medals, one to each reaper, if on further trial their respective performances should be found to deserve one. The object in our second trial was not to decide which was the best implement, but whether either or both, were sufficiently good to receive the Council Medal. Mr. McCormick's in this trial worked, as it has since worked at Cirencester College and elsewhere; to the admiration of practical farmers, and therefore received a Council Medal. Mr. Hussey's sometimes became clogged, as in the former trial at Tiptree, and therefore could not possibly obtain that distinction.

Further trials, however, have since been made by other persons elsewhere, in which Mr. Hussey's machine worked well; and one of our colleagues, Mr. Thompson, informs me that it had been used for a week by a practical farmer, on his own farm, who was perfectly satisfied. Its inventor states that at the trials for the commission the failure arose from a mal-adjustment; and Mr. Thompson informs me that at one of the subsequent trials a similar mal-adjustment impeded its action, until Mr. Hussey arrived to set it right. I am bound, then, to express my own individual opinion that the merits of the machine are such as to entitle it to a Council Medal, and my regret that it should formally be disqualified to receive one."

Until the trial of the American Implements, and the most triumphant success of McCormick's Reaper, the United States department was comparatively overlooked. But our triumph here, gave a new direction to public attention, and that part of our exhibition which previously had been slightly passed over, now attracted the notice of every visitor, and the press of England was prompt in admitting the complete and triumphant success of the Americans. It was no longer deemed necessary to say of our implements, "they may do for a new country," for the trial had satisfied the most prejudiced, that they were designed to advance the interests of the best cultivated countries of the old world, and "taught them how to cut corn by machinery, of whose first principles it appeared they were ignorant."

The result of this trial was not unexpected to those Americans who were familiar with our implements, and to them was peculiarly gratifying, as placing our country in the position to which it was entitled and commanding that attention for our exhibition, which was justly due to it, from the character of many of our articles, particularly those in the machinery and agricultural departments.

CHURNS formed a very numerous class in the exhibition; of the four prizes awarded, one was for Anthony's American Churn, called the "Improved American Churn," well known in this country, exhibited by an English firm who have the patent for England. In the American department there was shown from New Hampshire "Davis' Self Adjusting Churn," of the same principle substantially as the "Improved American Churn," to which a prize was awarded.

The American Scythes, Axes, Hay and Manure Forks, etc., were very much approved, and so far as I have heard from those familiar with these implements they were considered decidedly superior.

Professor BACHE, of Washington, received a Prize Medal for his Standard

Weights, Measures and Balance. They were admirably prepared, and few articles in the United States department attracted more attention.

DAGUERREOTYPES were extensively shown. Those from the United States were conceded to be superior in general effect, to those from any other country. BRADY & LAWRENCE, of New York, each received a Prize Medal—and one was awarded to a Mr. Whipple, of Michigan, for a daguerreotype of the moon. There were several other exhibitors whose pictures were very superior. Those of Evans, from Buffalo, were much admired, as were those of Meade & Brothers, New York. The following article, from an English literary journal, shows in what estimation our exhibition was held. “Daguerreotypes are largely displayed by the French, as might have been expected, that country being proud of the discovery; but the examples exhibited by the Americans surpass, in general beauty of effect, any which we have examined from other countries. This has been attributed to a difference in the character of the solar light, as modified by atmospheric conditions; we are not, however, disposed to believe that to be the case. We have certain indications that an increased intensity of light is not of any advantage, but rather the contrary, for the production of daguerreotypes; the luminous rays appearing to act as balancing powers against the chemical rays. Now, this being the case, we know of no physical cause by which the superiority can be explained, and we are quite disposed to be sufficiently honest to admit that the mode of manipulation has more to do with the result than any atmospheric influences. However this may be, the character of the daguerreotypes executed in America is very remarkable. There is a fullness of tone, and an artistic modulation of light and shadow which, in England, we do not obtain. The striking contrasts of white and black are shown decidedly enough in the British examples exhibited in the gallery—but here are coldness and hardness of outline. Within the shadow of the eagle and the striped banner we find no lights too white and no shadows too dark; they dissolve, as in Nature, one into the other, in the most harmonious and truthful manner—and the result is more perfect pictures.”

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—From the United States there were a number of Pianos exhibited, and although in the early part of the Exhibition they were slightly noticed by the press, every one of them received an award of a Medal or Honorable Mention. Chickering, Meyer, Nunns and Clark, received Medals. Messrs. Gilbert & Co., Heers & Pirsson, Honorable Mention; and Wood of Virginia, a money award of £50, for his Piano Violin, which attracted attention from its ingenuity, and was in constant requisition to satisfy the eager curiosity of visitors. Goodyear, of the United States, received Honorable Mention for an India Rubber flute. *Palmer's artificial leg*, from this country, received a medal, to which it was most justly entitled. Among the great number of preparations there was none that compared with this—and I was informed that the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost one of his limbs at the battle of Waterloo—had Mr. Palmer before him, with his leg, and, in the midst of a collection not numerous enough to supply a large army, yet very extensive—this was pronounced superior to all.

Prize Medals were awarded to the United States for an assortment of drillings, tickings, shirtings, sheetings and cotton flannel, exhibited by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, Manchester, New Hampshire, and the

Willimantic Duck Manufacturing Company, for cotton sail cloth; the same material, I think, of which the sails of the American yacht were constructed. In the United States department some very fine shawls from the Lawrence Mills were shown, and attracted the notice of all interested in this class, and received a Prize Medal. There were some capital samples of leather from this State, exhibited by Hon. Zadock Pratt, of Prattsville, of eight different varieties, from *four* tanneries, which had been finished in about four and a half months—mostly with hemlock bark. The samples were very admirably finished, and attracted attention. Specimens were shown of Brussels carpet, woven by steam power, by Mr. Bigelow of the United States, which had never before been accomplished, and will produce an entire revolution in the manufacture of this kind of carpets. The United States exhibition of Scythes by the North Wayne Company was decidedly superior to any other in the exhibition, and the Axes and other edged tools of Simmons & Co., of Cohoes, New York, were admitted to be without a rival.

Locks of two of the most celebrated lock-makers in England, which had been considered proof against all attempts at picking, were opened by an American who had a lock on exhibition, Day & Newell's Parautoptic Permutating Lock, of which we propose to take some notice hereafter.

Silas C. Herring's Salamander Safe, received a Medal, and it was equal to any shown at the exhibition. There was deposited in this safe, in my presence, £200 sterling, by Mr. Herring, and the safe locked, (having one of Day & Newell's Locks, I believe,) and notice placed upon the safe, that any person was welcome to the money, who could open the safe—the key being at the service of any one who chose to make the attempt. It remained for forty-five days *unopened*.

The Exhibition of Locks was very extensive and of great excellence. CHUBB & SON, celebrated English lock-makers, had a very fine exhibition of their locks, in great variety and most splendidly got up. They were exhibited as the Patent Detector Locks—are in use, or were, on the government vaults and offices, the Bank of England, and wherever safety was required. Chubb's locks for ordinary purposes have each six separate and distinct movable tumblers and a detector. If a surreptitious attempt be made to open any one, it was said immediate notice is given by the detector on the next application of the proper key. BRAMAN & Co., exhibited very fine samples of their various locks, and one brass case lock, exhibiting the number of changes their locks will admit of, amounting to upward of four hundred and seventy-nine millions! In their shop window in Piccadilly, London, was displayed a large padlock with a standing offer of two hundred guineas to any person who would open it with a single instrument.

Soon after the exhibition opened, Mr. A. C. HOBBS, of New York, who had charge of Day & Newell's locks, obtained one of Chubb's locks and opened it in the space of ten or fifteen minutes, in the presence of several gentlemen. This, on becoming known, excited much interest and led to a publication from Chubb & Son challenging the opening of their locks. Mr. Hobbs was permitted to make the attempt to open one of Chubb's locks, which was placed upon an iron door to a vault built for the depository of valuable papers. I give the proceedings which took place on this trial.

"AMERICAN DEPARTMENT,
Crystal Palace, July 21.

GENTLEMEN :—An attempt will be made to open a lock of your manufacture on the door of a strong room at 34 Great George Street, Westminster, to-morrow, Tuesday, at eleven A. M. You are respectfully invited to be present and witness the operation.

Yours respectfully,
A. C. HOBBS.

To Messrs. CHUBB & SON, *St. Paul's Church Yard."*

(Messrs. Chubb did not notice this communication.)

"LONDON, *July 22, 1851.*

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we attended, with permission of Mr. Bell, of No. 34 Great George Street, Westminster, an invitation sent to us by A. C. Hobbs, of the City of New York, to witness an attempt to open a lock throwing three bolts, and having six tumblers, affixed to the iron door of a strong room or vault, built for the depository of valuable papers, and formerly occupied by the Agents of the South Eastern Railway Company; that we severally witnessed the operations, which Mr. Hobbs commenced at thirty-five minutes past eleven A. M., and opened the lock within twenty-five minutes. Mr. Hobbs, having been requested to lock it again, with his instruments, accomplished it in the short space of seven minutes, without the slightest injury to the lock or door (having previously had the assurance of Mr. Bell that the keys had never been accessible to Mr. Hobbs, he having permission to examine the key holes only). We found a plate at the back of the door with the following inscription: "Chubb's new patent (No. 161, 461), St. Paul's Church Yard, London, maker to Her Majesty." Signed by English gentlemen.

The annexed remarks from the London Times on the Lock controversy, and the trial made upon Bramah's lock, by Mr. Hobbs, we give in preference to any remarks of our own, as the whole matter is treated with very commendable fairness, and atones for much which the Times took occasion to say of our articles in the early stages of the Exhibition.

"We believed before the Exhibition opened, that we had the best locks in the world, and among us, Bramah and Chubb were reckoned quite as impregnable as Gibraltar—more so, indeed, for the key of the Mediterranean was taken by us, but none among us could penetrate into the locks and shoot the bolts of these makers. In this faith, we had quietly established ourselves for years, and it seems cruel at this time of day, when men have been taught to look at their bunches of keys, and at their drawers and safes with something like confidence, to scatter that feeling to the winds. The mechanical spirit, however, is never at rest, and if it is lulled into a false state of listlessness in one branch of industry, and in one part of the world, elsewhere it springs up suddenly to admonish and reproach us with our supineness. Our descendants on the other side of the water are every now and then administering to the mother country a wholesome filial lesson upon this very text, and recently they have been "rubbing us up" with a severity which perhaps we merited for sneering at their short comings in the Exhi-

bition. While we have been relying implicitly upon the artful arrangement of "tumblers" and such like devices, they have been carefully developing their ingenuity in picking and opening locks. A man makes a lock, and he brings it to a Mechanics' Institute in New York with a certain sum of money secured by it, which sum becomes the property of the successful operator, who can shoot back the bolt of the new contrivance. Instantly astute heads, and clever, expert hands are engaged in solving the mechanical riddle thus propounded to them, and so far have these dexterous manipulators carried their art, that their "open sesame" sweeps springs, tumblers, false notches, letter devices, and everything else before it. Mr. Hobbs is by far the most accomplished and successful of these performers, and he has come over to this country at a very opportune moment to teach our makers a very useful lesson. It is well known, however Mr. Chubb may wrestle with the statement, that Mr. Hobbs has succeeded, by perfectly fair means, in opening his locks as they have hitherto been made; no formal and deliberate trial has taken place between them to establish the fact, but it nevertheless remains undoubted, and the sooner Mr. Chubb improves his patent, so as to set Mr. Hobbs at defiance, the better for his own interests.

"Bramah & Co., have acted with more pluck, and have been beaten in a fair open field. They have acted with so much bold, open courage, that even when Mr. Hobbs' success was ascertained by us, we were reluctant to state the facts positively and circumstantially, until the award of the arbiters appointed on the subject, had been made. That document we now publish, and the public, we are sure, when they read it, will not think the less of a firm which has been vanquished in a fair stand-up fight, maintained for so long a period, and against such extraordinary skill."

"Report of the Arbitrators, to whom the Bramah Lock controversy was referred :

Whereas, for many years past, a padlock has been exhibited in the window of the Messrs. Bramah's shop, in Piccadilly, to which was appended a label with these words; 'the artist who will make an instrument that will pick or open this lock, will receive two hundred guineas the moment it is produced;' and Mr. Hobbs of America, having obtained permission from the Messrs. Bramah, to make a trial of his skill, in opening said lock, Messrs. Bramah and Mr. Hobbs, severally agreed that Mr. George Rennie, F. R. S., London, and Professor Cowper, of King's College, London, and Dr. Black, of Kentucky, should be the Arbitrators between the parties. On the 23d of July, it was agreed that the lock should be inclosed in a block of wood and screwed to a door, and the screws sealed, the key-hole and hasp only being accessible to Mr. Hobbs; and when he was not operating, the key-hole to be covered with a band of iron, and sealed by Mr. Hobbs; that no other person should have access to the keyhole. The key was also sealed up, and not to be used till Mr. Hobbs had finished his operations. If Mr. Hobbs succeeded in picking or opening the lock, the key was to be tried, and if it locked and unlocked the padlock, it should be considered a proof that Mr. Hobbs had not injured the lock, but picked and opened it, and was entitled to the two hundred guineas. On the same day, July 23d, Messrs. Bramah gave notice to Mr. Hobbs, that the lock was ready for operations. On July 24th, Mr. Hobbs commenced his operations, and on August 23d, Mr. Hobbs

exhibited the lock open to Dr. Black and Prof. Cowper, Mr. Rennie being out of town. Dr. Black and Prof. Cowper, then called on Mr. Edward Bramah and Mr. Barzalgette, and showed them the lock open. They then withdrew, and Mr. Hobbs locked and unlocked the padlock, in the presence of Dr. Black and Prof. Cowper. Between July 24th and August 23d, Mr. Hobbs' operations were for a time suspended, so that the number of days occupied by him were sixteen, and the number of hours spent by him in the room with the lock was fifty one. On Friday, August 29th, Mr. Hobbs again locked and unlocked the padlock in the presence of Mr. George Rennie, Prof. Cowper, Dr. Black, Mr. Edward Bramah, Mr. Barzalgette, and Mr. Abrahamant. On Saturday, August 30th, the key was tried, and the padlock was locked and unlocked with the key, by Prof. Cowper, Mr. Rennie and Mr. Gelbertson, thus proving that Mr. Hobbs had fairly opened the lock without injuring it. Mr. Hobbs then formally produced the instruments with which he had opened the lock. We are, therefore, unanimously of opinion, that Messrs. Bramah have given Mr. Hobbs a fair opportunity of trying his skill, and that Mr. Hobbs has fairly picked or opened the lock, and we decide that Messrs. Bramah & Co. do now pay to Mr. Hobbs, two hundred guineas.

GEORGE RENNIE, *Chairman*.
EDWARD COWPER,
G. R. BLACK.

Holland Street, Blackfriars, Sept. 2, 1851."

This document is conclusive on the merits of the question. "This rough lesson will probably lead Messrs. Bramah and Chubb to devise some means for rendering their patents more secure, and we have no doubt they will succeed." "An attempt will be made, it is said, to pick the American lock, and when it is remembered that our cousins show several locks, all of which are represented as perfectly secure, it is high time for our lockmakers either to show that the American patents are equally unsafe as their own, or to acknowledge themselves beaten, and endeavor to make better locks for the future."

The trial was made upon Day & Newell's lock, by one of the most expert locksmiths to be found in England, and after a trial of thirty days, the lock was returned by the judges, who were agreed upon, uninjured, the operator not having made an impression upon it. So completely was the security of the American locks established, that they were ordered for the Bank of England, and in other directions, where safety was required—and a company has been organized for their manufacture in England, of which Mr. Hobbs is the managing director.

Prize Medals were awarded to the United States, to Day & Newell for their lock (with special approbation), to Adams & Co., for bank lock; Arrowsmith, for Permutation locks; McGregor & Lee for bank lock, and the exhibitors claimed equal security with Day & Newell's though they were not put to the test so far as I was informed.

In one of the London journals, the foreign contributions were thus characterized. "France, Austria, Spain, Germany, Belgium, and the United States, have furnished us with the finest specimens of their several excellence in cabinet-making, in each of which may be traced the mechanical skill and prevailing taste of the present time. France is light, elegant, yet

convenient in the form of her objects; Austria is heavy, luxurious and colossal, with one or two exceptions; America is smart, original and adaptive, while Spain has sent a Table, the wonder of the world, of inlayers and marqueterie-workers."

The Exhibition from the United States was not large, yet our chairs, bedsteads, etc., were attractive to the visitors, and some of them novelties, which many had never before seen. Our rocking chairs, and the chairs of the Troy Company, and the reclining chair of Ragan of Philadelphia, were examined with no little interest. An Honorable Mention was made of the Reclining chairs; and the chairs of the American Chair Company, Troy, are being manufactured in England, and are much esteemed.

GOODYEAR, from the United States, received a Council Medal for his India Rubber Goods, and I think his excelled all others in their extent, as well as their adaptation to the various purposes for which they were designed. A new article, India Rubber Globes, which I had never before seen, was shown by him. They are very convenient, can be inflated instantly, and suspended for use, and when not wanted, can be packed away occupying very little space. They were much admired.

CORN BROOMS, from this country, were exhibited of very great perfection, and they attracted no little attention as they were objects of curiosity to the great portion of the visitors who had never before seen a broom of this description.

From this country, POWERS' GREEK SLAVE was the most finished work, and although it received only a Prize Medal, it was, in the opinion of many, entitled to a Council Medal. A young artist, by the name of Stephenson, from this country, exhibited a statue of a wounded Indian, which was a very striking one, and possessed much merit, and several of the distinguished sculptors at the exhibition expressed the highest admiration of it.

The exhibition from the United States, and that from England, to a very great extent, showed that private enterprise had furnished the contributions exhibited—and so far as this country was concerned, the character of our contributions was such as to meet the wants and necessities of the great body of the people. The testimony given by a leading journal in England, is appropriate, in elucidating this fact. The writer, in speaking of the contributions from the United States, at a late day of the Exhibition, after dwelling at length upon the very different character of the contributions from the continent, and from England, says: "Their industrial system, unfettered by ancient usage, and by the pomp and magnificence which our social institutions countenance, is essentially democratic in its tendencies. They produce for the masses, and for a wholesale consumption. There is hardly anything shown by them, which is not easily within the reach of the most moderate fortune. No government favoritism raises any branch of manufactures to a pre-eminence which secures for it the patronage of the wealthy. Everything is intrusted to the ingenuity of individuals, who look for their reward to public demand alone. With an immense command of raw produce, they do not, like many other countries, skip over the wants of the many, and rush to supply the luxuries of the few. On the contrary, they have turned their attention eagerly and successfully to machinery, as the first stage in their industrial progress. They seek to supply the short comings of their labor market, and to combine utility with cheapness.

The most ordinary commodities are not beneath their notice, and even nursery chairs are included in their collection of 'notions.' They have beaten us in Yacht building, they pick our best locks, they show us how to reap corn by machinery, and to make Brussels carpets by the power loom. Our coopers will hear with dismay, and our brewers with satisfaction, that by an invention of theirs recently introduced into the Exhibition, one man can do the work of twenty in stave-making, and far more efficiently. Such triumphs do not much affect the mechanical superiority of the mother country, but they serve to show, that while, on the one side, nations less free and enlightened than ours, teach us how to throw a luster and grace over the peaceful arts; our own children are now and then able to point out how we can improve and extend them."

I have given these remarks, because they were drawn out by the results of the trial of our implements, which led to a more candid and thorough examination of all we had on exhibition, and elicited this tribute to American Institutions, and the enterprise of our citizens; and it is also the more readily given, as it was the very conclusion, which at an early day in the Exhibition, was presented to a distinguished journalist, as the one to which he would be constrained to come, when an opportunity was afforded us, of practically demonstrating the value of our implements, which were then untried. It is important also, as showing the great change which had taken place in the public mind in regard to the American quarter, which, instead of being the "prairie ground," as in derision called, became the observed of all observers.

As a further evidence of the practical character and adaptation of many of our articles to the wants of the age, I give another extract from the same journal, in an article giving an account of the progress made by the British and Americans through the trials of the season. After alluding to the British portion of the contributions, it is remarked of the American, "On the other hand, it is beyond all denial, that every practical success of the season belongs to the Americans. Their consignments showed poorly, at first, but came out well upon trial. Their reaping machine has carried conviction to the heart of the British agriculturalist. Their revolvers threaten to revolutionize military tactics, as completely as the original discovery of gunpowder. Their Yacht takes a class to itself. Of all the victories ever won, none has been so transcendent as that of the New York Schooner. The account given of her performance, suggests the inapproachable excellence attributed to JUPITER, by the ancient poets, who describe the King of the Gods as being not only supreme, but having none other next to him. 'What's first?' 'The America.' 'What's second?' 'Nothing.' Besides this, the Baltic, one of Collins' line of steamers, has 'made the fastest passage yet known, across the Atlantic.' Finally, as if to crown the triumphs of the year, Americans have actually sailed through the Isthmus, connecting the two continents of the New World, and while Englishmen have been doubting and grudging, Yankees have stepped in and won the day. So we think, on the whole, that we may afford to shake hands and exchange congratulations, after which we must learn as much as we can from each other." In concluding another article on the Exhibition, it is said, "Great Britain has received *more useful ideas* and more *ingenious inventions* from the United States, through the exhibition, than from *all other sources*."

VICTORY OF THE YACHT AMERICA.

The New York Yacht America arrived at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, early in July, 1851, and her owner, John C. Stephens, at once offered a heavy wager to sail her against any yacht in the world. She was visited by multitudes from every part of England, but her challenge was not accepted.

On the 18th of August, there was a race of seventeen yachts, owned by gentlemen from every part of Great Britain, contending for the prize of the *golden cup*, which the queen gives every year to the best yacht in the kingdom. The America was entered for the race, and won it so easily, as to excite the unbounded admiration and applause of the English people, who with a hearty generosity waved their hats and huzzaed at the sight of the brilliant success of the Yankee schooner, over a whole fleet of their choicest yachts.

On the 25th of August, there was another race by the squadron, but the America was not entered. The wind was light, and the last vessel of the squadron had been under weigh an hour and five minutes, when the America hoisted sail and followed. The race was round the Isle of Wight, and she came in only ten minutes behind the winner, thus having accomplished the distance in fifty-five minutes less time than the fastest of the English yachts.

Mr. Stephenson, the distinguished English engineer, then offered to sail his yacht the *Titania*, for a small wager against the America. The offer was accepted and the race came off on the 28th of August. The wind was fresh and the course was forty miles out and forty back. Earl Wilton was umpire. The America won the race by a long distance.

We give a detailed account of the first of these trials, that of August 18th, when the queen and royal family were witnesses of the triumph of our countrymen. It is extracted from the London Times.

"The telegraphic dispatch which appeared in the *Times* this morning stated the 'great fact' that the America had beaten the yachts which had started against her on Friday, for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of one hundred pounds value in the most complete and triumphant manner. It now remains to give the particulars of the event, as one of no ordinary interest. A large portion of the peerage and gentry of the United Kingdom, left their residences, to witness the struggle between the yachtsmen of England, hitherto unmatched and unchallenged, and the Americans who had crossed the Atlantic to meet them. Even the Queen of England did not deem the occasion unworthy of her presence. Until within a few days no Englishman ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretensions to match the efforts of our eminent builders.

In the yacht list, for this very year, there is an assertion which every man within sight of sea water from the Clyde to the Solent would swear to—that 'yacht building, was an art in which England was unrivaled, and that she was distinguished pre-eminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them.' The conduct of the Americans since their arrival in the Solent, had been bold, manly and straight-forward—qualities, which Englishmen respect wherever they are found, and love to see even in an opponent.

In the memory of man, Cowes never presented such an appearance as on last Friday. There must have been upward of one hundred yachts lying at anchor in the roads; the beach was crowded, the esplanade in front of the club house thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and with the people from the main land, who came over in shoals to the island, with wives, sons and daughters for the day. Booths were erected all along the quay, and the roadstead was alive with boats, while from sea and shore arose an incessant buzz of voices, mingled with the splashing of oars, the flapping of sails and the hissing of steam from the excursion vessels preparing to accompany the race. The windows of the houses which commanded the harbor were filled from the parlor to the attic, and the old 'salts' on the beach gazed moodily on the low black hull of 'the Yankee,' and spoke doubtfully of the chances of her competitors, for the few trial runs the America had made after her arrival proved she was of great speed, and had given them such a taste of her quality that they were truly apprehensive of the result. Some thought 'the Volante' might prove a teaser if the wind was light, others speculated on 'the Alarm' doing mischief if the wind was heavy enough to bring out her qualities, in beating up to windward and in tacking; while more were of the opinion that the America would carry off the cup, 'blow high or blow low.'

It was with the greatest difficulty that the little town gave space enough to the multitudes that came from all quarters to witness an event so novel and interesting. Among the visitors were many strangers,—Frenchmen *en route* for Havre, Germans in quiet wonderment at the excitement around them, and Americans already triumphing in the anticipated success of their countrymen.

The following yachts were entered and moored in a double line, in the order in which they here follow. Beatrice, Volante, Arrow, Wyvern, Ione, Constance, Titania, Gipsy-Queen, Alarm, Mona, America, Brilliant, Bochanté, Stella, Eclipse, Fernande and Aurora. At five minutes before ten o'clock, the preparatory gun was fired, from the club house battery, and the yachts were soon sheeted from deck to topmast, with clouds of canvas. The whole flotilla not in the race, were already in motion to get a good start of the clippers and witness the race.

At ten o'clock, the signal gun for sailing was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away the whole of the beautiful fleet was under way, moving steadily to the east, with the tide and a gentle breeze. The start was effected splendidly, the yachts breaking away like a field of race horses; the only laggard was the America, which did not move for a second or so after the others.

Steamers, shore boats and yachts, of all sizes buzzed along on each side of the course, and spread away for miles over the rippling sea—such a sight as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice; such, beaten though we are, as no other country in the world could exhibit, while it is confessed that anything like it was never seen even here in the annals of yachting.

The Gipsy-Queen with all her canvas set, and in the strength of the tide, took the lead after starting, with the Beatrice next, and then with little difference in order, the Volante, Constance, Arrow and a flock of others.

The America went easily for some time under mainsail with a small gaff top sail, forsail, forestaysail and jib; while her opponents had every cloth set that the club regulations allow. She soon began to creep upon them, and in a quarter of an hour she had left them all behind, except the Constance, Beatrice and Gipse-Queen, which went along smartly, together with the light breeze. As the glorious pageant passed under Osborne House, the sight was surpassing fine, the whole expanse of sea, from shore to shore, being filled as it were with a countless fleet. At half past ten, the Gipse-Queen caught a draft of wind, and ran past the Constance, Arrow, America and Alarm, being nearly in a line. At a quarter to eleven, the breeze freshened again for a few minutes, and the America passed the Arrow, Constance and Alarm, but could not shake off the Volante, nor come up with the Gipse-Queen, and exclamations were heard of—‘Well, Brother Jonathan is not going to have it all his own way.’ Passing Ryde, the excitement on shore was very great; but the America was forging ahead, and lessening the number of her rivals every moment. The Sandheads were rounded by the Volante, Gipse-Queen and America at eleven o’clock. Again the wind freshened, and the fast yachts came rushing up before it, the run from the Sandheads being most exciting and well contested.

At Norman’s Land buoy, the wind blew more steadily, and the America began to *show a touch* of her quality. Whenever the breeze took the line of her hull, all the sails set as flat as a drum head, and without any careening or staggering, she ‘walked along’ past cutter and schooner, and when off Brading had left every vessel in the squadron behind her—a mere ruck—except the Volante, which she overtook at half past eleven, when she very quietly hauled down her jib, as much as to say she would give her rival every odds, and laid herself out for the race back of the island. The weather showed symptoms of improvement as far as yachting was concerned; the waves rolled their white caps under the increasing breeze, and the Yankee flew like the wind leaping over, not against the water, and increasing her distance from the Gipse-Queen, Volante and Alarm every instant.

The way her sails were set evinced superiority in the cutting, which our makers would barely allow; but certain it is that while the jibs and mainsails of her antagonists were ‘bellied out,’ her canvass was as flat as a sheet of paper. No foam, but rather a water jet arose from her bow; and the greatest point of resistance—and resistance there must be somewhere—seemed about the beam, or just forward of her mainmast, for the sea flashed off from her sides, at that point every time she met them. While the cutters were thrashing through the water, and sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the America was as dry as a bone.

When off Sandown, a few minutes past twelve, the breeze lulled away. While running under Dunnoze, at two minutes to one, her jib beam broke short off. This accident gave her opponents advantage of about quarter of an hour, while she was gathering in the wreck. But it was of little use to them. Looking away to the east, they were visible at great distances, standing in shore or running in and out most helplessly astern. Her superiority was so decided, that several of the yachts wore and went back again to Cowes in despair.

At twenty minutes to six, the Aurora, the nearest yacht was fully seven and a half miles astern, the Freak eight and a half miles, and the rest '*no-where*.' The America was at this time close to the Needles. Two of the excursion steamers ran into Alum Bay and anchored. While waiting there in intense anxiety for the first vessel that should shoot round the immense pillars of chalk and limestone which comprise what is called the Needles, the passengers were delighted to behold the Victoria and Albert (on board of which was the queen, her husband and suite) steaming round from the northwest. Her majesty, the prince, and the royal family, were visible by the aid of a glass from the excursion steamers. Soon all doubt and speculation, if any there could have been, was removed by the appearance of the America, hauling her wind round the cliff at ten minutes to six. When under the shore all the steamers weighed and accompanied her, giving three cheers as she passed, a compliment which owners and crew acknowledged with uncovered heads and waving hats. At ten minutes past six, the America got in a line with the Victoria and Albert.

Though it is not usual, to recognize the presence of her majesty on such occasions as a racing match, no more indeed than a jockey would pull up his horse, to salute the queen when in the middle of his stride, the America instantly lowered her ensign—blue, with white stars—the commodore took off his hat, and all his crew following his order and example, remained with uncovered heads for some minutes till they had passed—a mark of respect to the queen not the less becoming because it was bestowed by republicans. The steamers as she passed on, renewed their cheering and the private battery of some excellent gentleman opened fire, with a royal salute, as the Victoria and Albert slowly steamed alongside the America.

When off Cowes, near the starting point, were innumerable yachts, and on every side was heard the hail.

'Is the America first?'

The answer, 'Yes!'

'What second?'

The reply, '*Nothing!*'

On the evening of the day after the race, a reunion took place at the club house, and the occasion was taken of the presence of Mr. Abbot Lawrence, the American minister, to compliment him on the success of his countrymen. His excellency acknowledged the kindness in suitable terms, and said that though he could not but be proud of the triumph of his fellow-citizens, he still felt it was but the children giving a lesson to the father.

We have thus undeniably been beaten, but we have been beaten with a good grace and our conquerors are the first to admit it. They speak in the highest terms of the condescension and kindness of the aristocracy they had been taught to believe arrogant and unbending, and acknowledge in the warmest way the affability and courtesy of the gentry and of the various clubs.

This evening the America sailed from Cowes to Osborne, in consequence of an intimation, that the queen wished to inspect her. At a quarter past six, the queen embarked in the state barge, accompanied by his royal highness, Prince Albert and suite, and on nearing the America the national colors, were dipped out of respect to her majesty, and raised again when she had proceeded on board. The queen made a close inspection of the America

and expressed great admiration of the general arrangements, and character of this famous schooner."

When the tidings reached our country, that the "*America had beaten the world*," the electric telegraph everywhere burned with welcome news. "The cry was caught up by millions, and congratulations of joy went reverberating from the sterile hills of New England until they were answered back from the orange groves of the distant Mississippi."

The magnanimity with which the English people cheered the America, on witnessing her triumph over their whole fleet of choicest yachts we fear would not have been paralleled under similar circumstances by our countrymen. The Liverpool Journal from which we now quote, furnished a specimen of the comments which this event drew from the English press.

"When Charlemagne saw the sail of the Northmen in the Mediterranean he covered his face with his hands and wept, in a prescience of the future. When Queen Victoria, yesterday week, witnessed the triumph of an American sail in a channel that washes her marine residence on the Isle of Wight, she did what Charlemagne ought to have done—she took note of the excellence which had achieved a victory, tacitly telling her subjects to profit by rivalry and keep their proud place in the advance of nations. The United States of America, now occupy that place on the globe which presents advantages unknown to all ancient and contemporary nations. She reposes between two oceans, one washing Europe, the other Asia. Nothing was wanting to the local enthronement of civilization but aptitude in the inhabitants; and the history of the past week, gives ample testimony to its abundant existence. In practical science we admitted no rivalry for more than a century; in trade we despised competition; and we claimed indisputably the sovereignty of the seas. For some time, however, the Yankees have been quietly encroaching on our maritime privilege by the rigid application of the great principles of commerce and science. They have, compared with ourselves, been equally enterprising—they have been more skillful; and while we pay willing homage to genius in whomsoever manifested, it is a mortification that in our waters, an American yacht won the prize from the yachts of all nations, and that an American-built steamer has made the quickest passage across the Atlantic. The Yankees are no longer to be ridiculed, much less despised. The new world is bursting into greatness—walking past the old world, as the America did the yachts at Cowes, 'hand over hand.' She dipped her star-spangled banner to the royalty of Great Britain, for superiority is ever courteous; and this graceful act indicates the direction in which our inevitable competition should proceed, America, in her own phrase, is 'going ahead,' and will assuredly pass us unless we accelerate our speed; and if our competitors once pass us, we are lost."

The results of the exhibition and the yacht race were so astonishing that it led to much philosophizing, by the English press, upon America and the Americans. The British Quarterly Review came out in an article upon this subject, from which we take a few paragraphs, which are worthy of record for their general truthfulness and insight into the workings of our institutions.

"First of all then, the Americans are a nation; they display and are pervaded by a most intense spirit of nationality. No small nation of the Old World—not the Swiss, not the Scotch before the Union, not the Danes, are

possessed and animated in so extreme a degree by the pure sentiment of nationality as this large and highly-factitious nation of North America. True, the Union is divisible into four groups of States, presenting very marked differences from each other, as regards interests, social condition, and even physiognomy. First, there is the New England group of States—the land of the genuine Yankees, the hard-headed, laborious, dogmatic, shrewd, free, and enterprising descendants of the old Puritans. Next, there is the middle group of States—the seat of the great commercial interests, and of the more comprehensive political tendencies, of the Union. Then there is the southern group of States—the seat of slavery, and of aristocratic leisure and luxury, and the population of which, though less industrious, enterprising, and even intellectual than the New Englanders, are yet distinguished as having supplied the greatest number of statesmen to the Union. Lastly, there is the western group of States—the land of independent small farmers, the paradise of the agricultural immigrant, and the home of absolute democratic equality. But though these four groups of States have their distinguishing characteristics, and even their points of antagonism, in some cases exaggerated (as in the slavery controversy between the South and the North), into threats of political disruption; yet, on the whole, the inhabitants of all the four have no deeper feeling than that which displays itself in the boast that they are *Americans*. The nationality of the Americans is, as we all know, proverbially offensive. There never was a nation on the earth so vain of its own merits, and so contemptuous of the merits of others. ‘Are we not a great nation, sir?’ is their salutation to every foreign traveler in the States; and the common phrases of bombast put into the mouths of Americans in works of fiction, ‘We are an almighty fine people;’ ‘We can put the Atlantic in one pocket, and the Pacific in another, and reduce the universe to nowhere and a spot of grease,’ are hardly exaggerations of the actual slang with which the Americans regale their own sense of their national importance. Disagreeable in individuals, this national braggardism is formidable and respectable when viewed as characteristic of a people in the aggregate; and its possession by a people composed ethnographically of such heterogeneous elements is an illustration of Kossuth’s remark, that the *nation* of every man is not a certain fragment of population marked out for him by considerations of race or even of language, but the seat of those social forms under whose influence his being has been developed. Even a black in America disclaims being an African, and says proudly, when he is asked to what country he belongs, ‘*I am an American*.’

In the second place, the Americans are not only a nation, full to the brim of the consciousness of nationality; they are also entitled, according to any test or measure that can be applied to them, to rank high in the cosmopolitical scale. Tried by the numerical measure of population they are already on a par with Great Britain, and will soon leave it behind. Even Russia, with its fifty millions, must regard America as a full-grown nation. Again, tried by the test of exports and imports—that is, of commercial necessity to the rest of the world—the United States hold a place with the first. Further, if we make military and naval prowess the test of cosmopolitical importance, America will still stand second to none. She has already, in the past, given sufficient proof of her capacities for fighting, both by sea and

land; and, if it be not yet admitted that the Americans are superior to the English at sea, it is at least certain that the despotic powers of the Old World would be more chary of insulting the star-spangled banner, than of insulting the flag of England. A Yankee captain, indeed, is notoriously the most terrible thing going; and clips of the American block generally, though they are recognized everywhere as the most braggart and irreverent of the sons of men, are recognized, also, as the most dangerous to be locked up or called in question for anything they say or do. Add to all this the consideration that in all departments of intellectual labor America is a leading nation. In art and literature, indeed, as well as in the higher walks of pure speculative science, America is yet behind England; though there is evidence, even now, that a spirit of more original effort in such things is at work among the Americans. But in the application of science to the social uses, in industrial invention, and generally in such exercises of the intellect as give a country practical eminence among the nations of the world, they have already an acknowledged superiority. Among the machines for agricultural and other purposes sent to the Great Exhibition, those sent from America were the most useful; and Colt's pistol is but one example of an invention proceeding from America, and claiming instantly the attention of the whole world. Essentially the same thing, in reality, with this claim of America to high cosmopolitical estimation, in virtue of her Colt's pistols, her improved plows, reaping machines, models of ships, and the like, is her claim to the cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of the fact that she is already in possession of a great many conclusions on important social questions, which are, by their very nature, interesting to all the world alike, and that she is at present the richest known field of experimentation, with a view to the elucidation of other social questions.

The very thing that most of all gives a country cosmopolitical importance, is its ability to furnish out of its own experience answers to the questions that chance at the moment to be of greatest social interest to other countries, or to exhibit going on within its bosom processes and experiments, the issue of which is not yet clear perhaps even to itself, but which are curious, novel, and suggestive in their nature. Russia, in this respect, is almost a blank on the map. It has a claim to cosmopolitical respect, because it is a formidable power of conquest, and because it supplies us with hemp and the like; but who ever looks to Russia for solutions of problems common to all parts of the world, or for brilliant social sights and suggestions? America, on the other hand, is like a black-board on which something new is ever being chalked up, whether in the way of solution or of interrogation. For example, the entire political system of America is a practical solution of the great problem, everywhere important, of the reconciliation of local self-government with federation. The question of national defenses without standing armies is also set in a new light to us by the militia system of America; while the question of the competence of a people to act on the aggressive, without standing armies, also receives light from the experience of America in volunteer enterprises. A hundred such examples might be given of points of great social interest, on which America may be said to have fully made up its mind, while the other nations are still only bungling in the dark. Lastly, what are such odd manifestations as the spirit rappings,

the Mormonite outburst with its consequences, and all the other similar developments of American inquisitiveness or credulity, but chalkings, as it were, on the black-board of the world for the other nations to look at? If it be the case that humanity has not yet filled out its utmost constitutional limits, but that from age to age it is continually efflorescing into new manifestations, which seem at first anomalies, but are in reality normal and natural, where shall we look for the last efflorescence, the freshest sprouts, but in that country where human nature is newest and most advanced?

The third remark we would make about the American nation, regarded from our present point of view, is that no nation of the world seems to combine such an incessant and universal disposition to political activity, with such a beggarly show of internal political questions whereon to gratify that disposition. The American nation combines, more conspicuously than any other yet known, extreme sociability, that is, an extreme anxiety on the part of individuals to concern themselves with the general politics of the state, with extreme individual freedom—that is, an extreme want of apparent necessity for any political activity at all. The ancient Athenians, in the days of their palmy democracy, were not characterized by greater political zeal and activity than the Americans. Every American is an active politician; every American, as a citizen, has an interest in public affairs, widening from the little circle of his own neighborhood to the great area of the federal government. Hence a development among the Americans of all kinds of political aptitude—aptitude in business arrangements for a political purpose, in public speaking on political questions, and the like—unrivaled among any other modern people. Stump-oratory among the Americans is as necessary a part of their civilization as was the eloquence of popular assemblies among the Athenians. And yet, with all this political energy diffused among individuals, the fields of disputed points over which political energy may range, might seem to be less important and extensive than in any of the older nations. In America, the great questions of civil liberty, of the sovereignty of the people, of a state church or no state church, of secular or ecclesiastical education—these, and all the other great questions of life or death, which are and for a long time will be the standing difficulties against which political energy in the older countries must dash and display itself, have been settled and extinguished. Even pauperism has hardly the rank of a great public question in a country where there is such indefinite room for an expansion of the population. With the exception of the single matter of slavery, there seems to be no question in the *internal* politics of America of very great magnitude, as measured by a general human standard. In short, that general ‘Condition-of-America question,’ on which the politicians and people of the United States divide themselves into parties, seems, to eyes looking on them from the outside, to be a mere aggregate of a great number of little questions of finance and the like, floating on the wave of passing circumstances. Yet, out of this most hopeless condition of things, as it might seem, for political activity, the Americans have contrived to raise a whirlwind and palaver, such as has hardly ever been seen even in a country agonized by questions of death, and life, and liberty. Nowhere does party-spirit run so high as in the United States, nowhere is political controversy carried on with greater virulence and more tremendous excitement.”

ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF AMERICANS ABROAD.

A COLLECTION OF INTERESTING MISCELLANIES.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," is a chivalrous expression, inasmuch as the word which indicates the gentler sex first drops from the lips. In accordance with the idea upon which this custom is founded, viz : prior attention to that important part of creation who alone furnish mothers, wives, and sisters—we begin this article with an account of a lady, one, too, of the "strong-minded" sort, who was fully capable of taking care of herself in all situations.

ADVENTURES OF THE ECCENTRIC AND PATRIOTIC FEMALE ARTIST, PATIENCE WRIGHT.

This extraordinary woman, whose name belongs to the history of American Art, and whose patriotism should make her known to the American people, was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in the year 1725, and, like West, among a sect who eschewed images or pictures, for her parents were also Quakers. Her maiden name was Lovell, and at twenty-three years of age she married Joseph Wright, who died in 1769.

Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design," gives this account of her: "She made her earliest attempts at molding before she had any works of art. From childhood, the dough intended for the oven, or the clay found near the house, assumed in her hands somewhat the semblance of a man, and, soon the likenesses of the individuals with whom she associated. Before the year 1772, she had made herself famous for likenesses in wax, in the cities of her native country, and when a widow with three children, was enabled to seek more extensive fame, and more splendid fortune in the metropolis of Great Britain. There is ample testimony in the English periodicals of the time, that her work was considered of an extraordinary kind: and her talent for observation and conversation—for gaining knowledge and eliciting information, and for communicating her stores, whether original or acquired, gained her the attention and friendship of many distinguished men of the day. As she retained an ardent love for her country, and entered into the feelings of her injured countrymen during the war of the revolution, she used the information she obtained by giving warning of the intentions of their enemies, and especially corresponding with Benjamin Franklin, when he resided in Paris, having become intimate with

him in London. I have before me an engraving published in 1765, representing Mrs. Wright at full length in the act of modeling a bust of a gentleman. In the London Magazine of that year, she is styled the Promethean modeler. In that work it is said, 'In her very infancy she discovered a striking genius, and began with making faces with new bread and putty, to such excellence that she was advised to try her skill in wax.' Her likenesses of the King, Queen, Lords Chatham and Temple, Messrs. Barre, Wilkes and others, attracted universal admiration. The above writer says, 'Her natural abilities are surpassing, and had a liberal and extensive education been added to her innate qualities, she had been a prodigy. She has an eye of that quick and brilliant water, that it penetrates and darts through the person it looks on; and practice has made her capable of distinguishing the character and dispositions of her visitors, so that she is very rarely mistaken, even in the minute point of manners; much more so in the general cast of character.' The only work that I distinctly recollect of Mrs. Wright's, is the full length of the great Lord Chatham, as it stood in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, inclosed in a glass case. Anecdotes are related of the eccentricities of Mrs. Wright. Her manners were not those of a courtier. She once had the ear and favor of George the Third, but lost it by scolding him for sanctioning the American war. She was intimate with Mr. West and his family; and the beautiful form and face of her younger daughter are frequently to be found in his historical compositions.

In 1781, Mrs. Wright went to Paris. Her son, Joseph Wright, followed in 1782, and remained in France during part of the year; and I have before me several of Mrs. Wright's letters to him, replete with affection and good sense, written after her return to London: and likewise letters to him in 1783, written to meet him in America.

In 1785, Mrs. Wright sent the following characteristic letter to Mr. Jefferson, then in Paris.

'LONDON, at the Wax-Works, Aug. 14, 1785.

HONORED SIR—I had the pleasure to hear that my son, Joseph Wright, had painted the best likeness of our HERO Washington, of any painter in America; and my friends are anxious that I should make a likeness, a bust in wax, to be placed in the state-house, or some public building that may be erected by congress. The flattering letters from gentlemen of distinguished virtues and rank, and one from that general himself, wherein he says, 'he shall think himself happy to have his bust done by Mrs. Wright, whose uncommon talents,' etc., make me happy in the prospect of seeing him in my own country.

I most sincerely wish not only to make the likeness of Washington, but of those FIVE gentlemen who assisted at the signing of the treaty of peace that put an end to so bloody and dreadful a war. The more public the honors bestowed on such men by their country, the better. To shame the English king, I would go to any trouble and expense to add my mite in the stock of honor due to Adams, Jefferson, and others, to send to America; and I will, if it is thought proper to pay my expense of traveling to Paris, come myself and model the likeness of Mr. Jefferson; and at the same time see the picture, and, if possible by this painting, which is said to be

so like him, make a likeness of the general. I wish likewise to consult with you, how best we may honor our country, by holding up the likenesses of her eminent men, either in painting or wax-work. A statue in marble is already ordered, and an artist (Houdon) gone to Philadelphia to begin the work. This is as I wished and hoped.'

The letter concludes by hinting the danger of sending Washington's picture to London, from the enmity of the government, and the espionage of the police; which she says has all the 'folly, without the ability of the French.' She subscribes herself 'Patience Wright.' In the same year, this extraordinary woman died."

To this account from Dunlap, we annex some amusing facts and anecdotes in regard to her, from the "Memoirs of Elkanah Watson," who first met her in Paris, in 1781.

"I came oddly in contact with the eccentric Mrs. Wright, on my arrival in Paris from Nantes. Giving orders from the balcony of the Hotel d'York, to my English servant, I was assailed by a powerful female voice, crying out from an upper story :

'Who are you?—an AMERICAN, I hope!'

'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'and who are you?'

In two minutes she came blustering down stairs, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. We were soon on the most excellent terms. I discovered that she was in the habit of daily intercourse with Franklin, and was visited and caressed by all the respectable Americans in Paris. The wild flights of her powerful mind stamped originality on all her acts and language. She was a tall and athletic figure; walked with a firm, bold step, and as erect as an Indian. Her complexion was somewhat sallow—her cheek-bones high—her face furrowed, and her olive eyes keen, piercing and expressive. Her sharp glance was appalling; it had almost the wildness of the maniac.

The vigor and originality of her conversation corresponded with her appearance and manners. She would utter language in her incessant volubility, as if unconscious to whom directed, that would put her hearers to the blush. She apparently possessed the utmost simplicity of heart and character.

With the head of wax upon her lap, she would mold the most accurate likenesses, by the mere force of a retentive recollection of the traits and lines of the countenance; she would form her likenesses by the manipulation of the wax with her thumb and finger. While thus engaged, her strong mind poured forth an uninterrupted torrent of wild thought, and anecdotes and reminiscences of men and events. She went to London about the year 1767, near the period of Franklin's appearance there as the agent of Pennsylvania. The peculiarity of her character, and the excellence of her wax figures, made her rooms in Pall Mall a fashionable lounging-place for the nobility and distinguished men of England. Here her deep penetration and sagacity, cloaked by her apparent simplicity of purpose, enabled her to gather many facts and secrets important to 'DEAR AMERICA'—her uniform expression in reference to her native land, which she dearly loved.

She was a genuine republican and ardent whig. The king and queen often visited her rooms: they would induce her to work upon her heads,

regardless of their presence. She would often, as if forgetting herself, address them as George and Charlotte. This fact she often mentioned to me herself. While in England, she communicated much important information to Franklin, and remained in London until 1775 or 1776, engaged in that kind of intercourse with him and the American government, by which she was placed in positions of extreme hazard.

I saw her frequently in Paris, in 1781, and in various parts of England, from 1782 to 1784. Her letters followed me in my travels through Europe. I had assisted her at Paris; had extended aid to her son at Nantes, and given him a free passage in one of our ships to America. Her gratitude was unbounded. This son was a painter and artist of some eminence, and in 1784 took a model of Washington's head in plaster. I heard from Washington himself an amusing anecdote connected with this bust. In January, 1785, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a visit under his roof, in the absence of all visitors. Among the many interesting subjects which engaged our conversation in a long winter evening (the most valuable of my life), in which his dignified lady and Miss Custis united, he amused us by relating the incident of the taking of this model. 'Wright came to Mt. Vernon,' the general remarked, 'with the singular request, that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. While in this ridiculous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts Wright afterward made.' These are nearly the words of Washington.

Some time after my acquaintance with Mrs. Wright commenced, she informed me that an eminent female chemist of Paris had written her a note, that she would make her a visit at twelve o'clock the next day, and announced, also, that she could not speak English. Mrs. Wright desired me to act as interpreter. At the appointed hour, the thundering of a carriage in the court-yard announced the arrival of the French lady. She entered with much grace, in which Mrs. W. was no match for her. She was old, with a sharp nose—with broad patches of vermillion spread over the deep furrows of her cheeks. I was placed in a chair between the two originals. Their tongues flew with velocity, the one in English and the other in French, and neither understanding a word the other uttered. I saw no possibility of interpreting two such volleys of words, and at length abruptly commanded SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

I asked each, 'Do you understand?' 'Not a word,' said Mrs. Wright. 'N'importe,' replied the chemist, bounding from her chair in the midst of the floor, and dropping a low curtsy—was off. 'What an old painted fool,' said Mrs. W., in anger. It was evident that this visit was not intended for an interchange of sentiment, but a mere act of civility—a call.

I employed Mrs. W. to make the head of Franklin, which was often the source of much amusement to me. After it was completed, both being invited to dine with Franklin, I conveyed her to Passy in my carriage, she

bearing the head upon her lap. No sooner in the presence of the doctor, than she had placed one head beside the other. 'There!' she exclaimed, 'are twin brothers!' The likeness was truly admirable, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Wright, to give it more effect, Franklin sent me a suit of silk clothes he wore in 1778. Many years afterward, the head was broken in Albany, and the clothes I presented to the 'Historical Society of Massachusetts.'

An adventure occurred to Mrs. Wright, in connection with this head, ludicrous in the highest degree, and although almost incredible, is literally true. After the head had been modeled, she walked out to Passy, carrying it in a napkin, in order to compare it with the original. In returning in the evening, she was stopped at the barrier in course, to be searched for contraband goods; but as her mind was as free as her native American air, she knew no restraint, nor the reason why she was detained. She resisted the attempt to examine her bundle, and broke out in a rage of fury. The officers were amazed, as no explanation, in the absence of an interpreter, could take place. She was compelled, however, to yield to power. The bundle was opened, and, to the astonishment of the officials, exhibited the head of a dead man, as appeared to them in the obscurity of the night. They closed the bundle without further examination, believing, as they afterward assured me, that she was an escaped maniac, who had committed murder, and was about concealing the head of her victim.

They were determined to convey her to the police station, when she made them comprehend her entreaties to be taken to the Hotel d'York. I was in my room, and hearing in the passage a great uproar, and Mrs. W.'s voice pitched upon a higher key than usual, I rushed out, and found her in a terrible rage, her fine eye flashing. I thrust myself between her and the officers, exclaiming, 'Au, mon Dieu, qu'est ce qu'il y-a?' An explanation ensued. All except Mrs. W. were highly amused at the singularity and absurdity of the affair.

The head and clothes I transmitted to Nantes—they were the instruments of many frolics, not inappropriate to my youth, but perhaps it is hardly safe to advert to them in my age. A few I will venture to relate. On my arrival at Nantes, I caused the head to be properly adjusted to the dress, which was arranged in a natural shape and dimensions. I had the figure placed in the corner of a large room, near a closet, and behind a table. Before him I laid an open atlas, his arm resting upon the table, and mathematical instruments strewn upon it. A handkerchief was thrown over the arm stumps, wires were extended to the closet, by which means the body could be elevated or depressed, and placed in various positions. Thus arranged, some ladies and gentlemen were invited to pay their respects to Dr. Franklin, by candlelight. For a moment, they were completely deceived, and all profoundly bowed and curtsied, which was reciprocated by the figure. Not a word being uttered, the trick was soon revealed.

A report soon circulated that Doctor Franklin was at Monsieur Watson's 'sour l'Isle de Prydeau.' At eleven o'clock the next morning, the mayor of Nantes came in full dress, to call on the renowned philosopher. Cos-soul, my worthy partner, being acquainted with the mayor, favored the

joke, for a moment after their mutual salutations. Others came in, and all were disposed to gull their friends in the same manner.

The most amusing of all the incidents connected with this head, occurred in London, where I had sent it after the peace of 1763, when I had established a bachelor's hall in that city. I placed the figure, in full dress, with the head leaning out of the window, apparently gazing up and down the square. He had formerly been well known in that part of the city, and was at once recognized. Observing a collection of people gathering at another window looking at him, I ordered him down.

The morning papers announced the arrival of Doctor Franklin at an American merchant's in Beliter square, and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, three Boston gentlemen who were in the city, expressed a wish to pay their respects to the doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they informed me they bore, expecting to see him at Paris. I concerted measures with a friend, to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent on this occasion. Before entering, I apprised them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers, and begged they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus prepared, I conducted them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity, with the atlas, etc., and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced them by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to the atlas. I then retired, and seated them at the further side of the room. They spoke to me in whispers :

'What a venerable figure,' exclaims one.

'Why don't he speak?' says another.

'He is doubtless in a reverie,' I remarked, 'and has forgotten the presence of his company; his great age must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him.'

When near the table, I said, 'Mr. B., sir, from Boston.' The head raised up.

'A letter,' says B., 'from Doctor Cooper.'

I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B. held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming :

'Why don't you receive the letter like a gentleman?'

They were all petrified with astonishment, but B. never forgave me the joke."

ADVENTURES OF WATSON.

In the preceding sketch, we have made an extract from the journal of Elkanah Watson, which work is entitled "Men and Times of the American Revolution," and is full of interesting incidents of adventure, both in Europe and America. A relation of a few of those within his experience while abroad, come well within our scope. Watson was a native of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and, in the latter part of our revolution, when he was twenty-one years of age, went to Europe, where he was for several years engaged in mercantile operations. During this period, he was on intimate terms with Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and other of the most eminent of his countrymen.

Watson sailed for France in 1779, in a small, swift-moving packet, con-

structed for the purpose of transmitting dispatches, and in twenty-nine days arrived at St. Martin, the port of Rochelle. Everything was new and strange to him—the clattering of wooden shoes along the pavement; the young ladies astride of mules; the appeals of beggars at every corner, and the novelty of the language and customs. His party were alike objects of curiosity. They were followed around the town by the boys, gazed at by the crowd, while the words, “there go the brave Bostonians,” continually reached their ears. As the war commenced in Boston, the term *Bostonians* was popularly given in France to the whigs of the Revolution.

From Rochelle, Mr. Watson proceeded to Paris, and there called upon Dr. Franklin, with his dispatches. It gave him exquisite pleasure to meet this great man, whose name had been so familiar to him from his cradle. “The ensuing day,” says Watson, “I returned to Passy, to dine by invitation, with Dr. Franklin. At the hour of dinner, he conducted me across a spacious garden of several acres, to the princely residence of M. Le Ray de Chaumont. This was the first occasion of my dining in a private circle in Europe, and being still in my American style of dress, and ignorant of the French language, and prepared for extreme ceremony, I felt exceedingly embarrassed.

We entered a spacious room, I following the doctor, where several well-dressed persons (to my unsophisticated eyes, gentlemen) bowed to us profoundly. These were servants. A folding door opened at our approach, and presented to my view a brilliant assembly, who all greeted the wise old man in the most cordial and affectionate manner. He introduced me as a young American just arrived. One of the young ladies approached him with the familiarity of a daughter, tapped him kindly on the cheek, and called him ‘Pa-pa Franklin.’

I was enraptured with the ease and freedom exhibited in the table intercourse in France. Instead of the cold ceremony and formal compliments, to which I had been accustomed on such occasions, here all appeared at ease, and well sustained. Some were amusing themselves with music, others in singing; some were waltzing, and others gathered in little groups in conversation. At the table, the ladies and gentlemen were mingled together, and joined in cheerful conversation, each selecting the delicacies of various courses, and drinking of delicious light wines, but with neither toasts nor healths.

The lady of the house, instead of bearing the burden and inconvenience of superintending the duties of the table, here participates alike with others in its enjoyment. No gentlemen, I was told, would be tolerated in France, in monopolizing the conversation of the table, in discussions of politics or religion, as is frequently the case in America. A cup of coffee ordinarily terminates the dinner.”

On visiting the paintings in the Louvre, he was greatly pleased to find the portrait of Franklin honored, and, by the royal orders in being, hung near those of the king and queen. His popularity and influence at court were almost unprecedented, and he was so much venerated by the people, that Watson often saw the people following his carriage just as they had the king’s. “His venerable figure, the ease of his manners, formed in an intercourse of fifty years with the world, his benevolent countenance, and

his fame as a philosopher, all tended to excite love and to command influence and respect." He was an especial favorite of the queen, and through the strong political influence she held, adroitly directed by him, the government was led to acknowledge our independence, and to aid us in the struggle with fleets and armies.

The winter of 1780-'81, Watson spent in Rennes, and being the first of his countrymen ever seen there, the public curiosity in regard to him was very great, for most people had an idea that an American must be an Indian. The French, at that time, were very ignorant about our country and people. The first night Watson arrived at Ancenis, he retired without having first seen the professors. The students, learning that an American had arrived, entered his room in the morning, and thinking he was asleep, carefully turned aside the curtain of his bed, with the expectation of seeing an Indian! Watson's object in passing a winter at Rennes, was to perfect himself in French, the language being spoken there with remarkable purity, and also to rub off a little of his American rust, by contact with the elegant society of that gay city. In the spring he returned to Nantes, where he had established a mercantile house. At that time the notorious Tom Paine arrived at that place, and boarded at the same house with Watson. He came in the capacity of secretary to Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress. His manners and person were coarse, uncouth and loathsome. He was eternally either talking of himself or reading his own compositions. "Yet," says Watson, "I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude toward him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the Declaration of our Independence. He certainly was a prominent agent in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of Independence had not occupied the popular mind, and when guardedly approached on the subject, it shrunk from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and with suffering.

In 1776, I was present, at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of the most prominent leaders of the State. I recollect that the subject of Independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle.

A few weeks later, Paine's *Common Sense* appeared, and passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, upon the 4th of July ensuing. The name of Paine was precious to every whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe.

On his arrival being announced, the mayor and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes, called upon him to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance and awkward and unseemly address. Besides, as he had been roasted alive on his arrival at L'Orient, for the * * * * and well basted with brimstone, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odor, and prevailed upon him to stew for an hour, in a hot bath. This, however, was not done without much

entreaty, and I did not succeed until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised, after he was in the bath, he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented, and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper in French (which Paine did not understand) to gradually increase the heat of the water, until '*le Monsieur etait bien bouilli.*' He became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearly par-boiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction.

One of the most critical and remarkable events of my life occurred at this period. The Marshal de Castries, the Minister of Marine, was passing through Nantes, on his way to Brest, for the purpose of dispatching the Count de Grasse with the fleet, which subsequently acted with so much efficiency against Cornwallis.

Half the population of the city, prompted by their curiosity, poured in a torrent beyond the gates, to meet the marshal and his retinue. I threw myself into this living current. As soon as the '*avant courier*' appeared in the distance, the immense crowd paraded on either side of the road. At the moment the minister and his retinue approached, a little bell tinkled on the opposite side, in directing the passage of the '*Bon Dieu*,' inclosed in a silver vase, and held by a Catholic priest, on his way to administer the Sacrament to a dying believer. The bell was held by a small boy, who preceded the *sacred* procession; four men supported a canopy over the priest's head, and forty or fifty stupid peasants, in wooden shoes, followed. Custom obliged all to kneel, as this venerated '*Bon Dieu*' passed by; but on this occasion, most of the spectators, owing to the deep mud, leaned on their canes, with hats in their hands, in a respectful posture. The couriers checked their horses—the carriages stopped, and all were thrown into confusion by the unfortunate presence of the '*Bon Dieu*.' At this moment the priest, as if impelled by the spirit of malice, halted the procession, and stopped the host directly in front of the place where I stood, and to my utter amazement, pointing directly at me with his finger, exclaimed, '*aux genoux*'—to your knees. I pointed in vain to the mud, and the position of those about me similar to my own. He again repeated, in a voice of thunder, '*aux genoux.*' My Yankee blood flamed at this wanton attack, I forgot myself, and, with a loud voice, replied in French, '*no, sir, I will not.*' The populace, thunderstruck to see their '*Bon Dieu*' thus insulted, fired with enthusiasm, broke their ranks, and were pressing toward me, with violent imprecations. A German gentleman, an acquaintance, and then at my side, exclaimed, '*for God's sake, drop in an instant.*' Alarmed at my critical situation, I reluctantly settled my knees into a mud-hole. Every one within my hearing who were respectable, Catholics and Protestants, condemned the rash and inexcusable conduct of the priest.

My keenest sensibilities were outraged, and I vowed vengeance upon the audacious priest. The next afternoon, I set off, armed with a good hickory, to trace out his residence, and to effect my determination. I proceeded to the spot where the offense had been committed, entered the hut of a peasant, and inquired the name of the priest who, the day before, had passed with the '*Bon Dieu*.' He replied, '*Ma foi, oui, ce Monsieur Barage*'—yes, faith, it is M. Barage. He pointed to the steeple of the church where he

officiated, near the suburbs of the city. I soon found his house, and pulled a bell-rope. A good-looking, middle-aged woman, the housekeeper, soon appeared. Contrary to her interdiction, I sprung into the court-yard, and proceeded directly to the house, and made my way to his library. The priest soon appeared, demanded my business, exclaiming 'that I was a murderer or robber,' and ordered me to quit his house. I sprung to the door, locked it, and placing the key in my pocket, approached him in a hostile attitude. I compelled him to admit that he recognized my features. I then poured forth my detestation of him, and of the tyranny of the French clergy. I told him I was a native of North America, the ally of France; that I was under the protection of Dr. Franklin, and would not leave him until I had received adequate remuneration for the unprovoked insult I had received. In a word, I insisted on his apologizing to me, in the same posture in which I had been placed. In taking my leave, I assured him I should proceed with the American consul, and enter my formal complaint against him to the bishop. This threat alarmed him, and he fervently urged my forbearance. I went, however, immediately to our consul, Col. Williams, and communicated to him these incidents. He apprised me of the extreme danger I should be subjected to from the hostility of the priests, and admonished me, as the safest course, to prosecute the affair no further. By his advice, and that of Tom Paine, I changed my lodgings, and for two or three weeks avoided the streets. No further unpleasant consequence resulted from this occurrence."

While at Nantes, Watson became acquainted with an American, one of those intrepid adventurers of which our country has been so prolific. His history, if it could be fully given, would be a volume of rare attractiveness. This personage was Louis Littlepage, a native of Hanover County, Va. He went to Europe in 1780, under the patronage of Mr. Jay, our Minister at the Court of Spain. He was at the time a mere youth, but made everywhere a strong impression, from his extraordinary genius and acquirements, and from his noble, commanding figure, set off by dark sparkling eyes and a striking physiognomy. He eventually left the service of Mr. Jay, and acted as volunteer aid to the Duke de Ciellon at the siege of Minorca. He was blown up with a floating battery at the attack on Gibraltar, but was saved. Throughout the siege he was conspicuous. Later, he was on the flag-ship of the Spanish admiral, and, in the midst of a hotly-contested battle, deliberately sketched the positions of the vessels of the respective fleets. This sketch, which was a masterly view of the action, he subsequently showed to the Spanish Minister, and he was greeted with great honor at the Spanish Court. He eventually found his way to Poland, and became in effect prime minister to the king. On being sent as the Polish ambassador to St. Petersburg, he evinced signal ability, and won the friendship of the Empress Catharine. When Poland fell, he returned to his native land, and died in Fredericksburg, Va. A severe controversy arose between him and Mr. Jay, in consequence of his refusing to refund money loaned him by that eminent patriot, and he attacked Mr. Jay in a pamphlet that evinced alike the genius and the bitterness of a Junius.

In the fall of 1781, Watson made the tour of Northern France and the Netherlands. On his return, he dined and passed an evening with Franklin

in Paris. His long and familiar intercourse with the most refined people in his own country and in Europe, had given him an ease of manner that was heightened by a natural grace. His venerable locks, hanging in masses over his shoulders, and his dignified presence, while it excited reverence, were united to such kindly fascinating manners, as to make all within his circle feel at home. He asked Watson if he was aware that he was a musician, and then conducted him to the opposite side of the apartment to show him the harmonica, a musical instrument he had invented, composed of round glasses arranged in such a manner as when played upon to give forth sounds of remarkable sweetness. He performed some Scotch airs for the amusement of his guest, with considerable skill.

Among the topics of the conversation of the evening, was the great and absorbing subject of the union of the French and American forces against Cornwallis. From their latest information, matters appeared in a very critical condition, and it was found that the British fleet might succeed in landing an army in Virginia, and defeat and ruin the plans of Washington. Even Franklin's philosophy and self-possession seemed sorely tried as alternations of hope and fear successively affected his mind; yet he was convinced that the genius of Washington would triumph over all obstacles. Watson left deeply depressed by fears of the result to his suffering country. A messenger from Franklin the next morning aroused him by a thundering rap at his door. He handed him a circular, which filled him with unspeakable thankfulness, for it contained the glorious tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis. In company with many French and American gentlemen, he called upon Franklin, to congratulate him upon this great event. He found him in an ecstasy of joy: "There is," observed Franklin, "no parallel in history of two entire armies being captured from the same enemy in any one war." The whole population of Paris was wild with delight. And not only Paris, but all the cities of France were illuminated by their rejoicing citizens.

Mr. Watson's mercantile enterprise was for a time highly prosperous, and his purse was freely opened to the aid of friends at home, and to the relief of his countrymen imprisoned in England, several of whom, through him, effected their escape.

As negotiations were now in progress in Paris for terminating the war, Watson determined, if possible, to visit England, the land of his forefathers. Packets having been started between Dover and Calais, to facilitate negotiations, he thought he would be enabled to cross by their means. Doctor Franklin suggested, in the most friendly manner, that it would be attended with danger for him, a known rebel, to visit an enemy's country. He however gave in to Watson's persuasions, prepared a passport for him, and letters to several distinguished political and scientific characters.

Landing on British soil, Watson felt under some apprehension; yet he could not but exult at the thought of how finely his countrymen had avenged themselves for their wrongs, by many glorious victories, and by crippling England's commerce even to her very shores.

The first person he called upon, in London, was the Duke of Manchester, whose elegant person and dignified manners marked the high-bred nobleman. From his lips, Watson first learned that the British government

had concluded to acknowledge the independence of the Colonies. A letter from Franklin introduced Watson to the celebrated philosopher and divine, Dr. Price. This gentleman was a zealous advocate of civil liberty. He was highly esteemed in the United States for his very able writings in behalf of the American cause. These were published early in the war, and had a wonderful influence in England. A friend, in presence of Watson, delicately complimented him on his great reputation as a man of learning, and on the immense benefit he had been to our country by his publications. His reply showed the wise man: "However I may be esteemed among men, I have lived long enough to learn that I know nothing."

Watson concluded to remain in England until December, at which time the king was to acknowledge the independence of the United States on the opening of parliament. In the meantime he occupied himself in traveling through some of the most interesting parts of the country. When in Birmingham, he was amused at this sentence in the prayer of the clergyman: "O Lord! turn the hearts of our rebellious subjects in America." He says, however, that during his progress through England, he was astonished at finding that the people in some localities appeared generally to sympathize with the Americans in their struggle for liberty, and advocated their cause with most cogent and strenuous arguments. He spent one evening with a party of English gentlemen, and so strong was the interest manifested, that it made him feel as if he were back among his rebel friends in America. In other localities, on the other hand, the people were inveterately hostile.

On one occasion, passing by an English farm-house, he was induced to enter by the lively sounds of a violin. He found a collection of country folks, lads and lassies, in the midst of a dawning frolic. Aside from their dialect, it almost seemed to him as if he were among his own country people, yet he says that one Yankee had more mother-wit than half of them combined. The common people showed great ignorance in regard to America and Americans. Many of them thought we were a nation of Indians, negroes, and mixed blood. He overheard this conversation while in a stage-coach near London, between two genteelly-dressed ladies. One said to the other: "I have seen a wonderful sight—a little girl born in a place called Boston, in North America, and what is very astonishing, but I pledge you my word it is true, she speaks English as well as any child in England, and beside she is perfectly *white*." "Is it possible!" exclaimed the other, in tones of genuine surprise.

Watson had returned to London on the eventful 5th of December, 1782, the day on which the king was to announce to parliament the independence of America. Early in the morning the Earl of Ferrers led him into the House of Lords, and at the entrance whispered to him—"Get as near the throne as you can—fear nothing." He elbowed his way in until he was exactly in front of it. The lords were standing around in groups, among whom, and close by him, was the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The distinguished American painters, Copley and West, were there, accompanied by some American ladies. A few dejected American Tories, too, were to be seen in the crowd. The day was foggy and lowering, and this, with the dark tapestry of the walls, gave a gloomy air to all within. After a

delay of two hours, loud discharges of artillery told them the king was approaching. Attired in royal robes, and with all the insignia of monarchy, he came in a small side door, and gracefully placed himself in the chair of state. The House of Commons having been notified, soon entered. When all was still, the king, much agitated, took his speech, written on a scroll, from his pocket, and commenced reading it. Being only a few yards distant, Watson watched with interest every tone of his voice and every emotion of his countenance. As the king proceeded, Watson felt every nerve quiver and thrill with lofty patriotic emotion. Having uttered a few introductory sentences, he went on to say :

"I left no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them—" Here he paused, and was in evident agitation ; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very NATURAL EMOTION. In a moment he resumed :—"And offer to declare them FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

"It is remarked, that George III is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed ; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties required of him, with an ill grace that did not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations, in the progress of this address ; every artery beat high, and swelled with my PROUD AMERICAN BLOOD. In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories."

A few days before Copley had painted a splendid portrait of Watson. In the background was a view of a ship conveying to America the glad tidings of the recognition of her independence, with the star-spangled banner, illuminated by the light of a rising sun, streaming proudly from aloft. It was all finished excepting the flag. As his gallery was continually visited, by the royal family and the nobility, the artist deferred painting it until a more proper season. After listening to the king's speech, Watson accompanied Copley to his house to dine. Soon as they had entered, he took him into his studio, "and then," says Watson, "with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, he attached to the ship the

stars and stripes. This I believe was the first American flag ever hoisted in old England."

On his return to France, Watson showed Franklin an English paper with a full account of his death and burial. The Doctor was exceedingly amused and told Watson that it was the third time that he had been buried alive by the London newspapers. Watson saw Franklin for the last time, in 1786. He was then eighty years of age. "On my first entering the room," Mr. Watson says, "he observed that all his old friends were dead, and he found himself alone, in the midst of a new generation, and added the remark, alike characteristic of the man and the philosopher, 'he was in their way, and it was time he was off the stage.' Yet he delighted a circle of young people (for he was a most instructive companion to youth in his old age), the whole evening, with pleasant anecdote and interesting stories. His voice was very sonorous and clear, but at the same time hollow and peculiar."

In August 1784, Watson embarked in the ship *George Washington* on his return to America, having been absent five years. The master, Captain Smith, Watson had known in his boyhood. He was an intelligent, sensible man, yet from an anecdote Watson relates it seems not devoid of that singular superstition so common to seamen.

He noticed that the cook was accustomed to carry the egg shells to deck, and scrupulously break them into little bits before he cast them overboard. Watson made up his mind to ascertain the meaning of this singular superstition, so one time watching his opportunity, he caught up the bowl with the shells, and emptied them into the sea unbroken. The cook started after and brought along the captain who in a towering passion, fell to abusing Watson for his temerity. He swore that he had been to sea forty years, and never had known egg shells thrown whole into the sea, but that old bitch, Mother Carey, got into them and raised a gale of wind. To reason with him Watson knew was idle, and to ridicule such folly dangerous. A night or so after, he was summoned to the deck by unusual voices and the pitching of the vessel, where he found a tremendous hurricane coming on; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky; the ocean began to swell in angry waves, and the wind to whistle through the rigging with wild, appalling sounds. The captain, as he caught a glimpse of him, exclaimed, "There! didn't I tell you so!" Thanks to a tight ship and a skillful commander, the ship rode out the gale, though the event doubtless tended to confirm the opinion of the skipper and his crew in the peril of throwing overboard unbroken egg shells.

On the 3d of October, the cry of "Land" rang through the ship, and in a few hours she was plowing among the beautiful islands of Narraganset Bay. Viewing the landscape with a comparatively foreign eye, the sky was to him more clear and blue, the stars more bright and numerous, the fields of corn more broad and the forests more expanded, than in the Old World he had left behind. At ten o'clock at night, Watson was put ashore and entered the spacious yard of a respectable farm-house. As he knocked at the door, the old, familiar invitation, "Walk in," pleasantly greeted his ear. A momentary flash, as he obeyed the invitation, revealed the figure of an old man with distended cheeks, blowing up a light with a coal. The flame lit the candle, then, turning to look at his guest, he exclaimed,

"Sit down, sit down, my friend—where from?"

"London," was the reply; "and I wish a horse to proceed to Providence."

"It is too late," he responded; "to-night you are welcome to a bed with us."

Watson accepted this kind offer, and joined the hospitable farmer in a pipe by his fireside. The latter, in the meantime, poured forth a continual stream of questions, in which his good wife, who had retired to a bed in the corner, soon united. The old lady regretted, as hospitable old ladies are ever apt to on such occasions, that she could not get him a warm supper; but baked apples, cool milk, rye and Indian bread were furnished in ample quantities, and their delicious taste reminded him of old times. He retired for the night in the best room, a spacious apartment with everything "neat as wax." As his form pressed upon a most comfortable bed, he could but mentally ejaculate, "These are the blessings of an independent American farmer!"

In the gray of the morning, the whole of the family were up and stirring around discharging their respective duties. Watson arose, also, and threw aside the paper curtains. The sight of a beautiful, well-cultivated farm, a barn-yard with noble cows, which the boys and women were busy milking, excited most pleasurable feelings. Soon entering the yard, Watson grasped his generous host by the hand, and began to tell him how much he was gratified by his surroundings.

"O yes; I have a fine farm, well stocked, and owe nothing—but these horrible taxes are devouring a poor farmer."

"Pray, sir," inquired Watson, "how much taxes do you pay in a year?"

"About thirty dollars; and before the war they did not exceed three dollars."

"Is it possible so small a burden can give so much uneasiness. You are now, for thirty dollars annually, in the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty and independence. You know not how to prize the great privilege. Can you so soon have forgotten the common language during the Revolution, 'I will sacrifice half my property to secure the rest.' I wish, it had been possible for every farmer in the nation to have passed over the ground I have traversed the last five years in Europe, and witnessed the suffering and oppression I have seen among the farmers there, governed at the point of the bayonet, and even in England, overwhelmed by taxes, tithes, and rents. They would kiss the soil of America, and call it blessed, and raise their hearts in pious gratitude to the Giver of all good."

This lesson did the farmer much good, and eased his mind. Watson wished he could have uttered it in the presence of every discontented citizen of the republic. The same cry is heard too often in our day, from multitudes who possess everything to make them happy; but who, instead, appear to study how the most effectually to make themselves miserable.

We have somewhat departed from our text in presenting these few incidents of Watson in his home land. We will take another and a last step in the same direction, by giving his account of a visit he made to Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington.

"I had feasted my imagination for several days on the near prospect of a

visit Mt. Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with a deeper enthusiasm. I arrived there in the afternoon of January 23, 1785. I was the bearer of a letter from Gen. Green, with another from Col. Fitzgerald, one of the former aids of Washington, and also books from Granville Sharp. Although assured that these credentials would secure me a respectful reception, I trembled with awe as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at the table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity and with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at ease, by unbending in a free and affable conversation.

The cautious reserve, which wisdom and policy dictated, while engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independence, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. Although I had frequently seen him in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France in 1781-'82, this was the first occasion on which I had contemplated him in his private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it commanded confidence and respect. The gentleman who had accompanied me from Alexandria, left in the evening, and I remained alone in the enjoyment of the society of Washington, for two of the richest days of my life. I saw him reaping the reward of his beloved retirement. He was at the matured age of fifty-three. Alexander and Cæsar both died before they reached that period of life, and both had immortalized their names. How much stronger and nobler the claims of Washington to immortality! In the impulses of mad and selfish ambition, they acquired fame by wading to the conquest of the world through seas of blood. Washington, on the contrary, was parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen, and stood forth, the pure and virtuous champion of their rights, and formed for them (not himself) a mighty empire.

To have communed with such a man in the bosom of his family, I shall always regard as one of the highest privileges, and one of the most cherished incidents of my life. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventure, without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish; hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant, Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content beamed on every countenance in his presence.

He modestly waived all allusions to the events in which he had acted so glorious and conspicuous a part. Much of his conversation had reference to the opening of the navigation of the Potomac, by canals and locks, at the Seneca, the Great and Little Falls. His mind appeared to be deeply absorbed by that object, then in earnest contemplation.

The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we set a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He

pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed-curtains, I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression. This little incident, occurring in common life with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed ; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded."

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.

Americans are rather favorites in Russia, and our people sympathise with the progressive spirit that marks the present history of the Russians, for nothing gives Jonathan greater pleasure than to see folks "go ahead." The Emperor Nicholas once said, to an American minister at his court, "America and Russia are the only two genuine governments among civilized nations—yours is a genuine republic, and mine a genuine monarchy ; the rest are *mongrels*." Both governments appear to be progressing in the right direction. We have got out of leading strings and manage for ourselves ; while, in Russia, the emperor holding all power, with a true paternal care, seems to be trying to bring the people up to a point where they can likewise in time go alone.

Some twelve years since, when the Emperor Nicholas was at the height of his power, Mr. J. S. Maxwell, of New York, visited Russia, and in his published travels gives an amusing account of our enterprising countrymen in that distant land. He had been out to visit the Imperial Farming Institution, which is in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, and, after having visited it, thus continues :

"One of the most amusing incidents attending our visit to this institution, was to find there an American, who had but lately arrived in the country. He spoke nothing but English, and could hold no communication whatever with those around him, except through the medium of signs and gestures. He was a tall thin man, with a thoughtful countenance. He had brought with him a number of improved instruments of agriculture, such as never were seen before in Russia. He displayed in a practical light the advantages of these Yankee contrivances. He found the pupils of the farming institution reaping wheat with the old-fashioned sickle, mowing with a short scythe attached to a ten-foot pole, and plowing in every way but the right one. He perfectly astonished the natives with his long straight furrows, his clean-cut sward, and his gigantic strides with the mysterious cradle. One blustering day, he saw the scholars cleaning grain, by throwing it up in the wind, which carried off the dust and chaff, while the grain fell to the ground. Our countryman did not like this antiquated process, and constructed a winnowing mill, out of such materials, and with such tools as happened to be at hand. It worked beautifully, and the maker was regarded by the young barbarians with the most profound respect. This very useful and estimable person afterward had an interview with the minister of the interior, who presides over this institution, and it was rumored that he was about to be elevated to a professorship in the college of husbandry. He did not, however, long remain in the country, and

was rewarded for his services by being elected an honorary member of the Imperial Society for the Improvement of Agriculture.

The foundry of Alexandroffsky, near the gates of St. Petersburg, is now in the possession and under the control of American mechanics, in the employ of the government. Some account of the settlement and success of the Americans at Alexandroffsky may be interesting. Some time in 1840, the Emperor Nicholas assembled his councillors, and requested their opinions as to the feasibility of a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. It was opposed by all, except Count Kleinnichel, the minister of ways and communications. The emperor, however, had determined to make the road before he asked advice. He surmised that the council merely opposed his views, that he might be gratified with the apparent illiberality of his ministers, and thus be pleased with the idea of his own merit and his own power, as the sole benefactor of his country.

After due consideration, it was concluded that railroads, as they are constructed in the United States, were the best adapted for the empire, and George W. Whistler, an American gentleman of distinguished ability in his profession, was invited to visit Russia, and superintend the making of the proposed road. A better selection could not have been made. The difficulties, which would have discouraged most men in such a country and among such a people at the outset of such an undertaking, vanished before his unequalled industry, knowledge and tact. Intrigue and envy fell before his consistency and firmness, and the imperial favor and the public approbation have rewarded the merits and worth of a citizen whose conduct and character are worthy the republic. After certain preliminaries had been arranged, the contracts for the making of the locomotives, cars, wagons and carts, were offered, and parties from England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the United States, sent in their proposals to the department of ways and communications. Among these was one from a party of young mechanics, Messrs. Harrison and Eastwick, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Winants, of Baltimore. They had been informed by some of the Russian agents in the United States, that it would be for their interest to visit St. Petersburg and endeavor to get the contract. They had no capital to invest in any undertaking of this kind, nor could they boast of any influence at court. They nevertheless repaired to the capital, and with little prospect of success in the race with those of superior credit or pretension, they sent in their proposals. When it is known that these proposals were accepted, and that too, when other parties had offered to contract at a much lower rate—the confidence of the government in the skill and ability of the American mechanics, is sufficiently apparent. It also shows that the government had a perfect knowledge, through their foreign agents, of the capability and character of the men they wished to employ. Money was a matter of no consequence, influence at court was of no importance, and all those who had built their hopes on these considerations, were thrown aside for others, who were known at home to be late and early in the workshop, and to possess the necessary intelligence, energy, and perseverance.

As soon as it was reported that the Americans had the contract, a prolonged growl was heard in the English quarter. That the Kamtschatka steam frigate should have been built in the United States; that she should

beat anything for speed or beauty in the north—that she should be the favorite sea-boat of the emperor, in spite of the rumors that told of her blowing up, or going down with all on board, was bad enough; but that these infernal Yankees should be insinuating themselves into the imperial favor, in defiance of all precautions to the contrary, was almost beyond endurance.

The Americans had the contract, and from the moment this was known, their credit was unlimited both in England and in Russia. Those who had possession of the works at Alexandroffsky, were notified to leave forthwith, and the Americans immediately moved in and occupied the vast buildings and grounds, covering about one hundred and sixty acres, and belonging to the factory. The dwellings occupied by the late superintendents and now opened for the use of the new proprietors were all that could be desired. Saloons, bath-rooms, ceilings in fresco, gardens, summer-houses and duck ponds, witnessed the taste and the comfort of the original possessors. The foundry itself contained three hundred Russian workmen, and a quantity of old machinery out of date and out of order. All these wanted renovating and repairing. Orders were immediately dispatched to England and the United States, for all the new and approved inventions. Fifteen or twenty assistant workmen were brought from the latter country. But many of these would not remain, for although they were better paid than they would be elsewhere, they could not support the *ennui* attending a residence where there were no public meetings, nor discussions, nor newspapers, nor elections, nor lectures, nor even a temperance excitement to alleviate the pains of exile.

American newspapers are seldom seen in Russia. The 'Sun' published in New York, and sold for one cent the number, was delivered to a subscriber in St. Petersburg at one dollar and a half per copy. The rates of postage are very high. Before the subscriber could stop the aforesaid journal, a large amount of money had been expended.

As the Russians were incapable of doing many kinds of work, it became necessary to resort to Sweden for assistance, and sixty intelligent mechanics were brought from that country. The foundry was enlarged, all was soon in movement, and three thousand artisans employed in the manufacture of two hundred locomotives and seven thousand cars, in one of the best and most complete establishments in the world. It was visited by the minister and princes, and all were delighted with the experiment and the improvement. Other contracts for the making of engines and steamboats, amounting to many millions of money, were offered to the Americans. When they commenced operations, they were desirous of introducing a system of police, altogether different from that one prevailing at Alexandroffsky. Their humane exertions were frustrated by the utter ignorance of the Russian laborers of all notions of common honesty and morality. Some of them were serfs of the crown, some of them serfs of the nobles, and some free peasants. They would steal whatever they could conveniently conceal, and carried off in their clothing, tools, bits of brass, copper, or whatever else would purchase a dram. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to adopt the old practice of having soldiers stationed at the entrances, and every Russian who passed out was regularly searched. Every morning some were so intoxicated as to be unable to work; they were given in

charge to a police officer, by whom they were stripped and flogged. The emperor visited the works at Alexandroffsky, not long since, and expressed his satisfaction to Messrs. Eastwick, Harrison and Winants, by presenting each of them with a diamond ring. He also passed over the railway as far as Colperno to which point it is finished, and returned to confer upon the distinguished engineer the order of St. Anne, and to express his gratification in a ukase. In 1842, the most valuable import into Russia from the United States, next after the articles of cotton, was machinery. This was mostly intended for the foundry of Alexandroffsky, and the furtherance of the work upon the railroad. The steam earth-excavators and steam pile-drivers were considered extraordinary productions, and so useful did they appear that directions were given for their further importation and their general use upon the various public works. It was about this time that an American dentist arrived from Paris to inspect the imperial masticators, and so successful were his operations that he was decorated with the ribbon of St. Andrew. Soon after Nicholas sent to America for bridge builders and millwrights, as Peter sent to Holland for blacksmiths and carpenters. The report of this exceeding partiality for the citizens of the republic soon attracted attention in the United States, and during the ensuing summer, almost every steamer brought in some enterprising son of New England. Patent fire-arms, contrivances for making pins, and specimens of almost every new invention, were presented to the patronage of the autocrat. Letters were addressed to his imperial majesty from individuals residing in the far west, requesting service in the army and navy, while his excellency the American minister received parcels marked 'this side up with care,' and containing various articles which he was directed to deliver immediately to the Emperor of all the Russias. There were daguerreotype views, and there were models of bridges and floating docks, and plans and specifications for building ships and steamboats. One person was ready to supply any demand for excellent clocks; another sent a set of mineral teeth as a sample of his workmanship; another sent his majesty a work on the treatment of diseases of the spine; another sent to each of the imperial family a barrel of Newtown pippins, and some member of the temperance society, an awful looking picture of the human stomach diseased by the use of brandy. Never was there such a prospect of the tide of emigration running eastward, and if free trade had been the order of the day, if passport and police system had not presented such barriers to circumforaneous strangers, if the emperor had not published a ukase, stating that no presents whatever, coming from unknown individuals, would be received in future by the imperial family, the regeneration of the empire might have been completed through the agency of speculating Yankees."

AMERICAN NATIONAL COURTESY.

One of the most pleasing acts of national courtesy on record was the restoration by our government to England of one of the vessels which had been sent out to the Arctic Ocean, in search of Sir John Franklin, and where she became so hopelessly shut up in the ice as to compel her crew to abandon her to save their own lives. She was found by one of our

whalers, and brought to America. The full circumstances we annex from Sargent's *Arctic Adventure*.

"In the month of September, 1855, the whaler *George Henry*, Captain Buddington, of New London, Connecticut, was drifting along, beset by the ice, in Baffin's Bay, when one morning the captain, looking through his glass, saw a large ship some fifteen or twenty miles distant, apparently working her way toward him. Day after day, while helplessly imprisoned in the pack, he watched her coming nearer. On the seventh day, the mate, Mr. Quail, and three men were sent out to find out what she was.

After a hard day's journey over the ice—jumping from piece to piece, and pushing themselves along on isolated cakes—they were near enough to see that she was lying on her larboard side firmly imbedded in the ice. They shouted lustily, as soon as they got within hailing distance; but there was no answer. Not a soul was to be seen. For one moment, as the men came alongside, they faltered, with a superstitious feeling, and hesitated to go on board. A moment after, they had climbed over the broken ice, and stood on deck. Everything was stowed away in order—spars hauled up and lashed to one side, boats piled together, hatches calked down. Over the helm, in letters of brass, was inscribed the motto, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' But there was no man on board to heed the warning.

The whalemén broke open the companion-way, and descended into the cabin. All was silence and darkness. Groping their way to the table, they found matches and candles, and struck a light. There were decanters and glasses on the table, chairs and lounges standing around, books scattered about—everything just as it had been last used. Looking curiously from one thing to another, wondering what this ship might be, at last they came upon the log-book. It was indorsed, 'Bark *Resolute*, 1st Sept., 1853, to April, 1854.' One entry was as follows, 'H. M. S. *Resolute*, 17th January, 1854, nine A. M.—Mustered by divisions. People taking exercise on deck. Five P. M.—Mercury frozen.'

This told the story. It was Captain Kellett's ship, the *Resolute*, which had broken away from her icy prison, and had thus fallen into the hands of our Yankee whalemén.

While the men were making these discoveries, night came on, and a gale arose. So hard did it blow that they were compelled to remain on board, and for two days these four were the whole crew of the *Resolute*. It was not till 19th of September that they returned to their own ship, and made their report.

All these ten days, since Captain Buddington had first seen her, the vessels had been nearing each other. On the 19th he boarded her himself, and found that in her hold, on the larboard side, was a good deal of ice. Her tanks had burst, from the extreme cold; and she was full of water, nearly to her lower deck. Everything that could move from its place had moved. Everything between decks was wet; everything that would mould was mouldy. 'A sort of perspiration' had settled on the beams and ceilings. The whalemén made a fire in Kellett's stove, and soon started a sort of shower from the vapor with which it filled the air. The *Resolute* had, however, four fine force pumps. For three days the captain and six men

worked fourteen hours a day on one of these, and had the pleasure of finding that they freed her of water—that she was tight still. They cut away upon the masses of ice : and on the 23d of September, in the evening, she freed herself from her encumbrances, and took an even keel. This was off the shore of Baffin's Bay, in latitude 67°. On the shortest tact, she was twelve hundred miles from where Kellett left her.

There was work enough still to be done. The rudder was to be shipped, the rigging to be made taut, sail to be set—and it proved, by the way, that the sail on the yards was much of it still serviceable, while a suit of new linen sails below were greatly injured by moisture. In a week more, she was ready to make sail. The pack of ice still drifted with both ships ; but on the 21st of October, after a long north-west gale, the *Resolute* was free.

Captain Buddington had resolved to bring her home. He had picked ten men from the *George Henry*, and with a rough tracing of the American coast, drawn on a sheet of foolscap, with his lever watch and a quadrant for his instruments, he squared off for New London. A rough, hard passage they had of it. The ship's ballast was gone, by the bursting of the tanks ; she was top-heavy and undermanned. He spoke to a British whaling bark, and by her sent to Captain Kellett his epanlets, and to his own owners news that he was coming. They had heavy gales and head winds, and were driven as far down as the Bermudas. The water left in the ship's tanks was brackish, and it needed all the seasoning which the ship's chocolate would give to make it drinkable. 'For sixty hours at a time,' says the captain, 'I frequently had no sleep ;' but his perseverance was crowned with success, at last, and, on the night of the 23d of December, he made the light off the harbor from which he sailed, and on Sunday morning, the 24th, dropped anchor in the Thames, opposite New London, and ran up the British ensign on the shorn masts of the *Resolute*.

Her subsequent history is fresh in the minds of our readers. The British government generously released all their claim in favor of the sailors. Thereupon, Congress resolved that the vessel should be purchased and restored as a present to her majesty from the American people. This design was fully carried out. The *Resolute* was taken to the dry-dock in Brooklyn, and there put in complete order. Everything on board—even to the smallest article—was replaced as nearly as possible in its original position ; and, at length, having been manned and officered from the United States navy, and placed under the command of Captain Hartstein, the *Resolute*, stanch and sound again from stem to stern, 'with sails all set and streamers all afloat,' once more shaped her course for England.

On the 12th of December, 1856, after a boisterous passage, she anchored at Spithead, with the United States and British ensigns flying at the peak. 'Notwithstanding the furious gale which was then raging,' says Captain Hartstein, in his official report, 'we were immediately boarded by Captain Peal, of her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Shannon*, who cordially offered to us every civility and attention. In a few moments afterward, a steamer arrived from Vice-Admiral Sir George Seymour (commanding officer of the station), with a tender of services, and congratulations upon our safe arrival. Proceeding to Portsmouth next morning (which I did in a government steamer provided me for that purpose), I visited the United States con-

sulate, and was there waited upon by Sir Thomas Maitland, who had become commanding officer of the naval station in the absence of the admiral, Sir George Seymour, and received from him a most cordial welcome, with proffers of every possible service, by express instruction from the admiralty. Accommodations were prepared for us at the first hotel, and orders for a bountiful supply of provisions to be sent on board the *Resolute*; also a *carte blanche* for the railroad to London, for myself and the officers of the *Resolute*. In fact, nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy with which we were treated by Sir Thomas Maitland, who seemed upwilling that any means of adding to his hearty expressions of welcome should pass unexhausted. That morning's post brought me a communication from Sir Charles Wood, first lord of the admiralty, whose expressions of kindly feeling I beg may be particularly noticed. At noon of the day after our arrival, a royal salute was fired from the *Victory* (flag ship), from the fortifications, and from the *Shannon*, at Spithead.'

The queen having expressed a wish to visit the *Resolute*, and a desire that the vessel might be taken to Cowes, near her majesty's private residence, the ship was towed thither by the government steamer, escorted by two other steamers and the steam frigate *Retribution*.

Meanwhile, the necessary diplomatic formalities had been exchanged between the American minister and Lord Clarendon.

Of the queen's visit to the *Resolute*, which took place on the 16th of December, we quote the following description from the *London Times*:

'The queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice, left Osborne at a quarter past ten o'clock, and drove to the ship in an open carriage, drawn by four gray ponies. Her majesty was attended by a distinguished suite. The *Resolute*, dressed in her colors, was lashed alongside of the royal embarkation place at Trinity Wharf. The English and American flags were flying at the peak; and, as soon as the queen set her foot on the deck, the royal standard was hoisted at the main. The *Retribution* fired a salute, the boats' crews 'tossed' their oars, and the ship's company, standing on the rail, received her majesty with three rounds of cheers. Captain Hartstein received the royal party at the gangway, and the officers, in full uniform, were grouped on either side. All were presented to the queen by Captain Hartstein, who then addressed her majesty in the following words:

'Allow me to welcome your majesty on board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen and the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect to your majesty personally.'

The queen seemed touched by the manly simplicity of this frank and sailor-like address, and replied, with a gracious smile, 'I thank you, sir. The royal family then went over the ship, and examined her with manifest interest.

After the withdrawal of the royal party, there was an elegant 'dejeuner' in the wardroom, at which, among other toasts, was given, 'The future success of the *Resolute*, and may she be again employed in search for Sir John Franklin and his comrades.' The sentiment evoked cordial applause.

On the afternoon of the same day, 'I received,' says Captain Hartstein, 'a note, inclosing a check for one hundred pounds, with a request from her majesty that it should be distributed among the crew; which I accepted in their behalf.'

On the morning of December 17th, the *Resolute* was towed up to the harbor of Portsmouth, escorted by the steam frigate *Retribution*; and, on arriving at her anchorage, was received by another royal salute, and with such an outburst of popular feeling as was never known before.

The British government and people were unremitting in their attentions to Captain Hartstein and his officers, during their stay in England. Three splendid Christmas cakes were forwarded by Lady Franklin to Portsmouth, to be presented to the American officers and crew. A passage to the United States, in the British steamer *Retribution*, was tendered them. This, however, it was thought best to decline. On the 30th of December, 1856, the American flag was hauled down on board the *Resolute*, when it was saluted by the *Victory* with twenty-one guns. The union-jack was then hoisted, and the ship was given up to the authorities. The next day the American officers and crew left England, on their return to the United States.

By late English papers, we learn that the queen has commissioned Mr. William Simpson, the artist of the Crimean war, to paint for her private gallery a picture of the 'Reception' on board the *Resolute*—a very graceful memorial of a most interesting act of international courtesy."

AMERICANS IN AUSTRALIA.

Our countrymen who have wandered to the antipodes, although they do not rise until we sit down to our suppers, and in some other habits, occasioned by geographical and climatic necessities, are the reverse of us, yet seem to preserve all our essential national traits, judging from a published series of "fast" letters from a youthful American merchant, Mr. George Francis Train, and entitled "Young America Abroad." One of these, dated at Melbourne, Australia, we extract entire, as it shows what some of our people are about, and what their behavior in that far-distant quarter of the globe.

"You will be surprised to see how fast this place is becoming Americanized. Go where you will, from Sandridge to Bendigo, from the "Ovens" to Balaarat, you can but note some indication of the indomitable energy of our people. 'Hang a coffee-bag in that place, noted for the warmth of its temperature and the morals of its inhabitants, and a Yankee will be sure to find it,' says some observer of our national character.

The true American defies competition, and laughs sneeringly at impossibilities. He don't believe in the word, and is prepared to show how meaningless it is. It is not an unusual thing to hear the movers of some undertaking that has been dragging its slow carcass along, remark: 'If you want to have the jetty finished, you must let the Americans take hold of it;' and sure enough they have obtained the contract to complete the Hobson's Bay Railroad Pier, and our countrymen mechanics invariably receive the preference.

A mail or two since I wrote you about the Tittlebat appearance of the Melbourne fire brigade at the late fire in Collins street, and suggested the

propriety of your sending us out a Boston tub or two, just for aggravation sake. Hardly had my letter cleared the Heads before we had another scorcher, more furious than the first, burning down some half-dozen buildings in Flanders lane. The Americans could not endure it any longer, and on the spot determined to volunteer their services for the public good. It was too much for our weak nerves to see the reckless destruction of property, simply for want of a suitable engine. The next morning our paper was started and sixteen thousand dollars subscribed in less time than it takes to perform the Episcopal service, for the purchasing of the suitable apparatus for a thoroughly efficient fire department under the volunteer system. After all the American houses had contributed their fifty pounds, the paper was passed around among the 'merchants of all nations,' who gladly gave us a helping hand. A committee has been appointed to wait upon his excellency, with a brief outline of our system of managing such affairs, and to request the government to furnish us with engine houses, etc., if it met with his sanction and approval. A meeting will be called to hear the report of said committee, and if favorable, the orders for the engines will be sent forthwith.

As most of the Atlantic States are represented here by mercantile houses, there is quite a difference of opinion about where, and by whom said machinery shall be made—some say Boston—and I most respectfully would intimate that I am one of that number, having for many years a most religious belief in the superiority of that city over many others for clipper ships, clipper mechanics, clipper engines, clipper scholars and clipper merchants. Some say New York, others, Philadelphia, while one or two believe in Baltimore. To settle the question, we may have to draw from each an engine for competition sake—each maker will then be striving to excel, and we shall accordingly get the best 'mer-chines.'

This movement will show you that the Americans are not asleep.

A few days since I was trying my vail, preparatory for the dust that sweeps along Collins street, between Queens and Sawston, when my old eyes were made glad by the appearance of a real old Boston water-cart in full operation. The streets were being watered, and 'twas amusing to see the astonished natives on each side gaping incredulously at the watering machine. No wonder, poor benighted race. It was something they never dreamed of; they could not understand how that water, which they were paying two dollars a cask for, should be scattered up and down the streets. One man, more intelligent than the rest, had presence of mind enough to climb up on the wheel and tell the driver, amid a shout from the knowing ones, that the water was all leaking out of his cart!

On inquiry, I found that an American was watering the street on subscription. I noticed one spot in the middle of the street as dusty as ever, while either side was carefully sprinkled. It seems that the occupant of the store adjoining declined paying for the luxury, so the driver stopped just before, and commenced sprinkling again just after having passed his door!

A company of American Californians have started a line of passenger wagons (American, of course, made at Concord) to Bendigo; another party have two teams running from Geelong to Balaarat; and some Cape Cod

folks are doing a good business with some Yankee coaches between Sandridge and Melbourne.

There are about one hundred New York buggy wagons in and about the city, mostly owned by Englishmen, who for a long time could not believe that the tiny spokes and slender wheels and springs were sufficiently strong to carry their weight! They are much delighted with the covered buggies, and well they may be, for the sun comes down most scorchingly upon those who sport a 'dog cart!'

Some two or three Americans are engaged in catching fish, some forty miles from town, for this market; another party are cutting firewood at the Heads, on speculation—while Moss is selling American ice at the Criterion at fifty cents a pound.

American timber shuts out the colonial; and American mining tools have already displaced the English.

American liquors stand no chance here, but the American drinks are very popular. And now, having exercised the peculiar privilege of an American in saying what he can of his countrymen, permit me to wish you and your readers as many happy returns of the new year as it may be pleasant for you and them to enjoy."

It seems our countrymen there do not forget to celebrate the 4th of July. On an occasion of this kind the writer of the above quoted letter, in response to a toast to "G. F. Train and Young America," made a characteristic speech, which, considering the place and circumstances, does well to extract in this connection. After tracing the descent of Young America for a thousand years, he says:

"But if the retrospective view has dazzled us, how much more astonishing is the present; when our thirteen little States are rolling on toward forty living Republics, bound together as one nation; when our three millions have grown to thirty, and 'driven by the hand of God,' to quote De Tocqueville, 'are peopling the Western wilderness at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum;' when our Lilliputian commerce has whitened every sea, and our mother tongue has worked its way into every land, and when our influence and our progress, like the ripples in mid-ocean, reach from shore to shore.

Startle not, my friends, at the lightning pace of the pilgrim's steed. He is sure to win the race—naught stops him in his destiny; when danger lurks in his pathway, he turns high his head and snorts a proud defiance at the precipice that would have ruined him, and plunges on to victory. * * * Young America is only another edition of Old England, in a binding peculiar to the New World. Young John Bull in his shirt sleeves, working with an energy that commands success. England and America are partners, not rivals. The younger nation is the junior, who manages the western branches of the old concern. Youth gives activity, and hence the young man opens his letters before breakfast, on the steps of the postoffice, while the old gentleman prefers breaking the seal in dressing-gown and slippers after dinner. Young America showed the same feelings of independence in establishing a house of his own, that every young man experiences who leaves the old house to earn an honest livelihood by his own exertions.

In this instance, however, the connection with the old concern is of more

value than that with the balance of the world. The revolution was merely an animated conversation, where shot and cannon were introduced to give emphasis to the debate, and when the disputed 'point' was settled, old England rose with renewed vigor, in Young America. The sources of discord soon began to dry, and now, as the flower turns to the sun, the needle to the magnet, the child to its mother, as the twin brothers of Siam receive each the same emotions, so are we bound by speaking the same language, and worshipping the same God, to remember England, the proud old mother of our race,

'And join the Stars, and Stripes, and Cross in one fraternal band,
Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws illumine every land.'"

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

A rather sterile soil and a hard climate, in which winter holds for a large part of the year, are fortunate conditions for the real welfare and advancement of a people; for these require extra exertions to secure a livelihood, and this extra labor so develops and disciplines all the faculties, that it seems as if only under such circumstances that an entire people will ever become greatly prosperous. This is the position of the inhabitants of New England, who, from apparently the most unpropitious circumstances of soil and climate, have opened new avenues of enterprise, and made their land teem with the riches of a most varied industry.

We propose here to speak only of one branch—the ICE trade, a business which, from its recent origin and novelty, has been a subject of unusual comment. Ice being a product of the north, was unknown to the inhabitants of the torrid zone until brought to them through the agency of commerce. An anecdote in point is somewhere told of an English sailor, who, in his wanderings, was brought before an Eastern Pasha, whom he amused with a long series of the most absurd, incredible yarns, in sailor fashion, all of which were listened to and believed with Mussulman-like gravity and honesty, until he unluckily mentioned, that in his country the cold often was so severe that the water actually grew solid so that people could walk upon it, whereupon the Pasha flew into a storm of passion, declared that he now did not believe anything he had said, and finished by ordering him to be bastinadoed on the spot for a consummate liar!

Ice is said to be only the natural condition of water, that is, water without the admixture of the foreign element—heat. The ice harvest, matured and ripened by cold, is watched with as much eagerness by those in the trade, as his golden-hued harvest is watched by the farmer, for both alike are sources of wealth. Ice was used for domestic consumption in this country previous to this century. Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for August, 1855, has an interesting article giving the history and statistics of this business, from which we extract the following:

"The idea of exporting ice to low latitudes was first developed by Frederic Tudor, Esq., of Boston, in August, 1805. During the following February he shipped the first cargo of ice that was ever exported from this country, and probably from any other, in a brig belonging to himself, from Boston to Martinique.

Although Mr. Tudor went on with the first ice that he dispatched to the

West Indies, the voyage was attended with great losses. These happened in consequence of the want of ice-houses, and the expense of fitting out two agents to the different islands, to announce the project, and to secure some advantages. But a greater loss arose from the dismasting of the brig in the vicinity of Martinique. The embargo and war intervened to suspend the business, but it was renewed on the return of peace. As late as 1823, continued disasters attended the business, which largely affected the finances and health of Mr. Tudor. After an illness of two years, he was enabled to proceed and to extend the business to several of the Southern States, and to other of the West Indies. In 1834, his ships carried the frozen element to the East Indies and to Brazil, an important event in itself, since no other vessel had ever visited those distant parts of the world on a similar errand, and because they have proved good markets from that day to this.

It is now half a century since the founder of this trade commenced it. He is still actively and largely engaged in the business, and notwithstanding early losses, by pursuing the same business, for a long period of years, he has found an ample reward. The great increase of the Boston ice trade has been since 1832. In that year the whole amount shipped was but four thousand three hundred and fifty-two tons, which was cut at Fresh Pond by Mr. Tudor. In the year 1854, the amount exported from Boston was one hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and forty tons. In the preceding year there were but one hundred thousand tons shipped. In 1845 there were but forty-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-two tons exported. The railroads receive some ninety thousand dollars for transporting ice, and those who bear it over the sea from four hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand.

Boston finds the best market for ice in the ports of southern cities. Of all that was exported last year, about one hundred and ten thousand tons were sold in those cities. The next best market was the East Indies, where fourteen thousand two hundred and eighty-four tons were sold. Other moderately good markets were Havana, Rio Janeiro, Callao, Demerara, St. Thomas, and Peru. Of the whole of last year's exports, only eight hundred and ninety-five tons were sent to Great Britain, and that was landed at Liverpool. Years ago we were accustomed to hear how delighted the Queen of England was with our Newham Lake ice. The mother-land now ships a portion of its ice from Norway, which is believed to be the only nation that exports ice, save the United States.

The leading house in Boston that is engaged in the exporting of ice is that of Gage, Hittenger & Co., which exported last year exactly ninety-one thousand five hundred and forty tons. The remainder for the year, sixty-five thousand tons, was exported by Frederic Tudor, Daniel Draper & Son, Russell, Harrington & Co., and by the New England Ice Company. The number of vessels engaged in these shipments was five hundred and twenty. The exports of ice from Boston furnish the largest amount of tonnage of any other item. The commercial marine of the United States has been materially increased by the operations of the ice trade. A large portion of the vessels formerly engaged in the freighting trade from Boston, sailed in ballast, depending for remuneration on freight of cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, etc., to be obtained in more southern latitudes, often competing with the

vessels of other nations which could earn a freight out and home. Now a small outward freight from Boston can usually be obtained for the transportation of ice to those places where freighting vessels ordinarily obtain cargoes.

The ice-houses at Fresh Pond in 1847, were capable of containing eighty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-two tons, or more than half the ice that was gathered in Massachusetts at that time. In that year the accommodation at seven other ponds in the vicinity of Boston was equal to the storage of fifty-four thousand six hundred tons. These ice-houses have been so increased that in 1854 their storage capacity was three hundred thousand tons.

From what has been said, it is clear that the ice trade is no mean one. Though it has advanced quietly, and has as yet scarcely made any figure in the literature of commerce, it is destined to be a very large business in this country. Already, from all that we can learn, there is invested in this branch of business, in all parts of the United States, not less than from six to seven millions of dollars. In ten years, judging from the past, it may be twice as great as at the present time. The number of men employed more or less of the winter in the business in Boston and vicinity is estimated at from two thousand to three thousand; and in the whole country there are supposed to be eight thousand to ten thousand employed.

All this is a clear gain to the productive industry of the country. Many men are thus employed at a season of the year when employment is the scarcest, and at fair prices of about \$30 a month each, or \$1.25 a day. Nor is this all. The value of all real estate has been much enhanced in the neighborhood of all fresh bodies of water where ice is secured, and new business advantages are constantly obtained.

Ice was formerly regarded as a luxury, only to be enjoyed by the wealthy, or by those well-to-do in the world. But within a few years it has been regarded, not merely as a luxury, but as a necessary of life, and desirable to be secured during the warm months by every family. Ice, too, has its medical uses. It is a tonic, and almost the only one, which, in its reaction produces no injury. It is stated that in India the first prescription of the physician to his patient is usually ice, and it is sometimes the only one.

We cannot close better than in the language of Hon. Edward Everett, who, in paying a worthy tribute a few years ago to the gentleman who first engaged in the ice trade on a large scale, has, by his beautiful words, given warmth to a very cold subject:

"The gold expended by this gentleman (Mr. Frederic Tudor) at Nahant whether it is little or much, was originally derived, not from California, but from the ice of our own Fresh Pond. It is all Middlesex gold, every penny of it. The sparkling surface of our beautiful ponds, restored by the kindly hand of nature as often as it is removed, has yielded, and will continue to yield, ages after the wet diggings and the dry diggings of the Sacramento and the Feather Rivers are exhausted, a perpetual reward to the industry bestowed upon them. The fallow genius of the mine creates but once; when rilled by man the glittering prize is gone forever. Not so with our pure crystal lakes.

"This is a branch of Middlesex industry that we have a right to be proud

of. I do not think we have yet done justice to it ; and I look upon Mr. Tudor, the first person who took up this business on a large scale, as a great public benefactor. He has carried comfort, in its most inoffensive and salutary form, not only to the dairies and tables of our own community, but to those of other regions, throughout the tropics, to the farthest East.

When I had the honor to represent the country at London, I was a little struck one day, at the royal drawing-room, to see the President of the Board of Control (the board charged with the supervision of the government of India) approaching me with a stranger at that time much talked of in London—the Babu Dwarkanath Tagore. This person, who is now living, was a Hindoo of great wealth, liberty, and intelligence. He was dressed with Oriental magnificence—he had on his head, by way of turban, a rich Cashmere shawl, held together by a large diamond brooch ; another Cashmere around his body ; his countenance and manners were those of a highly intelligent and remarkable person, as he was. After the ceremony of introduction was over, he said he wished to make his acknowledgments to me, as the American minister, for the benefits which my countrymen had conferred on his countrymen. I did not at first know what he referred to ; I thought he might have in view the mission schools, knowing, as I did, that he himself had done a great deal for education. He immediately said that he referred to the cargoes of ice sent from America to India, conducing not only to comfort, but health ; adding that numerous lives were saved every year by applying lumps of American ice to the head of the patient in cases of high fever. He asked me if I knew from what part of America it came. It gave me great pleasure to tell him that I lived, when at home, within a short distance of the spot from which it was brought. It was a most agreeable circumstance to hear, in this authentic way, that the sagacity and enterprise of my friend and neighbor had converted the pure waters of our lakes into the means, not only of promoting health, but saving life, at the antipodes. I must say I almost envied Mr. Tudor the honest satisfaction which he could not but feel, in reflecting that he had been able to stretch out an arm of benevolence from the other side of the globe, by which he was every year raising up his fellow-men from the verge of the grave. How few of all the foreigners who have entered India, from the time of Sesostris or Alexander the Great to the present time, can say as much ! Others, at best, have gone to govern, too often to plunder and to slay—our countryman has gone there, not to destroy life, but to save it—to benefit them while he reaps a well-earned harvest himself.”



Young America taking his First Steps.

E.D. Henshaw

A COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE AMERICAN POETRY.

PATRIOTIC, DOMESTIC, RELIGIOUS, SENTIMENTAL, HUMOROUS, Etc.

"YOUNG AMERICA TAKING HIS
FIRST STEPS."

CORA M. EAGER.

The following lines are from a young lady of Cincinnati. They were suggested by the beautiful design made for us by Mr. F. O. C. Darley, which we have entitled as above, and show in the well rendered illustration on the opposite leaf,—engraved by Mr. E. D. Hayes.

You toddling, dainty, winsome elf,
You brightest, dearest joy,
Your father's very second self,
And grandpa's priceless toy;
Spread out your tiny, tender feet,
So rounded like a ball—
I'll welcome you with kisses sweet,
And catch you if you fall.

And when increasing strength shall lead
Your bounding steps away,
And Vice, mayhap, in after years,
Shall tempt you far astray,
My love shall win you gently back,
My ready arm uphold—
Your mother's heart is held, my boy,
By stronger chains than gold!

And then I'll tell you how a child
Its native land forsook,
And wander'd wearily beyond
The valley and the brook;
I'll tell you how its cradle-bed
Was rock'd by servile hands—
That 't was not Vice but LIBERTY
That lur'd to other lands.

And how he climb'd the mountain's height,
Nor laid him down to rest,
But pray'd a mother's love would light
His pathway to the West;
And how that royal mother spurn'd
The offspring of her youth;
And how God led him boldly on
To battle for the Truth;

How ev'ry onward step was blood,
And every foot-print fire;
And how his little heart reach'd up
And grasp'd at something higher.
He grew to manhood, wise and strong,
All nations call him brother—
'T is "YOUNG AMERICA," my boy,
And England is the mother!

And *now* she looks with regal pride
Upon her noble son,
And blesses Him whose better love
Has knit their hearts in one.
And thus I bless the Hand, my boy,
That gave my life its crown—
Be Love thy lance, be Truth thy shield,
And Virtue thy renown.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN
NATHAN HALE.

"THE HERO MARTYR OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION."

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

The dying words of the young patriot were,
"My only regret is that I have but one life
to lose for my country!"

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier passes by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die!

By star-light and moon-light
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the star-light and moon-light,
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery-guns

By the gaunt and shadowy pine
And his slow tread and still tread
Give no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave !
It meets his eager glance ;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance ;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang !
And terror in the sound ;
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found :
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow, and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod ;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God !
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree ;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty :
And the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die ;
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry !

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn ;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
The name of HALE shall burn.

TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines, written by a convict of
the Ohio Penitentiary, are touchingly
beautiful :

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home ;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam ;

And time, since then, has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow :
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When at my tender side
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride ;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove,
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When, with anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust was there ;
Sad memory brings your parting words,
While tears roll'd down your cheek ;
Your long, last, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my aching brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are now all torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came—
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest ;
Yet still I would not let you know
How sorely I'm distressed ;
I know you would not chide me, mother,
I know you would not blame
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay ;
The tempter, with his baleful cup,
Has dashed them all away ;
And shame has left its venom'd sting,
To rack with anguish wild—
O no ! I would not have thee know
The sorrow of thy child.

O ! I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea ;
O ! mother, still I love thee well,
Would I could hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah ! there is a thought, mother,
Permeates my bleeding breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest ;
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me meet thee there.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Born at Portland in 1807—Professor in Harvard University.

When the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife—
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore—
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft oppress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

LEVI FRISBIE.

Professor in Harvard University—Died in 1892.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight,
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where, pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections around them beam,
But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care, [share;
Each thought, each wish, each feeling
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arm should shield her from the storm;
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare;
In her defense undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend;
Together would we humbly bend,
To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward in her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

STANZAS.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

[Born in 1789, and passed his youth in Baltimore—Representative in Congress from Georgia—Died 1847, in New Orleans, then Professor of Law in the University of Louisiana.]

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die !
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand !
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[Born in New York in 1795—Died in 1820 of consumption, in his 26th year—A beautiful poem to his memory by his friend Halleck is in this collection.]

I.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there,
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trappings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

III.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given ;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

FAMILY MEETING.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Born in Boston in 1791—Cashier of Globe Bank, Boston—This poem was written on the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family.]

We are all here !
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is fill'd—we're all at home :
To-night let no cold stranger come :

It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found;
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour;
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Look'd in, and thin'd our little band:
Some, like a night flash, passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so
dear;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gather'd dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in tones of bliss,
We're all—all *here*!

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.
Born in New York in 1806—Original editor
of Knickerbocker Magazine.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's
brim,
And break on the lips while meet-
ing.

O! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's
brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.
But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as
light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's
brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

SONG

OF THE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DRUNK-
ARDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.
Born at Beverly, Mass. in 1794—For twenty-
seven years was in the service of the Amer-
ican Sunday School Union—Died in 1849.

We come! we come! with sad array,
And in procession long,
To join the army of the lost—
Three hundred thousand strong.

Our banners, beckoning on to death,
Abroad we have unrolled;
And Famine, Care, and wan Despair,
Are seen on every fold.

Ye heard what music cheers us on—
The mother's cry, that rang
So wildly, and the babe's that wailed
Above the trumpet's clang.

We've taken spoil; and blighted joys
And ruined homes are here;
We've trampled on the throbbing heart,
And flouted sorrow's tear.

We come! we come! we've searched the
land,
The rich and poor are ours—
Enlisted from the shrines of God,
From hovels and from towers.

And who or what shall balk the brave,
Who swear to drink and die?
What boots to such man's muttered curse,
Or His that spans the sky?

Our leader! who of all the chiefs,
Who've triumphed from the first,
Can blazon deeds like his? such griefs,
Such wounds, such trophies curst.

We come! Of the world's scourges, who
Like him have overthrown?
What wo had ever earth, like wo
To his stern prowess known?

Onward! though ever on our march
Hang Misery's countless train;
Onward for hell!—from rank to rank
Pass we the cup again!

We come! we come! to fill our graves,
On which shall shine no star;
To glut the worm that never dies—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

A WHALING SONG.

JOHN OSBORN.

Born on Cape Cod Bay, Mass., in 1713—Educated at Harvard—Died in 1753—This song is widely popular with whalemén.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plow the watery deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored,

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and less'ning sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now toward the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds, and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then, as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns;
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales about us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd,
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw;
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Furaged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson
flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay;
While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

THE WIFE.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

Born in Georgetown, S. C.—In 1845, published a volume of poetry, entitled "The Floral Year."

"She flung her white arms around him
Thou art all
That this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.

I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brook'd
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst look'd
 With less of love than now;
 For then, I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own,
 To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
 On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,
 And watch thy life-sands waste away
 Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
 And catch the feeble tone
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
 And feel, I'll be "alone!"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
 As, fill'd with heavenward trust, they say,
 "Earth may not claim thee longer;"
 Nay, dearest, 't is too much—this heart
 Must break when thou art gone:
 It must not be; we may not part;
 I could not live "alone!"

THE WANTS OF MAN.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Born in 1767—President of the United States
 from 1825 to 1829—Died in 1848.

Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.
Goldsmith.

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
 'T is not with me exactly so,
 But 't is so in the song.

My wants are many, and if told
 Would muster many a score;
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
 And canvas-backs and wine;
 And all the realms of nature spread
 Before me when I dine;
 With four choice cooks from France, beside,
 To dress my dinner well;
 Four courses scarcely can provide
 My appetite to quell.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
 Is elegant attire:
 Black sable furs for winter's frost,
 And silks for summer's fire;
 And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace,
 My bosom's front to deck,
 And diamond rings my hands to grace,
 And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
 A dwelling-house, in style,
 Four stories high, for wholesome air—
 A massive marble pile;
 With halls for banquetings and balls,
 All furnished rich and fine;
 With high blood studs in fifty stalls,
 And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park,
 My dwelling to surround—
 A thousand acres (bless the mark!)
 With walls encompassed round—
 Where flocks may range and herds may low,
 And kids and lambskins play,
 And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
 All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
 And autumn strips the trees,
 A house within the city's walls,
 For comfort and for ease;
 But here, as space is somewhat scant,
 And acres somewhat rare,
 My house in town I only want
 To occupy—a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks;
 A coachman, footman, grooms;
 A library of well-bound books,
 And picture-garnished rooms;
 CORREGIO's Magdalen, and Night,
 The Matron of the Chair;
 GUIDO's fleet Coursers, in their flight,
 And CLAUDES at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
 Of medals, coins, and gems;
 A printing-press, for private use,
 Of fifty thousand EMS;
 And plants, and minerals, and shells;
 Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
 And every beast on earth that dwells,
 In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
 Of silver and of gold;
 Tureens, of twenty pounds in weight,
 And sculpture's richest mould;
 Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
 Plates, dishes—all the same;
 And porcelain vases, with the stamps
 Of Sevres and Angouleme.

And maples, of fair glossy stain,
 Must form my chamber doors,
 And carpets of the Wilton grain
 Must cover all my floors;
 My walls with tapestry bedeck'd,
 Must never be outdone;
 And damask curtains must protect
 Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
 From Venice must be brought;
 And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane,
 For chairs and tables bought;

On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of three-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's ear incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp with many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasured sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and dose,
A chamber south, to hold my bed,
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress, and sack of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel;
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And, mingling in my plan,

Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near—
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold,
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land;
Nor crown, nor scepter would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought, in future days,
The friend of human kind;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot need them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call—
The merey of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this THY WANT may be prepared
To meet the Judgment-Day.

'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.'

W. C. BRYANT.

O, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

THE DAY IS DONE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heart-felt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As show'rs from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasure'd volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE CHOICE.

MRS. SUSANNA ROWSON.

An actress, authoress, and for twenty-five years a teacher. She wrote the noted novel, "Charlotte Temple." She died in Boston in 1825.

I ask no more than just to be
From vice and folly wholly free;
To have a competent estate,
Neither too small, nor yet too great;
Something of rent and taxes clear,
About five hundred pounds a year.
My house, though small, should be complete,

Furnished, not elegant, but neat;
One little room should sacred be
To study, solitude, and me.
The windows, jessamine should shade,
Nor should a sound the ears invade,
Except the warblings from the grove,
Or plaintive murm'ings from a dove.
Here would I often pass the day,
Turn o'er the page, or tune the lay,
And court the aid and sacred fire
Of the Parnassian tuneful choir.

While calmly thus my time I'd spend,
Grant me, kind Heaven, a faithful friend,
In each emotion of my heart,
Of grief or joy, to bear a part;
Possess'd of learning, and good sense,
Free from pedantic insolence.
Pleas'd with retirement, let him be,
Yet cheerful 'midst society;
Know how to trifle with a grace,
Yet grave in proper time and place.

Let frugal plenty deck my board,
So that its surplus may afford

Assistance to the neighb'ring poor,
And send them thankful from the door.
A few associates I'd select,
Worthy esteem and high respect;
And social mirth I would invite,
With sportive dance on tiptoe light;
Nor should sweet music's voice be mute,
The vocal strain, or plaintive lute;
But all, and each, in turn agree,
T' afford life sweet variety;
To keep serene the cheerful breast,
And give to solitude a zest.

And often be it our employ,
For there is not a purer joy,
To wipe the languid grief-swollen eye,
To soothe the pensive mourner's sigh,
To calm their fears, allay their grief,
And give, if possible, relief.

But if this fate, directing Heaven
Thinks too indulgent to be given,
Let health and innocence be mine,
And I will strive not to repine;
Will thankful take each blessing lent,
Be humble, patient, and content.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Born at Philadelphia in 1801—Co-editor of the *Home Journal*.—"After I had sung the noble ballad of 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' at Boulogne," says Mr. Henry Russell, the vocalist, "an old gentleman among the audience, who was greatly moved by the simple and touching beauty of the words, rose and said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but was the tree really spared?' 'It was,' said I. 'I am very glad to hear it,' said he, as he took his seat amidst the unanimous applause of the whole assembly. I never saw such excitement in a concert room."

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters play'd.

My mother kiss'd me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

THE SNOW-STORM.

SEBA SMITH.

Born in Portland, Maine, in 1792—Author of the original Major Jack Downing Letters.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wander'd with her child.
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone;

"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,
And saw her 'neath her snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

THE LIFE-VOYAGE—A BALLAD.

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Born in Boston about the year 1812—Died in 1850.

Once in the olden time there dwelt
Beside the sounding sea,
A little maid—her garb was coarse,
Her spirit pure and free.

Her parents were an humble twain,
And poor as poor could be;
Yet gayly sang the guileless child,
Beside the sounding sea.

The hut was bare, and scant the fare
And hard her little bed;
But she was rich!—a single gem
Its beauty round her shed.

She walk'd in light!—'twas all her wealth—
That pearl, whose lustrous glow
Made her white forehead dazzling fair,
And pure as sunlit snow.

Her parents died! With tears she cried,
"God will my father be!"
Then launch'd along her shallop light,
And bravely put to sea.

The sail she set was virgin-white,
As inmost lily leaf,
And angels whisper'd her from Heaven,
To loose it or to reef.

And ever on the dancing prow
One glorious brilliant burn'd,
By whose clear ray she read her way,
And every danger learn'd:

For she had hung her treasure there,
Her Heaven-illumined pearl!
And so she steer'd her lonely bark,
That fair and guileless girl!

The wind was fresh, the sails were free,
High dash'd the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping o'er the sea,
The light skiff left the bay!

But soon false, evil spirits came,
And strove with costly lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

They swarm'd around the fragile boat,
They brought her diamonds rare,
To glisten on her graceful throat,
And bind her flowing hair!

They brought her gold from Afric-land,
And from the sea-king's throne
They pilfer'd gems, to grace her hand
And clasp her virgin zone.

But still she shook the silken curl
Back from her beaming eyes,
And cried—"I bear my spotless pearl
Home, home to yonder skies!

"Now, shame ye not, your ocean gems
And eastern gold to show!
Behold! how mine outburns them all!
God's smile is in its glow!"

Fair blows the wind, the sail swells free,
High shoots the diamond spray,
And merrily o'er the murmuring sea
The light boat leaps away!

They swarm'd around the fragile bark,
They strove with costlier lure
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

"We bring thee rauk—we bring thee pow'r;
We bring thee pleasures free—
No empress, in her silk-hung bower,
May queen her realm like thee!

"Now yield us up the one white pearl!
'Tis but a star, whose ray
Will fail thee, rash, devoted girl,
When tempests cloud thy way."

But still she smiled a loftier smile,
And raised her frank, bright eyes,
And cried—"I bear my vestal star
Home, home to yonder skies!"

The wind is fresh—the sail swells free—
High shoots the diamond spray!
And merrily o'er the moaning sea
The light boat leaps away!

Suddenly, stillness broods around,
A stillness as of death,
Above, below—no motion, sound,
Hardly a struggling breath!

Then wild and fierce the tempest came,
The dark wind-demons dash'd
Their weapons swift—the air was flame!
The waves in madness dash'd!

They swarm'd around the tossing boat—
"Wilt yield thy jewel *now*?
Look! look! already drenched in spray,
It trembles at the prow.

"Be *ours* the gem! and safely launch'd
Upon a summer's sea,
Where never cloud may frown in heaven,
Thy pinnae light shall be!"

But still she smiled a fearless smile,
And raised her trusting eyes,
And cried—"I bear my talisman
Home, home to yonder skies!"

And safe through all that blinding storm
The true bark floated on,
And soft its pearl-illumined prow
Through all the tumult shone!

An angel, guided through the clouds
By that most precious light,
Flew down the fairy helm to take,
To steer the boat aright.

Then died the storm upon the sea!
High dash'd the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping light and free,
The shallop sail'd away.

And meekly, when at eve her bark
Its destined port had found,
She moor'd it by the mellow spark
Her jewel shed around!

Wouldst know the name the maiden wore ?
 'T was *Innocence*—like thine !
 Wouldst know the pearl she nobly bore ?
 'T was *Truth*—a gem divine !

Thou hast the jewel—keep it bright,
 Undimm'd by mortal fear,
 And bathe each stain upon its light
 With Grief's repentant tear !

Still shrink from falsehood's fairest guise,
 By flattery unbeguiled !
 Still let thy heart speak from thine eyes,
 My pure and simple child !

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD- MAN DRAKE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The good die first, [dust,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer
 Burn to the socket. —Wordsworth.

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days !
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven,
 To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and wo were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

OLD SONGS.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Born in Otisco, N. Y., in 1810—Died in 1841.

Give me the songs I loved to hear,
 In sweet and sunny days of yore;
 Which came in gushes to my ear
 From lips that breathe them now no more;

From lips, alas ! on which the worm,
 In coiled and dusty silence lies,
 Where many a loved, lamented form
 Is hid from Sorrow's filling eyes !

Yes ! when those unforgotten lays
 Come trembling with a spirit-voice,
 I mind me of those early days,
 When to respire was to rejoice;
 When gladsome flowers and fruitage shone
 Where'er my willing footsteps fell;
 When Hope's bright realm was all mine own,
 And Fancy whispered, "All is well."

Give me old songs ! They stir my heart
 As with some glorious trumpet-tone:
 Beyond the reach of modern art,
 They rule its thrilling cords alone,
 Till, on the wings of thought I fly
 Back to that boundary of bliss,
 Which once beneath my childhood's sky
 Embraced a scene of loveliness !

Thus, when the portals of mine ear
 Those long-remembered lays receive,
 They seem like guests, whose voices cheer
 My breast, and bid it not to grieve:
 They ring in cadences of love,
 They tell of dreams now vanished all;
 Dreams, that descended from above—
 Visions, 't is rapture to recall !

Give me old songs ! I know not why,
 But every tone they breathe to me
 Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,
 With honest love or honest glee:
 They move me, when by chance I hear,
 They rouse each slumbering pulse anew;
 Till every scene to memory dear
 Is pictured brightly to my view

I do not ask those sickly lays
 O'er which affected maidens bend;
 Which scented fops are bound to praise,
 To which dull crowds their homage lend:
 Give me some simple Scottish song,
 Or lays from Erin's distant isle;
 Lays that to love and truth belong,
 And cause the saddest lip to smile !

A MARRIAGE SONG.

JAMES W. WARD.

Born in Newark, N. J., in 1819—Educated
 in Boston—Resident of Cincinnati, O.

Little Dora was sweet, little Dora was pure,
 And never a heart, than hers, was truer:
 There was of guile not a trace about her,
 And the thoughts within, and the life with-
 out her,
 Were bright and beautiful day by day,
 Thinking only such things as a maiden may.

Little Dora, who read her Bible nightly,
With a living faith, not idly or lightly,
Reading, one night, its sacred pages,
She found, as over its words she pored,
This thought, from one of the Hebrew sages—
She slept on his bosom, and eat at his board.

"Now what, my dear mother," at length she
said,

Soothing the curls on her raven head—
"What meaneth the text? I have tried in vain
To make the sense of the fable plain."

Lady Eleanor took her daughter's hand,
And said in accents kind and bland—
"When a maiden, my Dora, by love invited,
Her heart to her lover has firmly plighted,
It meaneth that she will sometimes be,
By the sanction of law, and her heart's ac-
cord,

His trustful wife; and it follows, that she
Must sleep on his bosom, and eat at his board."

Little Dora dreamed, little Dora mused,
But her dreams were vague and her thoughts
confused;

She felt it must be as her mother had said,
And there came a sweet vision into her head;
And she said to herself, as in silence she gazed
On the starry lights, that cloudless blazed
In the midnight sky—If Carlos, I think,
Should again, with me, watch the young moon
sink

Behind yon hill, and should speak again
Those words, still deep in my memory stored,
My heart would be strong, and I'd promise
him then,
To sleep on his bosom, and eat at his board.

And Carlos came, when the moon again
With beauty filled the shadowy glen;
And the maiden stood by his side, and heard
Those words, once more, that her heart had
stirred;

And her soul's response her lips obeyed,
And the two were one, as they homeward
strayed.

Came the witnesses then, and they made their
vow

To the man of God, with fond accord;
And he called them man and wife; and now
She sleeps on his bosom, and eats at his board.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP

Tune—YANKEE DOODLE.

These are the most familiar verses to the
above tune. Yankee Doodle first appeared
in England in the time of Charles II, as is
shown by a verse of that period:

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

A song is in use among the laborers in Hol-
land, in harvest-time, which thus runs:

Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viver, voover voun,
Botermilk and Tanther.

From this it would seem that, perhaps,
Yankee Doodle was by birth a Dutchman!
Be this as it may, he is now so fairly "natu-
ralized," that no "American" will dispute
his "papers."

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As Siah's underpinning,
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It sear'd me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fina,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It sear'd me almost half to death,
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam come there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses-cakes, to carry home
To give his wife and young ones

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scamper'd home to mother.

LITTLE MARY'S GOOD-MORNING.

These verses, it is said, were written by a lady of Northern Ohio. The touching beauty of sentiment, so full of the cheerfulness, confiding affection, innocence and simplicity of childhood, commands them to the heart of every parent.

"O! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
And she sprang like a lark from the low trundle bed;

"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good-morning, papa!

O! give me one kiss for good-morning, mama!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet 'Good-morning to Mary.'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes!
Good-morning to you, Mr. Sun—for you rise early,
To wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy, as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl;

"Happy as can be—but think of the One
Who wakened this morning, both you and the sun."

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod:

"Mama, may I say, Good-morning to God?"
"Yes," little darling one, "surely you may;
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray!"

Mary knelt solemnly down—with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,

And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother—
'Good morning, dear Father in Heaven,' she said;
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O! keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine, and smiled;
But *she* saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

Born at Philadelphia in 1770—Judge of District Court of the U. S.—Died in 1842—
"Hail, Columbia" was written in 1798, to arouse a national feeling in view of an expected war with France.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won!
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will heat;
 But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When Hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.
 Firm—united, etc.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

W. C. BRYANT.

Once this turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armed hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.
 Ah! never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.
 Now, all is calm, and fresh and still,
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.
 No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering
 wain;
 Men start not at the battle-ery,
 O, be it never heard again.
 Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.
 A friendless warfare! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year.
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.
 Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blanch not at the chosen lot;
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.
 Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
 For with thy side shall dwell at last,
 The victory of endurance born.
 Truth, crushed to the earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.
 Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear;
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

RESIGNATION.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

There is no flock, however watched and
 tended,
 But one dead lamb is there!
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair!
 The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead;
 The heart of Rachel for her children crying
 Will not be comforted!
 Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.
 We see but dimly thro' the mist and vapors;
 Amid these earthly damps
 What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
 May be Heaven's distant lamps.
 There is no Death! what seems so is transi-
 tion;
 This life of Mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.
 She is not dead—the child of our affection—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protec-
 tion,
 And Christ himself doth rule.
 In that great cloister's stillness and seclu-
 sion
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollu-
 tion,
 She lives, whom we call dead.
 Day after day we think what she is doing,
 In those bright realms of air;
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.
 Thus do we walk with her, and keep un-
 broken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though un-
 spoken,
 May reach her where she lives.
 Not as a child shall we again behold her;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again unfold her,
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE LAST LEAF.

O. W. HOLMES.

Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1807—
Professor in the Medical Department of
Harvard University.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLD GRIMES.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

Born in Providence, R. I., in 1802—Educated
for the Bar. "Old Grimes" was written
in about his sixteenth year.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

MISS ALICE CAREY

Born, in 1822, at Mt. Pleasant, near Cincinnati, O.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red-berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE.

G. F. MORRIS.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And whate'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

W. C. BRYANT.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles;
And let the cheerful future go,
With all her promises and smiles

The future!—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my
heart,
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part.

O, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day;

The months that touch with added grace,
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see;

The years, that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth;

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
 Shall cling about her ample robe,
 And from her frown shall shrink afraid
 The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow;
 Well—I shall sit with aged men,
 And my good glass will tell me how
 A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And then, should no dishonor lie
 Upon my head, when I am gray,
 Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
 And smoothe the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
 That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
 Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
 And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bear'st away our woes,
 And as thy shadowy trains depart,
 The memory of sorrow grows
 A lighter burden on the heart.

THE CORAL GROVE.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Born in Berlin, Conn., in 1795—Graduate of Yale—Died in 1856, at which time he was geologist for Wisconsin. He was one of the most learned men of America. His temperament was morbidly sensitive, with a delicacy surpassing that of woman; and so much of a recluse was he as not to possess a single closely intimate friend.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of
 blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift;
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows
 flow;

The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that
 glow

In the motionless fields of upper air:
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
 There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep
 sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea:

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of
 storms

Has made the top of the wave his own:
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky
 skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN
 SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us father than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our hearts sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and ship-wreck'd brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

REV. THADDEUS HARRIS.

Graduated at Harvard; for a time a teacher, and in 1793 was settled over the church in Dorchester, Massachusetts. These verses were written for and recited by Hon. Edward Everett, then a boy four years old. The "little roan" refers to the color of the "little orator's" hair.

Pray, how should I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid—
Do wait till I am bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell you a tale how farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir.
And every night and every morn
He water'd and he fed, sir.

Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,
"Arn't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?"

Said farmer John to neighbor Joe,
"I'll bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do, when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think, is I—
I know it by your smiling.

And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so—I'll make my manners.

LINES

SPOKEN AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION BY A
LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OLD.

BY DAVID EVERETT.

Born at Princeton, N. Jersey—Teacher—
Graduate of Dartmouth—then editor, and
died at Marietta, Ohio, in 1813. These
verses were written for one of his pupils at
New Ipswich, Mass.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,

Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Bear men as great as Britain's isle?
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done?
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind:
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPES SARGEANT.

Born in 1816 in Gloucester, Mass.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O! Give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft;
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling form
Like an ocean-bird set free;
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

THE SETTLER.

ALFRED R. STREET.

Born at Poukeepsie, N. Y., in 1811—Bred to the law.

His echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;

Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame, disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kissed their
flowers,

The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned, a pleasant spot,
'Mid the black logs green glowed the
grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low—the bleat—the tinking bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of Summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snow:
And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race!
When liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die.
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house—the dismantled fort—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room,
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we had once thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames—
The ocean roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain;
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearn—
They were indeed too much akin, [ed]
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed
within.

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

*He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp
at Aspi, the site of ancient Plataea, Aug-
ust 20, 1823, and expired in the moment
of victory. His last words were: "To die
for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band.
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He awoke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death:
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her firstborn's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with the laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime,
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,

And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

W. C. BRYANT.

Our hand is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gather'd
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.
Late of Covington, Ky.

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I laugh'd as I lay conceal'd from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I mark'd the peasant fairly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turn'd the tardy wheel,
Or tug'd at the weary oar:

When I measured the panting courser's
speed,
The flight of the courier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could not but think how the world would
feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder
blast,
And laugh'd in my iron strength!
O! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the water's o'er,
The mountains steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power
The world—the world is mine!

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless
mine

My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscels to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Born in Highgate, Vermont, in 1816—Educated for the bar—Many years editor of "The Sentinel," at Burlington, Vt.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large;
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale;
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

GONE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Born in 1808 in Haverhill, Mass., of Quaker parentage—The most noted of the poets of the anti-slavery party.

Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given;
 And glows once more with Angel-steps
 The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
 Made brighter summer hours,
 Amid the frosts of autumn time
 Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
 Forewarned us of decay;
 No shadow from the Silent Land
 Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
 As sinks behind the hill
 The glory of a setting star—
 Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
 Eternal as the sky;
 And like the brook's low song, her voice—
 A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to Heaven a Shining One,
 Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
 Fell on us like the dew;
 And good thoughts, where her footsteps
 pressed,
 Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
 Were in her very look;
 We read her face, as one who reads
 A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
 To which our hearts could move;
 The breathing of an inward psalm;
 A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
 And by the hearth-fire's light;
 We pause beside her door to hear
 Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
 Her smile no longer cheers;
 A dimness on the stars of night,
 Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought hath reconciled;
 That He whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
 Distrusted all her powers,
 May welcome to her holier home
 The well beloved of ours.

SNOW.

REV. RALPH HOYT.

Born in New York about 1810—Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The blessed morn is come again;
 The early gray
 Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,
 And seems to say
 "Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
 Away—away!"

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
 Along the air,
 Of winds upon their battle-ground;
 But gently there,
 The snow is falling—all around
 How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade
 Fantastic scene!
 Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
 Have cast their green,
 And join'd the revel, all array'd
 So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars
 And age sedate,
 High-capp'd, and plumed, like white hus-^{sars,}
 Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
 The eaves, the door;
 The hay-stack has become a hill;
 All cover'd o'er
 The wagon, loaded for the mill
 The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail—
 But where's the well!
 Like magic of a fairy tale,

Most strange to tell,
All vanish'd—curb, and crank, and rail—
How deep it fell !

The wood-pile too is playing hide ;
The axe—the log—
The kennel of that friend so tried—
(The old watch dog),
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed ;
No spot to scratch him a repast,
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan ;
Like Memnou's music of old time—
That voice of stone !
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
To dress below ;
Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke—
The snow!—the snow !

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain ;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire
And ye profane—
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
Upon the knee,
Opens where the gems of Judah shine—
(Sweet minstrelsie !)
How soars each heart with each fair line,
O God ! to Thee !

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer ;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Guard o'er that household, to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze ;
The buckwheat heaps ;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steeps ;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near ;
Soon, busy appetites are there ;
And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
With thanks sincere.

Now let the busy day begin :—
Out rolls the churn ;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
The brush to burn ;
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must lie ;
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy :
How wades he through !
While dainty milkmaids, slow and shy,
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care :
To shell the corn ;
The broken harness to repair :
The sleigh t' adorn :
So cheerful—tranquil—snowy—fair
The WINTER MORN.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

JAMES W. LOWELL.

Born in Boston in 1819.

He spoke of Burns : men rude and rough
Press'd round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaped,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never wean-
From humble smiles and tears. [ed

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and
In high humanity. [strong

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlook'd-for, into high-soul'd
With wayside beauty rise. [deeds

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skyey arches with exulting span
 O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mold the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue,
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling—wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And narrowing up to thought, stands glori-
 A moveless pyramid. [fied,

Nor is he far astray who deems [broad
 That every hope, which rises and grows
 In the world's heart, by order'd impulse
 From the great heart of God. [streams

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
 Hope is but vague and undefined,
 Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
 A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
 So full of heaven to me, as when
 I saw how it would pierce through pride and
 To the lives of coarsest men. [tear

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come in
 Once in a century; [sight

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutor'd heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crown'd at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

WOMAN.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Ah, woman! in this world of ours,
 What boon can be compared to thee?
 How slow would drag life's weary hours,
 Though man's proud brow were bound with
 flowers,

And his the wealth of land and sea,
 If destined to exist alone,
 And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

My mother! at that holy name
 Within my bosom there's a gush
 Of feeling, which no time can tame—
 A feeling, which, for years of fame,
 I would not, could not, crush;
 And sisters! ye are dear as life;
 But when I look upon my wife,
 My heart blood gives a sudden rush,
 And all my fond affections blend
 In mother, sister, wife, and friend.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
 And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
 The heart will melt before her smile,
 And base-born passions fade away;
 Were I the monarch of the earth,
 Or master of the swelling sea,
 I would not estimate their worth,
 Dear woman! half the price of thee!

MY BIRD.

EMILY JUDSON.

Born in Central New York—Married in 1847
 to Rev. Adoniram Judson, missionary to
 Burmah, India.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
 A birdling sought my Indian nest,
 And folded, oh! so lovingly!
 Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
 In winsome helplessness she lies;
 Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
 Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
 O God, thou hast a fountain stirr'd,
 Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from Heaven,
 This bird with the immortal wing,
 To me—to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
 The blood its crimson hue from mine;
 This life, which I have dared invoke,
 Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

THE COUNTRY LOVERS;

OR, MR. JONATHAN JOLTHEAD'S COURTSHIP
WITH MISS SALLY SNAPPER.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

Born in Walpole, N. H., in 1771—Long editor of the highly esteemed New England Farmer, a Boston weekly paper. This poem was a favorite some sixty years ago.

Tune—YANKEE DOODLE.

A merry tale I will rehearse,
As ever you did hear, sir,
How Jonathan set out, so fierce,
To see his dearest dear, sir.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music, mind the step,
And with the girls be handy.

His father gave him a *bran* new suit,
And money, sir, in plenty,
Besides a prancing nag to boot,
When he was one-and-twenty.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Moreover, sir, I'd have you know,
That he had got some knowledge,
Enough for common use, I trow,
But had not been at college.
Yankee doodle, etc.

A hundred he could count, 'tis said,
And in the bible read, sir,
And by good Christian parents bred,
Could even say the creed, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

He'd been to school to Master Drawl,
To spell a-bom-in-a-ble,
And when he miss'd, he had to crawl,
Straight under master's table.
Yankee doodle, etc.

One day his mother said to him,
"My darling son, come here.
Come fix you up, so neat and trim,
And go a courting, dear."
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Why, what the dence does mother want?
I snigs—I *daresn't* go;
I shall get funn'd—and then—plague on't
Folks will laugh at me so!"
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Pho! pho! fix up, a courting go,
To see the deacon's *Sarah*,
Who'll have a hundred pound, you know
As soon as she does marry."
Yankee doodle, etc.

Then Jonathan, in best array,
Mounted his dappled nag, sir;
But trembled, sadly, all the way,
Lest he should get the bag, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

He mntter'd as he rode along,
Our Jothom overheard, sir,
And if 'twill jingle in my song,
I'll tell you every word, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

"I wonder mother 'll make me go,
Since girls I am afraid of;
I never *know'd*, nor want to know,
What sort of stuff they're made of.
Yankee doodle, etc.

"A wife would make good *housen* stuff,
If she were downright clever,
And Sal would suit me well enough,
If she would let me have her;
Yankee doodle, etc.

"But then, I shan't know what to say,
When we are left together,
I'd rather lie in stack of hay,
In coldest winter weather.
Yankee doodle, etc.

He reach'd the house, as people say,
Not far from eight o'clock, sir.
And Joel hollow'd "in, I say,"
As soon as he did knock, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

He made of bows, 'twixt two and three,
Just as his mother taught him,
All which were droll enough to see:
You'd think the ramp had caught him.
Yankee doodle, etc.

At length came in the deacon's Sal
From milking at the barn, sir;
And faith she is as good a *gal*
As ever twisted yarn, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

For she knows all about affairs,
Can wash and bake and brew, sir,
Sing "Now I lay me," say her prayers,
And make a pudding too, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

To Boston market she has been
On horse, and in a wagon,
And many pretty things has seen,
Which every one can't brag on.
Yankee doodle, etc.

She's courted been, by many a lad,
And knows how *sparkin'g's* done, sir,
With Jonathan she was right glad,
To have a little fun, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The ladies all, as I should guess,
And many a lady's man, sir,
Would wish to know about her dress ;
I'll tell them all I can, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Her wrapper, gray, was not so bad,
Her apron check'd with blue, sir,
One stocking on one foot she had,
On t'other foot a shoe, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now, should a Boston lady read,
Of Sally's shoe and stocking,
She'd say a "monstrous slut, indeed,
Oh la! she is quite shocking!"
Yankee doodle, etc.

You fine Miss Boston lady gay,
For this your speech, I thank ye,
Call on me, when you come this way,
And take a drachm of *Yankee*.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now Jonathan did scratch his head,
When first he saw his dearest ;
Got up—sat down—and nothing said
But felt about the queerest.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Then talk'd with Sally's brother Joe
'Bout sheep, and cows, and oxen,
How wicked folks to church did go,
With dirty woollen frocks on.
Yankee doodle, etc.

And how a witch, in shape of owl,
Did steal her neighbor's geese, sir,
And turkeys too, and other fowl,
When people did not please her.
Yankee doodle, etc.

And how a man, one dismal night,
Shot her with silver bullet,
And then she flew straight out of sight,
As fast as she could pull it.
Yankee doodle, etc.

How Widow Wunks was sick next day,
The parson went to view her,
And saw the very place, they say,
Where foresaid ball went through her !
Yankee doodle, etc.

And now the people went to bed :
They *guess'd* for what he'd come, sir ;
But Jonathan was much afraid,
And wish'd himself at home, sir.
Yankee doodle, etc.

At length, says Sal, "they're gone, you see,
And we are left together ;"
Say Jonathan, "indeed—they be—
'Tis mighty pleasant weather !"
Yankee doodle, etc.

Sal cast a sheep's eye at the dunce,
Then turn'd toward the fire ;
He muster'd courage, all at once,
And hitch'd a little nigher.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Ye young men all, and lads so smart,
Who chance to read these *russes*,
His next address pray learn by heart,
To whisper to the *lasses*.
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Miss Sal, I's going to say, as how,
We'll *spark* it here to-night,
I kind of love you, Sal, I vow,
And mother said I might."
Yankee doodle, etc.

Then Jonathan, as we are told,
Did even think to smack her,
Sal cock'd her chin, and look'd so bold,
He did not dare attack her !
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Well done, my man, you've broke the ice,
And that with little pother,
Now, Jonathan, take my advice,
And always mind your mother !
Yankee doodle, etc.

This courting is a kind of job
I always did admire, sir,
And these two brands, with one dry *cob*,
Will make a courting fire, sir."
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Miss Sal, you are the very she,
If you will love me now,
That I will marry—then you see,
You'll have one brindle cow.
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Then we will live, both I and you,
In father's t'other room,
For that will *sartain* hold us two,
When we've mov'd out the loom.
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Next Sabbath-day we will be cried,
And have a '*taring*' wedding,
And lads and lasses take a ride,
If it should be good sledding
Yankee doodle, etc.

"My father has a *nice bull calf*,
Which shall be your's, my sweet one ;
'Twill weigh two hundred and a half,"
Says Sal, "well, that's a neat one."
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Your father's full of fun, d'y'e see,
And faith, I *likes* his sporting,
To send his *fav'rite calf* to me,
His nice bull calf a courting."
Yankee doodle, etc.

"Are you the lad who went to town,
Put on your streaked *trousers*,
Then vow'd you could not see the town,
There were so many houses?"
Yankee doodle, etc.

Our lover hung his under lip,
He thought she meant to joke him;
Like heartless hen that has the pip,
His courage all forsook him.
Yankee doodle, etc.

For he to Boston town had been,
As matters here are stated;
Came home and told what he had seen,
As Sally has related.
Yankee doodle, etc.

And now he wish'd he could retreat,
But dar'd not make a racket;
It seem'd as if his heart would beat
The buttons off his jacket!
Yankee doodle, etc.

Sal ask'd him if his heart was whole?"
His chin began to quiver;
He said, he felt so *deuced* droll,
He guess'd he'd lost his liver!
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now Sal was scar'd out of her wits,
To see his trepidation,
She bawl'd "he's going into fits,"
And scamper'd like the nation!
Yankee doodle, etc.

A pail of water she did throw,
All on her trembling lover,
Which wet the lad from top to toe,
Like drowned rat all over.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Then Jonathan straight hied him home,
And since I've heard him brag, sir,
That though the jade did wet him some,
He didn't get the bag, sir!

Yankee doodle, keep it up.
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music mind the step,
And with the girls be handy!

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way:

Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along, on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then, like visions hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-color'd west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A SONG OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Born in Philadelphia in 1808.—Bred a printer
in Cincinnati — Lastingly identified
with the literature of the west.

A song for the early times out west,
And our green old forest-home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come:
A song for the free and glad some life
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead!
O, the waves of life danced merrily
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
O merrily pass'd the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We shunn'd not labor; when 'twas due
We wrought with right good will
And for the home we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
O, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow men;
We felt we were a band;
Sustain'd here in the wilderness
By heaven's upholding hand.

And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gather'd in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round,
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom we sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
O, free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

N. P. WILLIS.

The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air
Her woman's heart gave way!
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is curst away!

ANNABEL LEE.

E. A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more
than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged scraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the
side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

IN BLESSING THOU ART BLESSED.

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1824.

Freely give, for while bestowing
 Angel eyes thy bounty mark,
 And their seraph forms all glowing
 Shall dispel the gloomy dark.
 While the midnight forth is straying,
 They shall guard thee in thy rest,
 And shall whisper low in praying,
 That in blessing thou art blessed.

When the bitter winter lingers,
 And the friendless child is cold,
 Let thy pity's rosey fingers
 Drop the widow's mite of gold.
 And when oft the spring recalling
 Bids the swallow to her nest,
 Joys, like blossoms around thee falling,
 Prove in blessing thou art blessed.

Canst thou dry the tear of sorrow ?
 Canst thou make the sad one sing ?
 O ! the spirit of each morrow,
 Will a brighter blessing bring.
 Though the purse be all the poorer,
 Thou art richer in the breast,
 For on earth there's nothing truer
 Than in blessing we are blessed.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone, and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare :
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hind with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;

A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o' enjoy'd with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings ;
 A heritage it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learn'd by being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door ;
 A heritage it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son ! there is a toil,
 That with all others level stands ;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten soft white hands—
 This is the best crop from thy lands ;
 A heritage it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great :
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-fill'd past ;
 A heritage it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

ANDREWS NORTON.

Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1786—
 Professor in Theological Department in
 Harvard—Died in 1853.

I love, thou little chirping thing,
 To hear thy melancholy noise ;
 Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
 Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
 Nor sport along the traveler's path ;
 But, through the winter's weary hours,
 Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
 But dimly shows the lettered page
 Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
 Or wisdom of a pure age—

Then will I listen to the sound,
And musing o'er the embers pale
With whiteuing ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unvail :

Recall the many-colored dreams
That fancy fondly weaves for youth
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of Truth ;

Perchance observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright
May lighten thus life's varied gloom ;

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care and Hope and Passion sleep,
And Reason with untroubled power
Can her late vigils duly keep.

I love the night ; and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing

BALLAD.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

Daughter of a New York physician.—First
appeared as an authoress in 1828.

The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee :
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light :
But she thought not of future days of woe,
While she caroled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door ;
The maid sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more ;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

O, well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale :
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale ;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

THE PARTING

ANDREWS NORTON.

We did not part as others part ;
And should we meet on earth no more,
Yet deep and dear within my heart
Some thoughts will rest a treasured store.

How oft, when weary and alone,
Have I recalled each word, each look,
The meaning of each varying tone,
And the last parting glance we took !

Yes, sometimes even here are found
Those who can touch the chords of love,
And wake a glad and holy sound,
Like that which fills the courts above

It is as when a traveler hears,
In a strange land, his native tongue,
A voice he loved in happier years,
A song which once his mother sung

We part ; the sea may roll between,
While we through different climates roam :
Sad days—a life—may intervene :
But we shall meet again at home.

THE BABE AND THE LILY.

JAMES W. WARD.

PAUL.

See, Mary, in this golden sunset glow,
And flood of splendor, see
How fair, of all the joyous flowers that blow
Blooms here, for you and me,
For you and me, dear Mary, day and night,
This lovely lily, robed in virgin white.

What spotless beauty in its fragrant cup ;
And as it graceful bends
Its snowy kirtle, as the breeze comes up,
Its dainty breath it bleeds,
Its breath it blends, dear Mary, with the
smell
Of flowery meadow, and dew-sprinkled dell.

MARY.

Lightly, lift lightly, Paul, the veil that hides
As a soft cloud veils the sky,
Her who sleeps here, whose innocence divides
The love that you and I,
That you and I, dear Paul, owe one another,
In future to be shared by this sweet other

How tranquil, and how beautiful, the sleep
Of sinless infancy !
And as in silence here our watch we keep,
I love to think that she,
To think that she, dear Paul, our little May,
Is like the lily bloom we saw to-day.

PAUL.

The storm is over, Mary, and the breeze
Streams down the dripping vale,
And dies away in murmuring melodies;
But see, the wayward gale,
The wayward gale, dear Mary, has laid low
Our beauteous lily, with its cheeks of snow.

And here, prostrate in sand and wet, it lies;
Thus, beaten down and torn,
Fair nature's loveliness decays and dies;
But do not let us mourn,
Not mourn, dear Mary, since we know that
still
Our fairy lily lives, our hearts with joy to fill.

MARY.

Softly, tread softly, Paul, she sleeps again;
So gently, and so deep,
I fear—watching in silence here, that when
She next shall wake from sleep,
Shall next awake, dear Paul, her feet will
stand,
Sweet lily, planted on the better land.

'Tis over, now:—our babe, like that frail
flower

The rude wind swept away,
Is dead;—but said you not that wind, and
shower,

Sickness, and death, obey,
Obey, dear Paul, the voice of Him who gives
Beauty, and life, and sleep, to all that lives?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE LITTLE GIRL UNDER THE
SNOW.

MARY LOUISA CHITWOOD.

A young lady of Mt. Carmel, Indiana, who
died in 1836. "She possessed extraor-
dinary genius. Her whole nature was
deeply and intensely poetical."

They are all asleep; each curl-swept head
Rests on its pillow white;
I have stolen around to each quiet bed,
Again and again, to-night.
But now, as I sit in my old arm-chair,
In the firelight's golden glow,
My heart will go, in its mute despair,
To the little girl under the snow.

I dare not gaze out on the world to-night,
But I hear the loud winds roar;
I know the drifts are deep and white
Around my cottage door.
I bend again o'er each little bed,
And hear the breathings low
Of my sleeping babes—but oh, the dead!
The little girl under the snow.

O! does she not start, in her dreamless sleep,
With a low, wild cry of fear?
Sometimes, I think I hear her weep,
With a mother's listening ear.
Cold, cold is she in her shroud of white,
In the dismal grave so low:
I would she were here in my arms to-night—
The little girl under the snow.

Be still, my heart! In the Summer time
 We laid her down to rest;
 We said she had gone to a fairer clime—
 She had gone to Jesus' breast;
 That He, in His own dear love would keep
 Her safe from another woe—
 O, should we not envy the dreamless sleep
 Of the little girl under the snow?

And but for the living my tears should he,
 As I think of my little band,
 Scattered like blossoms on the sea,
 When the tempest sweeps the land.
 O, shield them, Father, with Thine own love,
 Wherever their feet may go,
 And bring them safe to the home above,
 Of the little girl under the snow.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Born in Chester County, Pa., in 1822. An
 artist by profession, and called "the
 Painter-Poet."

Fair dweller by the dusty way—
 Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
 The tribute of a heart to-day
 Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
 The sweet-brier and the violet
 The pious hand of Spring has here
 Upon thy altar set.

And not alone to thee is given
 The homage of the pilgrim's knee—
 But oft the sweetest birds of Heaven
 Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell
 The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
 And flocks which cluster to their bell
 Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his wheels,
 To quaff the cool and generous boon;
 Here, from the sultry harvest fields
 The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar marked with tan,
 In rusty garments gray with dust,
 Here sits and dips his little can,
 And breaks his scanty crust;

And, lulled beside thy whispering stream,
 Oft drops to slumber unawares,
 And sees the angel of his dream
 Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
 Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
 The tribute of a heart to-day
 Weary and worn is thine!

HEAVEN.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found alone, in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven:
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear, but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by;
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all's serene, in heaven.

There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This much admired poem is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by several names, one of which was Hiaiwatha. Into this old tradition has been woven many curious Indian legends. The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The first extract we make is the wooing of Wabun. "Wabun," signifies, "the East Wind," and his bride, "Wabun Annung," "the Morning Star."

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
 He it was who brought the morning,
 He it was whose silver arrows
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
 He it was whose cheeks were painted
 With the brightest streaks of crimson,
 And whose voice awoke the village,
 Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
 Though the birds sang gayly to him,
 Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
 Filled the air with odors for him,
 Though the forests and the rivers
 Sang and shouted at his coming,
 Still his heart was sad within him,
 For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,

While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-lilies and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooded her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors.
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And for ever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

The chapter, "The Famine," begins with this vivid picture of Winter :

O the long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no foot-prints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise for weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent

As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : " Behold me !
I am Famine, Bukadawin ! "
And the other said : " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! "

We close with Hiawatha's vision of the coming of the White Faces.

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting :
" True is all Iago tells us ;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

" Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

" I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

" Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like ;
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of autumn ! "

THE FARMER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Editor at Montpelier, Vermont—in 1848 published a collection of poems.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place:
As the tear stole down from his half-shut
eye—
"Don't smoke," said the child; "how it
makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the
floor
Where the shade after noon used to
steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the manteltree
Had plodded along to almost three:

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moisten'd brow and cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

ELLA.

JAMES W. WARD.

If your child, the gentle Ella,
Stood in rags, in dirt and patches;
Had no dress, save one so tattered
You would blush to see her wear it;
Had no shoes, and scarce a stocking
To her feet, frost-bit and bleeding,
As she, cold and houseless, wandered;
Tell me how your heart could bear it.

Should your Ella, child beloved,
Destitute and hungry beggar,
Beg a crust from Divos' table,
Taste it not, but run to share it—
Run in haste to share the morsel
With a feebler, suff'ring sister,
Shivering in some fireless hovel;
Could you, unaffected, bear it?

Should the child of your affection,
Your sweet Ella, pure and truthful,
Be exposed to lures and perils
That would craftily ensnare it,

By enticements gross and brutish,
Into vice and degradation,
Daily, in the streets and by-ways;
Think, O think, if you could bear it.

But your Ella, has she, think you,
Juster claims to be protected
From such wretchedness and ruin—
Dares your selfish pride declare it?
Higher right to be exempted
From such peril and exposure,
Than the thousand daily victims
That are helpless left to bear it?

MY NATIVE LAND.

There lies my loved, my native land—
A land with every gift replete—
All perfect from its Maker's hand,
An empire's glorious seat!
And far removed from thrones and slaves,
There Freedom's banner proudly waves.

The frigid and the torrid clime,
The temperate and the genial beam;
The vale, the mountain-top sublime,
The arid plain, the swelling stream;
There linked in union's golden chain,
Bear witness to her vast domain.

Her mountains look o'er realms serene,
O'er waving fields and cities free;
And mightiest rivers roll between,
And bear her wealth from sea to sea:
While o'er old Ocean's farthest deep
Her banner'd navies proudly sweep.

On Plymouth's rock the pilgrim lands,
His comrades few, and faint with toil;
While warring tribes in countless bands
Roam lawless o'er the uncultur'd soil.
A few brief years have rolled away,
And those dark warriors—where are they?

And where are those, the heroic few,
That landed on that rocky shore?
Their voice still rings—their spirit too
Still breathes, and will for evermore!
For in their sons still burn those fires
That freedom kindled in their sires.

'Tis something though it be not fame,
To know we spring from noble race;
To feel no secret blush of shame
For those we love suffuse our face:
Then let us to our sons transmit
A land and a name unsullied yet.

To us was left, in deathless trust,
A realm redeemed, a glorious name,
The ashes of the brave and just,
Fair freedom and immortal fame!
And in our hearts the courage dwells
Which human power with scorn repels.

We've not to weep o'er glory fled;
 We've not to brood o'er servile wo;
 We call not on the illustrious dead
 To shield us from a living foe.
 And should our pride be e'er o'erthrown,
 'Twill be by native swords alone.

The standard which our sires unfurled,
 And which through peril's path they bore,
 Now floats o'er half the western world,
 And waves on many a distant shore!
 And long shall wave, triumphant, free,
 O'er dome and tower, o'er land and sea!

For me—whatever be my fate,
 Wherever cast—my country still
 Shall o'er each thought predominate,
 And through each pulse unceasing thrill.
 My prayer, with life's last ebbing sand,
 Shall be for thee, my native land!

YOUR PURSE AND HEART.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

Open not your purse alone,
 Its lucre to impart;—
 Of the two 'tis better far
 You freely ope your heart.
 That which wrings the bosom most,
 Your money went allay;
 Sympathy's the sun that turns
 Its darkness into day.
 For the body, if ye will,
 Your bread and broth still dote;
 Love's the only nourishment
 That satisfies the soul.
 Gingling change like that ye give,
 May please the baser part,
 But kind and gentle words and looks
 Alone can reach the heart.
 Warmth's not all the poor demand,
 Nor shelter, nor yet food—
 Ye who pause, bestowing these,
 Withhold the greater good.
 What they want, and what require
 All things else above,
 Is kindly interest in their fate,
 And sympathy, and love.

POETRY.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

The world is full of Poetry—the air
 Is living with its spirit; and the waves
 Dance to the music of its melodies,
 And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is
 veiled,
 And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
 That close the universe, with crystal, in,
 Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim

The unseen glories of immensity,
 In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
 For aught, but beings of celestial mould,
 And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
 Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Born in New London, Conn., in 1796, and died in 1838. These, "the most suggestive and sublime stanzas upon Niagara that were ever penned," were written by one who had never been within five hundred miles of the cataract.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my
 brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would
 seem
 As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow
 hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd
 to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.
 Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime?
 O! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thunder-
 ing side!
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
 And yet, bold blabber, what art thou to Him
 Who drown'd a world, and heaped the wa-
 ters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's
 might.

HOME.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

My place is in the quiet vale,
 The chosen haunt of simple thought;
 I seek not fortune's flattering gale,
 I better love the peaceful lot.
 I leave the world of noise and show,
 To wander by my native brook;
 I ask, in life's unruffled flow,
 No treasure but my friend and book.

These better snit the tranquil home,
 Where the clear water murmurs by;
 And if I wish awhile to roam,
 I have an ocean in the sky.
 Fancy can charm and feeling bless
 With sweeter hours than fashion knows,
 There is no calmer quietness
 Than home around the bosom throws.

WILL THE NEW-YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA ?

CORA M. EAGER.

Will the New-Year come to-night, mamma ? I'm tired of waiting so,
My stocking hung by the chimney-side full three long days ago ;
I run to peep within the door by morning's early light,
'T is empty still—oh, say, mamma, will the New-Year come to-night ?

Will the New-Year come to-night, mamma ? the snow is on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow's rill.
I heard you tell papa, last night, his son must have a sled,
(I didn't mean to hear, mamma), and a pair of skates, you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma. O I shall be full of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be envying me ;
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make their New-Year
glad,
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are bad.

And wont you let me go, mamma, upon the New-Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor old widow Gray ?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate.
Will the New-Year come to-night, mamma ? it seems so long to wait.

* * * * *

The New-Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my sleep,
My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what makes you weep ?
But it only held a little shroud—a shroud, and nothing more ;
And an open coffin, made for me, was standing on the floor !

It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much—the story-books and sled.
But while I wondered what it meant, you came with tearful joy,
And said, "Thou'lt find the New-Year first ; God calleth thee, my boy !"

It is not all a dream, mamma, I know it must be true ;
But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me from you ?
I don't know what papa will do, when I am laid to rest—
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your breast.

The New-Year comes to-night, mamma—your cold hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more—it seems so hard to speak ;
You needn't fill my stocking now, I cannot go and peep,
Before to-morrow's sun is up, I'll be so sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the sled ;
But wont you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on my head ?
He used to hide my books away, and tear the pictures too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.

And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-books and slate
To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't let me hate ;
And, dear mamma, you wont forget, upon the New-Year's day,
The basketful of something nice for poor old widow Gray ?

The New-Year comes to-night, mamma—it seems so very soon—
I think God didn't hear me ask for just another June.
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made you too much care,
And, maybe, for your sake, mamma, He doesn't hear my prayer.

There's one thing more, my pretty pets, the robin and the dove,
O keep for you and dear papa, and teach them how to love.
The garden rake, the little hoe—you'll find them nicely laid
Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where last I played.

I thought to need them both so much when summer comes again
To make my garden by the brook that trickles through the glen;
I thought to gather flowers, too, beside the forest-walk,
And sit beneath the apple-tree where once we sat to talk.

It cannot be; but you will keep the summer-flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a very few, I mean,
Where I'm asleep. I'd sleep so sweet beneath the apple-tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, may come and sing to me.

The New-Year comes—good night, mamma—"I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell poor papa—"my soul to keep;
If I—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me, I cannot see—
The New-Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year—dies with me."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Born at Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1796—Bred a Printer, and edited a paper in New York—
Died in 1842.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail'd as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket that hangs in the well!

LOOK ALOFT.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

Born in New York in 1807—Graduated at Columbia College—Died in 1833.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom.”

And, O! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft,” and depart!

 THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794—Graduate of Williams College—Editor of New York Evening Post—This noble poem—a death hymn—was written in his eighteenth year.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom—Take the wings
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IT SNOWS.

SARAH J. HALE.

Born about the beginning of this century, in Newport, N. H.—In 1823, being left a widow, with five children, all under eight years of age, she turned her attention for their support, to literature, in which she has gained eminence.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy—"hurrah!" and his shout
 Is ringing through parlor and hall,
 While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
 And his playmates have answered his call.
 It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
 Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
 Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
 As he gathers the treasures of snow;
 Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
 While health, and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—Ah!" and his breath
 Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
 While from the pale aspect of Nature in death
 He turns to the blaze of his grate:
 And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
 Is wheeled tow'rd's the life-giving flame—
 He dreads a chill puff of the snow burdened air,
 Lest it wither his delicate frame;
 Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
 When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveler—Ho!" and the word
 Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
 The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
 Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
 For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—
 Ay! though leagues intervened, he can see
 There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
 And his wife with their babes at her knee.
 Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
 That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

"It snows!" cries the Belle—Dear how lucky," and turns
 From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
 Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns
 While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
 There are visions of conquest, of splendor and mirth,
 Floating over each drear winter's day;
 But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
 Will melt, like the snowflakes away:
 Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss
 That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow—O, God!" and her sighs
 Have stifled the voice of her prayer,
 Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
 On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
 'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
 But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
 And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
 And she lays on her last chip of wood.
 Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
 'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor, when it snows!

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1806.

Blessings on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
 Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth;
 Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom,
 Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the region whence they come
 Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
 And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair;
 Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex thee, nigh,
 And a hope that in existence finds each hour a luxury;
 Going, singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
 That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe;
 In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
 Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies;
 Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
 All the present still a garden gleaned a thousand times before;
 All the future, but a region, where the happy serving thought
 Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the winged hunter caught;
 Like a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
 Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight;
 As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
 Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light in her eyes.

O! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours,
 Making for the forest music, planting for the way-side flowers;
 Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare,
 Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care.
 How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove,
 Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love!
 We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years,
 Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts and agonies and tears;
 We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts,
 Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts;
 What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace we knew,
 When to eager youth from boyhood, at a single bound we grew!
 Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow,
 In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the overflow.
 Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see her truth:
 He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth;
 Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair,
 Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and cheek so fair;

Bless the mother of the young one, he hath blended in his grace,
All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in either face.

O! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all it sees,
And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries
In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance blest,
Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest;
Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all they see,
That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be.
What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their wood
What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of the gay and good!
Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still,
And the lightning gleams a seraph, to persuade them to the hill:
'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains,
Broods beside the shuttered windows, and with gentle love complains;
And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes,
Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch along the skies,
With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight,
How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light!
Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream,
That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam!
Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth,
Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.
The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flowers by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home:
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.
And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:

In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forests cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

REV. HENRY WARE, D.D.

Born in Hingham, Mass.—Professor in the Theological Department of Harvard University.
 Died in 1843.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above,
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.
 O, then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer—for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer—for the day that God has bless'd
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smile and tears in the mother's eyes,
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.
 O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows.
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
 Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through Him who died.
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
 O, what is earth and its pleasures now !
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer !

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith.
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
 There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;

There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

A lawyer of Baltimore, who was temporarily a prisoner on board of one of the British ships in the war of 1812, at the time of the bombardment of Fort Mifflin. "He watched the flag over the fort the whole day with intense anxiety, and in the night the bombshells; but he saw at dawn 'the star-spangled banner' still waving over the defenders. The following song was partly composed before he was set at liberty." He died in 1843.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AN EVENING REVERY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day is closed—the sun is set :
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have elapsed with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed: and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent with love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one

That bearest, silently, this visible scene
 Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very hour
 He knows when they shall darken or grow bright:
 Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
 Come unforwarned. Who next, of those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or sadder yet shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
 Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being which begins
 At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

MRS. SUSANNA ROWSON.

When the bonny gray morning just peeps from the skies,
 And the lark mounting tunes her sweet lay;
 With a mind unincumbered by care I arise,
 My spirits, light, airy, and gay.

I take up my gun; honest Tray, my good friend,
 Wages his tail and jumps sportively round;
 To the woods then together our footsteps we bend,
 'Tis there health and pleasure are found.

I snuff the fresh air; bid defiance to care,
 As happy as mortal can be;
 From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
 'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I delighted range o'er the rich soil,
 And nature's rough children regale:
 With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
 And laugh at the joke or the tale.

And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
 Or the innocent flock meet my sight;
 Or the orchard, whose fruits is just turning to gold,
 Still, still health and pleasure unite.

I snuff the fresh air ; bid defiance to care,
 As happy as mortal can be ;
 From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
 'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At night to my lowly roof'd cot I return,
 When oh, what new sources of bliss ;
 My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
 Each striving to gain the first kiss.

My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
 Good humor presides at our board ;
 What more than health, plenty, good humor, and peace,
 Can the wealth of the Indies afford ?

I sink into rest, with content in my breast,
 As happy as mortal can be ;
 From the toils of the great, and ambition and state,
 'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

O. W. HOLMES.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side,
 His shop was just upon the bank—his boat was on the tide ;
 The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
 Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
 Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;
 He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
 " I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
 " I guess I'll leave the skiff at home for fear that folks should see ;
 I read it in the story-book, that for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
 And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
 O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,
 But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spake the ancient fisherman, " O what was that, my daughter ?"
 " 'T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water !"
 " And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ?"
 " It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spake the ancient fisherman, " Now bring me my harpoon ;
 I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon ;
 Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
 Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas, for two loving ones ! she waked not from her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned :
 But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their wo,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

SWEET HOME.

 JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Born in New York in 1792—His career as an actor and dramatist was remarkable—He died while U. S. Consul at Tunis, in 1852. "As a poet he will be known only by a single song," and by this for all time. "Home, Sweet Home" is from an opera, called "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan." It was written by him for Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theater, London. The opera made the fortune of every one prominently connected with it, except the author, who received only thirty pounds. "It gained for Miss M. Tree, the elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean—who first sang, 'Home, Sweet Home'—a wealthy husband, and filled the house and the treasury."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home! home, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
 O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
 The birds singing gayly that come at my call :
 Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !

 BROTHER, COME HOME.

 MRS. CATHERINE H. ESLING.

Born in Philadelphia, in the year 1812.

Come home,
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
 With these unwearying words of melody :
 Brother, come home.

Come home,
 Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
 That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
 Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's shrine :
 Brother, come home.

Come home,
 Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
 Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,
 Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
 Come to the fire-side circle of thy love :
 Brother, come home.

Come home,
 It is not home without thee ; the lone seat
 It is still unclaim'd where thou were wont to be,
 In every echo of returning feet,
 In vain we list for what should herald thee :
 Brother, come home.

Come home,
 We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
 Watch'd every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
 Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
 Its icy garlands, and thou art not here ;
 Brother, come home.

Come home,
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee—
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
 With these unwearing words of melody ;
 Brother, come home.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
 The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And here they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Born in the City of New York in 1806.

There was an old hunter encamped down by the rill.
 Who fished in this water, and shot on that hill.
 The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
 For all that he wanted was plenty of room !
 Says he, " The world's wide, there is room for us all ;
 Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
 Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
 For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ? "

He wove his own nets, and his shanty was spread
 With the skins he had dressed and stretched out overhead ;
 Fresh branches of hemlock made fragrant the floor,
 For his bed, as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
 "The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
 Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
 Room, boys, room," etc.

That spring now half choked by the dust of the road,
 Under boughs of old maples once limpidly flowed ;
 By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
 Which their sap often filled while the hunter he sung,
 "The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
 Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
 Room, boys, room," etc.

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day,
 He saw in the forest what saddened his lay—
 A heavy wheeled wagon its black rut had made,
 Where fair grew the greensward in broad forest glade—
 "The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
 Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
 Room, boys, room," etc.

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay ;
 I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away ;"
 Next day, 'mid those maples the settler's ax rung,
 While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
 "The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
 Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
 Room, boys, room," etc.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Born in New York in 1752, and educated at Princeton—Died in 1832—He was the most noted of the song-writers of the Revolution.

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.
 Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,
 And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.
 Why do ye delay ? 'till I shrink from my pain ?
 Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
 The flame rises high—you exult in my pain !
 But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

I go to the land where my father has gone ;
 His ghost shall exult in the fame of his son.
 Death comes like a friend ; he relieves me from pain,
 And thy son, oh Alknomock ! has scorned to complain.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Born in Baltimore, or vicinity, in 1811—Died in 1849.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore :
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore !"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore !"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice ;
 Let me see, then, what threat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
 'Tis the wind and nothing more !"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore ;
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or stayed he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore !"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such a name as “Nevermore.”

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow ~~HE~~ will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”
 Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door ;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core :
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
~~SHE~~ shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent
 thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
 Quaff, oh quaff, this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !”
 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil—
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !”
 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil !
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
 Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !” I shrieked, upstarting—
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore !

PAPER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
 Born in 1706—Died in 1790.

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Called clear blank paper every infant mind,
 Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent and true ;
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I—can you pardon my presumption ?—I,
 No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce—
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use ;
 Men are as various ; and, if right I scan,
 Each sort of PAPER represents some MAN.

Pray, note the fop—half powder and half lace—
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling place ;
 He's the GILT PAPER which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are COPY PAPER, of inferior worth ;
 Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is coarse BROWN PAPER ; such as pedlers choose
 To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout,
 He's a true SINKING PAPER, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems THIS side always right, and THAT stark naught ;
 He foams with censure—with applause he raves—
 A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves :
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as FOOLS-CAP has a name.

The hasty gentleman whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure :
 What is he ? What ? TOUCH PAPER to be sure.

What are the poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all ?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find ;
 They are the mere WASTE PAPER of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair WHITE PAPER, an unsullied sheet ;
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his NAME, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring ;
 'Tis the GREAT MAN, who scorns a little thing—
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
 Formed on the feelings of his heart alone :
 True, genuine ROYAL PAPER is his breast ;
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

“WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?”

REV. GEO. W. DOANE.

Born in 1799 at Trenton—Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey.

What is that, Mother ?—The lark, my child !—
 The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother ?—The dove my son !—
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
 For her distant dear one's quick return :

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother ?—The eagle, boy !—
 Proudly careering his course of joy ;
 Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
 Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother ?—The swan, my love !—
 He is floating down from his native grove,
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down by himself to die ;

Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

THE FROST.

MISS HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

Born in Lancaster, Vermont—First appeared as an authoress in 1832.

The Frost looked forth one still clear night,
 And whispered, "now I shall be out of sight,
 So through the valley and over the height,
 In silence I'll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
 In diamond beads—and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake, he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear.
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept :
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
 Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees ;
 There were cities with temples and towers ; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall 'tchick !' to tell them I'm drinking!"

CONSOLATION OF RELIGION TO THE POOR.

JAS. G. PERCIVAL.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken ;
 She is a widow ; she is old and poor :
 Her only hope is in the sacred token
 Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er.
 She asks not wealth nor pleasure, begs no more

Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave
Has clos'd upon her husband, children ; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasur'd jewels ; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Upon her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers ; so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bow'd before her Maker ; then, no more
She muses on the griefs of former days ;
Her full heart melts and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her. Death will come :
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow : all its gloom
Is scatter'd. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she lov'd while here ! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee—
There is the health which lasts through all eternity.

ABSALOM.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Born in 1807 in Portland, Maine.

The waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leau'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary,
He had fled from far Jerusalem ; and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind

Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words; and as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
 O! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
 He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
 Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But oh! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
 In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave; and as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him; and the jewel'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb !
 My proud boy, Absalom !

Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,
 As to my bosom, I have tried to press thee !
 How was I wont to feel thy pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet 'MY FATHER !' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom !

But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young ;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom !

And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thy ear to drink its last deep token !
 It were so sweet amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom !

And now, farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;
 And thy dark sin !—O ! I could drink the cup,
 If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy, Absalom !"

He cover'd up his face and bow'd himself
 A moment on his child : then, giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
 And, as if his strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently—and left him there—
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep

THE WEST.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

Ho ! brothers—come hither and list to my story—
 Merry and brief will the narrative be :
 Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
 Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
 Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling—
 The meadow and moorland are marshes no more ;
 And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
 The children who cluster like grapes at the door,
 Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
 The land of the heart is the land of the West.
 Oho boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
 Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;
 Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
 Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
 A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
 With proud independence we season our cheer,
 And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
 Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
 I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
 We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
 We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
 And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
 We never know want, for we live by our labor,
 And in it contentment and happiness find;
 We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
 And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
 Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
 You know how we live, and die in the West!
 Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

FOREST HYMN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks,
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences,
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power,
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,

Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
 The boast of our vain race, to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
 Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
 Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With delicate breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
 Forever. Written on thy works, I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Molder beneath them. O, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her fair beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate

Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulcher,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ;—and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
 O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE AMERICAN HERO.

NATHANIEL NILES.

A sapphic ode, written in 1775, at Norwich, Conn. It was one of the most popular productions of the war, and was sung by our forefathers with patriotic fervor.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
 Death and destruction in the field of battle,
 Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
 Sounding with death-groans ?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
 And we must all bow to the king of terrors ;
 Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
 What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
 Bids us be quiet under all our dealings ;
 Never repining, but forever praising
 God, our Creator.

Well may we praise him ! all his ways are perfect
 Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
 Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
 Struck blind by luster.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
 Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder,
 Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
 Infinite kindness.

O, then, exult that God forever reigneth ;
 Clouds which, around him, hinder our perception,
 Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
 Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
 I will commit all I have or wish for,
 Sweetly as babes' sleep will I give my life up,
 When call'd to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
 Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
 Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
 Torturing ether. *

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
 Breaking, like *Ætna*, through the smoky columns,
 Lowering, like *Egypt*, o'er the falling city,
 Wantonly burn'd down.*

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
 Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the British lions ;
 Dauntless as death stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
 Dreadful as demons !

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
 Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature ;
 Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
 Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
 Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
 Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
 Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
 Never advance where I am afraid to follow ;
 While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
 War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
 While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's-head,
 Stings me with serpents, fiercer than *Medusa's*,
 To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
 Is but a trifle for a worm to part with ;
 And, if preserved in so great a contest,
 Life is redoubled.

* Charlestown, near Boston.

LOSING ALL—THE RUINED MERCHANT.

CORA M. EAGER.

Written for this work by request of the publisher, from an incident related in the
Child's Paper.

A cottage home with sloping lawn and trellis'd vines and flowers,
And little feet to chase away the rosy-finger'd hours,
A fair young face to part, at eve, the shadows in the door—
I picture thus a home I knew in happy days of yore.

Says one, a cherub thing of three, with childish heart elate,
"Papa is *tom'in*, let me *do* to meet '*im* at *te date*!"
Another takes the music up and flings it on the air,
"Papa has come—but why so slow his footstep on the stair?"

"O Father! did you bring the books I've waited for so long—
The baby's rocking-horse and drum, and mother's 'angel song'?
And did you see—" but something holds the questioning lips apart,
And something settles very still upon that joyous heart.

The quick-discerning wife bends down, with her white hand to stay
The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his forehead lay;
To ask, in gentle tones "Belov'd, by what rude tempest toss'd?"
And list the hollow, "Beggard, lost—all ruin'd, poor and lost!"

"Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune's hour,
And prove how better far than gold is love's unfailing dower.
Let wealth 'take wings and fly away,' as far as wings can soar,
The bird of love will hover near and only sing the more."

"All lost, papa? why, here am I; and, father, see how tall,
I measure fully three feet four upon the kitchen wall!
I'll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such lots of fun—
I'm big enough to work, papa, for I'm the oldest son."

"And I, papa, am almost five," says curly-headed Rose,
And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly's clothes!
But what *is* 'poor'—to stay at home, and have no place to go?
O then, I'll ask the Lord to-night to make us always so."

"Pse here, papa—I is n't lost!" and on his father's knee
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby-boy of three.
"And if we get too poor to live," says little Rose, "you know,
There is a better place, papa, a heav'n where we can go."

"And God will come and take us there, dear father, if we pray—
We needn't fear the road, papa, He surely knows the way."
Then from the corner, staff in hand, the grandma rises slow,
Her snowy cap-strings in the breeze soft-flutt'ring to and fro.

Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,
Counting, in every little face, her life's declining sands,
Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises are sure—
For every grievous wound, my son, He sends a ready cure."

The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns aside,
The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear to hide,
Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er and o'er
That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew before.

"May God forgive me! what is wealth to these more precious things,
Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor flings?
I think he knew my sordid soul was getting proud and cold,
And thus to save me, gave me these, and took away my gold.

Dear ones, forgive me, nevermore will I forget the rod
That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to God.
I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love remain,
And, Heaven helping, nevermore shall blindness hide the chain!"

LEXINGTON.

O. W. HOLMES.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glisten'd the sun,
When from his couch—while his children were sleeping—
Rose the bold rebel and shoulder'd his gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
Blithe look'd the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hush'd was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
Flash'd the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met:
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing—
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet.
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death—
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As thro' the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
 Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath;
Long have they gather'd, and loud shall they fall:
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
 Pale is the lip of scorn,
 Voiceless the trumpet-horn
Torn is the silken-fring'd red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have pass'd by.

Snow-girdled crags where the coarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reel'd with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darken'd hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest;
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on her northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

STEPHEN GRIFFITH GASSAWAY.

Born in Maryland about the year 1818. Educated at Kenyon College, Ohio. Pastor of St. George Church, St. Louis. Died in 1854 from injuries by the explosion of the steamboat Kate Kearney, at St. Louis. At the moment of death, he was in the act of shaking hands with a friend; the latter escaped unharmed, while he was instantly killed, and his remains were so torn into fragments, that they were only recognized by his watch, which had been presented to him by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, in Georgetown, D. C., over which he had once officiated as the pastor.

One hour with thee, my God, when daylight breaks
 Over a world thy guardian care hath kept,
 When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
 To praise the love that watched me while I slept;
 When with new strength my blood is bounding free,
 The first, best, sweetest hour, I'll give to thee.

One hour with thee, when busy day begins
 Her never-ceasing round of bustling care,
 When I must meet with toil, and pain and sins,
 And through them all, thy cross again must bear;
 O then, to arm me for the strife, to be
 Faithful to death, I'll kneel an hour to thee.

One hour with thee, when rides the glorious sun
 High in mid-heaven, and panting nature feels
 Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done
 For one short hour, with urging life's swift wheels;
 In that deep pause my soul from care shall flee,
 To make that hour of rest, one hour with thee.

One hour with thee, when saddened twilight flings
 Her soothing charm o'er lawn, and vale, and grove;
 When there breathes up from all created things,
 The sweet enthralling sense of thy deep love;

And when its softening power descends on me,
My swelling heart shall spend an hour with thee.

One hour with thee, my God, when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
When thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are telling forth thy praise to men below;
O then, while far from earth my thoughts would flee,
I'll spend in prayer, one joyful hour with thee.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

O! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending;
Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die—how softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perish'd;
HEBE awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherish'd;
God loves the young, who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the bless'd, over the blue rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

O! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear:
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

THE END.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 413 163 5

